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APRIL 24, 1995

SPECIAL REPORT

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TIME

Vietnam

Twenty years later,
it haunts us still



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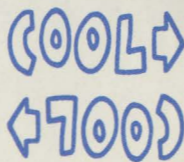


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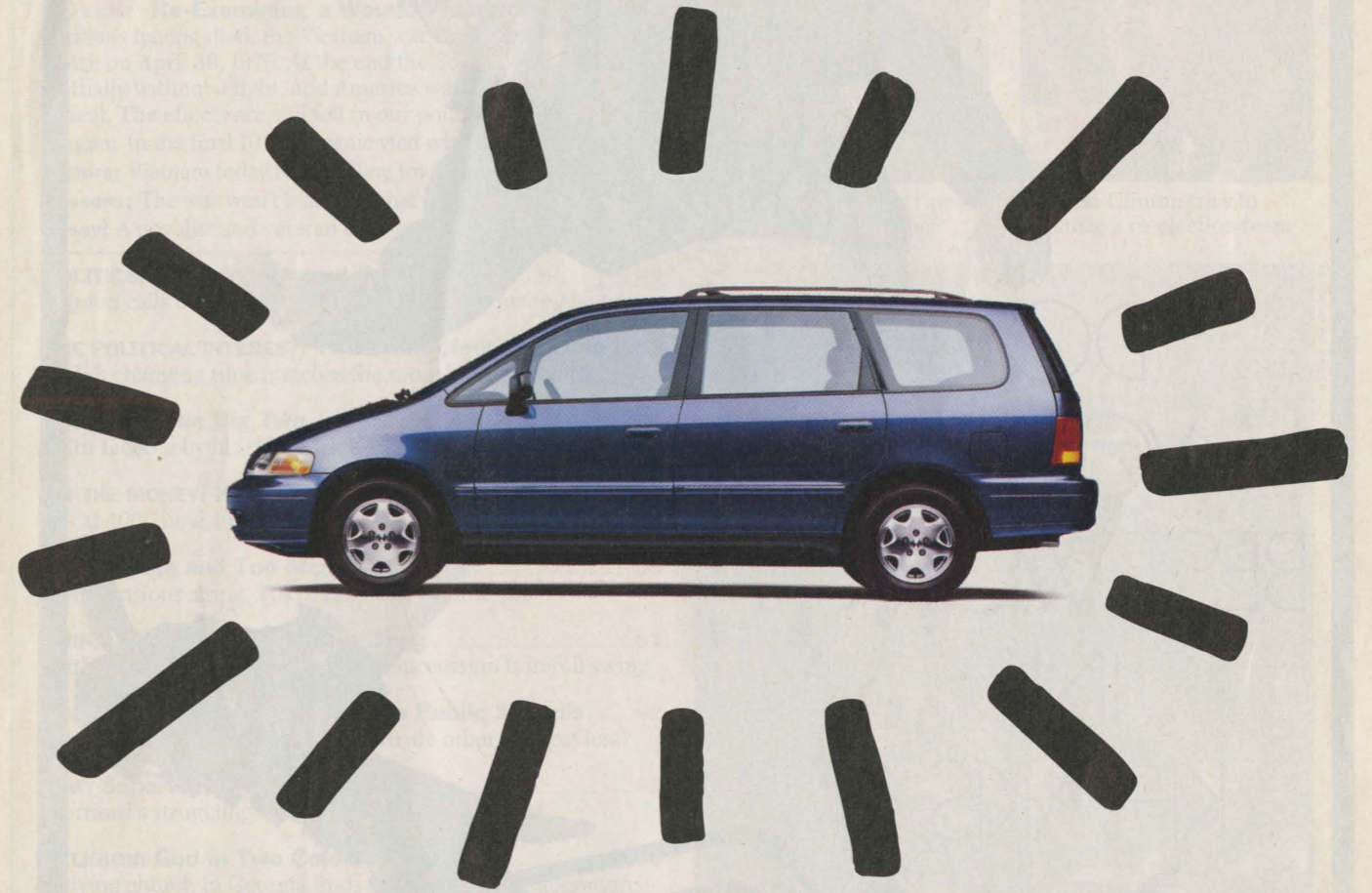


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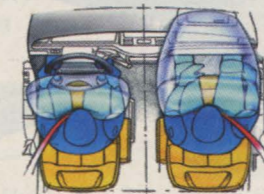
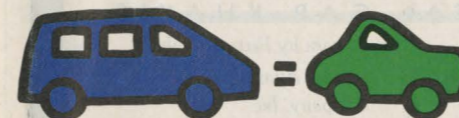
©1995 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. EX model with accessory roof rack shown. Haring works © Estate of Keith Haring.

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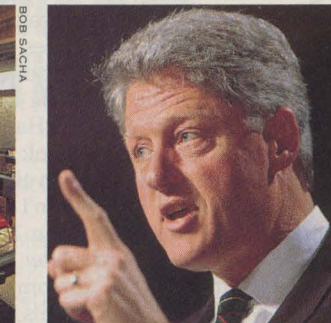
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COVER: *Digitally altered photograph by Henri Huet—AP, 1966. Imaging by Ron Plyman*

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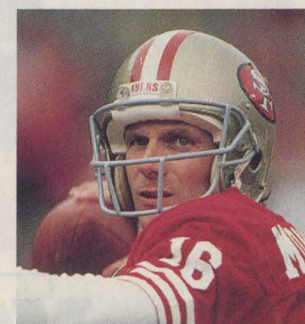


Business: Is Chrysler ripe for a big '80s-style takeover?

Politics: Clinton tries to organize a re-election team



COVER: 20 years after the fall of Saigon, war's agony remains



Sport: Say it ain't so—Joe Montana calls it quits

Show Business: Vegas glitz rises to a whole new level

T O U R R E A D E R S

FRANK GIBNEY'S FIRST VISION OF Vietnam was postapocalyptic. "The ghosts of the war were everywhere," he recalls of his trip in March 1984. "The piles of Huey chopper parts at Tan Son Nhut airport, the musty bar of the Caravelle Hotel in Ho Chi Minh City. In Hanoi rats scurried through the hotel; the water was cold." There was an air of huddled secrecy. "You couldn't get a straight answer out of anyone. The people who could articulate the state of affairs were diplomats, themselves grasping at bits of information."

Today Gibney is TIME's Hanoi bureau chief, heading the first official bureau of an American news-magazine to reopen in Vietnam since the war ended. The country, he discovers, is still caught up in an epic struggle, but this time a kind of *Paradise Regained*. "You have to strain to find the war now," he says. "And it's beside the point." Everywhere, the economy is booming, and, says Gibney, "everyone wants a piece of Vietnam's future." Even legendary war hero General Vo Nguyen Giap, now in his 80s,

who used to talk of nothing but the war, is snapping up books about development. "Vietnam," Giap told Gibney, "will be one of the key topics of the 21st century."

In this century, however, the war re-



A COUNTRY REBORN: Gibney, right rear, with village officials near Pleiku in Vietnam's Central Highlands

mains a living memory, in both Vietnam and America. Senior writer George Church, who put together this issue's history of the last days of the war—as recalled by its survivors—remembers a personal dilemma. "Originally, I was a strong hawk," he says. "But the 1968 Tet offensive convinced me that we could

fight forever and not win—certainly until my son, then six, reached draft age. Let's hope nothing ever tears us apart this way again." The Vietnamese too, Gibney notes, "are beginning to re-evaluate the terrible losses of the war."

Born in New York City and raised in Japan, Gibney has been in Asia since the early '80s, covering the region for *Newsweek* until last year. Last week he was filing reports on Vietnam to our offices in New York as he lay on his bed, suffering from a couple of herniated disks. (To work on his computer, Gibney "had weights and pulleys rigged up.") The fact that he roams from a base in Vietnam, says Gibney, typifies today's mercurial, surprising Asia. "Five years ago, the story here was coups and authoritarianism. Now it is business. It's all new, and it's great to have a front-row seat." Even from flat on his back.

Elizabeth Vaik Long
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Sensible solutions #9

Put the national interest first

For the past eight weeks we've been suggesting some areas of legislation for the 104th Congress to consider for debate as it tries to move the country forward.

We've called for passage of a presidential line-item veto, for civil justice tort reform, for the use of risk assessment/cost benefit analysis in the regulatory arena, the reduction of government spending and excessive regulatory costs, and for adjustments to the Alternative Minimum Tax, among other things.

These are major issues affecting the nation's ability to control government spending and to enable American companies to compete more effectively in today's global markets.

Some progress has been made, particularly in the House of Representatives. But much more needs to be done.

It's time to get it done.

We know there will always be partisan politics—after all, nobody has all the right answers. But that doesn't mean there has to be knee-jerk reactionary politics.

Nobody can deny that our elected representatives have an obligation to represent the people of their home states and districts. But they are also members of a national governing body and, thus, have an obligation to the country as a whole, as well.

An easy task to balance the two? Hardly, but these are the men and women who fought for the right to do it—who said they could do it better than the other candidates. The electorate believed them and voted for them. And now they have the chance to prove they can do the job.

There are many voices raised in Washington—including ours, as we testify for or against particular pieces of legislation. That's what the democratic process is all about, and Congress should hear the different viewpoints. But at the end of the day, Congress and the Administration ultimately need to take the broad view and act for the nation first.

If the most recent election told us anything it was that the American people were trying to deliver a message against "business as usual" in Washington. They were hoping to get a Congress that would take seriously its role as lawmakers and enact the legislation to get us moving again. And, of course, there was also the hope that the Administration would not stand in the way of legislation designed to benefit the nation as a whole.

Now, the rosy promises of earlier days of cooperation between the administrative and legislative branches appear to have wilted in the heat of politics as usual. It's time to put aside the rancor and return to a more conciliatory tone. It's time for Congress and the Administration to start working in tandem on the key issues confronting us all. It's time to pull together in the national interest.

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L E T T E R S



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“Chemical terrorism is a frightening addition to an extremist’s arms collection. It makes our daily life still more dangerous.”

Gagan Modgil
Ludhiana, India

YOUR ARTICLE ON SHOKO ASAHARA AND the toxic attack on Tokyo’s subway system [COVER, April 3] presents another disturbing example of how a society can be held virtual hostage by extremists dedicated to carrying out their agenda through random acts of terror.

Patrick R. Corridon
Norwalk, Connecticut

EVERY DECENT CITIZEN IS SURELY AF- fronted by the picture of Asahara on your cover. It may sell magazines, but doesn’t the press have a moral responsibility not to glamourize terrorism? Rest assured that your choice of cover picture will inspire like-minded individuals to gain worldwide publicity by perpetrating their own acts of terror.

Colin D. Standish
Rapidan, Virginia

I’M NOT SURE YOU CAN DESCRIBE THE Tokyo poison-gas attack as “A New Kind of Evil,” as you did in your table of contents. Previous press reports attest to the blood-drenched credentials of world religions. Disputes in Iraq, Iran, India, Israel, Croatia and Northern Ireland involving Muslims, Hindus, Jews, Protestants and Catholics are examples of deeply rooted religious fervor. From the Catholic Inquisition to abortion-clinic-doctor killings, history shows again and again where the real lack of “peace and security” originates.

Wesley Roberts
Derry, New Hampshire

FOR THE PAST 12 YEARS ON THE SIDEWALK next to my company’s Tokyo headquar- ters, an elderly gentleman, Harukichi Watanabe, ran a small shoe-repair stand. Secretaries as well as corporate execu- tives would leave their shoes each day for repair. After the poison-gas attack, I noticed on my arrival at the building that his stand was closed and that flowers and gifts had been left there. I was told he had been killed in the subway disaster. To my surprise, when I picked up my

copy of TIME, on your index page I saw a picture of Watanabe lying on the subway platform. To say the least, I was sad- dened. Thank you for acknowledging his death. He, as well as others who died in this meaningless display of violence, will be greatly missed.

Joseph W. Parks, Vice President
VMC Corp.
Ipswich, Massachusetts

YOU BRIEFLY DOCUMENTED THE EXTENT to which Asahara was poisoned by the insecurity of poverty in his life. Face it, human existence is as fragile as the devel- opment of human character. The greatest police force in the world cannot protect us from those who have been “bent” enough to murder. Our only hope is to stop the bending of human lives by one of the most destructive forces on earth: abject poverty. Every day poverty kills innocent children at many times the rate of Hitler’s death camps and perma- nently disables 10 for each one that dies. Children and adults alike are warped in this overlooked carnage.

Chuck Woolery, Director
The Alliance for Child Survival
Rockville, Maryland

IT IS A LESSON THAT HAS TAKEN MORE than two decades to learn: political ter- rorism wins battles but not wars. Perpe- trators of religious terrorism for some reason see no need to learn this.

Craig Hilton
Collie, Australia

THE USE OF NERVE GAS IN THE TOKYO subway attack spotlights our increasing vulnerability to high-tech terror acts by fringe groups that are escalating their acts of violence. Our only safeguards against these threats are vastly improved intelligence sources and basic security measures, all of which we seem to regard as more expensive than our system can afford. Accordingly, we shrug and go on with our lives, accepting the risk. But why continue to spend vast sums on ab-

surd military projects when these same funds could protect us from a real threat? America’s military planners are not just wasting money (no small sin) but are also guilty of outright mismanagement and violation of the public trust.

Charles J. Bodestab
Excelsior, Minnesota

REVIEWING YOUR CHART “CATALOG OF Terror,” showing weapons that terrorists could use, I concluded that toxic biolog- ical and chemical materials, threatening instant injury and death, pose a far greater risk than radioactive materials. The latter are more difficult to obtain and deliver to a population in a dose strong enough to cause significant inj- ury. If people had more accurate infor- mation about the relatively small risk from nuclear radiation, there would be less fear of it, and radiological materials could be removed from your catalog.

Jerry M. Cuttler
Mississauga, Ontario

Seeking New Gods

I READ WITH INTEREST IAN BURUMA’S article “Lost Without a Faith,” about how the Japanese are looking for new gods [COVER, April 3]. Buruma has keen in- sight on the Japanese mentality. How- ever, I don’t agree with his opinion that Soka Gakkai members worship Daisaku Ikeda, honorary president of the group, as a monarch. The Soka Gakkai is a grass- roots Buddhist organization whose goal is the establishment of world peace. Since it stands on the side of the common peo- ple, it has always been criticized and per- secuted by the authorities. Its first presi- dent, Tsunesaburo Makiguchi, a renowned educator, died in prison dur- ing World War II because he was against the militaristic Japanese government of that time, which used the state religion, Shinto, for the purpose of unifying Japan. The members of Soka Gakkai sim- ply want to learn how to practice to be good Buddhists: to be kind, merciful and warm to the sick and poor, and not to yield to evil authority.

Stanley Ohnishi
King of Prussia, Pennsylvania

I WAS INTERESTED IN BURUMA’S COM- mentary on the cult followings that have developed in postwar Japan and else- where. However, all religions have at their core a tenet that insists the individ- ual is secondary to a superior force. So long as we allow others to do our think- ing for us, we will continue to be led by those who insist they know best.

Julia Ringma
North Gower, Ontario

Dan Jansen, Olympic Gold Medalist By 29/100ths Of A Second.



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Banning Porn Online

I CAN'T BELIEVE THE SENATE IS TRYING TO regulate the transmission of sexual material on the Internet [TECHNOLOGY, April 3]. Online sex is the safest form of sex yet, and now busybodies want to waste time and money abolishing it. Why not turn their efforts to combating threatening sexual acts such as rape, molestation and child pornography? And so far as the poor, innocent children's being exposed, it is too late to protect them. All they have to do to see pornography is turn on the TV or go to a movie. The old guys in the Senate are scared to death of the computerized nation we are becoming because they have no idea how the computer works. Give Senator Jim Exon, the man who sponsors the Communications Decency Act, an account on America Online, show him how it works, and we'll never see him again!

*Stephanie Casey
New York City
AOL: NYCSteph*

IF THE DECENCY ACT PASSES, HOW LONG will it be before Senator Exon's gestapo is opening up and censoring U.S. mail? It is curious that Exon is so exercised over "indecent" on the Internet when there's very little on the net that can't be found quite easily on the magazine racks and in the bookstores of his hometown of Lincoln, Nebraska.

*D. Ferrel Atkins
Charleston, Illinois*

Cyberspace: Pro and Con

CONGRATULATIONS ON A MASTERPIECE IN the world of journalism, the special issue on Cyberspace [SPRING 1995]. Your sense of a subject sorely desired and needed by the people was a work of right-on thinking. My understanding of what is going on in the computer cyber, superhighway world took a quantum leap. Efforts thus far to explain the subject, vis-à-vis bits and pieces, at times confused me even further.

*Thomas Andrews
Madera, California*

ROBERT HUGHES' ESSAY "TAKE THIS REVOLUTION ..." was the best piece in your special issue. Like Hughes, I am no Luddite; I am writing this letter on my computer. I also share Hughes' skepticism about the Internet; I do not go online, but I survive anyway. I enjoy having contact with people in different parts of the world via letter, even though it sometimes takes weeks for mail to arrive.

*Craig L. Cowing
Monmouth, Maine*

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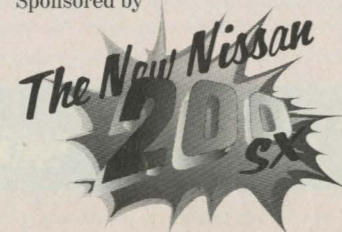
John Bryant,
Founder Operation HOPE
Tuesday, May 2,
9:00 PM ET, Odeon

John Kaliski,
Architect/Urban Planner
Tuesday, May 9,
9:00 PM ET, Odeon

Jeffrey Sachs, Economist
Wednesday, May 17,
9:00 PM ET, Bowl

Wayne Meisel,
Founder Campus Outreach
Opportunity League (COOL)
Thursday, May 18,
9:00 PM ET, Globe

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TIME, APRIL 24, 1995

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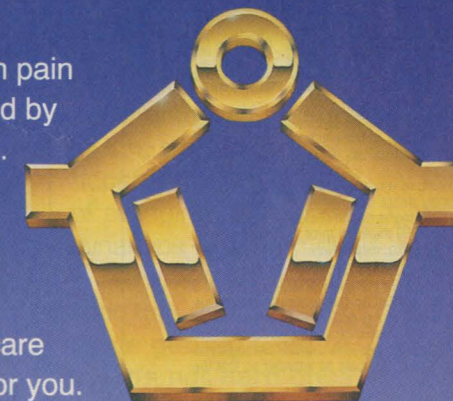


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The following have been reported as events in clinical trials or in the routine management of patients treated with ZANTAC: headache, sometimes severe; abdominal discomfort/pain; nausea and vomiting; constipation; and diarrhea.

See additional important information on adjacent page.

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BRIEF SUMMARY

The following is a brief summary only. Before prescribing, see complete prescribing information in Zantac® product labeling.

INDICATIONS AND USAGE: Zantac® is indicated in: 1. Short-term treatment of active duodenal ulcer. 2. Maintenance therapy for duodenal ulcer patients at reduced dosage after healing of acute ulcers. 3. The treatment of pathological hypersecretory conditions (e.g., Zollinger-Ellison syndrome and systemic mastocytosis). 4. Short-term treatment of active, benign gastric ulcer. 5. Treatment of gastroesophageal reflux disease (GERD). 6. Treatment of endoscopically diagnosed erosive esophagitis. 7. Maintenance of healing of erosive esophagitis.

Concomitant antacids should be given as needed for pain relief to patients with active duodenal ulcer, active, benign gastric ulcer, hypersecretory states; GERD; and erosive esophagitis.

CONTRAINDICATIONS: Zantac® is contraindicated for patients known to have hypersensitivity to the drug or any of the ingredients (see PRECAUTIONS).

PRECAUTIONS: General: 1. Symptomatic response to Zantac® therapy does not preclude the presence of gastric malignancy. 2. Since Zantac is excreted primarily by the kidney, dosage should be adjusted in patients with impaired renal function (see DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION). Caution should be observed in patients with hepatic dysfunction since Zantac is metabolized in the liver. 3. Rare reports suggest that Zantac may precipitate acute porphyric attacks in patients with acute porphyria. Zantac should therefore be avoided in patients with a history of acute porphyria.

Information for Patients: Phenytoin: Zantac® 150 EFFERdose™ Tablets and Zantac® 150 EFFERdose™ Granules contain phenylalanine 16.84 mg per 150 mg of ranitidine.

Laboratory Tests: False-positive tests for urine protein with Multistix® may occur during Zantac therapy, and therefore testing with sulfosalicylic acid is recommended.

Drug Interactions: Although Zantac has been reported to bind weakly to cytochrome P-450 *in vitro*, recommended doses of the drug do not inhibit the action of the cytochrome P-450-linked oxygenase enzymes in the liver. However, there have been isolated reports of drug interactions that suggest that Zantac may affect the bioavailability of certain drugs by some mechanism as yet unidentified (e.g., a pH-dependent effect on absorption or a change in volume of distribution).

Increased or decreased prothrombin times have been reported during concurrent use of ranitidine and warfarin. However, in human pharmacokinetic studies with dosages of ranitidine up to 400 mg per day, no interaction occurred; ranitidine had no effect on warfarin clearance or prothrombin time. The possibility of an interaction with warfarin at dosages of ranitidine higher than 400 mg per day has not been investigated.

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility: There was no indication of tumorigenic or carcinogenic effects in life-span studies in mice and rats at dosages up to 2,000 mg/kg per day.

Ranitidine was not mutagenic in standard bacterial tests (*Salmonella*, *Escherichia coli*) for mutagenicity at concentrations up to the maximum recommended for these assays.

In a dominant lethal assay, a single oral dose of 1,000 mg/kg to male rats was without effect on the outcome of two matings per week for the next 9 weeks.

Pregnancy: Teratogenic Effects: Pregnancy Category B: Reproduction studies have been performed in rats and rabbits at doses up to 160 times the human dose and have revealed no evidence of impaired fertility or harm to the fetus due to Zantac. There are, however, no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. Because animal reproduction studies are not always predictive of human response, this drug should be used during pregnancy only if clearly needed.

Nursing Mothers: Zantac is secreted in human milk. Caution should be exercised when Zantac is administered to a nursing mother.

Pediatric Use: Safety and effectiveness in children have not been established.

Use in Elderly Patients: Ulcer healing rates in elderly patients (65 to 82 years of age) were no different from those in younger age-groups. The incidence rates for adverse events and laboratory abnormalities were also not different from those seen in other age-groups.

ADVERSE REACTIONS: The following have been reported as events in clinical trials or in the routine management of patients treated with Zantac®. The relationship to Zantac therapy has been unclear in many cases. Headache, sometimes severe, seems to be related to Zantac administration.

Central Nervous System: Rarely, malaise, dizziness, somnolence, insomnia, and vertigo. Rare cases of reversible mental confusion, agitation, depression, and hallucinations have been reported, predominantly in severely ill elderly patients. Rare cases of reversible blurred vision suggestive of a change in accommodation have been reported. Rare reports of reversible involuntary motor disturbances have been received.

Cardiovascular: As with other H₂-blockers, rare reports of arrhythmias such as tachycardia, bradycardia, atrioventricular block, and premature ventricular beats.

Gastrointestinal: Constipation, diarrhea, nausea/vomiting, abdominal discomfort/pain, and rare reports of pancreatitis.

Hepatic: In normal volunteers, SGPT values were increased to at least twice the pretreatment levels in 6 of 12 subjects receiving 100 mg q.i.d. intravenously for 7 days, and in 4 of 24 subjects receiving 50 mg q.i.d. intravenously for 5 days. There have been occasional reports of hepatitis, hepatocellular or hepatocanalicular or mixed, with or without jaundice. In such circumstances, ranitidine should be immediately discontinued. These events are usually reversible, but in exceedingly rare circumstances death has occurred.

Musculoskeletal: Rare reports of arthralgias and myalgias.

Hematologic: Blood count changes (leukopenia, granulocytopenia, and thrombocytopenia) have occurred in a few patients. These were usually reversible. Rare cases of agranulocytosis, pancytopenia, sometimes with marrow hypoplasia, and aplastic anemia and exceedingly rare cases of acquired immune hemolytic anemia have been reported.

Endocrine: Controlled studies in animals and man have shown no stimulation of any pituitary hormone by Zantac and no antiandrogenic activity, and cimetidine-induced gynecomastia and impotence in hypersecretory patients have resolved when Zantac has been substituted. However, occasional cases of gynecomastia, impotence, and loss of libido have been reported in male patients receiving Zantac, but the incidence did not differ from that in the general population.

Integumentary: Rash, including rare cases of erythema multiforme, and, rarely, alopecia.

Other: Rare cases of hypersensitivity reactions (e.g., bronchospasm, fever, rash, eosinophilia), anaphylaxis, angioneurotic edema, and small increases in serum creatinine.

OVERDOSAGE: There has been limited experience with overdosage. Reported acute ingestions of up to 18 g orally have been associated with transient adverse effects similar to those encountered in normal clinical experience (see ADVERSE REACTIONS). In addition, abnormalities of gait and hypotension have been reported.

When overdosage occurs, the usual measures to remove unabsorbed material from the gastrointestinal tract, clinical monitoring, and supportive therapy should be employed.

Studies in dogs receiving dosages of Zantac® in excess of 225 mg/kg per day have shown muscular tremors, vomiting, and rapid respiration. Single oral doses of 1,000 mg/kg in mice and rats were not lethal. Intravenous LD₅₀ values in mice and rats were 77 and 83 mg/kg, respectively.

DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION: (See complete prescribing information in Zantac® product labeling.)
Dosage Adjustment for Patients With Impaired Renal Function: On the basis of experience with a group of subjects with severely impaired renal function treated with Zantac, the recommended dosage in patients with a creatinine clearance <50 mL per minute is 150 mg or 10 mL (2 teaspoonfuls equivalent to 150 mg of ranitidine) every 24 hours. Should the patient's condition require, the frequency of dosing may be increased to every 12 hours or even further with caution. Hemodialysis reduces the level of circulating ranitidine. Ideally, the dosing schedule should be adjusted so that the timing of a scheduled dose coincides with the end of hemodialysis.

October 1994
 RL-150
 5010D



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ZA3300RO Printed in USA February 1995

Kato's Hollywood Career

THE "SUCCESS" OF KATO KAELIN'S ACTING career since Kaelin became a "star" witness in the O.J. Simpson trial [CHRONICLES, April 3] proves making it in Hollywood has very little to do with talent or hard work. Kato, I hope you are saving your money. Once the trial is over, it is quite possible you will need to find another superstar with a spare guesthouse.

Michael P. Briggs
 Burbank, California
 Via America Online

Hospital Horror Stories

I CAN RELATE TO YOUR ARTICLE ON HUMAN error in hospitals, especially the incident concerning overdoses of medication [MEDICINE, April 3]. Five years ago, while waking up after minor surgery to overcome infertility, I received three times the normal dosage of an anti-nausea drug to counteract side effects of the anesthetic. No one considered my size, which is much smaller than the average adult. I experienced a horrific reaction. Luckily, the effect was not lethal, as it was in the case of cancer patient Betsy Lehman; but I was traumatized to the point of avoiding further surgery, which was recommended. That is why I remain childless today. The

Only One Real Champ



Our story "Two Champs Are Back," which described the return of the two Michaels, Tyson and Jordan, to their

respective arenas [SPORT, April 3], teed off a number of readers. Negara Koprowski of Irvine, California, wrote, "You have denigrated Jordan's shining return to pro basketball by comingling his story with that of a convicted rapist." Richard Portalatin of Waukegan, Illinois, asked, "Are you guys crazy? How can you possibly picture Tyson next to Jordan?" From Mexico City, Florencia Valenzuela commented, "The only thing Jordan and Tyson have in common is their first name!" While finding the story offensive, Vincent J. Winkle of Natick, Massachusetts, saw some reason for optimism, noting, "Hopefully, Tyson learned a few lessons during his time in jail and in the future he won't give sports a black eye."



To teach your kids about science, just take them out to play.

It's on the blacktop, in sand boxes and on jungle gyms. Wherever there's a playground, science is fair game.

So if you want your kids to see science and engineering in action, just follow the arrows.

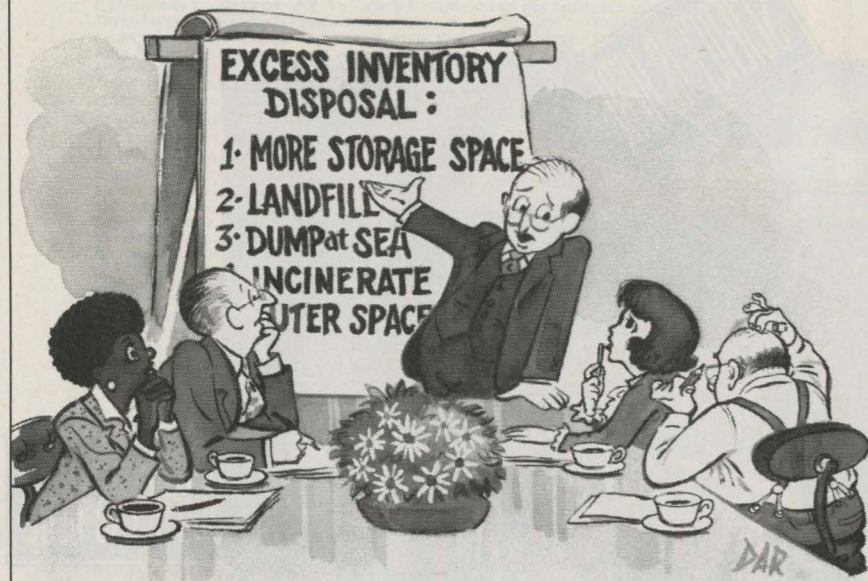
You'll discover all sorts of fun: the kinetics of hopping, the physics of swinging, the aerodynamics of a slam dunk.

Now we realize that this could take some getting used to, but it's not hard once

you change your point of view. Simply be aware that science is everywhere we look. And encourage your children to do the same.

In fact, why not be a real sport, and let them play awhile longer?

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fear that still lingers from that experience has killed my chances to conceive future children.

Harmony Bentosino
Kapolei, Hawaii

TO MY DISMAY, MANY PEOPLE MISGUIDEDLY believe doctors are some kind of gods who never make mistakes. You emphasized that "negligence in American hospitals may result in 80,000 deaths each year," and more or less hid the fact that this comes to only a tiny percentage of patients physicians help every year. I am not excusing the tragic errors made by a few physicians; however, I am applauding the phenomenal success rate doctors have managed as technology and new treatments keep advancing and become more complex.

Lauren Piper
North Canton, Ohio

HAVE A WELL-TRAINED PHYSICIAN EXAMINE 10 patients a day, and without doubt good care will be provided. But increase that number to 50 patients a day, and see what happens. Even Michael Jordan's dexterity would wane if Jordan were called upon to play three games a night!

Samuel M. Freedman, M.D.
Hollywood, Florida

Correction

OUR REPORT ON RELATIONSHIPS BETWEEN members of college faculty and students [EDUCATION, April 3] mentioned the case of Professor James Maas of Cornell University who was accused of harassment by four former students. We said Maas had been stripped of a \$25,000 teaching award he received in 1993. In fact, no such action has been taken. The case remains under appeal.

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CHRONICLES

THE WEEK

APRIL 9 - 15

NATION

The Simpson Trial

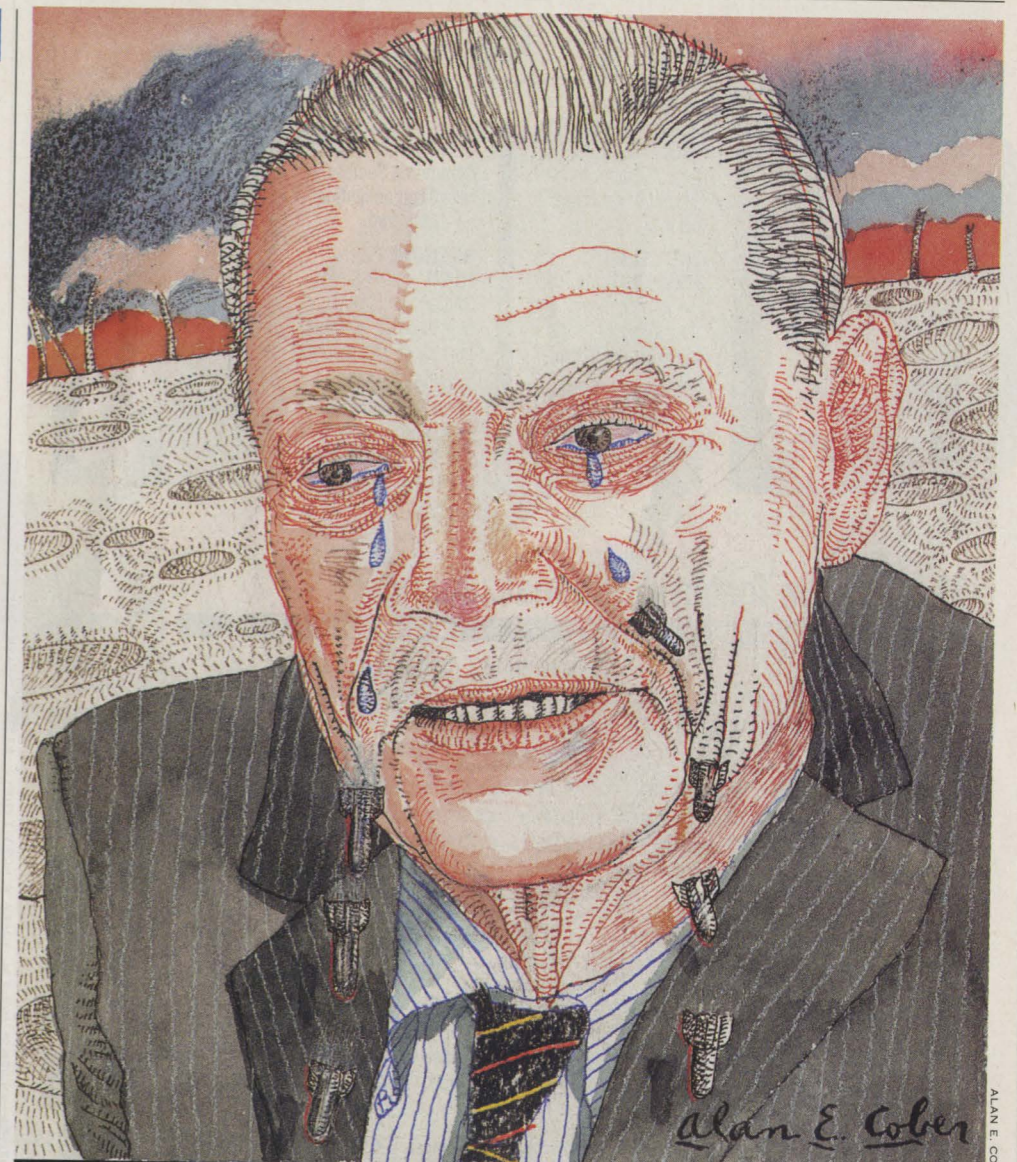
The high drama that has overtaken the O.J. Simpson murder trial played itself out on two stages, both dangerous to the prosecution. Pugilistic defense attorney Barry Scheck forced Los Angeles criminalist Dennis Fung to admit to a series of apparent oversights, slips and errors made in gathering and preserving physical evidence. Meanwhile, Judge Lance Ito summoned ousted juror Jeanette Harris to a special hearing in order to quiz her about her allegations of racial tensions on the jury. Among her complaints: a system of segregated gyms and video-viewing rooms was set up because of disagreements between white and black jurors; she also alleged that whites were given preferential treatment on a shopping trip. All of which could lead to more juror dismissals and even the outside possibility of a mistrial.

Spying on the Spies

The latest fallout from the CIA's Aldrich Ames spy scandal could be a cutback in the privacy rights of national security employees. The Clinton Administration said it was drafting new rules that would let investigators peer more easily into the financial records of the 2 million or more civilian and military personnel with access to classified information, and also require those with top security clearances to file regular financial disclosure statements. This is in response to the CIA's failure to detect Ames' extravagant spending of his Soviet-supplied supplemental income.

Campaign '96

Senate majority leader Bob Dole, the current Republican front runner, made it official and formally declared he is a candidate for President. He



PENITENT OF THE WEEK: Former Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara belatedly confessed his handling of the Vietnam War had been "terribly wrong"

MEET THE BUDGET CUTTERS



This Week: \$8 Million in "Leadership Skills"

SENATOR ARLEN SPECTER (R., Pa.) announced his bid for the presidency by pledging to "balance the budget through spending reduction." Back in 1992, however, he sponsored an \$8 million program to achieve the vague goal of "teaching critical leadership skills." One participant has called it "a perfectly formed specimen" of pork. A House report concluded that "activities supported by this program are [already] part of many higher education institutions' curriculum." Surprise: a substantial chunk of funding went to Pennsylvania colleges.

WINNERS & LOSERS



GEORGIA FRONTIERE
Her L.A. Rams finally cleared to cash in on move to St. Louis

CHRYSLER SHAREHOLDERS
Stock price skyrockets after takeover team offers \$55 a share

ARTHUR MURRAY
Olympic committee adds ballroom dancing as a demonstration "sport" for 1996




RON BROWN
Commerce Secretary caught moonlighting as a slumlord

STEINMETZ HIGH
Students at Chicago school admit cheating in national competition

THE CHUNNEL
Balance sheet shows U.K.-to-France tunnel lost a Euro-Disneyish \$600 million in 1994



The Week in Tortured Rationalizations

RATIONALIZATION	RATIONALIZER
"In 1988 the issue was based on Democrats' controlling Congress."	 Bob Dole's campaign manager, explaining why the candidate made a no-taxes pledge this year when he courageously refused to do so in 1988.
"It puts the Plaza on very strong footing and gives [him] the capital to implement all the things he's wanted to do since he bought it."	A spokesman revealing why it was actually a good thing for Donald Trump to sell controlling interest in the Plaza Hotel for a \$100 million loss.
"Not all feminists are militant ... Being sexy and being pro-choice don't contradict each other."	 Nancy Sinatra, defending her decision to pose nude for the May issue of Playboy.
"Every Cabinet officer must do as the President says or get the hell out. And if he gets out, my view is that he cannot attack the President from outside the Cabinet ..."	Ex-Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, justifying his refusal to speak out against Vietnam War policies he came to regard as disastrous.
"I was trying to keep it warm ..."	 A Cleveland man explaining to police why they found a boa constrictor in his boxer shorts after they arrested him for driving without a license.

Playing One on TV

Does Marcia Clark's new shag owe anything to the sleek yet no-nonsense look of Sharon Lawrence, who plays prosecutor Sylvia Costas on *NYPD Blue*? You be the judge:



I HAVE A PETUNIA, AND I'M NOT AFRAID TO USE IT ...

“There are many people who collect these weapons. There are people who shoot with these weapons. And you know, why is there a need for flowers?”

—CONGRESSMAN ROSCOE BARTLETT (R., Md.), AN ARDENT FOE OF THE ASSAULT-WEAPONS BAN, RESPONDING TO THE QUESTION, WHY IS THERE A NEED FOR SEMIAUTOMATIC WEAPONS?

was followed into the ring by one of the C.O.P.'s darker horses: California Congressman Bob Dornan, an ultra-conservative firebrand. Dornan becomes the seventh Republican to enter the race.

Lab in the Dock
Wisconsin authorities filed a rare criminal case against a medical laboratory. Prosecutors charged Chem-Bio Corp. with reckless homicide, accusing the firm of lapses that allegedly led it to misread the Pap smears of two women who subsequently died of cervical cancer. The lab, which faces a maximum \$20,000 fine, said it would fight the charges.

The Citadel Rebuked Again
A federal appeals court handed Shannon Faulkner another victory in her fight to be admitted as a cadet at South Carolina's Citadel. Ruling that keeping Faulkner out violates equal-protection guarantees, the court ordered the school to let her in or come up with an alternative plan.

Steinmetz Scholars Scandal
It seemed too good to be true last month when students from Chicago's working-class Steinmetz High School won a prestigious state academic competition with unprecedentedly high scores. And it was too good to be true: the city's board of education announced last week that several students had admitted cheating with a stolen test copy—and that one had even impersonated and served as a judge.

A Less than Perfect Pilot
In an unsettling report, the National Transportation Safety Board said the pilot of an American Eagle plane who died along with 14 others in a North Carolina crash last December had received low training marks and was recommended for dismissal from another airline.

WORLD

Japan on Alert
A prophecy that disaster

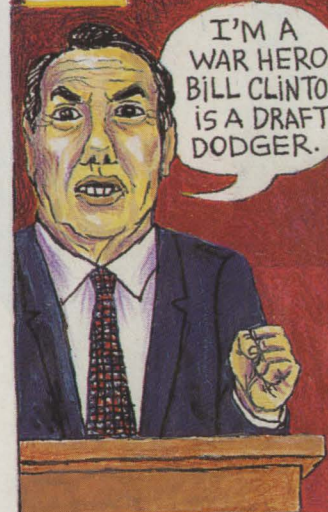


6.0, 6.0, 6.0, 6.0, 6.0! If I had to rate milk as an after-sports drink, it would definitely get the gold. Besides being a better source of potassium than the leading sports drink, it has more vitamins and minerals per ounce. And how do I like it? On ice, of course.

MILK
What a surprise!™

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SENATOR DOLE HAS A BIG ADVANTAGE IN THE PRESIDENTIAL RACE.



I'M A WAR HERO. BILL CLINTON IS A DRAFT DODGER.

MEANWHILE, (VIETNAM WAR ARCHITECT) MCNAMARA CRIES ON TV.



THE VIETNAM WAR WAS A MISTAKE!

WERE YOUNG MEN MORALLY OBLIGATED TO DIE FOR THAT MISTAKE?

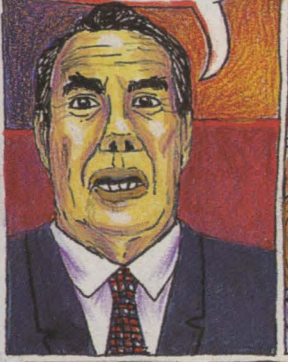
THIS IS THE SHOT!

NOWADAYS, BOB DOLE SAYS:

WE MUST BE WILLING TO GO TO WAR ONLY WHEN IT'S IN AMERICA'S INTEREST!



OTHERWISE, WE SHOULD NOT PUT AMERICAN MEN AND WOMEN IN HARM'S WAY.



WHICH MIGHT PROMPT A QUESTION.

WOULD YOU SAY THEN, SENATOR, THAT PROTESTERS WERE RIGHT TO RESIST THE VIETNAM WAR, A WAR YOU STAUNCHLY SUPPORTED?



...AND THAT BILL CLINTON WAS WAY AHEAD OF YOU AND MCNAMARA IN HIS ASSESSMENT OF THAT WAR?



I'M A WAR HERO! BILL CLINTON IS A DRAFT DODGER!

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would strike Tokyo over the weekend, made about a month ago by Japanese cult leader Shoko Asahara, had police throughout the country on emergency alert. The cult's headquarters and various communes were raided, and security was tightened in the capital. Hospitals, fearing a repeat of last month's subway gas poisonings, which many suspect the cult is responsible for, stocked up on nerve-gas antidote.

Arafat Gets Tough The shaky Middle East peace process was once again jolted by violence. One American student and seven Israeli soldiers were killed in two suicide car bombings in the Gaza Strip. Two Palestinian militant groups, Hamas and Islamic Jihad, claimed responsibility for the killings. Yasser Arafat's fledgling quasi government took its strongest action to date against the extremists, arresting some 300 supporters and handing down two sentences of 15 years and one of life imprisonment to three Islamic Jihad militants.

The Money or the F-16s Responding to a fervent plea by Pakistani Prime Minister Benazir Bhutto, President Clinton promised to try to find a way to compensate her country for more than \$1 billion in military equipment Pakistan has already paid for but the U.S. has not delivered. Aid to Pakistan was suspended by Congress in 1990, when the country was found to be stockpiling materials that could be used to make nuclear weapons.

Saddam Says No Iraq's ruling Revolutionary Command Council vehemently rejected a United Nations offer that would have eased the sanctions against the country so that it could sell \$2 billion of oil over six months to buy medicine, food and other essentials. The offer, approved unanimously by the Security Council, stipulated that Iraq

hand over at least 43% of the proceeds from the sale of oil to victims of its invasion of Kuwait and to breakaway Kurdish regions.

Fujimori Wins Alberto Fujimori won his second five-year term with a thumping 64% majority in Peru's presidential elections. Despite his ironhanded policies, Peruvians were won over by his success in curbing inflation and his virtual liquidation of the terrorist group Shining Path. His nearest rival, former U.N. Secretary-General Javier Pérez de Cuéllar, conceded defeat but called on Fujimori to shore up democracy by instituting "clear rules."

Smoking Gun? At a time when Western governments are promoting Serbian President Slobodan

THE GOOD NEWS

- ✓ A 20-year study of middle-age men found that those who ate lots of fruits and vegetables had a lower risk of strokes than less avidly herbivorous eaters.
- ✓ Researchers have shown that potatoes and other plants can be genetically engineered to produce a hepatitis B vaccine. The current vaccine is so costly to make that distributing it in developing countries is not economically feasible. But the new work may lead to a much less expensive vaccine.
- ✓ According to a study of 1,441 diabetics, increasing the number of insulin shots that patients receive over the course of a day can prevent debilitating nerve damage and other complications.

HEALTH REPORT

THE BAD NEWS

- ✓ Eating fish does not make you immune to heart disease. A study of 45,000 individuals found that those who consumed a lot of fish were just as likely to have heart attacks as those who ate it only occasionally. Researchers cautioned, however, that their findings don't mean eating fish has no benefits whatsoever. Study participants may have thought eating fish would compensate for bad habits they did not give up.
- ✓ A five-year-old program to improve Americans' health before the year 2000 is not meeting many of its goals. Since 1985, the number of overweight people has jumped from 26% to 34%, teen pregnancies are up 5% and the number of workers injured on the job has risen 20%.

Sources: GOOD—Journal of the American Medical Association; Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences; BAD—New England Journal of Medicine, Journal of the American Medical Association.

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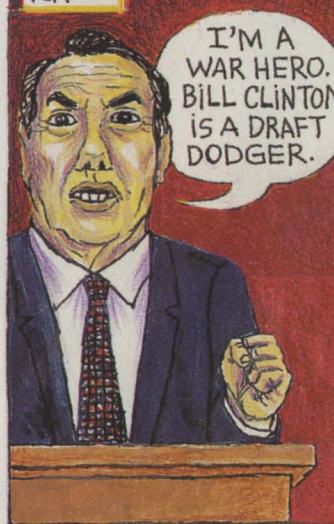
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SENATOR DOLE HAS A BIG ADVANTAGE IN THE PRESIDENTIAL RACE.



MEANWHILE, (VIETNAM WAR ARCHITECT) MCNAMARA CRIES ON TV.



would strike Tokyo over the weekend, made about a month ago by Japanese cult leader Shoko Asahara, had police throughout the country on emergency alert. The cult's headquarters and various communes were raided, and security was tightened in the capital. Hospitals, fearing a repeat of last month's subway gas poisonings, which many suspect the cult is responsible for, stocked up on nerve-gas antidote.

Arafat Gets Tough

The shaky Middle East peace process was once again jolted by violence. One American student and seven Israeli soldiers were killed in two suicide car bombings in the Gaza Strip. Two Palestinian militant groups, Hamas and Islamic Jihad, claimed responsibility for the killings. Yasser Arafat's fledgling quasi government took its strongest action to

hand over at least 43% of the proceeds from the sale of oil to victims of its invasion of Kuwait and to breakaway Kurdish regions.

Fujimori Wins

Alberto Fujimori won his second five-year term with a thumping 64% majority in Peru's presidential elections. Despite his ironhanded policies, Peruvians were won over by his success in curbing inflation and his virtual liquidation of the terrorist group Shining Path. His nearest rival, former U.N. Secretary-General Javier Pérez de Cuéllar, conceded defeat but called on Fujimori to shore up democracy by instituting "clear rules."

Smoking Gun?

At a time when Western governments are promoting Serbian President Slobodan Milosevic as a peacemaker, a man claiming to be a former agent of the Serbian secret police has come forward with documents that could incriminate Milosevic as a war criminal. As reported in the *New York Times*, a letter sent to Bosnian Serbs by the Interior Ministry in Belgrade seems to contain instructions on how to run a concentration camp — contradicting Milosevic's claim that the Serb militias terrorizing Bosnian Muslims have acted independently. A senior Serb official questioned the authenticity of the documents and claimed the whistle-blower was never even a member of the intelligence services.

Unusual Punishment

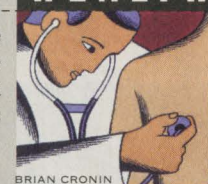
While Milosevic remains outside the law's reach, last week another political leader was asked to pay for his misdeeds, literally. A federal judge in Boston fined former Guatemalan General and Defense Minister Héctor Gramajo \$47.5 million and ordered him to pay the money to an American nun and eight Guatemalans who were terrorized by the Guatemalan army. Gramajo, a conserva-

CHRONICLES

THE GOOD NEWS

- ✓ A 20-year study of middle-age men found that those who ate lots of fruits and vegetables had a lower risk of strokes than less avidly herbivorous eaters.
- ✓ Researchers have shown that potatoes and other plants can be genetically engineered to produce a hepatitis B vaccine. The current vaccine is so costly to make that distributing it in developing countries is not economically feasible. But the new work may lead to a much less expensive vaccine.
- ✓ According to a study of 1,441 diabetics, increasing the number of insulin shots that patients receive over the course of a day can prevent debilitating nerve damage and other complications.

HEALTH



REPORT

THE BAD NEWS

- ✓ Eating fish does not make you immune to heart disease. A study of 45,000 individuals found that those who consumed a lot of fish were just as likely to have heart attacks as those who ate it only occasionally. Researchers cautioned, however, that their findings don't mean eating fish has no benefits whatsoever. Study participants may have thought eating fish would compensate for bad habits they did not give up.
- ✓ A five-year-old program to improve Americans' health before the year 2000 is not meeting many of its goals. Since 1985, the number of overweight people has jumped from 26% to 34%, teen pregnancies are up 5% and the number of workers injured on the job has risen 20%.

Sources: GOOD—Journal of the American Medical Association; Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences
BAD—New England Journal of Medicine; Journal of the American Medical Association.



Exclusive: Can This Marriage Be Saved?

Peru's estranged First Couple, Alberto Fujimori and Susana Higuchi, enjoy what must be the most volatile political marriage this side of Nelson and Winnie Mandela's. Now that Alberto has won re-election and Susana is hinting she'd like to try to work things out, *TIME* asked the editors of *Ladies' Home Journal* to prepare a special world-news edition of its popular feature, "Can This Marriage Be Saved?"

SUSANA AND ALBERTO'S STORY

She was a successful businesswoman. He was the rector at Lima's National Agrarian University. They had married in 1974, and the union seemed to be a happy one—until, that is, Alberto entered politics and won a five-year term as President in 1990. It should have been the high point of their lives. Alas, the pressures of public life seemed to push the couple apart. By last year, Susana was publicly referring to her husband as a "heartless, ruthless, corrupt dictator." Alberto responded by moving out of the presidential palace and firing Susana from the post of First Lady; he even called her "unstable" in a nationally televised address. The couple were then locked in a cycle of recrimination: he had her half of the palace welded shut (she was still inside); she announced that she would run against him for the presidency. Last December the marriage's fate appeared to be sealed when Susana announced that she would seek a divorce. But after Alberto won a second term last week with more than 60% of the vote (her candidacy had been invalidated), Susana indicated a new willingness to patch things up, offering that "you can't break ties of the heart overnight."



"Ruthless" Alberto



"Unstable" Susana

Counselor's advice, courtesy of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:

"If Alberto and Susana truly want to try to save their marriage, they should stop talking about each other and their differences to the electorate, the Congress and the press. They should start talking to each other and rebuilding their relationship on the basis of mutual interests. Obviously the presidency interests them both—a lot. There have been other couples with stormy relationships who have patched up their troubles when the husband got elected President, even when he won by a lot less than 60% of the vote. Maybe there's still hope for the Fujimoris."

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ously by the Security Council, stipulated that Iraq

MILESTONES



IVES IN 1945



STERN



STALLER AND SON



DESAI IN 1977

CUSTODY AWARDED. To **ILONA** ("Ciccioni-na") **STALLER**, 43, sometime porn star and former Italian M.P.; of her two-year-old son Ludwig Maximilian by ex-husband **JEFF KOONS**, the American artist; in Rome.

CHARGED. **HOWARD STERN**, 41, radio "shock jock"; with disorderly conduct; by a judge in Harlingen, Texas. Stern's on-air mocking of slain Mexican-American singing star Selena could earn him a \$500 fine if he ever sets foot in the Lone Star State.

DIED. GÜNTER GUILLAUME, 68, East German spy whose embarrassing infiltration of Willy Brandt's office forced the West German Chancellor's resignation in 1974; of a stroke; in Eggersdorf, Germany. Working his way up through the ranks of the Social Democratic Party, Guillaume became a personal aide to Brandt after he was elected in 1969; Guillaume's close relationship with Brandt allowed him unfettered access to secrets, a breach he exploited fully.

DIED. BURL IVES, 85, goateed crooner and actor beloved by generations of children for his mellifluous renditions of *Frosty the Snowman* and *The Blue Tail Fly*; in Anacortes, Washington. Among the best known of Ives' many stage and screen roles was his starring appearance as Big Daddy in the original Broadway production of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* and his narration of the undying holiday TV special, *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer*.

DIED. MORARJI DESAI, 99, ascetic former Prime Minister of India who led the country's first non-Congress Party government from 1977 to 1979; in Bombay. After Prime Minister Indira Gandhi imposed a state of emergency in 1975 and imprisoned political opponents—including Desai, for 21 months—voters put his coalition in power. He credited his long life to celibacy (begun at age 32 after his fifth child was born) and a spartan diet of fruit, milk, juice and, from time to time, his own urine.

tive candidate for President, responded, saying, "Forty-seven million dollars? I don't have 47 million centavos!"

Winnie Checkmated
Winnie Mandela appeared to win a fleeting victory in the latest skirmish with her husband when she was reinstated to her former post of Deputy Minister of Arts, Culture, Science and Technology. Her threat to sue the government for dismissing her without proper notice forced Nelson Mandela to rehire her temporarily. But two days later, Mandela fired her again, this time with proper notice.

BUSINESS

A New LBO King
Like a corporate raider from the '80s, investor Kirk Kerkerian swooped down on Chrysler and made an unsolicited offer of \$23 billion for the automaker in what could become the second biggest leveraged buyout since the sale of RJR Nabisco. Joining him in the bid was former Chrysler chairman Lee Iacocca, who reluctantly retired two years ago. Kerkerian and Iacocca both claim their offer is nothing more than an attempt to restore value to the stock price of a company that has engineered one of the most remarkable comebacks in recent years.

Dollar Therapy
With the plunging U.S. dollar threatening to throw Japan's economy into another recession, the Japanese government introduced an emergency plan to halt the fall of the U.S. currency against the yen. Japan's central bank cut the official discount rate (the rate at which it lends money to other banks) by three-quarters of a percentage point to a record low of 1%. The measures are aimed at encouraging consumer spending and reducing Japan's huge trade surplus, which is believed to be the leading cause for the dollar's fall.

30 YEARS AGO IN TIME

Quality, Not Quantity

With increasing numbers of U.S. troops pouring into Vietnam, TIME published this report: "The U.S. effort in Viet Nam must be measured in terms of quality, not quantity. The American serviceman in Viet Nam is probably the most proficient the nation has ever produced ... To many such men, fighting is a profession, not a training manual exercise. They are in Viet Nam not because they have to be, but because they want to be—after all, that is where the fighting is. Thousands who could by now be back home are serving voluntary second and third tours of duty ... They have had hard going, but almost to a man they believe that the Vietnamese war can be won—if only their efforts are not undercut on the home front." —April 23, 1965



Cover: Fighter Pilot Lieut. Colonel James Robinson Risner, based in Danang

—Reported by Melissa August, Christine Gorman, Belinda Luscombe, Jeffery C. Rubin, Alain L. Sanders and Sribala Subramanian

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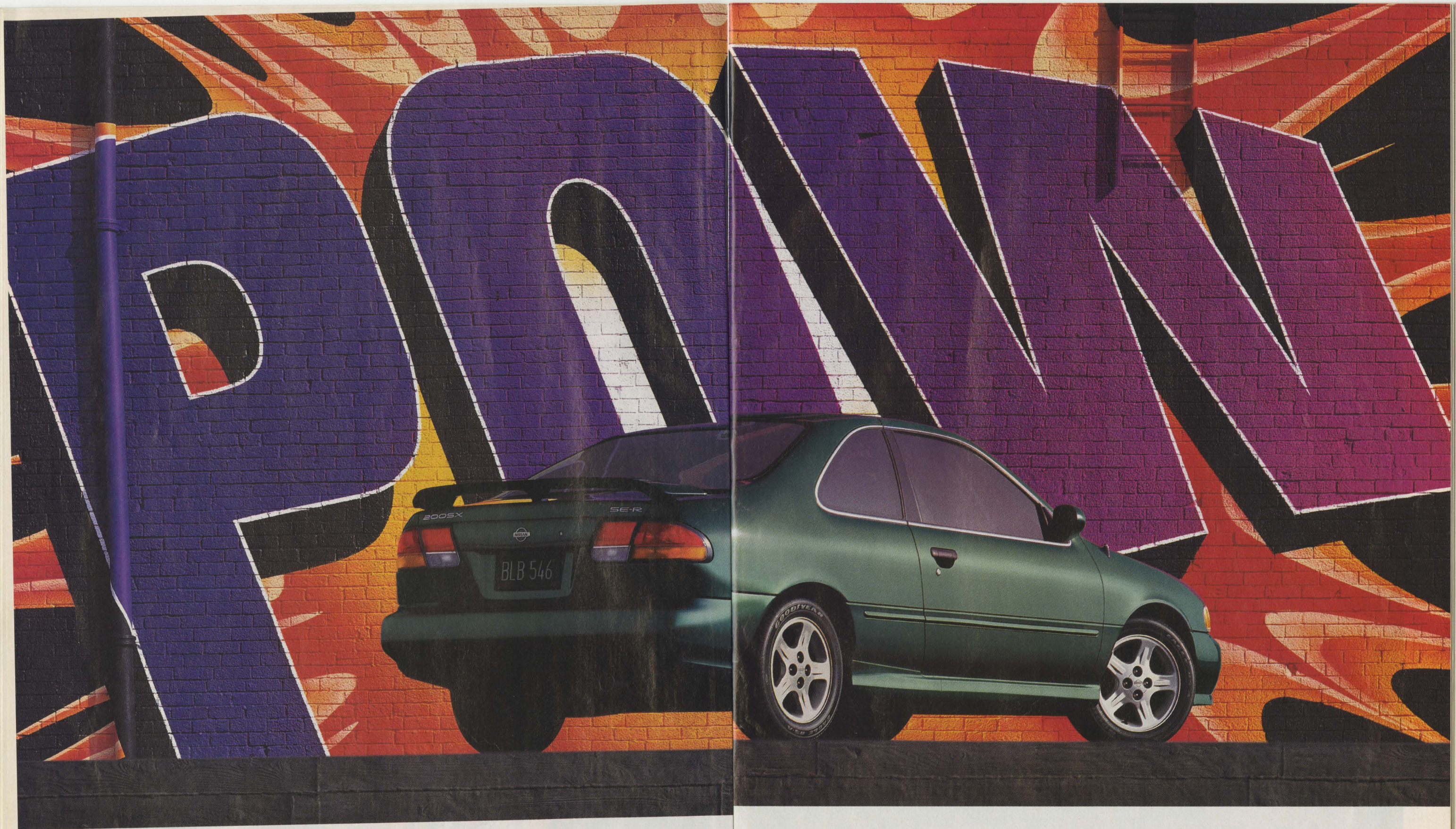
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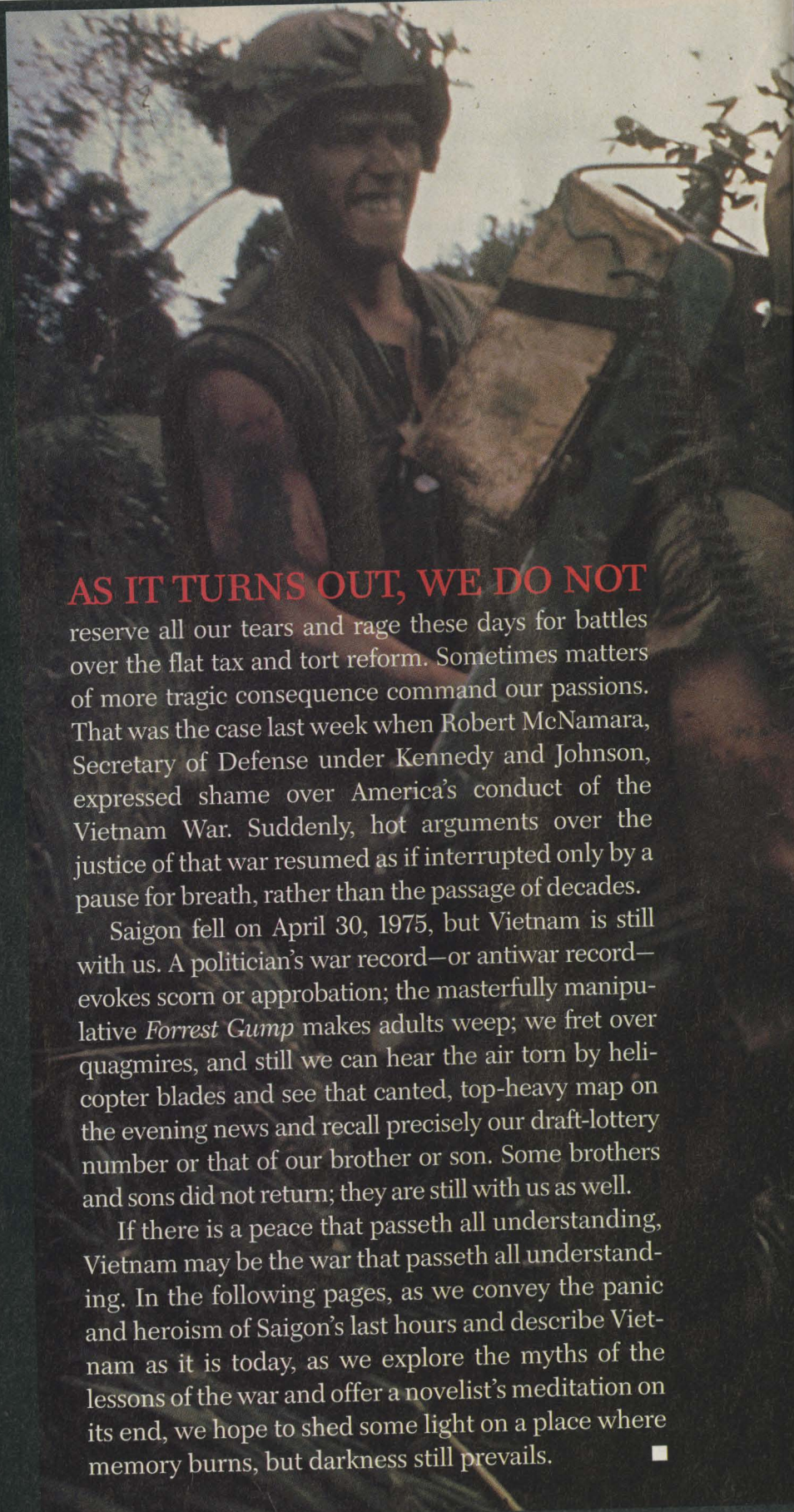
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A LOST WAR



AS IT TURNS OUT, WE DO NOT

reserve all our tears and rage these days for battles over the flat tax and tort reform. Sometimes matters of more tragic consequence command our passions. That was the case last week when Robert McNamara, Secretary of Defense under Kennedy and Johnson, expressed shame over America's conduct of the Vietnam War. Suddenly, hot arguments over the justice of that war resumed as if interrupted only by a pause for breath, rather than the passage of decades.

Saigon fell on April 30, 1975, but Vietnam is still with us. A politician's war record—or antiwar record—evokes scorn or approbation; the masterfully manipulative *Forrest Gump* makes adults weep; we fret over quagmires, and still we can hear the air torn by helicopter blades and see that canted, top-heavy map on the evening news and recall precisely our draft-lottery number or that of our brother or son. Some brothers and sons did not return; they are still with us as well.

If there is a peace that passeth all understanding, Vietnam may be the war that passeth all understanding. In the following pages, as we convey the panic and heroism of Saigon's last hours and describe Vietnam as it is today, as we explore the myths of the lessons of the war and offer a novelist's meditation on its end, we hope to shed some light on a place where memory burns, but darkness still prevails. ■



TIME

SAIGON

THE FINAL 10 DAYS

A look at the storm before the long quiet—through the eyes of the victors, the losers, the ones who got out and the ones who didn't

By **GEORGE J. CHURCH**

THE SIGNS OF IMPENDING DOOM HAD BEEN multiplying for at least a month. A headlong bug-out from the Central Highlands in March 1975 signaled that South Vietnam could no longer muster either the strength or the will to hold off the armies sweeping down from the communist North. The fall of Danang late in the month produced scenes of horror that appeared to foreshadow what might happen later in Saigon: panic-maddened South Vietnamese soldiers trampling women and children to get aboard the last American 727 to fly out; desperate soldiers clinging to the landing gear of that plane only to fall off into the South China Sea or be crushed against the undercarriage.



PHUC-UPHETTAM

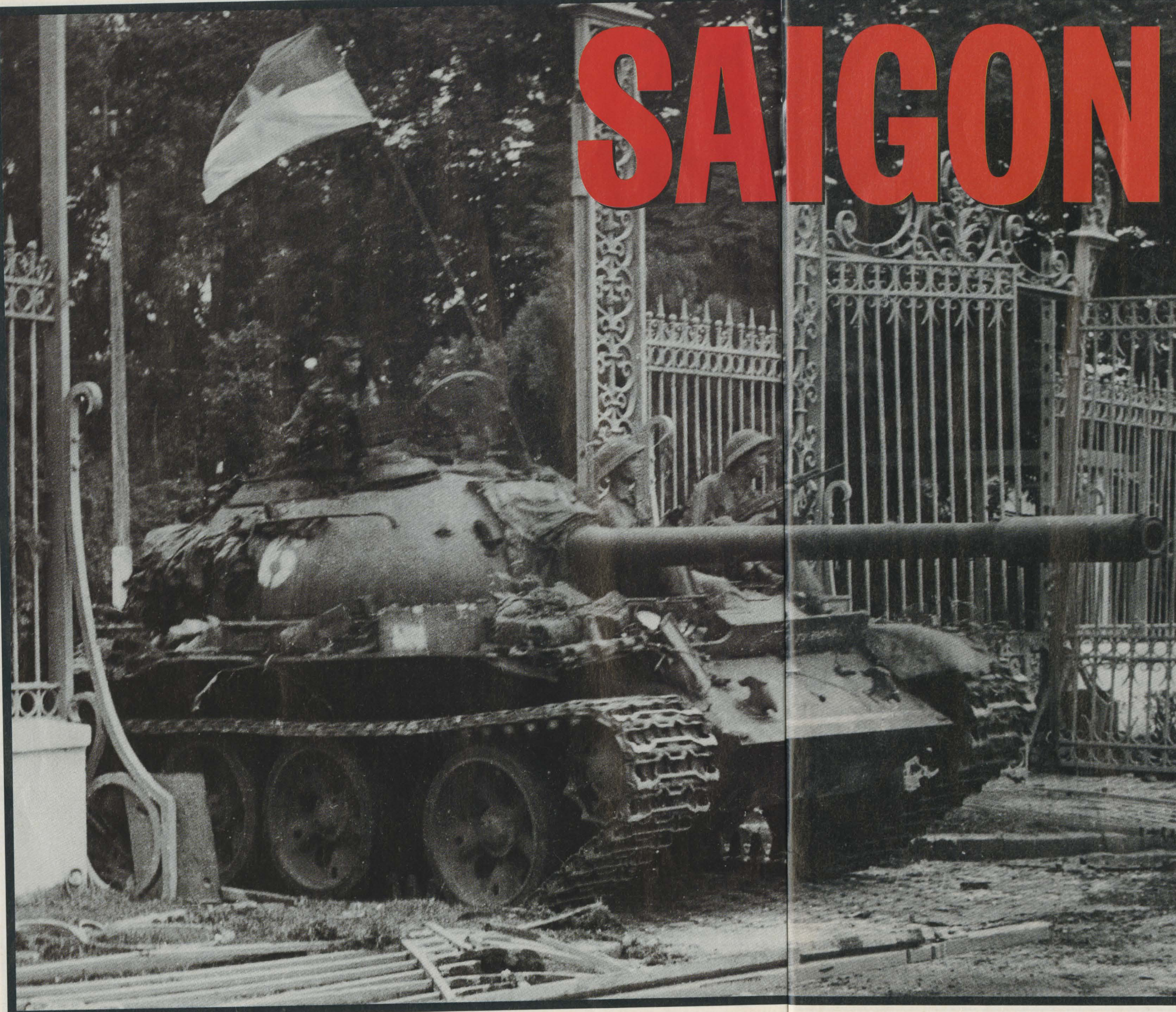
WE WON!

North Vietnamese tank No. 843 crashes through the gates of Saigon's Presidential Palace on April 30, 1975, signaling the end of the war

WE LOST

South Vietnamese soldiers flatten themselves under enemy fire on a bridge in Saigon, April 28, two days before the final defeat

VIETNAM NATIONAL ARCHIVES



As the Communist troops drew closer to the South Vietnamese capital through early April, the atmosphere in both Saigon and Washington further darkened. Schools in Saigon and its suburbs conducted lessons and assigned homework as usual, but Nam Pham, then 18, and Diem Do, who was 12, noticed their classes getting smaller day by day. Says Do: "One day a couple of guys would be gone, and then a couple more, and then the teacher wouldn't show up. Everybody was scared. They sensed that something tragic was about to happen," and some were already fleeing the country.

In Washington a special-action group of top officials was meeting almost daily, sometimes with a pipe-puffing President Gerald Ford, to hear the latest news—uniformly bad. On April 17 the Senate Armed Services Committee, reflecting an overwhelming American desire to be done with Vietnam, rejected an Administration request for \$722 million in emergency aid to the Saigon regime. "Those bastards!" exclaimed the usually calm Ford. Though nobody believed the aid would turn the tide, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and others had hoped it might enable South Vietnam to put up enough of a last-ditch fight to persuade the North to negotiate a truce. Two days after the committee action, CIA Director William Colby told the President: "South Vietnam faces total defeat, and soon."

In Saigon the CIA had already begun "black" (secret) flights, spiriting out of the country Vietnamese collaborators who could expect only prison or death after a communist victory, and the U.S. embassy had begun burning its files. (Not fast enough: long lists containing the names of Vietnamese and specifying what they had done to help their American allies eventually fell into the hands of the Northern victors.) CIA analyst Frank Snepp, in his book *Decent Interval*, recalled roaming the embassy grounds on April 15 and noting a tell-tale sign of onrushing disaster: the outdoor swimming pool was unusable because of ashes wafting down from the incinerators on the chancery roof and floating in the water.

Yet many Americans and Vietnamese could not bring themselves to believe what they were seeing. Long after the Senate committee's rejection of aid, hope persisted for some kind of negotiated peace that would leave a nominally independent South Vietnam, possibly even a coalition government with the communists and a small continuing American presence.

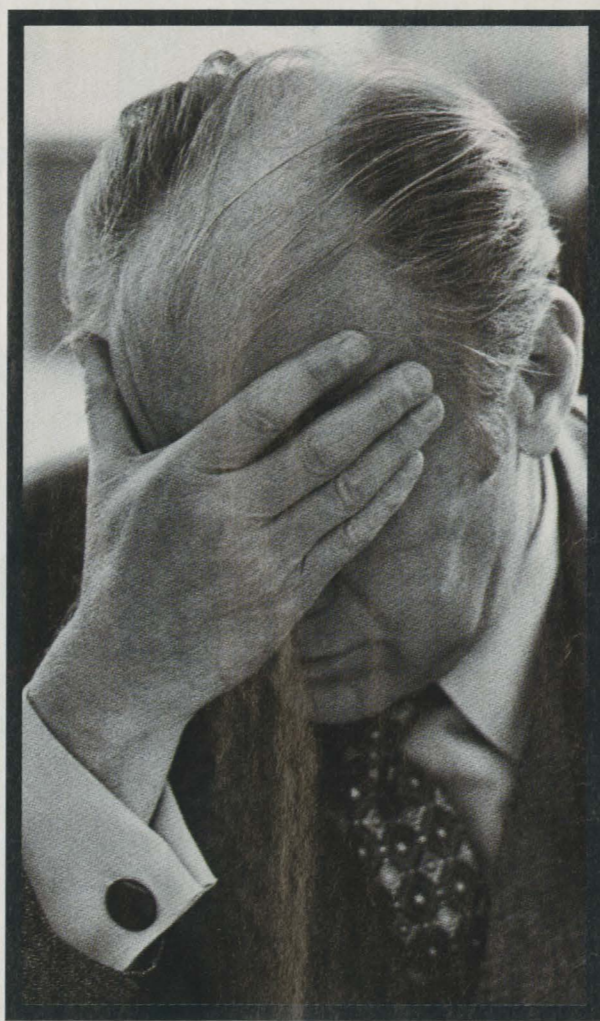
Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger nonetheless argued that Graham Martin, the U.S. ambassador to South Vietnam, should begin evacuating the remaining Americans in Saigon and sympathetic

Vietnamese. So little was done, though, that Lionel Rosenblatt and Craig Johnstone, two mid-level State Department officers in Washington, made a desperate effort to short-circuit the bureaucracy. They requested leave and hopped a commercial flight to Saigon to organize an unofficial rescue mission. Arriving at the embassy on April 22, they learned that orders were out for their arrest. They posed as French businessmen, holing up in an empty apartment found for them by sympathetic lower-level embassy employees and working the phones to round up Vietnamese to be smuggled out of the country.

Ambassador Martin, who died in 1990, was a strange combination of Pollyanna and paranoid. He often seemed to regard the Washington bureaucracy rather than the Vietnamese communists as his main enemy. In a just-declassified and previously unpublished cable, he ranted that State Department foes were calumniating him in the U.S. press: "The sly, anonymous insertions of the perfumed ice pick into the kidneys in the form of the quotes from my colleagues in the Department are only a peculiar form of acupuncture indigenous to Foggy Bottom against which I was immunized long ago." If the "mattress mice" in Washington were pressing him to prepare an evacuation—well, he knew the situation better: "I have been right so far,

which is unforgivably infuriating to the bureaucracy." Martin initially refused even to allow the precautionary felling of a huge tamarind tree that blocked helicopters from landing in the embassy courtyard. A U.S. embassy team hacked it down only around midday April 29, when the evacuation was entering its last hours.

As he once confided to White House photographer David Hume Kennerly, Martin feared even whispering the word "evacuation" would set off a Danang-style panic. But the ambassador also believed more fervently, and longer than almost anyone else, in the possibility of an accommodation with the communists. As late as April 28 he was cabling Kissinger that he foresaw Americans staying in Saigon for "a year or more." By then, *Götterdämmerung* was well under way.



DAVID HUME KENNERLY—THE WHITE HOUSE

IT'S OVER OR SOON WILL BE

On April 24, Ford declared the war "finished." This photo and others here by David Hume Kennerly have not previously been published

Saigonese scramble to save goods from a fire set off by a rocket attack on April 27, a warning that the war had finally reached the capital

THIEU RESIGNS

Though any of several dates could be picked as the beginning of Saigon's final agony, April 20 stands out. For one thing, it marked the fall of Xuan Loc, a small town 38 miles northeast of the capital and the site of just about the last prolonged and bloody battle of the war. If ARVN, the South Vietnamese army, could not hold there, it was unlikely to hold anywhere.

In Saigon on April 20, Martin called at the Presidential Palace for a long interview with President Nguyen Van Thieu. The South Vietnamese leader bore no small share of the blame for the impending catastrophe: it was his order to the army to withdraw from the Central Highlands without much of a fight that touched off the final rout. In the last few weeks, he had



HIRSHI KUBOTA—MAGNUM

shuttled from one villa to another, increasingly out of touch with his aides and allies, and with reality. He even speculated that bombing strikes by American B-52s might halt the NVA's onslaught. Hanoi also had visions of B-52s, but it was a mirage. Nothing could have persuaded the U.S. to resume the active fighting role it had relinquished after the Paris peace accords in 1973.

Thieu had another caller on April 20: Nguyen Van Toan, commander of the ARVN third corps. Says Tran Can Van, Thieu's Minister of Housing who was at the Presidential Palace that day: "Toan normally swaggered around, but that day he was like a robot, in a trance. I said, 'Hello, General,' but he didn't answer. He kept walking toward Thieu. Thieu was really tough, one of those guys who, if you looked right

into his eyes and tried to shoot him, you wouldn't be able to pull the trigger. But that day when Toan came in, Thieu lost it. He wasn't noticing anything anymore. His spirit was broken."

Whatever Toan's exact message may have been, Martin's was surely even more harrowing. The communists had repeatedly declared they would never deal with Thieu. If there was to be any hope of a compromise peace, Thieu had to go, and Martin said as much. On his return to the embassy, Martin told an associate, he took a long shower and, with Pontius Pilate symbolism, scrubbed with strong soap.

Thieu went, but not quietly. Appearing in an open-necked bush shirt before the National Assembly on the night of April 21, the President delivered a long and at times tearful resignation speech excoriating the

U.S. as "unfair ... inhumane ... irresponsible." Said Thieu: "You ran away and left us to do the job that you could not do."

Moreover, Thieu would not turn over power to Duong Van Minh. "Big" Minh, as he was universally known, was a former general who headed what he described as a neutralist "third force" and was acceptable to the communists. But Thieu chose to follow the South Vietnamese constitution, and yielded power to Vice President Tran Van Huong, who was 71, ailing and nearly blind. Huong did call for a cease-fire and peace negotiations, but vowed, if the North refused, to fight "until the troops are dead or the country is lost."

Huong's moment in the sun was brief and illusory. The communists had announced in advance that they would not deal with him. Throughout the seven days of his presidency, South Vietnamese politicians and their American and French advisers intrigued furiously to arrange another transfer of power. Air Marshal Nguyen Cao Ky, a former head of government and advocate of dead-end resistance, alternately got the impression from American visitors that he was being urged to stage a coup and fight to the last, or that the U.S. wanted him to smooth the way for Big Minh to take over. Ky remembers telling an American general that if Minh did take power, South Vietnam would surrender unconditionally within 24 hours. Close. It took 42 hours.

Vietnamese on both sides of the war recall watching Thieu's resignation speech and concluding that the South's last hopes had collapsed. And even if Big Minh had taken over immediately, he most likely would not have been able to moderate the outcome. Communist sources are quite clear that only an immediate and total surrender could have deflected the North Vietnamese army's drive to complete military victory.

Preparations for the final assault were well under way by Thieu's resignation. Responding to an urgent request from the forces in the South for more ammunition, Hanoi had sent thousands of trucks racing down the coastal highway loaded with rockets and shells. Bui Tin, a colonel and journalist for an NVA newspaper, arrived in Danang on April 21, en route from Hanoi to join the final push. Two days later he flew south on a helicopter that, he says, "was filled with new military maps of Saigon that had been rushed into print and flown from Hanoi" to guide the invaders.

As to timing, says General Vo Nguyen Giap, the top North Vietnamese commander, "the key was April 21, when Thieu resigned. Then I knew, we all agreed, we had to attack immediately, seize the initiative." That night at the NVA's forward headquarters in Loc Ninh, 75 miles from

Saigon, General Van Tien Dung, commanding the armies moving on the capital, gave the go-ahead to start the climactic offensive.

EVACUATION SPEEDS UP

That push proceeded swiftly and smoothly. On some days, reports spoke hopefully of a near cessation of fighting. In fact, that was an ominous sign: it meant that the NVA was methodically encircling Saigon without encountering much resistance. There was enough fighting, however, to impress Nam Pham, then a college freshman. Every night during that last week of April, he would climb to the roof of his family's house in a Saigon suburb and watch the flashes of bombs and gunfire coming ever closer. Says Pham: "It gave me kind of a weird feeling, watching something you love so much lost a little bit every day."

In Washington some advisers were urging Ford to reassure the American public that there was no chance the U.S. would be dragged back into the war: Vietnam was lost. But Ford was in awe of Kissinger, and, says Robert Hartmann, chief White House speech writer, "Kissinger, for negotiating reasons, was not ready to throw in the towel." Hartmann persisted, telling Ford "nobody declared this war, but you can declare the end of it." He remembers that Ford's "brow furrowed and he said 'I'm not sure Henry would approve.'"

Nonetheless, Hartmann's team wrote a crucial sentence—without Kissinger's knowledge—into a speech Ford delivered at Tulane University in New Orleans on April 24. At a packed field house, Ford called for a return to pride in the U.S., then declared, "but it cannot be achieved by re-fighting a war that is finished, as far as America is concerned." Hartmann recalls, "As soon as the students heard the word 'finished' they almost literally raised the roof with whoops and hollers. They jumped up and down on the bleacher seats, hugging whoever popped up next."

In Saigon, as the NVA closed in, Major General Homer Smith, head of the U.S. defense attaché office, had by now finally got a major evacuation going out of the giant Tan Son Nhut air base just outside the capital. Even in early April, Smith's operation was moving out 500 people a day. April 20, says Smith, "was when we really started to pick up the pace and started moving people out." That was the date when simplified paperwork rules for departure went into effect—and two days before embassy officials tried to arrest Rosenblatt and Johnstone for attempting to do unofficially exactly what General Smith was doing officially.

For the next week, long lines of Vietnamese, and some Americans, snaked

through a former gym at Tan Son Nhut, waiting to be cleared to board the American C-130s and C-141s that were leaving constantly during daylight hours. Stamping of their papers continued all night. The U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service, under pressure from the State Department, had agreed to let the Vietnamese enter—mostly through Guam and the Philippines—if they could find an American to vouch for them. To help Vietnamese women get out, Smith adds, "we just married them right in the lines, sometimes," to American men. Says Smith: "It was a quick thing: 'Do you? I do.'" Then out.

This system had its inequities. Bar girls, waiters and others who could easily find American sponsors in Saigon got out, while villagers who had risked their lives to supply vital intelligence to the Americans were sometimes left behind. General Smith, however, did call in 16 U.S. Marine guards from the embassy to keep Vietnamese army and air force officers from elbowing civilians aside and filling the planes. On April 25 he had to summon an entire platoon of 43 Marines to hold at bay frantic Vietnamese airmen who had climbed over the fence at night.

By April 26 NVA forces had surrounded Saigon. That night ex-President Thieu was persuaded to leave while he still could; Ambassador Martin organized a group of cars to spirit him out of the city to Tan Son Nhut. Snapp, who went along on the ride, half expected Thieu and his American escorts to be hauled out of their cars and shot at some checkpoint by ARVN soldiers incensed at being abandoned. Nothing happened, but the little caravan took the precaution of racing onto the air base with lights out and braking to a skidding stop alongside a runway. Thieu was bundled up a ramp and into a waiting plane with the briefest goodbye.

SAIGON IS SHELLED

The next day, April 27, Huong finally stepped down as President, and the National Assembly quickly elected Big Minh; the same day, four rockets hit the capital. Minh formally took office at 5:30 p.m. the next day. Only half an hour later, Saigon was jolted by a bigger series of explosions signaling that the war had finally embraced the capital.

The raid was carried out by five captured American F-5 and A-37 jets, flown by South Vietnamese pilots who had defected to the North. Such use of enemy personnel and equipment was not unusual, says NVA Lieut. General Hoan Phuong, who planned the attack. Not only were ARVN forces fleeing precipitously and abandoning much valuable equipment but also some changed sides and "wanted to



DICK HALSTED FOR TIME

show their new devotion to us. So many pilots and tank drivers from the other side helped out in the last days." In the case of the air raid, says Phuong, "the idea was to bomb the concrete hangars and the runways at Tan Son Nhut. We didn't think we'd do much real damage, but we wanted to have maximum psychological effect. We wanted to create chaos."

That they did. The shock of the explosions, which could be felt in downtown Saigon, touched off wild rumors: Air Marshal Ky's planes were bombing the capital as part of a coup; the NVA was launching its final assault. Actually, that did not happen for more than 24 hours. But the capital obviously was no longer safe. Time for the last Americans, and the Vietnamese who had tied their fate to the U.S., to get out—quick.

But get out how, and from where? The



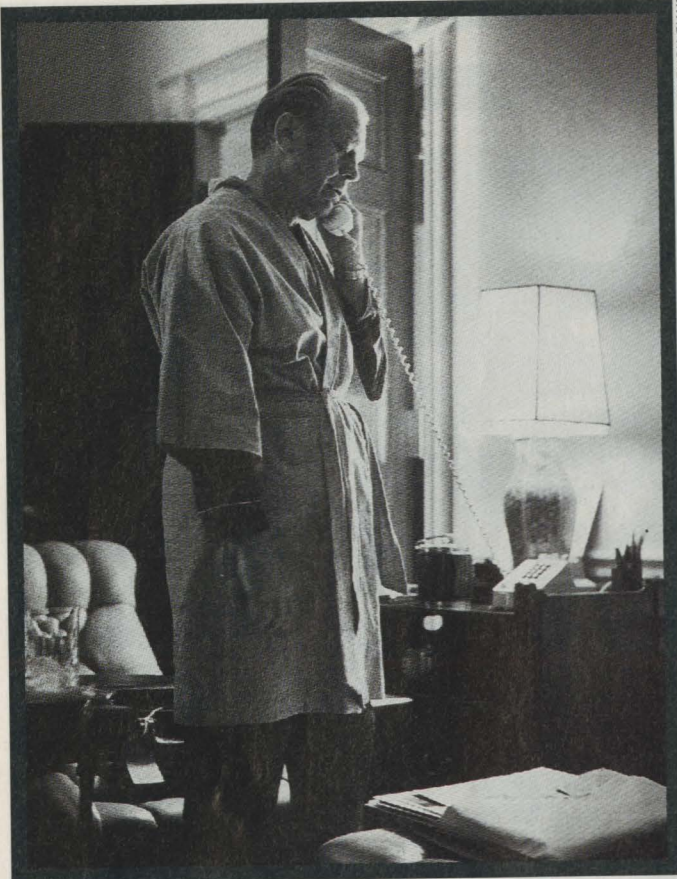
DAVID HUME KENNEDY—THE WHITE HOUSE

IN TO GET OUT

Marines arrive at Tan Son Nhut air base outside Saigon to protect Americans and Vietnamese awaiting evacuation at the start of the helicopter lift, April 29. Fixed-wing planes could no longer use the battered runways, and less than 24 hours remained before the Saigon government's surrender

FINAL RITES

Ford, Secretary of State Kissinger and Vice President Rockefeller discuss the rocket attack on Tan Son Nhut, April 29. Ford then ordered the helicopter lift. The signal: Bing Crosby's *White Christmas* broadcast over Armed Forces Radio



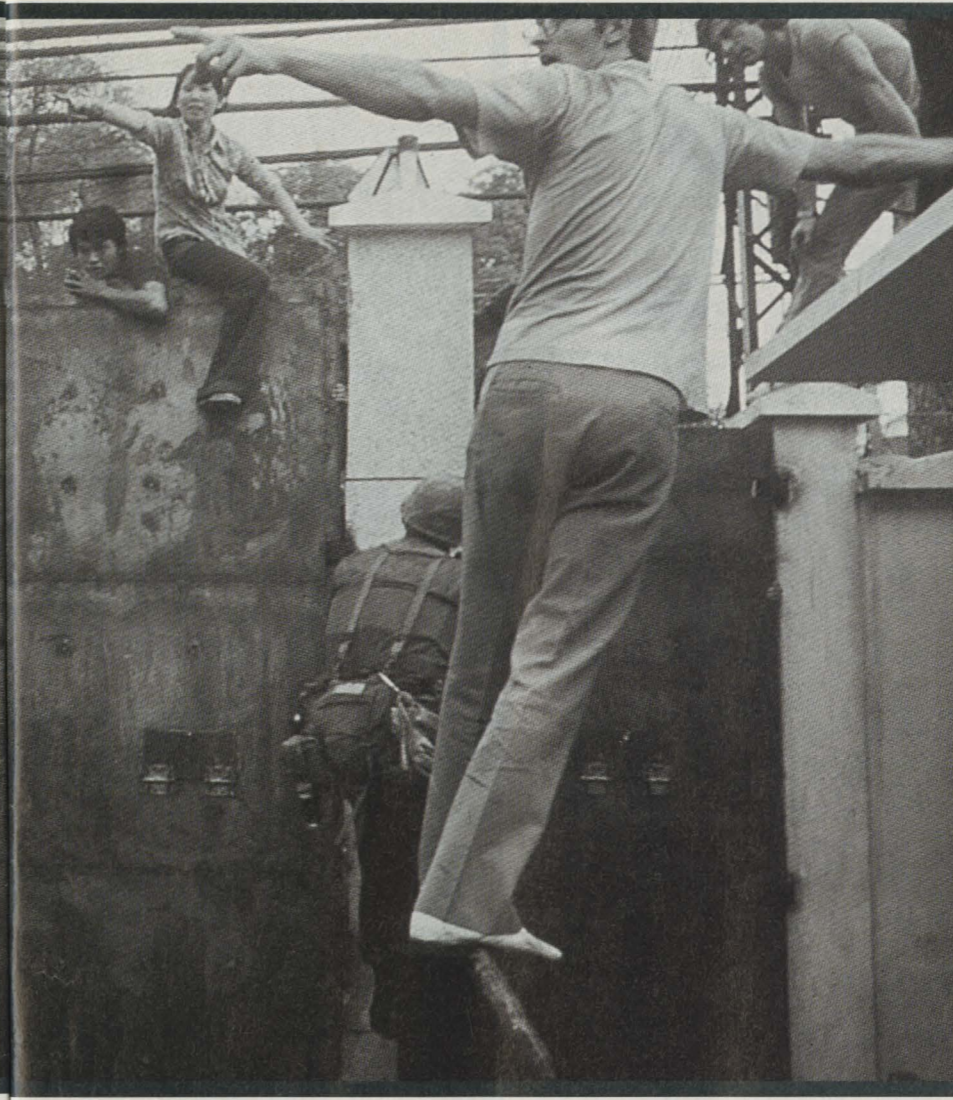
DAVID HUME KENNEDY—THE WHITE HOUSE

THEY STARTED YET?

Ford receives a report on the evacuation shortly after midnight in Washington, April 29. In Saigon it was noon, and chopper flights were just starting

NOT YOU, FELLA!

A Marine guard draws a bead on a Vietnamese trying to climb over the U.S. embassy wall April 30. Thousands tried to cram in and board the helicopters



NIK WHEELER—SIPA

air raid on Tan Son Nhut was soon followed by a rocket and artillery bombardment. The rockets killed two Marines: Lance Corporal Darwin Judge of Marshalltown, Iowa, and Corporal Charles McMahon Jr. of Woburn, Massachusetts. Two Marine helicopter pilots also died on April 29 when their chopper crashed into the sea near an aircraft carrier taking part in the evacuation: Captain William Craig Nystul of Coronado, California, and First Lieutenant Michael John Shea of El Paso, Texas. They were the last four Americans killed in action in Vietnam.

By the time the NVA infantry moved in, Tan Son Nhut could be used only by helicopters. Bao Ninh, a corporal with a reconnaissance team of the North Vietnamese Third Army, recalls lying on the roof of a three-story concrete building at the edge of a runway on the morning of April 29 and studying the vast air base through binoculars, "trying to find troop placements. And you could see it was just chaos. People running back and forth. Some people—mostly

women and children, no men—just waiting, with bags and suitcases. I guess they were hoping to get out, but the airport was already blocked." An American C-130 did manage to land at noon, says Ninh. "It swerved all over the place because of the shelling. And [when it touched down], the pilot and some passengers got out and ran off to the military side of the base." That was the end of American fixed-wing flights. A most anticlimactic end; NVA soldiers searching the plane next day found it had been bringing in only bundles of the newspaper *Stars and Stripes*.

It was not only enemy action that closed down the runways. Says General Smith: "At first light [on the 29th] the Vietnamese air force took off," dumping loads—sometimes including bombs and sometimes on runways—to lighten their planes. Then ground crews moved bulldozers and other heavy equipment onto the runways—out of "pique," says the general, who speculates that the soldiers left behind didn't want those who abandoned

them ever to come back. Amazingly, even then Ambassador Martin would not order a helicopter evacuation. He insisted on fixed-wing flights because they could move more people and refused to admit they were impossible.

By then, though, the decision was shifting out of his hands. In Washington the Administration had been wracked by tension: spats between Kissinger and Schlesinger, frustration over conflicting reports about just how bad the situation in Saigon was. Ford had suffered an unprecedented insult a few days earlier when two Congressmen walked out of a joint session at which he pleaded for unity. Late in the afternoon of April 28 (early morning of the 29th in Saigon), Kissinger's deputy Brent Scowcroft burst into a meeting of Ford with his energy and economic advisers, bearing a message about the rocket and artillery attacks on Tan Son Nhut. The President called an emergency meeting of his National Security Council and issued an order. At 10:51 a.m., April 29, in Saigon,

Armed Forces Radio burst forth with *White Christmas*. That was the signal that Option IV, the helicopter lift, was on.

So was the panic. Some ARVN helicopters were already flying to a fleet of 40 U.S. warships standing 20 miles out to sea. Allen Kent, then chief warrant officer on the U.S.S. *Blue Ridge*, the command ship, and now head of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, recalls that some ARVN flyers "were just jumping out of their helicopters into the sea" alongside the American ships. "The South Vietnamese were not obeying our orders when or where to land. It was terrifying. If they landed, we took their weapons and escorted them into the holds of the ships. We threw their weapons and ammunition over the sides. We pushed 10 or 12 helicopters over the sides" to keep the decks clear for American choppers.

Other Vietnamese, mostly civilians, reached the fleet by jamming aboard barges and boats that loaded at docks in Saigon, along the Saigon River, or nearby ports.

"They were packed like animals," says Kent. Ed Griffith, a medical hospital corpsman, who helped pull some aboard the U.S.S. *Peoria*, a transport ship, remembers that "most of the people were frightened to death. There were old ladies and men, just crying and scared. It was extremely hot. On the first boatload that came out, they were handing people up over the sides. We couldn't put the kids on the deck because they'd burn their feet." Sailors hung huge canvases to shade the dazed refugees.

HELICOPTER LIFT

Though the advancing NVA generally did not interfere with the evacuation, some Vietnamese in this first wave of boat people did leave under fire. Diem Do, 12, boarded one of three South Vietnamese naval ships at a small port just outside Saigon at about 6 p.m. on April 29. He and his family had just fought their way aboard the middle ship, says Do, when "the shells started hitting. Out of nowhere, there were bullets and shells

coming from the other side of the [Saigon] river. Smoke and flames were coming out of the first and third ships. And people were still scrambling and trying to get on." The crush on the dock was so terrible that the captain of Do's ship could not board. Instead, says Do, the captain "screamed at his crew, 'Leave! Get the hell out!' and yanked loose the ropes holding the ship back."

On the streets of Saigon there was just as much shoving and panic. An Nguyen, a reporter for a Catholic newspaper, recalls, "I saw on the streets—you wouldn't believe it. You can hear the bombs, the guns [outside the city]. Everyone running out in the street, shouted, cried. They run, run, run, look for a boat, someplace to move. I saw—right now I remember—their eyes open, suffering."

The mob scenes badly interfered with the evacuation. Buses that were supposed to pick up Vietnamese and Americans at designated points and take them to Tan Son Nhut or to buildings in Saigon that had rooftop helicopter pads often could not move through the jammed streets. At the U.S. embassy, thousands of people milled around outside the gate and compound wall. When Marine guards opened the gate to let in some people marked for evacuation, they had to beat back by force others who tried to squeeze in. Vietnamese who appeared in the crowd and were recognized by Americans eventually had to be dragged up by their arms over the wall to avoid opening the gate—the crowds would not have let it be shut again.

Army Captain Stuart Herrington, deputy to Colonel Harry Summers on a small American military team that had been negotiating with the NVA, remembers that the scene inside the embassy also "was a monstrous mess. Adjacent to the back wall were four or five buildings and a pool. People started coming out of the woodwork in that area. I saw people surrounding the swimming pool with suitcases. Who were they? They were families and extended families of the embassy Marine guards, employees, the Vietnamese contract guards. Everybody who worked in that embassy had Vietnamese people their consciences told them they couldn't abandon, and by hook or by crook they all ended up there."

Summers and Herrington moved through the crowd shouting through bullhorns "things like, 'We're not going to leave you. Don't worry about it,'" as Summers recalls. "And we believed it at the time, which made it more bitter at the end." The officers formed the Vietnamese into groups of about 60 to be loaded aboard the helicopters that were landing on the roof and in the courtyard. During daylight, offi-

cers set off colored smoke bombs to help helicopter pilots locate the embassy. After dark, Herrington rigged up a different system. He found an old carousel slide projector, mounted it on the roof of one building, and had all the embassy's Ford cars parked around the landing zone with their headlights on. Whenever he heard helicopter rotors overhead, Herrington switched on the projector, flooding the landing zone with light.

The helicopter lift went on for about 21 hours, from roughly 11 a.m. on April 29 to almost 8 a.m. on the 30th. Pilots flew for 10 to 15 hours straight; each trip took about 40 minutes in the air and 10 to 15 minutes on the ground loading up. Marine Captain Glynn Hodges landed at the embassy in midafternoon; his H-53 chopper was too big to perch on the roof, so it came down in the compound. "My troops couldn't believe the scene," says Hodges. "People were climbing fences. It was bedlam. We were afraid of the crowds. We had to wear gas masks, though we saw only smoke, no gas. We also wore flak vests. They were hot and heavy. We were really uncomfortable and scared too."

Hodges kept flying for 12 straight hours, well into the night; all his other trips were into Tan Son Nhut. "After dark, you could see fire fights coming in from the coast to Saigon," he says. "Air traffic was very crowded at night, [and] we didn't have night-vision goggles. The worst fear I had was of running into another airplane. The Vietnamese I saw, I remember looking at them and they were just confused—how I'd feel if I'd just left my home forever."

THE NORTH ARRIVES

Though the first loads from the embassy were mostly Vietnamese, more and more Americans came out as the evacuation progressed. Snapp caught a chopper out at 9 p.m. on April 29. His description: "The roof of the embassy was a vision out of a nightmare. In the center of the dimly lit helo-pad, a CH-47 was already waiting for us, its engines setting up a roar like a primeval scream. The crew and controllers all wore what looked like oversized football helmets, and in the blinking under-light of the landing signals they reminded me of grotesque insects rearing on their hindquarters. Out beyond the edge of the building a Phantom jet streaked across the horizon as tracers darted up here and there into the night sky."

On the flight out, Snapp saw "fiery stitching in the plastic window across from me" and realized it was ground fire. "The chopper groped for altitude as the motors wailed in protest. A small radar screen behind the pilot's seat began pulsing with a pale green glow, converting the naviga-

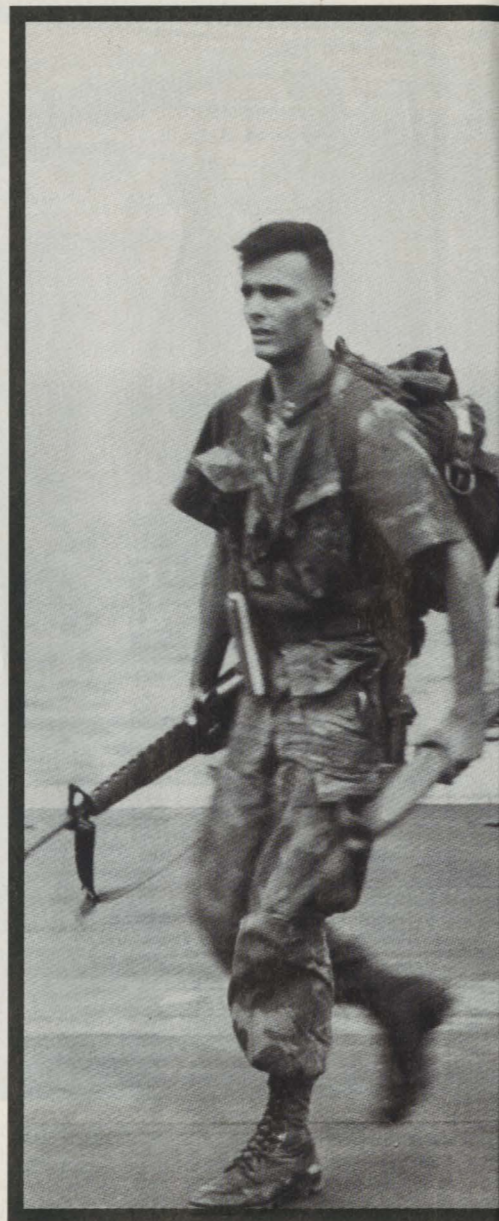
tor's face into a ghoulish mask. For three or four minutes the tracers continued reaching up for us, slowly burning out as they fell short... I thought to myself, How absurd. To be shot down on the way out."

It did not happen. Indeed, not one of the 120,000 Vietnamese and 20,000 Americans and others evacuated in the last month was lost to enemy action. But some Vietnamese were left behind when Ford early in the morning of April 30 ordered the evacuation ended, except for the handful of Americans still left.

Herrington estimates that 420 Vietnamese were still in the embassy when that order came. Anguished, he made his way upstairs to the roof, after telling the Vietnamese that he was going to the bathroom. As the helicopter left, he caught sight of the embassy's all-Vietnamese volunteer fire department waiting patiently in their yellow coats in the parking lot. Herrington had asked them earlier if they wanted to leave but they insisted on staying to the last in case they should be needed to put out a fire that might disrupt the evacuation. Aboard the U.S.S. *Okinawa*, Herrington was reunited with Summers, who told him, "You saw betrayal at its worst."

Not all the Vietnamese left behind, however, were so stoical—or friendly. Kenneth Moorefield, a foreign-service officer and former infantry captain who put the dazed Ambassador Martin on one of the last choppers out, climbed aboard one himself shortly after. His last look around the embassy contrasts with Herrington's: "Hundreds of Vietnamese had swarmed over the walls and were looting the warehouse, the offices, the snack bar. Some were driving embassy cars around and around in almost a maniacal frenzy. On the other side of the walls, crowds were shouting chants against the U.S., celebrating the imminent victory of the communists. In the distance, our jets were still flying cover, chased by tracer rounds." From the air, "I could see the DAO [defense attaché office] headquarters [at Tan Son Nhut] burning in the distance. Yet the city itself had this unearthly calm. It was pitch black. No movement, no light, no sense of what was coming."

What was coming was the North Vietnamese army, and it did not take long to arrive. At 9 a.m., almost exactly an hour after the last American helicopter left the embassy roof, NVA General Tran Van Tra, operations commander for the final push, ordered his columns to move into the city from five different directions. They had waited, says Tra, because "our main purpose was to seize Saigon, not to kill people. We didn't want to stop the evacuation." In fact, Nguyen Huu Hanh, who had come out of retirement as an ARVN brigadier general to join Big Minh's government,



RUSSELL THURMAN

says "it was our troops" that fired at least some of the tracer bullets so prominent in accounts of the helicopter flights the previous night. "They were angry at the U.S. for leaving."

All that final week, the Northern armies had encountered little ARVN resistance. A unit commanded by General Ly Tong Ba did put up a fierce fight at Cu Chi, about 12 miles from Saigon, through the night of April 28 and on into the afternoon of the 29th. But, finding his position untenable, Ba decided on a fighting retreat to Hoc Mon, a bit closer to Saigon. "I bring my staff with me, working, fighting," says Ba. "Oh, the bullets just go bup-bup-bup."

The NVA ambushed Ba's troops on the road to Hoc Mon. Ba remembers yelling "Shoot, shoot, shoot!" at his force, only to

WE MADE IT!

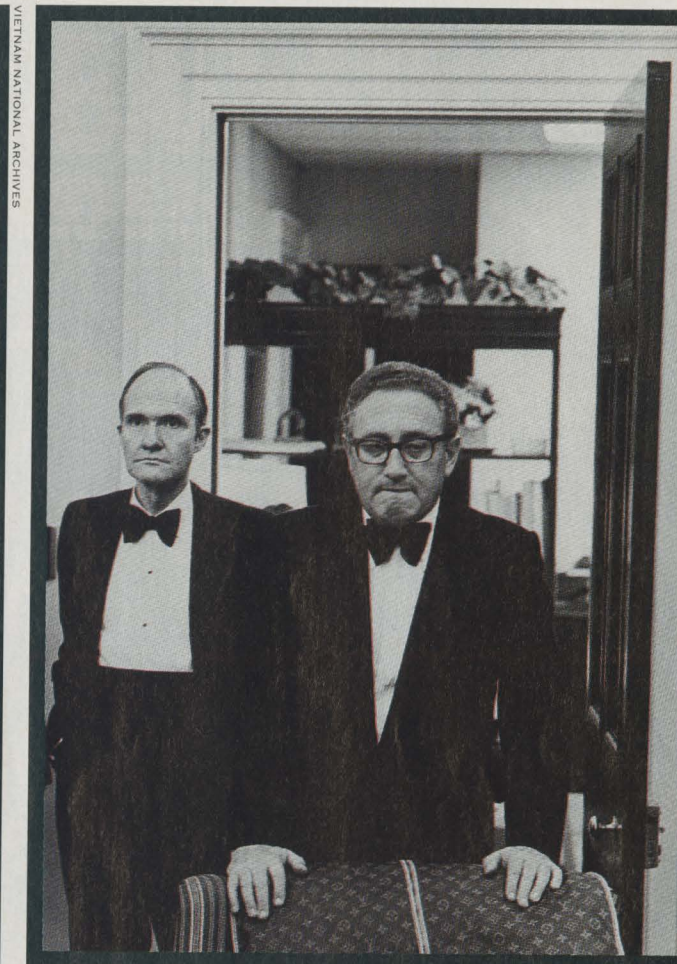
On April 30, Sergeant Terry Bennington and Corporal Stephen Bauer, among the last 11 Marines to leave the Saigon embassy, climb out of the final helicopter and onto the deck of the carrier U.S.S. *Okinawa* in the South China Sea, roughly 20 miles off the coast of Vietnam

WHOM TO BELIEVE?

Kissinger in a meditative moment April 28. That day Ambassador Martin cabled him that Americans might stay in Saigon "a year or more." In fact, two days later, Martin would be out, the Red flag flying over the Presidential Palace, and Saigon renamed after the communist hero Ho Chi Minh



DAVID HUME KENNEDY—THE WHITE HOUSE



AT LAST, THE END!

North Vietnamese infantrymen taking control of Tan Son Nhut air base on the morning of April 30, after the final weak resistance had been overcome

YEAH, GUESS IT IS

Kissinger's expression leaves nothing for words as he waits for news that the last U.S. helicopter is out of Saigon and the endless war is finally over

have a captain tell him, "Sir, we cannot shoot. I think it's all over now, sir." At NVA command, Ba's men meekly laid down their weapons, while the general and his bodyguard hid in a flooded rice paddy, lying face up with eyes half shut and only noses poking above the murky water. That bought Ba less than 24 hours of freedom. He tried to get through the NVA lines by passing himself off as a farmer but was captured.

SURRENDER

Ba's stand at Cu Chi was a model of lion-heartedness compared with what the NVA columns entering Saigon proper found on April 30. The South Vietnamese soldiers confronting them did not just flee; they threw away everything that could identify them as soldiers and tried to melt into the general population. Bui Tin, an NVA colonel and journalist, says he spent that

last morning "with one of our units taking a fortress that had been held by a South Vietnamese division. All the South Vietnamese soldiers who had fled had abandoned their uniforms. Everywhere you looked on the road, they had left all their military clothing and supplies: canteens, caps, coats, pants, boots, belts—they must have ended up fleeing in their shorts!" Some, in fact, had done exactly that. Nam Pham, venturing into the streets of Saigon on April 29 before shoving aboard a barge at the river docks, noticed among the crowds a number of young men clad in nothing but boxer shorts.

That set the stage for the final, and almost comically unheroic, scene of the war. NVA Major Nguyen Van Hoa, commanding tank No. 843, a Soviet-made T-54, with six other tanks following, had entered Saigon before dawn. His little column ran into a brief fire fight at the Thi

Nghe bridge, knocking out two ARVN M41 tanks. Rolling into almost deserted streets, the column kept going toward its target, the Presidential Palace. But where was it? Says Major Hoa: "The only directions we had were to go through seven intersections and we would find the palace." His column split up; at the head of three tanks, 843 clattered down a boulevard so lined with leafy trees that "we couldn't see what was at the end. We met a woman on a motorcycle, and we stopped to ask her where the palace was. It was right there."

By then, says the major, "we had only two shells left. I ordered the gunner to fire one at the gate. But it misfired. So I decided we would just drive through the gates into the palace and raise our flag." Inside the palace, some South Vietnamese officials had shown up to attend the swearing-in of Duong Van Minh's government (he

had barely had time to select a Cabinet). But Minh was at the gates waiting to greet NVA troops. He and his entourage, however, scurried inside when tank 843's gunner fired his single shot.

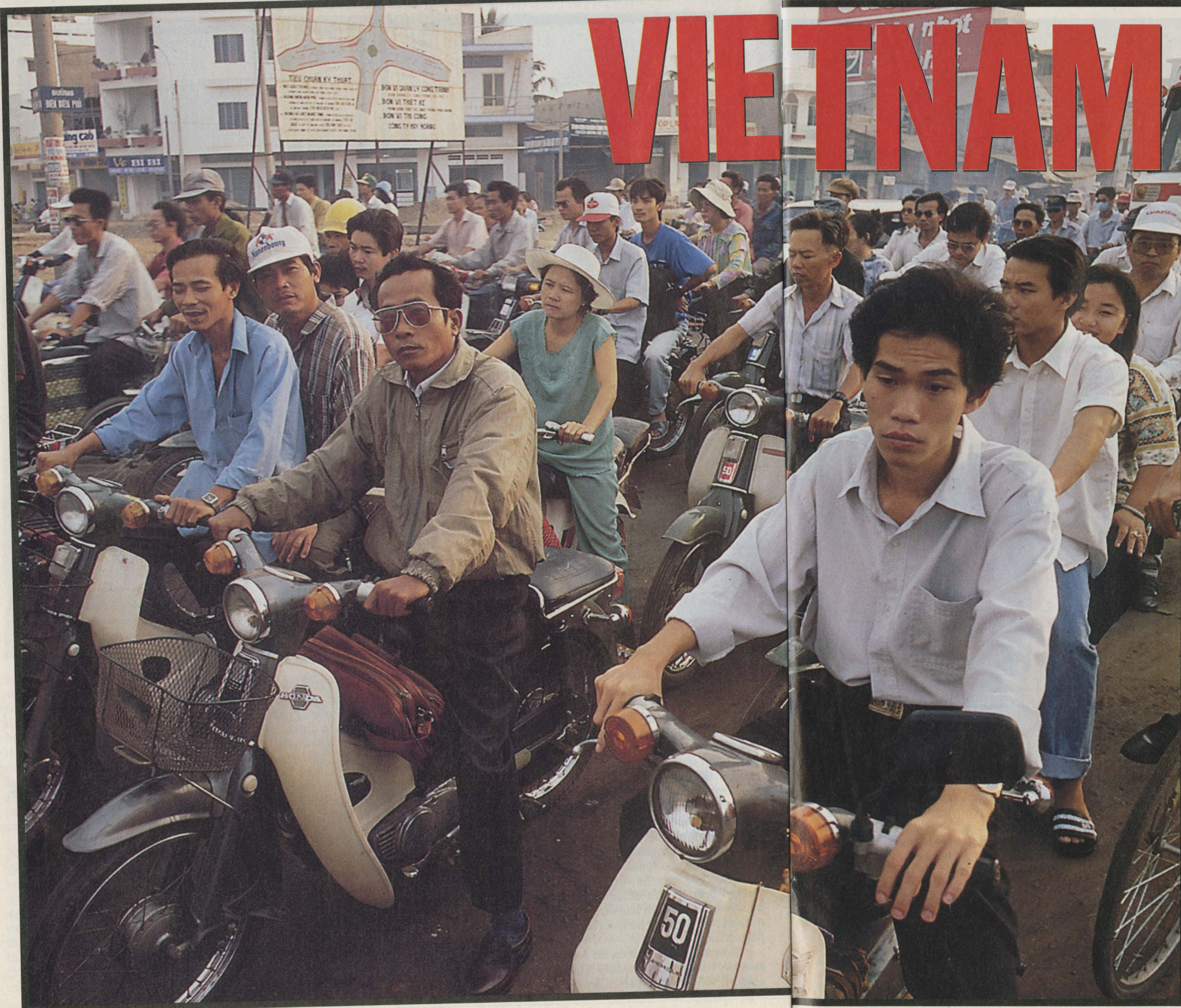
Accounts of what happened then differ, but all start with a bit of bureaucratic farce: while Minh waited inside the palace for someone to surrender to, NVA troops milled around on the grounds waiting for an officer of sufficiently high rank to show up and receive the surrender (according to their regulations, this could be done only by a colonel or general). Colonel Bui Tin says he was the man. He walked into Minh's office around 11:30 and found that Minh had already written out a surrender that he had read over the Saigon radio.

Nguyen Huu An, then an NVA major general, tells a different story. He says he entered the Presidential Palace at 11:30,

only to find that "the men who had taken the surrender, Lieut. Colonel Bui Van Thong and Deputy Commander Pham Xuan The, had taken Big Minh to the radio station to read it. Colonel The had drafted the surrender for Big Minh, but when Minh looked at it, he complained that The's handwriting was so bad he couldn't decipher the document. So he asked The to read it to him or write a new one. But Van Thong finally wrote up a new surrender document."

At any rate, by noon on April 30, the NVA was broadcasting that it had captured Saigon and renamed it Ho Chi Minh City, after the communist leader who had started the rebellion in what was then a French colony all the way back in 1946. There was more to come: for Vietnamese, the "re-education" camps, the flight of the boat people, the gradual softening of a harsh communist regime. For Americans,

the new sensation of total, undisguisable defeat. But amid all the joy, bitterness, fear and misery, the overwhelming sentiment of Americans, and even of some Vietnamese, was probably the one voiced by Kenneth Moorefield. The war had dominated his entire adult life: he had studied its strategy as a West Point cadet, fought in it as an infantry officer from 1967 to 1970, returned to Vietnam as a foreign-service officer in 1973, driven himself through 48 sleepless hours helping run the evacuation from the embassy. As his helicopter headed for the U.S. fleet, he says, "I was numb with exhaustion. Physically, I was beyond sensation. But I felt the tremendous weight of all that pressure lift off me. I realized my war, our war, was finally over." —Reported by Bonnie Angelo/Washington, Hannah Bloch/New York, William Dowell/Ho Chi Minh City and Frank Gibney Jr./Hanoi



VIETNAM

BACK IN BUSINESS

Risen from the ruins of war, the nation's economy and spirits are finally thriving. But progress is uneven and has a long way to go

By FRANK GIBNEY JR., HANOI

AT THE END OF A MUDDY TRACK 25 MILES OUTSIDE Hanoi lies the Ba Chua Khoa Pagoda. There, one recent afternoon, stood a taxi driver imploring the goddess of the treasury to ward off bribe-hungry police; a woman who had ridden 120 miles on her motorcycle to get the goddess's blessing for a new karaoke bar; and Hoang Ngoc Dung, a budding real estate magnate. "I came here at the beginning of the year so I'd make a lot of money," said Dung, a former schoolteacher. Afterward "I invested \$40,000 in a piece of land outside Hanoi and sold it 10 days later for \$57,000. Not bad for a long-term investment, eh?" In thanksgiving, he heaved a pile of fake \$100 bills and plastic coins into the offering fire, quickly stepping aside for the next supplicant.

When the war ended 20 years ago, neither business nor religion was high on Vietnam's list of priorities. Today both are thriving. "The spiritual change here is nothing short of amazing," says Bao Ninh, a prominent writer and war veteran from the North. "Fifteen years ago, we were very dogmatic. Now it is almost impossible as a writer to describe what is happening." From the border with China in the north to the rice mills of the Mekong Delta in the south, the California-size country is humming with activity. Hong Kong investors have been allowed to open a casino near Haiphong, and Westerners are bidding to develop tourist sites along the scenic coast between Danang and Nha Trang. Hanoi, long a city of bicycles and moldy old colonial edifices, is now rich in

WHEELS OF PROSPERITY

Only corporations and the very wealthy are able to afford automobiles, but the government's economic reforms and the resulting boom have made Hanoi, long a city of bicycles, a metropolis teeming with motorcycles

motorcycles and office buildings. In Ho Chi Minh City, as Saigon is now called, the April 30 parade marking the end of the war will be set against a landscape bristling with billboards and construction cranes.

Vietnam's parade route to prosperity, though, has taken a few detours. In April 1975, party leader Le Duan promised a television and a refrigerator in every home within 10 years. Instead, there followed what Vietnamese call "the 10 bad years," during which orthodox communist policies and a costly occupation of Cambodia made Vietnam one of the world's poorest countries. In 1986 Nguyen Van Linh, a southerner, took over with a call for gradual reform. In 1989, as communism seemed to be collapsing elsewhere in the world, Vietnam flung open its doors to foreign investment. The economy has been growing at an annual rate of 7% to 8% over the past three years. In February 1994, when the U.S. dropped its 19-year trade embargo, aid and investment began to flood in.

BUT EVEN NOW, PROGRESS IS uneven. Though Hanoi and Ho Chi Minh City are booming, rural Vietnam—where most of the country's 73 million people live—is largely destitute. Half of Vietnamese children suffer from chronic malnutrition. The country's remarkably high literacy levels—among communism's proudest accomplishments—have begun to decline, as teenagers race off to find jobs instead of staying in school. On a recent visit, Singapore's Senior Minister Lee Kuan Yew, a Hanoi favorite, complained that investment projects are "being held to ransom" by officials looking for payoffs. Harvard economist Dwight Perkins describes Vietnam as being in the "Twilight Zone," somewhere between a Stalinist command economy and a Western-style market economy, with only a hazy notion of how to complete the journey.

Fortunately for Vietnam, its entrepreneurs don't seem to be worrying about a map. Hoang Viet Dung runs Starlight Electronics, a prominent manufacturing and trading firm. In 1987, through old classmates at Hanoi's Polytechnic Institute, Dung took out a loan from friends and a Japanese bank whose name he can't recall offhand. "I predicted the situation would change in Vietnam, so I set up my own company," he says. First he rehabilitated used Japanese color televisions for sale in Vietnam. Then he began bartering Asian-made goods to Russia in return for spare parts he sold to the army. Now Starlight exports \$6 million a year worth of consumer electronic goods. Dung's marketing tactics are imaginative: the televisions his blue-uniformed workers make in Hanoi are sold



in Denmark with a MADE IN KOREA label. "Who would buy them if the box said MADE IN VIETNAM?" asks Dung. "We'll change it when we establish a name for ourselves." With some companies, at least, he already has a name: General Electric this year signed Starlight to distribute its appliances in Vietnam.

Many Vietnamese entrepreneurs wish there were more American companies to sign deals with. The U.S. is only Vietnam's 14th biggest investor, behind the likes of Taiwan, South Korea and Singapore. In January U.S. officials signed an

agreement exchanging "liaison" offices with Hanoi, but full diplomatic ties are being held hostage by the tiny, vociferous POW/MIA lobby. Nonetheless, Mobil and Unocal are prospecting for oil, Chrysler and Ford want to build cars locally, and Citibank and Bank of America have just opened branches.

A visitor driving south on Highway 1 from Danang would find it hard to believe that barely a quarter-century ago the southern half of the country was crawling with Americans. Marble Mountain, from which the Viet Cong lobbed rockets at

RITUALS FOR SUCCESS

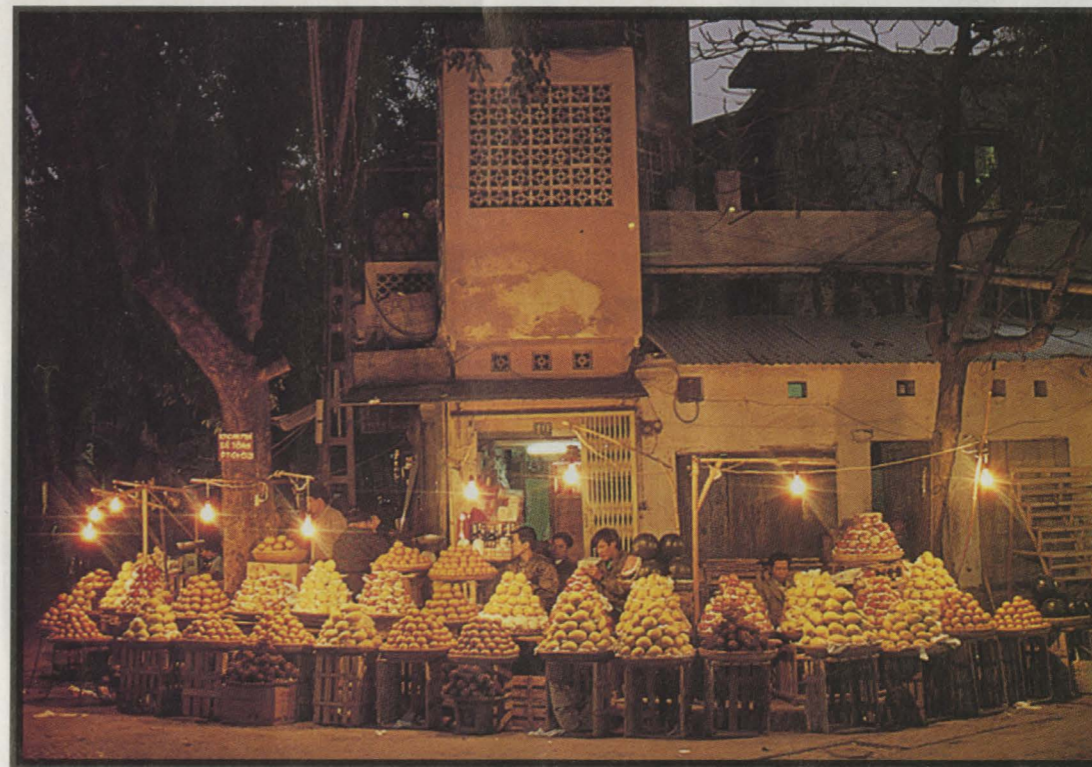
Worshippers at the temple of the goddess of the treasury pray for higher wages, better sales and good fortune with their business dealings

GROWING INDUSTRY

Shrimp is processed for export in Can Tho, the heart of the Mekong Delta's rice and seafood-producing region

ENTREPRENEURSHIP

At night, under a string of lightbulbs, a private vendor sells fruit from China at his Hanoi stand



U.S. soldiers, is today a cluster of quiet souvenir shops and Buddhist pagodas. China Beach, the stunning stretch of sand where U.S. Marines landed in 1965, will be an R. and R. site yet again: BBI Investment Group of Chevy Chase, Maryland, plans to build a \$243 million resort and golf complex there. At Chu Lai, once a sprawling U.S. military base, sea grass grows over the runways.

One of the most remarkable manifestations of Vietnam's renaissance is the Central Highlands, a third of which were turned from lush jungle into brown scrub

by U.S. defoliants, napalm and 500-lb. bombs. In Pleiku, a gritty town with garbage-strewn streets, dozens of night schools teach English to would-be entrepreneurs. The flood of mineral prospectors, unemployed laborers and businessmen from Taiwan, Hong Kong and other Asian neighbors has also helped revive the town's oldest profession: the knock on the hotel-room door at 10 p.m. could be a special kind of room service. Vu Xuan Can, 56, moved to the area from the North in 1986 with nothing more than his bicycle. He landed a job and a tent at a new coffee

plantation. Now he has two houses, a Sony TV and a Honda motorcycle.

Change is afoot beyond the material world too. The Catholic seminary in nearby Kontum is getting more new converts than at any time since the early 1970s. "The doors are opening," says one of the local bishops. "More people are going to church, and more can join." Just down the road in Buon Ma Thuot, hundreds of young people line up—girls on one side, boys on the other—in their Sunday best for the 4 p.m. "youth Mass."

Intellectual freedom is stirring as well. Vietnam now has three private universities, and Hanoi's new Internet access provider, NETNAM, has as much business as it can handle. Late last year, when Hanoi officials tried to ignore the killing of an innocent person by a policeman, hundreds demonstrated in front of the Hanoi People's Court. Amid name calling and rock throwing, they demanded—and the court eventually decreed—the policeman's execution. "Opinion may not be expressed openly," says a Hanoi writer. "But it's out there, and if the government doesn't pay attention, they know they'll have a problem."

Limits remain, though. The press is still tightly censored, and outspokenness is punished. Duong Thu Huong, whose 1988 novel *Paradise of the Blind* portrayed the communist system as exploitative and corrupt, spent six months in jail in 1991 and remains under surveillance. Two of the country's most prominent Buddhist prelates are in prison or under house arrest for political activities. Though many of the country's leaders are themselves Buddhists, they are determined to keep religion from undermining their authority.

That impulse to control is thwarting Vietnam's move to a market economy. The thriving Dak Lak provincial rubber company in Buon Ma Thuot is seeking \$5 million from foreign investors to establish a small factory to make tires. "We are

THERE ONCE WAS A GUY NAMED CLYDE,



WHO WAS SEARCHING FOR A COOL,

ONE DAY HIS HOPES SOARED,

WHEN HE DROVE THE RANGER FROM FORD,

NEW RIDE.

AND DISCOVERED ITS HOT NEW INSIDE.



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Washington: The Last POW

By KEVIN FEDARKO

IF YOU WANT TO DO BUSINESS IN VIETNAM, FORGET ABOUT HELP FROM Washington. Encouraged by the recent opening of a U.S. liaison office in Hanoi, executives from Caterpillar and Boeing last January asked to talk to National Security Adviser Anthony Lake about business opportunities in Vietnam. When their request was denied, Alaska Senator Frank Murkowski tried to help by requesting his own meeting with Lake. Could the Senator bring the executives along? Lake replied that he would be happy to talk with Murkowski, but not with the businessmen.

When the subject is Vietnam, Clinton officials are not interested in talking business. Or trade. Or any other topic, for that matter, except one. "Our policy is very clear," explained an Administration official. "Normalization is linked to progress on the POW/MIA issue." That fixation has disrupted a diplomatic mating dance between the U.S. and Vietnam that had, until last year, brought both partners tantalizingly close to consummating their ticklish relationship. Clinton's February 1994 decision to lift the 19-year-old Vietnam trade embargo paved the way for full normalization, a move for which the State Department has been quietly preparing ever since. But goaded by a core of MIA families capitalizing on the President's reluctance to alienate those who lost relatives in a war he avoided fighting, the White House has now brought the pas de deux to a halt.

Critics find the strategy puzzling, especially since the MIA issue is increasingly seen as a phantasm. Allegations that the Vietnamese withhold data have been all but discredited by a wave of assistance from Hanoi. Of the remaining 2,211 MIAs, the number who were last seen alive but have never been accounted for has dwindled from 196 to 55, and progress has been made in reducing the number of other outstanding priority cases. And although Vietnam has been deceitful in the past, U.S. officials have applauded its cooperation in the past year. "What can we be cheated on at this point?" asks one diplomat.

Ever since the trade ban was lifted, moreover, a pack of U.S. companies has raced into the country to sniff out opportunities. But while the embargo's end may have opened the door, no American firm will manufacture in Vietnam products to be sold in the U.S. so long as Vietnam is not granted most-favored-nation status. Such a move enjoys growing support in the Senate, where a resolution calling for full diplomatic ties will be introduced soon. The resolution is popular for reasons that are not only economic but strategic: the end of the cold war has created an East Asian power vacuum in which Vietnam could play a key role. Swollen by an astonishing economic boom of its own, China appears eager to muscle into that vacuum. Its recent moves to garrison disputed islands in the South China Sea have even led to arguments by top Vietnamese officials that the U.S. uphold the regional balance of power by bringing Vietnam back into its orbit of influence.

To do that, however, Clinton would need to make the leap, and he would need to make it before primary politics complicate diplomacy. If not, America's Vietnam policy, prisoner of a war long past, may well be added to the list of missing in action.

—Reported by Sandra Burton/Washington and Frank Gibney Jr./Hanoi



In Hanoi last week, 10 more crates of alleged remains

stuck," says Tran Le, deputy director of the company. "We have to get [provincial government] approval to spend \$30. We have ambitious targets, but until we are independent, the foreign companies don't want to sign a deal." Rice farmers in the Mekong Delta, traditionally Vietnam's breadbasket, face a similar problem. In 1990 the government allowed them to sell on the open market, a move that helped make Vietnam the world's third largest rice exporter, behind the U.S. and Thailand. But rice is now deemed a strategic commodity and thus can be exported only through approved state companies, which profit by paying farmers less than the world prices.

The engine of change still has too many misfiring cylinders. Though provincial governments have been given more freedom, they haven't passed it on to entrepreneurs. Foreign investors are welcome, but corruption devours profits. Even longtime investors complain that the rules seem to keep shifting. Ho Chi Minh City's Export Processing Zone Authority lured foreign companies on the basis of proffered tax-free status—and then announced an 8% business tax. Economists warn that without a new round of reforms soon, Vietnam's progress will end. But the impressive gains so far may have made many officials overconfident. Boasts Vo Dai Luoc, director of the World Economy Institute, a think tank in Hanoi: "Always the outsiders predict we will fail. And always they are wrong."

For the bulk of Vietnam's population, though, reform is falling short. Urban residents may be better off than ever, but 51% of the country lives below the World Bank's 2,100-calories-a-day subsistence level. In metropolitan Hanoi, many seem to be able to afford \$2,700 for a Honda Dream motorcycle. For peasants, dreaming is as close as they will ever get to that goal. Economic reform is removing them—as well as their urban countrymen—from the socialist dole for health care and education. The rural families can't afford to pay for health care, however, and many now keep their children at home to work the land. Peasants are beginning to pour into Hanoi, Danang and Ho Chi Minh City in search of work. Most don't find it. "Before, we launched a war against foreign aggressors," General Vo Nguyen Giap told TIME. "Now we must launch a war against poverty."

The new war will also demand sacrifice and long-term commitment. Economists estimate that the country must grow at an annual rate of 8% for another decade to catch up with the rest of Southeast Asia. At the same time, inefficient industries must be closed and unneeded workers laid off. The country's infrastructure is virtually nonexistent. To reach Ho



HONORING THE MEMORY OF SACRIFICE AND LOSS

Retired military mastermind Vo Nguyen Giap helps a woman back to her bus after a Hanoi ceremony for the "Heroic Mothers of Those Martyred in Defending National Independence"

Chi Minh City from Can Tho, the heart of the Mekong Delta's rice and seafood region, requires two ferry crossings and more than five hours of driving on what is considered a good two-lane road. The distance is only 80 miles.

DESPITE THE NEEDS, THOSE AT the top do not seem clear on the proper course. In recent months critics have charged that conservative party leaders are blocking the reform process, as they begin to recognize that change may cost them—and family members—their sinecures. "A lot of people have dedicated their lives to getting us here," says Vo Tong Xuan, vice rector of Can Tho University. "We have to give them our respect, but not at the expense of the whole country." For Communist Party chief Do Muoi, 78, and Prime Minister Vo Van Kiet, 74, the ques-

tion is how much communism they can get away with jettisoning. A recent internal party poll showed that 47% of the government's top bureaucrats would just as soon have some other system. But so far, no one knows what that might be. "The politburo keeps talking about evils like peaceful evolution [the gradual erosion of communist control]," says a party economist. "There is only one evil: low growth."

For his part, Kiet keeps enormous—some analysts say excessive—control over Vietnam's day-to-day affairs. Rather than focus on national policy, he often finds himself bogged down in local political issues. When a scandal erupted earlier this year over the illegal construction of homes on the crucial dike system protecting Hanoi from the Red River, Kiet had to step in and resolve it. "That's still better than the old days," says a Hanoi bureaucrat. "Then, if you were dying and needed a blood transfusion, you'd have to get Prime

Minister Pham Van Dong to sign off." Vietnam's leaders surely know that central control will not work in a market economy—and that Vietnam's future depends on loosening up. Still, old habits die hard.

Nowhere is that problem more evident than in the country's attitude toward Ho Chi Minh City. Many southern revolutionaries who helped win the war felt cheated in the years following 1975, when Hanoi's hard-line communists almost fatally "reorganized" much of old Saigon's industrial and commercial base. Now the city is in the heat of a spectacular comeback. A third of both Vietnam's GDP and its central-government revenues come from Ho Chi Minh City's textile factories, shrimp-processing plants and other businesses. The city is a commercial and banking center, as well as the capital of Vietnam's burgeoning oil and gas industry, which generates most of the nation's export income. Dong Khoi (Uprising) Street, formerly Tu Do (Freedom) Street, formerly the Rue Catinat—perhaps Vietnam's most famous avenue—is newly lined with first-class restaurants and gracefully remodeled office buildings. Cholon, the Chinese commercial district, is thriving. Indeed, Vietnam's 1 million ethnic Chinese, long a persecuted minority, are responsible for much of the South's growth.

Ho Chi Minh City enjoys considerable administrative autonomy, but important decisions about its economy are still made in the North. The central government takes 80% of the city's annual tax revenues. Officials from Hanoi are assigned the top jobs at local state-owned factories and trading firms. Even the bulk of the city's electricity comes from the Hoa Binh Dam, 930 miles to the north. "The government can satisfy some demands, not all," says Peoples Council president Pham Tran Truc. "For example, we are not satisfied with the electricity supply..." At which point the lights in his office flicker out. A coincidence, to be sure. But Truc offers a wry smile when asked whether, just maybe, Hanoi had been reminding him who's boss. What the incident also illuminates is how those central bosses can still dim the nation's renewed industriousness. —With reporting by William Dowell/Ho Chi Minh City and Tim Larimer/Hanoi

By BRUCE W. NELAN

FOR 20 YEARS AMERICANS HAVE been trying to learn the lessons of Vietnam while disagreeing on what they are. Given that endless debate, it was inevitable that Robert McNamara would conclude his controversial new book, *In Retrospect*, with a chapter on the lessons of the war. "I don't think the country has yet learned the lessons," he said in an interview with *TIME* last week. "If it had, I wouldn't have written the book." McNamara points to the dangers of underestimating nationalism, of faulty evaluations, of asking the military to achieve more than weapons can deliver. The nation worries through that sort of list every time it sends its troops abroad, to Grenada or Panama or Somalia, fearing that the intervention may turn into "another Vietnam." But wars do not repeat themselves; each arises from a unique set of circumstances. The forces that led the U.S. to fight in Vietnam at all, and in the manner that it did, have changed forever. Another Vietnam is as likely as another Bunker Hill.

The war was not even about Vietnam. It was a protracted battle of the cold war, fought to block the extension of communist power in Asia. The U.S. commitment to South Vietnam was sealed in 1954 when Secretary of State John Foster Dulles went to Geneva for the nine-delegation conference on Indochina. He was determined to keep the French from turning their holdings over to Ho Chi Minh. After the conference decided to partition Vietnam for two years pending elections, the U.S. and South Vietnam went to work to make the partition permanent.

The remarkable thing now about the American involvement in Vietnam is that it was not remarkable then. It reflected a mainstream consensus that if South Vietnam fell to communism, then other dominoes like Thailand, Malaysia, even Indonesia could be next. Dulles' successors believed that they were following the lessons of World War II when they committed American troops to fight in Vietnam. If Hitler had been challenged early, they were convinced, the carnage of World War II might have been avoided. Now, by challenging Chinese and Soviet aggression in Vietnam, they hoped to head off World War III.

Because Vietnam was a hot war in the midst of a cold war, it was afflicted with contradictions. On the one hand, America's leaders assumed they had to fight; but at the same time, the U.S. had to fight within tight, self-set limits, fearful that using too much force would prompt China to intervene.

The lessons of Korea, where the U.S. had last fought a limited war to keep a coun-

LESSONS

America worries about getting stuck in "another Vietnam," but all conflicts are unique



THE GULF, 1991

With flag in hand, a U.S. Marine surveys the sands of Saudi Arabia, awaiting orders for the Allied assault against Iraqi forces occupying Kuwait

CHRISTOPHER MORRIS—BLACK STAR FOR TIME

try divided, were also very topical in Washington during the 1960s. "We had tried this approach before," wrote Dean Rusk, who was Secretary of State for most of the Vietnam years, "and it had worked; indeed we had to make it work to avoid slipping into general war." Recalls McGeorge Bundy, who served as National Security Adviser to Presidents John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson: "The image of our success in Korea was much in our minds. I used to say to myself, 'We haven't lost as many as in Korea.' Then we went past that number."

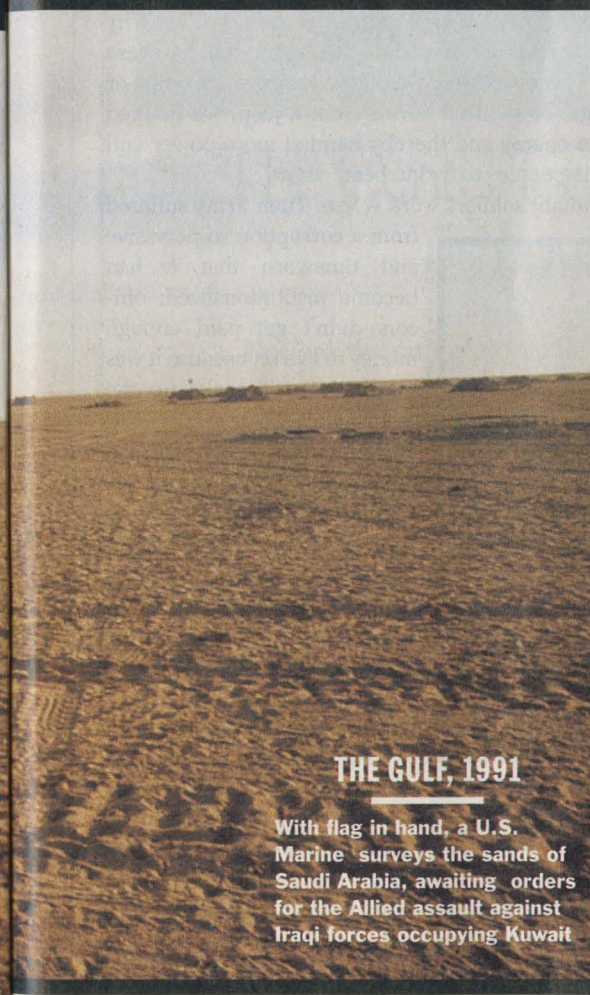
Vietnam was important enough to the U.S. for Johnson to commit more than

500,000 troops. Nevertheless, he was unwilling to risk invading the North, blockading its coasts, threatening the existence of its government or even bombing close to its border with China. American commanders were ordered to keep the war on the ground in the South, and Washington was reduced to hoping its soldiers could kill North Vietnamese troops faster than Hanoi could move them onto the Southern battlefield.

According to that scenario, the U.S. would attempt to arrange a stalemate similar to the one it gained in Korea in 1953. "We had a plan of sorts," says Bundy.

FROM THE LOST WAR

America worries about getting stuck in "another Vietnam," but all conflicts are unique



THE GULF, 1991

With flag in hand, a U.S. Marine surveys the sands of Saudi Arabia, awaiting orders for the Allied assault against Iraqi forces occupying Kuwait

CHRISTOPHER MORRIS—BLACK STAR FOR TIME

"Grind up the other guy's army until he would presumably not take it anymore, and then we would get a political settlement." Rusk wrote in his memoirs, "I thought North Vietnam would reach a point when it would be unwilling to continue making those terrible sacrifices" and negotiate a settlement.

That point never arrived, as the U.S. was on the strategic defensive for the entire war. The North Vietnamese army and its Viet Cong surrogates were on the offensive. It didn't always look that way because U.S. forces roved far and wide on vast search-and-destroy missions to root out

communist bases. But those were tactical efforts; the Americans were not allowed to march north to face the enemy at its source. The North kept the initiative, choosing when to attack and when to lie low and rebuild its strength. Although 1.1 million of its soldiers were killed in the war of attrition, the North continued to sacrifice them until the U.S. negotiated its own withdrawal in 1973.

Today's world confronts the U.S. with nothing remotely like Vietnam. There is no global struggle with communism to drag America into every brush-fire conflict from Yemen to Angola. U.S. Presidents have the freedom to pick their wars and fight them as they choose, without worrying about setting off a thermonuclear war. The U.S. could go into Somalia and Haiti knowing it would never involve 500,000 troops for years, because the final outcome in those countries is not vital to America's national interests—we do not believe we are in a long twilight struggle with Somali warlords. The U.S. can also decide to pull its forces out on a fixed schedule without worrying about losing credibility or toppling dominoes.

Of course the U.S. can still blunder. It might get into a struggle—in Bosnia, say—that it could not win in a reasonable time or at an acceptable price. Even so, the imperatives of the cold war have been replaced by an entirely different limiting factor: the difficulty of finding America's vital interests at stake in other people's conflicts. During the cold war the question was posed as, Is there any reason we can't intervene? Now it is, Why should we?

Such conditions for intervention con-

stitute a Platonic ideal. To the extent Weinberger's list is followed, it is a rigid rule book that would keep American troops out of almost everywhere. If it is applied loosely, however, it is simply a set of common-sense precautions any President would take if he could. Even Vietnam does not measure up badly on that scale. For years the war was popular, the U.S. had a clear goal in defending the South, it was convinced intervention was in the national interest and, with a ratio of about 20 North Vietnamese killed for each American, decisive victory at first seemed possible.

George Bush brushed aside the Weinberger rules when he sent the Army first after General Manuel Antonio Noriega in Panama and later to Somalia to safeguard relief shipments. Bill Clinton felt free to ignore the rules in Haiti, which is what a President gets paid for deciding when the nation's vital interests are at stake and trying to rally the support he needs. "Military force," says Brent Scowcroft, who was National Security Adviser to George Bush, "ought to be an instrument of U.S. foreign policy and interests. That means you use it sometimes when you don't have popular support or when you have very limited goals." Says Seth Tillman, who was a staff member of Senator J. William Fulbright's Foreign Relations Committee during the 1960s: "The lesson of Vietnam is to forget about Vietnam. Be very discriminating about your interests and the feasibility of protecting them."

When McNamara confesses in his book, "We were wrong, terribly wrong," he means mostly that he and his colleagues misjudged the nature of the cold war and the role Vietnam played in it. In a 1991 interview with *TIME*, McNamara recalled, "We thought there was considerable evidence China intended to extend its hegemony across Southeast Asia and perhaps beyond." But he added, "I'm not at all sure now." While many Americans agree with him that the domino theory was probably founded on an illusion, not everyone is convinced. Rusk was not, and neither is Walt Rostow, who was special assistant to L.B.J. "This was a war about the balance of power in all of Southeast Asia," says Rostow. "We lost the battle in Vietnam, but we won the war in Southeast Asia."

This is a crucial question. Did the Vietnam War, tragedy though it was, provide the time and security from the communist threat for Asia to develop its present independence and booming free-market prosperity? The argument on that is still ongoing. If the question is ever resolved, it will be done by historians, not by today's politicians and citizens. And the answer will come with a proviso: it will offer no guide to the future. —Reported by Bonnie Angelo/
New York and Mark Thompson/Washington

Tobias Wolff

AFTER THE CRUSADE

I WAS LIVING IN SAN FRANCISCO WHEN SAIGON FELL, TEACHING high school. I picked up the paper after work and read it during the bus ride home. So. It was over, almost seven years to the day since I finished my own tour of duty in that already ancient war. When you've served in a war, gloriously or not—not, in my case—you are bound to take an interest in the news that your side has lost. I found nothing surprising in the reports of how effortlessly Saigon had been taken. But there was this picture: a helicopter perched on a mere nub of a rooftop in the city, its crew chief reaching down to help someone up a ladder while a long line of people wait below for their own chance to escape. A joke of fate that the very machine that was supposed to guarantee our victory should prove the means of our retreat.

It didn't occur to me that this photograph would become the enduring image of our failure in Vietnam. But it worked strongly on me, and still does: that wide-open sky waiting above the helicopter like freedom itself; the dark line of people bearing their hopes of deliverance; the apparent fragility of the craft, its precarious roost, the spindliness of the rotors on which all these hopes depend; and most eloquent, the figure of the crew chief silhouetted against the empty sky, pulling some fearful soul from one life into another, as we had set out to do by other means so many years before.

If I found nothing to be surprised at in the fall of Saigon, of Vietnam itself, it was because the war had already been lost by the time I got there in the spring of 1967. The suspicion that this was so came upon me not as a thought but as a deepening unease at the way we treated the Vietnamese and the way they treated one another. I hadn't been 10 minutes off the plane at Bienhoa before I saw one of our troops abusing the baggage handlers; the bus driver who ferried us to the transit barracks spent most of the trip screaming insults at the people on the road, and nearly made good on his threat to run down an old woman who was slow getting out of his way.

That was just the beginning. Everywhere I went I saw Americans raining contempt on Vietnamese, handling them roughly, speaking to them like badly behaved children, or

Tobias Wolff is the author of This Boy's Life and a recently published memoir of Vietnam, In Pharaoh's Army.



MEANS OF RETREAT: Intended to be our means of victory

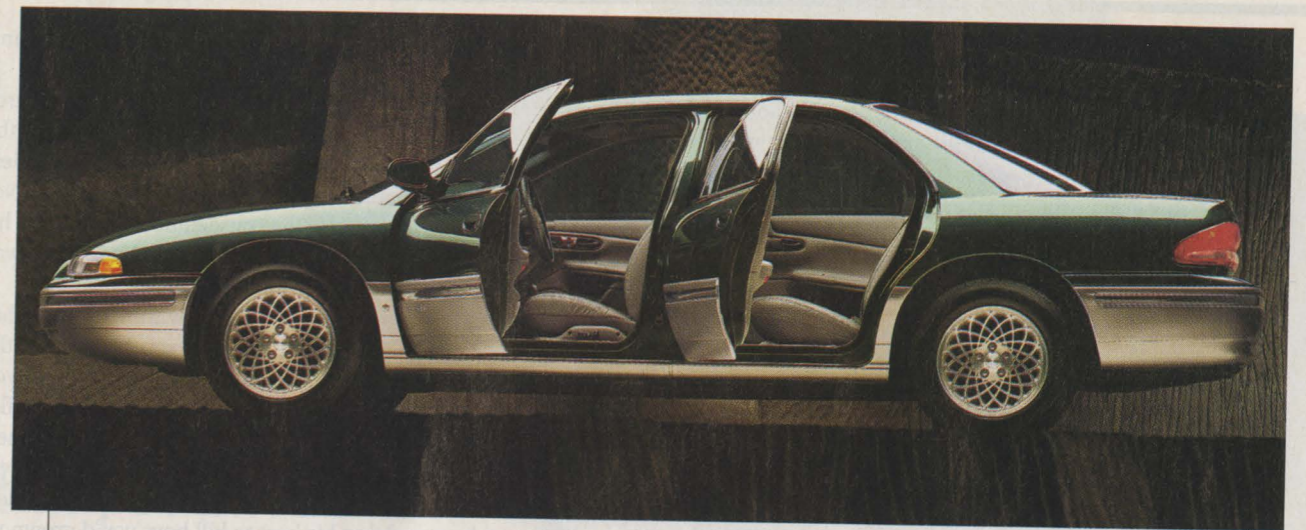
dogs. In time I learned to do it myself. Fear was our teacher; it taught us some bad lessons, and taught them well.

Still, it was obvious to even the rosiest fantasists that we couldn't win this war by simple force of arms, that the real battle was for the trust and loyalty of the common man. We knew this, but our anger and fear kept getting the better of us. Why didn't they get behind us? Why didn't they care that we were dying for them? Yet every time we slapped someone around, or trashed a village, or shouted curses from a jeep, we defined ourselves as the enemy and thereby handed more power and legitimacy to the people we had to beat.

The government soldiers were worse. Their army suffered from a corruption so pervasive and timeworn that it had become institutionalized: officers didn't get paid enough money to live on because it was assumed they'd make up the rest by graft. Their soldiers had it even harder, and they passed on their sufferings, with interest, to the people they were supposed to protect. They went into the field not to fight but to oppress. There were exceptions of course. Some officers and men were honest and compassionate; some of their units fought well. Most didn't.

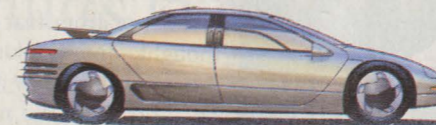
The war could have been won only through the most heroic moral discipline. To prevail, our side had to prove to the people that we were serving a coherent and humane vision of the future, that we cared more than our enemies did about them. But by 1967—long before then, in truth—the South Vietnamese government had suffered a catastrophic moral collapse. Same with the army. This was plain to the Americans serving there and didn't exactly stiffen our own resolve. Who wants to get killed or crippled so that bullies and thieves can go about their business in safety?

Whatever innocence we had left came to an end during the Tet offensive of 1968. The scale of the offensive surprised us and frightened us, and brought to a boil all the bitterness we felt toward the Vietnamese people—how could such a massive operation have been carried out without their knowledge and complicity? After the first shock passed, we opened the gates of hell on that country, and we didn't spend much time making distinctions between enemies and friends. Entire towns were destroyed, others devastated by our jets and artillery. Most of the dead were civilians. In this way we taught the people—and taught ourselves, once and for all—that we didn't love them



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and wouldn't protect them, and that we were prepared to kill them all to save ourselves.

This recognition cost us dearly. American soldiers don't go to war in the spirit of mercenaries or legionnaires; we have to think of ourselves as crusaders. It may be self-delusion, but a sense of chivalric purpose is essential to our spiritual survival when we find ourselves called upon to kill others and risk being killed. In its absence we become at worst cynical and corrupt, at best simply professional. After Tet we were legionnaires, but legionnaires couldn't win over there, as France had already learned. The war had been fought in the soul, and lost in the soul, long before the fall of Saigon.

The last battle ended 20 years ago, but if the end of a war is peace, we're still waiting for it. The communist regime in Vietnam was so harsh and vengeful in the aftermath of its victory that more than 800,000 people took flight, hundreds of thousands on the open sea rather than remain at home. We haven't finished fighting it out here either. Even in the toxic atmosphere of our political discourse, it is hard to imagine another issue that could inspire a Congressman, speaking on the House floor, to accuse his President of treason.

A few years ago, I was invited to join a group of men who were meeting every other week or so to talk about Vietnam. Three of us had served there. Of the others, one had been a conscientious objector; another had got lucky with the draft; a third had been too old for Vietnam but was active in the antiwar movement. Though our circumstances had placed us in very different, even conflicting positions, nobody was of a mind to find fault with anyone else. Indeed, the other two veterans had both become pacifists some years back.

We came together with the best will in the world, but as soon as we began to talk, it grew obvious that our experiences had opened distances between us that no amount of goodwill could bridge. One of the veterans, a former captain, had been in almost continuous combat; the men under his command were shot up and killed so regularly that he couldn't keep track of them. One day he told us about sending out the body of an 18-year-old only a few hours after the boy had joined the unit. "What was I supposed to tell his parents?" he said. "I hadn't even met him." Then he added, in that tone of cold, slashing drollery soldiers use to mock their breaking hearts: "Tag 'em and bag 'em."

He is a man, as we all knew, of utmost gentleness and decency, but at that last phrase one of the nonveterans bridled a little; nothing was said, but our histories slammed down between us once again. The three of us who'd served couldn't help falling into a certain manner and language when recalling those days. "You're doing it again," one of the others said to us at such a moment, with rueful good nature. We under-

stood him, but the old covenant was too strong to resist, and too dear.

That was the simplest of the divisions between us, but hardly the only one. My tour in Vietnam had been different from the former captain's. I could not follow him to that extremity of desolation where his memories often led; he was alone there. Nor could the lottery winner follow the conscientious objector to his outpost of remembrance. The more we talked, the farther away we seemed to be. And we weren't even arguing.

But the deepest fissures were those within us. Whether you went or not, that war put a crack in you because of the impossibility of finding an untainted response to it. If you protested the war, you couldn't help worrying about the bafflement and pain you were causing those in danger, and their families. How did you make peace with the fact that, however unintentionally, you were encouraging a hard, often murderous enemy who was doing his best to kill boys you'd grown up with? If you went, you had to notice that the government we were trying to save wasn't worth saving, and the people were generally uninterested in our brand of help. In time you might even come to see them as the enemy. Where did that leave you? And why did you go in the first place? From conviction, or from fear of being thought, and thinking yourself, a coward? How could you be sure? Only the most self-satisfied ideologues on either side of the problem could avoid questioning their own motives.

After four or five meetings, my discussion group decided to pack it in. We did so with a sense of relief, and humility. We had hoped to understand one another a little better; we hadn't expected to settle anything, to cast out any demons. But I think we were all a little chastened to find out how many demons there were, and how much power they still had to complicate even our affections and trust.

Ho Chi Minh City is filled with American capitalists now. There are nightclubs and discos and billboards. You can take a tour of the Cu Chi tunnels, squeeze off a few rounds with an AK-47, a dollar a pop. I've heard good stories from guys who've gone back. One of them visited the scene of his worst memories in the company of a former NVA officer who'd led an attack against his unit. There they were, together, walking the ground where they had tried to kill each other and where friends of theirs had died. And at the end of the day they managed to do what we at home have yet to learn to do. They shook hands.

One last look at the photograph, at the figure of the crew chief reaching down to the person on the ladder. There is such gallantry in his stance. It expresses in every line the strength and simplicity of his intent: to be of help. That's why we went there in the first place, and why this final image of our leaving touches me, in the end, with pride. ■



COVENANT: Among veterans, too strong to resist, and too dear

CHRISTOPHER MORRIS—BLACK STAR



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By JEFFREY H. BIRNBAUM WASHINGTON

LAST OCTOBER, WHEN PRESIDENT Clinton's inner circle was peddling him a comparatively rosy take on the midterm elections, one unlikely outsider was sending an alarm. Dick Morris, a Democratic turned Republican consultant who had worked for Clinton in Arkansas, told the President the Democrats would lose 50 seats in the House and control of the Senate as well. The prediction was so prescient that Clinton, though hardly lacking for advisers, has continued to partake of Morris' counsel, usually over the phone but sometimes during private sessions in the White House residence. He even directed the Democratic National Committee to hire Morris's favorite polling firm, Penn & Schoen Associates of New York City, which worked for Clinton rival Ross Perot in 1992. Since December, Penn & Schoen has conducted surveys that compete with those of Clinton's regular pollster, Stan Greenberg.

The Morris back channel has caused even more upheaval than usual in the ad hoc Clinton White House. Strategists were preparing to keep Clinton at a distance from the Contract with America and to allow surrogates to bash the G.O.P. But in a conversation in early April, the Connecticut-based Morris advised Clinton to follow his inclination by taking the issues head on and explaining what he would do differently. The result: the day House Speaker Gingrich was to give a presumptively presidential address on national television, the President scrapped plans to deliver a speech on education and delivered a Morris-inspired rundown of what he liked and disliked about the contract. While the President has solicited advice from a variety of outside consultants, says White House Press Secretary Michael McCurry: "[Morris] has had a lot of impact." The presence of this new adviser has raised questions about just who is in charge of political operations, now officially headed by deputy chief of staff Harold Ickes.

The Republican consultant—his most prominent recent client is Senator Trent Lott from Mississippi, a Gingrich ally—is likely to have an even greater impact in the months to come. Last Friday Clinton officially formed his re-election committee, but there is still no one to run it. The President is said to be pressuring Trade Representative Mickey Kantor to take the chairman's job, though Kantor denies it. To shore up his perpetually battered political operation, Clinton is considering hiring Ed Reilly, a New York pollster, for a top White House communications job, and Marla Romash, a former Gore aide, to run a political "war room" at the Democratic National Committee. For media consultant, Clinton

is thinking about using Bob Squier or Frank Greer, among others. But most of the senior slots in the campaign remain vacant, and there is no clear re-election strategy or organization for what is sure to be an uphill battle. "Democrats are waiting for direction from the White House about what they should do in '96," says Jeff Eller, a former Clinton aide. "But the White House isn't giving any signs." That may be where Morris comes in.

Now 47, Morris has been a trusted adviser to Clinton since 1978, when the young attorney general of Arkansas first decided to run for Governor and Morris turned Clinton on to the power of polling. According to a Clinton biography by David Maraniss of the Washington Post, Clinton and Morris had a falling out after that election, reconciled briefly in 1980 (even though Clinton lost his re-election bid) and then formed an unshakable bond in 1982, when Morris helped Clinton reinvent himself politically and develop the "permanent campaign" strategy that Clinton still employs. Possibly apocryphal stories abound about the two

men staying up all night writing campaign commercials and of Clinton decking Morris over a disagreement about Clinton's treatment of his chief of staff, Betsey Wright. Coming to terms with his own increasing conservatism, Morris decided in 1988 to consult for pay only for Republicans, although he continued to talk to Clinton as a friend. They remain an odd couple. Clinton has tried to be the voice of moderation, while Morris is one of the more incendiary figures in politics today. In the March issue of *Campaigns and Elections* magazine, Morris, who claims the late G.O.P. hit man Lee Atwater as an idol, unabashedly said his immediate goal was to "help Republicans govern successfully and become a majority party."

He is certainly getting a lot of help from the tattered and divisive Democratic Party. The party's congressional wing defines itself by confronting the Republicans almost as a reflex, while Clinton tends toward conciliation. Morris' growing influence is sure to exacerbate that split, even though his career makes clear that he is

■ POLITICS

ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE

As another Democrat defects and the campaign looms, Clinton adds a controversial friend—a Republican—to his palette of consultants

able—and willing—to argue any side of a political issue in order to win, a telling trait his buddy Clinton has also been accused of possessing. At the same time, no amount of accommodation seems to placate Southern conservatives. Last week Congressman Nathan Deal of Georgia became the nation's 78th elected Democrat to become a Republican since Clinton's election, and others are expected to follow suit or to quit rather than make the switch. "Democrats have gotten over denial, and now they are in shock about their future," concludes James Thurber, a political scientist at American University. "And their future looks pretty grim."

The Deal defection is part of a larger movement that has made the current Congress the first since Reconstruction in which Republicans hold a majority of the 125 House seats that span the old Confederacy. Deal is also emblematic of the loss to the Democratic Party of the much sought after white-male voter. Senator Sam Nunn is the only white Democrat left in Georgia's congressional delegation, and

friends say he is thinking seriously of retiring next year. Concludes Merle Black of Emory University: "The South is moving toward having a white Republican Party and a black, and very small, Democratic Party."

The trends are not much kinder to Democrats elsewhere in the country. A national poll released last week by Republican Ed Goess and Democrat Celinda Lake showed that voters had more confidence in the Republican Party on most issues and preferred Republican candidates for Congress. As a result, congressional expert Charles Cook gives the Democrats almost no chance of winning back a majority in the Senate next year and a 40% chance at most of retaking the House. One reason, says Cook, is simple

lack of preparation: "I see none of the introspection that we saw the Democrats do during the tough times in 1980 and 1984."

House minority leader Richard Gephardt has met one on one with nearly 20 potential retirees, and has lunch every week or 10 days with disgruntled party conservatives in an effort to keep them on board. Gephardt and other leaders went even further for Deal, arranging a rare, unanimous vote by Democrats in favor of his welfare-reform alternative two weeks before he jumped ship. "I consider them as individuals very fine people," Deal said of the leaders. "Unfortunately, they have been to the liberal side of the agenda. For

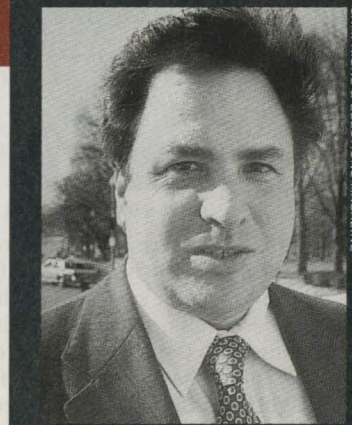
someone who comes from a conservative district, that consensus still leaves me in a difficult position."

Republicans are also winning where it really counts—in campaign contributions. Political-action committees have been heeding G.O.P. threats of retribution by ponying up at an unprecedented rate. In the days just before and right after last year's election, Republicans outgained Democrats 3 to 1 in large "soft money" contributions. And in the first two months of this year, the Republican National Committee has already received more such funds than in all of 1993. The biggest single payoff will come next month at a dinner benefiting both the House and Senate campaign committees. Senators ranging from New York's Alfonse D'Amato to Michigan's Spence Abraham have been personally dunning CEOs. But the hard sell is not necessary. The PAC of the big-time lobbying law firm Verner Liipfert, for one, has already decided to give at least 60% of its money

to Republicans; it used to give 70% to Democrats. And Congressman Deal has been getting a different kind of payoff for his recent switch: his calls have been running 3 to 1 in favor of his becoming a Republican. —With reporting by James Carney, John F. Dickerson, Michael Duffy and Karen Tumulty/Washington



PARTY POOPER Despite wooing and unprecedented support for one of his bills, Nathan Deal chose to leave the Democrats for the G.O.P.



INCENDIARY Morris vowed to work for Republicans, yet he's helping old pal Clinton

Michael Kramer

The Brand-New Bob Dole

"IT FEELS GOOD TO BE IN OHIO," BOB DOLE SAID last Tuesday. "Good to be among friends." "It feels good to be in Dallas," Dole said last Wednesday. "Good to be among friends." Don't worry. Sooner or later the G.O.P. front runner will visit your state and feel good about being there too. That's what running to lead the world's most powerful nation is all about. And for the third time, that is what Bob Dole is trying to do.

After unofficially declaring for the presidency about 1,000 times during the past few months, Dole finally made it official last week. In a mad dash through 10 states—a purposely grueling schedule designed to prove that at 71 he's still vigorous enough for the job—Dole announced and reannounced that he should be President because "I have the experience," because "I have been tested and tested and tested in many, many ways" and because "I am not afraid to lead, and I know the way."

To where, though? Stay tuned, said Dole. "We'll flesh things out as we go along." Says the candidate's chief strategist, Bill Lacey: "Our only vulnerability would be if we don't have a viable message." It may be that the sum of Dole's rhetoric never coheres into a concrete plan of action; yet setting a tone is the requisite beginning of a "viable message," and that's what Dole was about last week.

Dole, however, has a problem. He is the putative nominee, but all around him, his party is seething. His situation is a lot like the one Ed Muskie faced when he ran for the Democratic nomination in 1972. Muskie failed to accommodate the Democrats' antiwar majority and his attempt, he later said, was a mistake because "it destroyed my core support." Like Muskie, Dole is now trying to adapt himself to the changing center of gravity in his party. That he should have to make the effort at all tells you how far rightward the G.O.P. has tilted. Until now, no one has challenged Dole's conservatism. However, evidence of Dole's compassion—his support for school lunches, food stamps and AIDS research, for example—is cited by his opponents as proof that he is a closet moderate, which for many hard-core conservatives is akin to saying he's a socialist. If Dole were truly the leader he claims to be, he would be seeking to bring the G.O.P. back to his brand of pragmatism, the kind of Republicanism that flourished before Ronald Reagan. Instead, Dole is slavishly striving to join the rightward lurch.

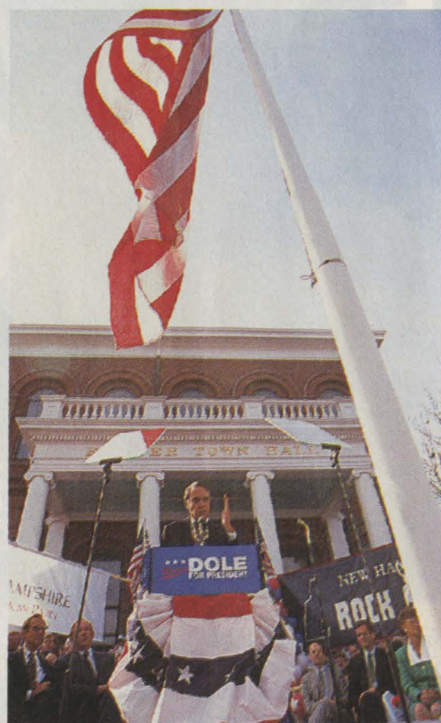
Compare his previous announcement speeches with last week's, and with some of his other recent statements, and the magnitude of the lurch becomes clear. When he ran for the

1980 nomination, Dole swiped at "single-issue constituencies," like those seeking to preserve "the right to bear arms." Today Dole favors repealing the ban on assault weapons. Back then Dole described America as "the Mother of Exiles" and spoke movingly about "not fearing that new Americans [might] threaten to diminish a finite national wealth." Today he supports the G.O.P.'s anti-immigrant stance. Back then he warned against "dividing a people to conquer office" and about "exacerbating [racial tensions] for political advantage." Today he opposes the affirmative-action programs he used to defend.

When he ran in 1988, Dole favored the Federal Government's "stimulating school systems to improve what goes on in our classrooms." Today he proposes abolishing four Cabinet agencies, including the Education Department. Seven years ago, Dole spoke about the need to "provide care and assistance for the hungry and the homeless and the disabled." Nothing resembling that was heard last week. Instead, Dole adopted a Dan Quayle-like concern for restoring "traditional values." In a neat "twofer," Dole attacked Hollywood for promoting "casual violence and even more casual sex" and the government in Washington for undermining "the moral code we nurture in our churches and synagogues."

Perhaps Dole's greatest change involves taxes. When he ran in '88—and indeed throughout his career—Dole identified the "federal budget deficit" as the "single greatest threat to a prosperous and dynamic America." He spoke about cutting taxes (as every politician does), but he lost the crucial '88 New Hampshire primary when he refused to sign the pledge that George Bush later evolved into "Read my lips; no new taxes." Last week Dole surrendered without a fight when he signed the very same kind of pledge he responsibly refrained from endorsing seven years ago.

These days Dole calls himself "warm and cuddly." If his legendary meanspiritedness remains submerged, says Dole, it will be because he is finally "relaxed" about his ambition. It may also be that Dole has simply resigned himself to following Bush's disciplined determination to do and say "whatever it takes" to win. And that, in turn, may reflect Dole's growing comfort with his old nemesis' cynical view of the entire punishing enterprise. "The people are wonderful at understanding when a campaign ends and the world of business begins," Bush said after he won in 1988. Forget about what he'd said and done to triumph, Bush explained. The campaign isn't a guide to governance: "It's history. It doesn't mean anything anymore." ■



It's official: a mad dash through 10 states

ALEX QUESADA—MATRIX FOR TIME



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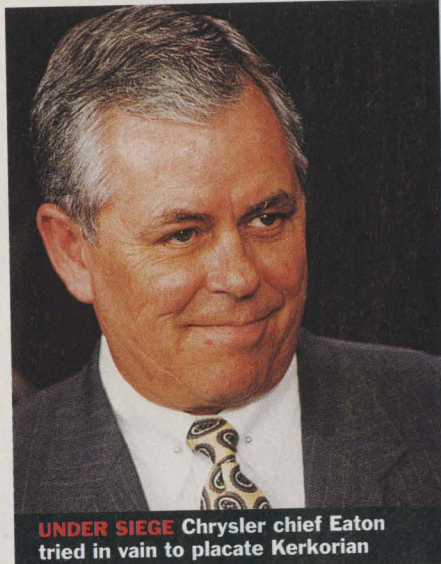
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UNDER SIEGE Chrysler chief Eaton tried in vain to placate Kerkorian

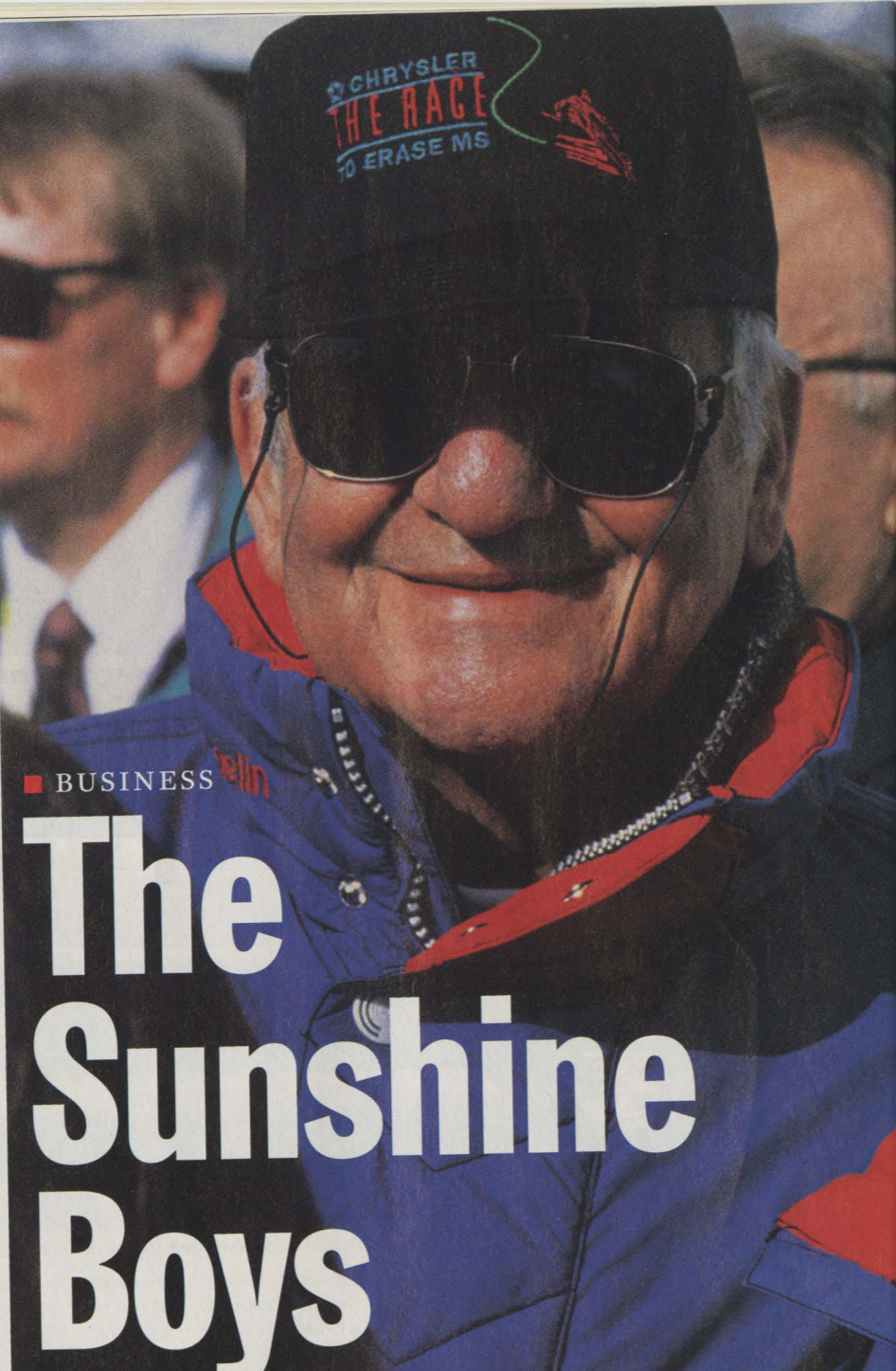
Kirk Kerkorian and Lee Iacocca go after Chrysler; now everyone is asking, What are they really up to?

By RICHARD LACAYO

THE AUDITORIUM AT THE CHRYSLER technology center in Auburn Hills, Michigan, was dense with emotion three years ago when Lee Iacocca attended the company's annual meeting for the last time as chairman of the board. A few months earlier he had agreed to step aside in favor of Robert Eaton, a former General Motors executive who was Iacocca's own choice to succeed him. Now here he was at 67, having brought the giant carmaker back from the edge of bankruptcy twice in 10 years, summing up a fabled career. Though he had lived every boy's dream of becoming a cowboy, he told the crowd, "nobody gets to be a cowboy forever." There was a standing ovation. Such was the beauty of the moment that only afterward did anyone notice that Iacocca had neglected one detail of the final ceremony. Wasn't he supposed to hand over the chairman's gavel to Eaton?

Cut to the chase. Last week Iacocca stunned Wall Street and the auto industry by joining with the billionaire investor Kirk Kerkorian, 77, in a spectacular bid to take over the nation's third largest automaker. After three months of downward drift in the value of Chrysler stock, Kerkorian offered investors \$55 a share, a 40% premium over the \$39.25 price it posted one day before the bid went public.

If it happens—a big if—the \$22.8 bil-



BUSINESS

The Sunshine Boys

THE BIG TWO Iacocca, left, and Kerkorian, here on the slopes of Aspen two years ago, hit off in 1989. Later the dealmaker put the carmaker on the board of MGM Grand Inc.

lion deal would be the largest takeover since RJR Nabisco was bought six years ago at \$25 billion. However audacious, it would be nothing out of character for Kerkorian, a lifelong dealmaker who loves to buy companies but doesn't much like to run them. At MGM/UA, the movie studios he bought, then stripped of their most valuable assets, he juggled management regularly but rarely interfered in studio decisions. He never even attended screenings. "When he went to the movies, he'd stand in line with everybody else at a theater in Westwood or Hollywood and

wouldn't even ask for a pass," recalls Alan Ladd Jr., who ran the studio for four years under Kerkorian. "When *A Fish Called Wanda* opened, he went out three different times to go see it, but the theaters were so packed he couldn't get in."

Iacocca is just the opposite. In the same breath that he denies any ambition to return to management, he sketches out plans for the company's future. Though he brings a relative pittance to the deal in Chrysler stock—about \$50 million—the value of his reputation, and the credibility it lends to Kerkorian, is priceless. And as



Iacocca knows, with this deal he again puts it on the line. Revered as the man who would not let Chrysler fall, could he also be a man unable to let it go?

Eaton was in New York when he got news of the bid in a phone call from Kerkorian. To placate Kerkorian, he had already agreed in November to raise Chrysler's dividend and start a \$1 billion stock-buyback program to increase the company's share price. But here was a move that left nothing to talk about. "I'm going to fight you on this," he told Kerkorian. Canceling a speech at the New York

Auto Show, Eaton flew back to Detroit to huddle with the board. No sale, they announced late that night, especially since Kerkorian was planning to finance his purchase partly by using most of the \$7.5 billion cash reserve the company had put aside to see it through bad years. Said Eaton: "We don't want to put Chrysler at risk."

Chrysler is already at risk, or at least in play. Kerkorian's bid means that the company's managers will have to scramble to defend themselves. In 1990, in the midst of a recession that brought the company to the edge of bankruptcy for the second time

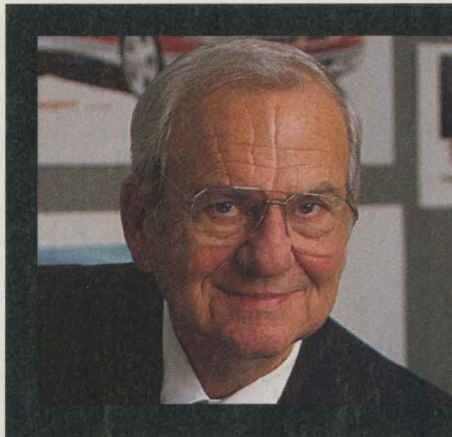
in a decade, Kerkorian's Tracinda Corp., named for his daughters Tracy and Linda, started buying Chrysler stock at \$12.37 a share. By now he has spent about \$676 million accumulating a 10% stake. Noting that he had not lined up a cent in financing for his takeover bid, some Wall Street analysts suspect that his real aim is not to buy the company but to push up the value of his stock. Merely by announcing his intentions, Kerkorian boosted Chrysler's stock price \$9.50 a share. That was still \$6.25 below his offering price—a sign that Wall Street was not fully convinced the bid was for real. But it increased the value of his \$1.4 billion stake by \$355 million. If another buyer emerges to outbid him, it would send his stock up further still. Or he could play the greenmailer, persuading Chrysler management to offer him a premium on his shares as an incentive to go away.

Then again, he might just actually bag the big prize, take Chrysler private for a few years, then sell it back to the public for a hefty profit. Can he truly finance the buy? In addition to the money he expects to draw from Chrysler's reserve fund, his purchase plan calls for \$3.5 billion from other investors and \$10.7 billion in bank loans and other borrowing. Kerkorian's people also hint that some of the money to buy Chrysler might come from foreign auto companies. In the immediate wake of the deal offer, however, none has shown the cash or the inclination.

Some analysts say Kerkorian's bid actually underestimates the company's underlying value. If the U.S. economy manages to maintain moderate growth with low inflation, car sales might not suffer as they did in the last recession. And a seasoned asset stripper like Kerkorian might not hesitate to sell off some of the company's high-performance divisions, like Jeep. "I think it's a \$100-per-share stock," says David Cole, head of the University of Michigan's auto-industry think tank.

All of which could be great news for shareholders. What Chrysler and its employees stand to gain is another question. Since 1990 the company has made a tremendous turnaround, streamlining its design and manufacturing process to become the most profitable U.S. automaker. It also shed nonessential businesses like Gulfstream corporate aircraft, acquired in the 1980s under Iacocca. For 1994, Chrysler reported a record profit of \$3.7 billion on revenues of \$52 billion. Dodge Ram pickup trucks, Cirrus sedans and the Jeep Grand Cherokee were established hits, and promising new products like the Neon had come on market. Toyota engineers even went to the trouble of disassembling a Neon to study its workings.

All the same, just one day after Kerkorian's bid was made public, the company



Iacocca on his motives:

“They’re my management. I did all the things to set that company up. Why would I put the company at risk?”

Iacocca on Eaton:

“He’s doing O.K. They have a nice little board . . . But I think they shot themselves in the foot a few times.”

Iacocca on Chrysler’s future:

“I don’t think [Chrysler] can become an isolationist and say we’ll play bank and we won’t grow.”

■ ON THE MONEY ■

John Rothchild

How Now the Dow?

A GREAT DEAL OF FUSS WAS MADE OVER THE DOW’S PASSING 4000 POINTS. Now that it has settled in on a plateau above that lofty summit, people are wondering what it will take to push it to 5000. Old-timers in the market can remember the Dow bumping up against 1000 for 11 years, but lately it’s made a brisk ascent: 2000 in 1987, 3000 in 1991 and 4000 in 1995, gaining 1,000 points every 1,400 days. At this pace, it will reach 5000 sometime around the turn of the century.

But what are we talking about here, hiking or investing? As much as is made of the Dow’s ups and downs, it’s worth reminding ourselves that the Dow is not a member of an alpine club. It’s an index of 30 stocks, the Dow Jones industrials, many of which aren’t very industrial, unless you think of American Express as a plastics company and McDonald’s as a packaging company, with the hamburgers as an afterthought. But industrial or not, they are the nation’s most important equities, because 20% of all money invested in stocks goes into these 30.

Stocks don’t move higher for no reason, nor do they move higher for the reasons given in the newspapers such as “the market responded positively yesterday to a cease-fire in Bosnia.” But it’s not happy headlines that will carry the Dow to 5000. It’s numbers—particularly, the earnings. The 30 companies in the Dow earned a combined \$250 per share in 1994. So with the Dow perched just above 4000, it is priced at 20 times its operating earnings. This is on the high side of what the Dow normally sells for, so there’s not much hope of further advancement unless the 30 companies can figure out a way to make more money.

This is where the optimists come in. The consensus of Wall Street’s battalion of educated guessers, the analysts, is that the Dow’s earnings will rise to \$390 in 1996. This is a rather stunning jump over the current level, so this prediction has taken a lot of people by surprise. Apparently, all this corporate slimming down, cutting the fat, getting back to basics and restructuring is paying off. Companies that make it into the Dow have reached middle age and can no longer grow as fast as they once did, so instead of wasting money in a futile attempt to live in the fast lane, they’ve figured out how to hunker down and accept their limitations. “They’re squeezing out the profits,” says Shelby Davis, manager of the New York Venture Fund.

So you’ve got General Motors selling off National Car Rental, and Sears divorcing itself from Allstate, attempting to maximize shareholder value. You’ve got 23 of the 30 Dow companies buying back their own shares—\$50 billion worth in the past five years, according to Birinyi Associates. They are spending all this money for one reason: reducing the supply of stock will make the price go up. Charlie Clough, the chief investment strategist at Merrill Lynch, even thinks the fall of the dollar will help the Dow reach 5000. He sees Wall Street as a Mexico for Japanese and German investors. Already, foreign buyers have begun to scoop up U.S. assets on the cheap, hence the Zurich Insurance Group’s bid for Kemper last week.

A lot of things can get in the way of a 5000 Dow: runaway inflation for one, or at the other extreme, a severe recession. But if the analysts are right, we’ll get to 5000 and then some, possibly within the year. Remember you read it here first, unless, of course, the analysts are wrong, in which case it was their mistake all along.



reported a 37% decline in earnings for the first three months of this year. Chrysler execs blamed high launch costs for its re-designed minivan and the \$115 million expense to make free repairs on a faulty rear-door latch on older minivans—as well as a 7.2% decline in sales. *Consumer Reports* has grumbled about reliability problems on the 1995 Jeep Grand Cherokee and the Dodge Intrepid. And competition is getting tougher in the minivan, pickup and sport-utility fields that made Chrysler’s revamped reputation. Though Eaton could still defend the numbers as “the second best pretax earnings we’ve ever had,” that hasn’t been enough to stop his company’s shares from losing more than 20% of their value between January and mid-April.

Among Chrysler’s top managers, some of whom question the wisdom of decisions Iacocca made for the company when he ran it, there is grumbling now that their former boss, susceptible to Kerkorian’s unwholesome charms, is putting the company in jeopardy to satisfy his own ambition. “They are shocked and pissed,” says one board member. “It’s ’80s greed vs. ’90s forward-thinking management. Iacocca’s involvement is really getting under people’s skin.” Certainly there’s a prospect of money in the deal for him. For all his wealth—\$200 million at last estimate—Iacocca has never been able to move as an equal among the billionaire financiers who own companies and don’t just manage them. At Kerkorian’s \$55 offering price, his \$50 million in Chrysler stock would increase in value \$20 million, and more if another buyer steps forward. “I’m not greedy, but I watched

the stock go from \$59 to \$39 in 12 months,” Iacocca told *TIME* last week.

But while money is part of it, the deal can be fully understood only by laying the spreadsheets over a psychoanalyst’s couch. For Iacocca, triumph followed by setbacks and then vindication has been a lifelong theme. “After Chrysler’s bailout,” says a close associate of Iacocca’s, “the Secretary of the Treasury saw him arriving at a football game in his private jet. He called him and told him to get rid of the plane. Lee did, but then turned around and bought Gulfstream. Don’t get mad, get even. That’s pure Lee.” His best-selling autobiography opens with the 1978 scene of his being boot-ed from his job at Ford, the company where he introduced the Mustang and rose swiftly to the top. His departure from Chrysler was more dignified, but not without its bumps. In 1992 the board, looking to forge a new image for the company, eased him out as chairman despite his lobbying to stay on a few more years. Returning to power at Chrysler would be sweet.

Sweeter than retirement, certainly, which hasn’t provided Iacocca an arena commensurate with his status as a national hero. It is all very well to start up a business that sells olive-oil spread or to promote gambling casinos on Indian reservations—two of his recent pursuits—but it doesn’t compare with having the President return your calls. In September he filed for divorce from his third wife. She later countersued, challenging their prenuptial agreement and accusing him of hiring detectives to spy on her in their home in Beverly Hills, a charge he denies.

Iacocca insists the takeover bid is not a strategy to get the old cowboy back in the saddle. “I’m an investor, period,” he says.

“No directorship, no management, nothing—zero.” But even as he says that, he can’t resist kibbitzing. For one thing, Iacocca has wanted for years to make Chrysler a truly international operation with sales and manufacturing capabilities around the world. In the 1980s he tried to enter his company into deals first with Volkswagen, then with Fiat, but to no avail. “We do not have a global presence,” he complained last week. “We’re big in Canada and we’re strong in the U.S. Other than that we really have no position.” The current Chrysler management might well ask who exactly is “we.”

Iacocca also thinks the company can afford to spend down some of its cash reserve. Auto manufacturers suffer the problems of other cyclical industries. The same domestic auto industry that had record earnings of \$14.6 billion last year posted a whopping \$7.6 billion in losses back in 1991. But the \$7.5 billion put aside by Eaton, says Iacocca, is too much. “The most we ever needed in severe downturns was four to five [billion],” he says. Keep \$2.5 billion in cash on hand, add the company’s \$2.5 billion bank credit line and “you’re fine,” he says.

No way, says Eaton. “If you go through the numbers and look at the cash we went through the last time around—when we had a much lower capital-spending plan—we believe it’s absolutely prudent to have that kind of cash [the \$7.5 billion] around.” The Kerkorian bid has already had one negative impact on the company’s ability to borrow. Reasoning that any takeover could leave the company saddled with unmanageable debt, all three credit-rating services quickly placed Chrysler’s outstanding debt on their watch lists.

Debt doesn’t scare Kerkorian. There is always something you can sell to pay it off. After he bought MGM in 1969, he sold off the studio’s choicest assets, from its immense library of old films to warehouses filled with props and other paraphernalia. Later he added United Artists, but for him it has always been the deal, not the business. In one famous Ping-Pong transaction, he sold MGM/UA to Ted Turner for \$1.5 billion in 1986, then bought back everything but the film library for less than \$800 million, and then sold it all again in 1990 for \$1.3 billion.

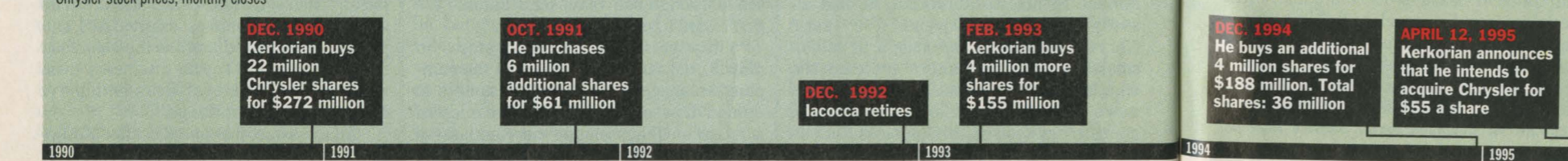
Dealmaking seems to satisfy the gambler in Kerkorian, a man more at home in Las Vegas than in Hollywood. After World War II he bought refurbished planes to fly bettors from Los Angeles to the casinos. From that he developed a small airline, which he sold in 1968 in a deal that eventually brought him \$104 million. That money helped him build and then sell ever larger Vegas hotels, a sequence he capped with the 1993 opening of the \$1 billion MGM Grand, with its 5,005 rooms, 15,000-seat arena and 33-acre theme park.

That’s a lot of glitz for a man universally described as low key, soft-spoken and unfailingly polite. But in a crunch he can be ruthless in taking a company apart. The company he is aiming at now is the one Iacocca spent the best years of his life preserving. “I’ve got 47 years of good reputation at stake,” says Iacocca. “I don’t want to be tainted as somebody who went in there for a quick buck.” Even so, the quick bucks are a good bet. It’s all the rest that’s up in the air.

—Reported by Tom Curry and Barrett Seaman/New York, William McWhirter and Joseph R. Szczesny/Detroit and Jeffrey Ressler/Los Angeles

KERKORIAN’S STAKE

Chrysler stock prices, monthly closes



An Uncontrollable Yen

Japan pledges anew to rein in its currency, even as the high price brings benefits to many companies

By JOHN GREENWALD

THE SUPERSTRONG YEN SHOULD DRIVE up the price of parts that Japanese businessman Toshinori Minohara makes for office copiers and force him out of the market. But Minohara is turning the currency's power into an opportunity: instead of expanding in Japan, he recently opened a plant in the city of Dongguan, China, where cheap wages will lower his manufacturing costs. "Nowadays I show my buyers a part that costs 1,500 yen," says Minohara. "But very soon we will be making this in China, and it will cost 1,000 yen. That's how we keep our customers coming back."

While nimble executives like Minohara have coped with the strong yen and its relentless rise since January, Japanese business leaders were shaken last week when the currency soared to a record 80.15 to the U.S. dollar. (The dollar fetched 240 yen 10 years ago.) Tokyo responded by slashing the Japanese central bank's discount rate from 1.75% to a record low of 1%. The idea was to make any interest-bearing Japanese investment less attractive to foreign investors who might then choose to put their money in dollar-denominated bonds and thus strengthen demand for that currency. The government also unveiled an emergency plan to lower the yen by, among other things, spending more on public works, which would presumably stimulate the economy and thus perk up demand for imports. But American economists reacted as if they had seen it all before. "If Japan really wanted to knock down the yen, they'd give in on motor vehicles," said Allen Sinai, the chief economist for Lehman Bros.

In fact, the moves were intended as a ceremonial bow toward Washington, which last week threatened to slap billions of dollars' worth of tariffs on Japanese autos and auto parts unless Tokyo lifted its trade barriers against American cars and trucks. "This is a No. 1 priority," U.S. Trade Representative Mickey Kantor told TIME. "We know what we want, and we are going to insist upon it."

But Japan has some good reasons not to fret too much over its \$66 billion trade surplus with the U.S. and the strong yen that it produces. The currency makes foreign investments cheap and helps Japanese firms build factories around the world, especially in Asia. In America, Japanese automakers for the first time last year produced more cars and trucks than they exported from Japan. That turned around Japan's fal-

greater than most Americans realize," he writes, "and constitutes one of Japan's greatest hidden strengths."

Indeed, nearly half the electronic products that the U.S. imports from Japan are available from almost no other country. Observes John Stern, vice president for Asian operations of the American Electronics Association: "Having abandoned key sectors of electronics manufacturing, the U.S. has little choice but to grumble and pay up."

In more competitive fields, the mighty yen has had the effect of making Japanese companies sharpen their edge by trimming payrolls and shifting work abroad. In the past two years, for example, Nissan has closed an assembly plant near Tokyo and eliminated 5,000 jobs, or 7.5% of its Japanese work force. "They just responded by becoming more efficient," says Geoffrey Barker, chief of research at the Smith New Court Securities firm in Tokyo.

But if the yen has a bracing effect on the economy, it also could force Japan to confront its cultural commitment to lifetime employment. All this downsizing, which has come on top of a severe three-year recession that ended last October, helped push Japan's traditionally low unemployment rate to 3% last year, the highest since 1987. "If the yen continues to appreciate," says Shigeki Tejima, a senior economist at the Export-Import Bank of Japan, "Japanese companies will be forced to stress international competitiveness more than maintaining jobs at home."

Consumers, in the meantime, have gained few benefits from the strong yen. While the currency makes vacations in Hawaii and other U.S. destinations cheaper, Japan's creaky retailing system has been slow to pass along lower prices for imports to shoppers. Says Tokyo homemaker Momoko Suzuki: "As long as you live in Japan, there are not many merits to the strong yen. One exception is beer. We now buy Budweiser for 120 yen a can instead of Japanese beer for 230 yen."

Like Suzuki, many Japanese thirst for attractively priced foreign goods. When the U.S. Commerce Department opened an office in Osaka to distribute mail-order catalogs from firms such as Neiman Marcus and Lands' End last year, more than 2,000 were snapped up the first weekend. But it will take thousands of scenes like that one to begin to deflate the yen. —Reported by Edward W. Desmond/Tokyo, Barbara Rudolph/New York and Adam Zagorin/Washington

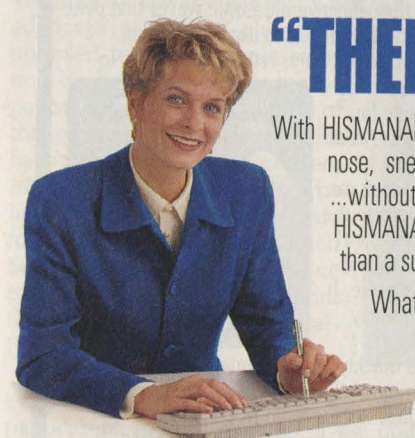
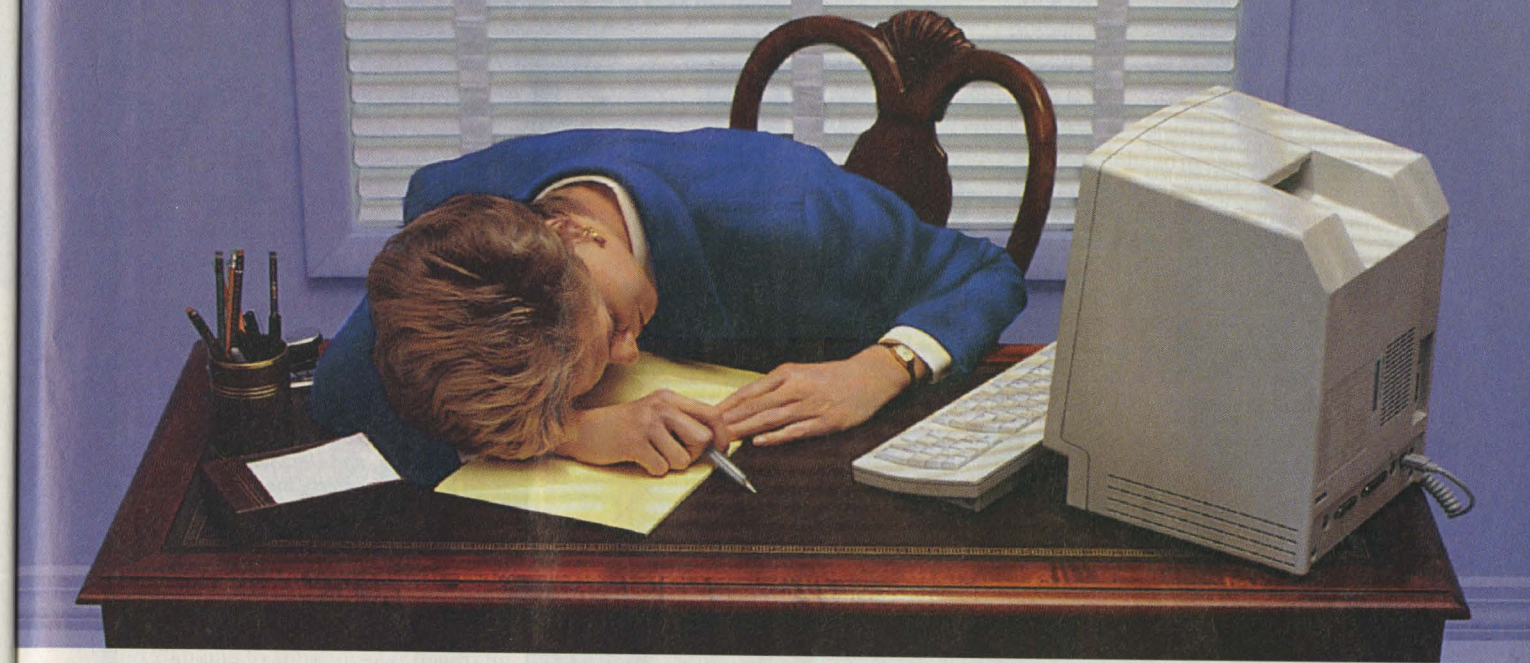


HOT COMMODITY: As the yen soared to new highs, restaurants charged \$10 for a cup of coffee at the going exchange rate

tering share of the U.S. automotive market, from 23.1% in 1993 to 23.2% in 1994.

Some powerful companies have even managed to raise their prices during the yen's ascent without fear of losing business. These companies, with names like Kyocera and Minebea, control vast global markets for little-known but essential items such as ceramic packages for semiconductors and precision-engineered ball bearings for jet engines. In a controversial new book called *Blindside*, journalist Eamonn Fingleton argues that these firms help ensure that Japan will overtake the U.S. as the world's leading economy by the year 2000. "Their success to date has been

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WARNING: HISMANAL should be taken only as directed, one tablet a day. Do not increase the dose in an attempt to speed the action of HISMANAL. It may take a few days of regular use to feel the action of HISMANAL.

*The reported incidence of drowsiness with HISMANAL (7.1%) in clinical studies involving more than 1600 patients did not differ significantly from that reported in patients receiving placebo (6.4%).

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HISMANAL must not be taken with the prescription antifungal medicines itraconazole (Sporanox®) or ketoconazole (Nizoral®) tablets, or the prescription antibiotics erythromycin or clarithromycin.

People with serious liver disease should not take HISMANAL.

HISMANAL has been associated with rare occurrences of abnormal heartbeats and heart attacks. In very rare cases, this could be fatal. Tell your doctor before taking HISMANAL if you have any liver or heart problems.

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Please see important precautionary information on next page.

HISMANAL®

(astemizole) Tablets
Before prescribing, please consult complete prescribing information of which the following is a brief summary

INDICATIONS AND USAGE
HISMANAL tablets are indicated for the relief of symptoms associated with seasonal allergic rhinitis and chronic idiopathic urticaria. HISMANAL should not be used as a p r n product for immediate relief of symptoms. Patients should be advised not to increase the dose in an attempt to accelerate the onset of action.

Clinical studies have not been conducted to evaluate the effectiveness of HISMANAL in the common cold.

CONTRAINDICATIONS

CONCOMITANT ADMINISTRATION OF ASTEMIZOLE WITH ERYTHROMYCIN IS CONTRAINDICATED BECAUSE ERYTHROMYCIN IS KNOWN TO IMPAIR THE CYTOCHROME P450 ENZYME SYSTEM WHICH ALSO INFLUENCES ASTEMIZOLE METABOLISM. THERE HAVE BEEN TWO REPORTS TO DATE OF SYNCOPE WITH TORSADES DE POINTES, REQUIRING HOSPITALIZATION IN PATIENTS TAKING COMBINATIONS OF HISMANAL 10 MG DAILY WITH ERYTHROMYCIN. IN EACH CASE THE QT INTERVALS WERE PROLONGED BEYOND 650 MILLISECONDS AT THE TIME OF THE EVENT; ONE PATIENT ALSO RECEIVED KETOCONAZOLE AND THE OTHER PATIENT ALSO HAD HYPOKALEMIA.

CONCOMITANT ADMINISTRATION OF ASTEMIZOLE WITH KETOCONAZOLE TABLETS IS CONTRAINDICATED BECAUSE AVAILABLE HUMAN PHARMACOKINETIC DATA INDICATE THAT ORAL KETOCONAZOLE SIGNIFICANTLY INHIBITS THE METABOLISM OF ASTEMIZOLE, RESULTING IN ELEVATED PLASMA LEVELS OF ASTEMIZOLE AND DESMETHYLASTEMIZOLE. DATA SUGGEST THAT CARDIOVASCULAR EVENTS ARE ASSOCIATED WITH ELEVATION OF ASTEMIZOLE AND/OR ASTEMIZOLE METABOLITES. RESULTING IN ELECTROCARDIOGRAPHIC QT PROLONGATION.

CONCOMITANT ADMINISTRATION OF ASTEMIZOLE WITH ITRACONAZOLE TABLETS IS CONTRAINDICATED BASED ON THE CHEMICAL RESEMBLANCE OF ITRACONAZOLE AND KETOCONAZOLE. IN VITRO DATA SUGGEST THAT ITRACONAZOLE HAS A LESS PRONOUNCED EFFECT ON THE BIOTRANSFORMATION SYSTEM RESPONSIBLE FOR THE METABOLISM OF ASTEMIZOLE COMPARED TO KETOCONAZOLE.

(See WARNINGS and PRECAUTIONS: Drug Interactions.)
HISMANAL is contraindicated in patients with known hypersensitivity to astemizole or any of the inactive ingredients.

WARNINGS

QT PROLONGATION/VENTRICULAR ARRHYTHMIAS
RARE CASES OF SERIOUS CARDIOVASCULAR ADVERSE EVENTS INCLUDING DEATH, CARDIAC ARREST, QT PROLONGATION, TORSADES DE POINTES, AND OTHER VENTRICULAR ARRHYTHMIAS HAVE BEEN OBSERVED IN PATIENTS EXCEEDING RECOMMENDED DOSES OF ASTEMIZOLE. WHILE THE MAJORITY OF SUCH EVENTS HAVE OCCURRED FOLLOWING SUBSTANTIAL OVERDOSES OF ASTEMIZOLE, TORSADES DE POINTES (ARRHYTHMIAS) HAVE VERY RARELY OCCURRED AT REPORTED DOSES AS LOW AS 20-30 MG DAILY (2-3 TIMES THE RECOMMENDED DAILY DOSE). DATA SUGGEST THAT THESE EVENTS ARE ASSOCIATED WITH ELEVATION OF ASTEMIZOLE AND/OR ASTEMIZOLE METABOLITE LEVELS, RESULTING IN ELECTROCARDIOGRAPHIC QT PROLONGATION.

THESE EVENTS HAVE ALSO OCCURRED AT 10 MG DAILY IN A FEW PATIENTS WITH POSSIBLE AUGMENTING CIRCUMSTANCES (SEE CONTRAINDICATIONS, AND WARNING PARAGRAPHS BELOW WARNINGS BOX). IN VIEW OF THE POTENTIAL FOR CARDIAC ARRHYTHMIAS, ADHERENCE TO THE RECOMMENDED DOSE SHOULD BE EMPHASIZED.

SOME PATIENTS APPEAR TO INCREASE THE DOSE OF HISMANAL IN AN ATTEMPT TO ACCELERATE THE ONSET OF ACTION. PATIENTS SHOULD BE ADVISED NOT TO DO THIS AND NOT TO USE HISMANAL AS A P R N PRODUCT FOR IMMEDIATE RELIEF OF SYMPTOMS.

CONCOMITANT ADMINISTRATION OF ASTEMIZOLE WITH KETOCONAZOLE TABLETS, ITRACONAZOLE, OR ERYTHROMYCIN IS CONTRAINDICATED. (SEE CONTRAINDICATIONS AND PRECAUTIONS: DRUG INTERACTIONS.)
SINCE ASTEMIZOLE IS EXTENSIVELY METABOLIZED BY THE LIVER, THE USE OF ASTEMIZOLE IN PATIENTS WITH SIGNIFICANT HEPATIC DYSFUNCTION SHOULD BE AVOIDED.

IN SOME CASES, SEVERE ARRHYTHMIAS HAVE BEEN PRECEDED BY EPISODES OF SYNCOPE. SYNCOPE IN PATIENTS RECEIVING ASTEMIZOLE SHOULD LEAD TO IMMEDIATE DISCONTINUATION OF TREATMENT AND APPROPRIATE CLINICAL EVALUATION, INCLUDING ELECTROCARDIOGRAPHIC TESTING (LOOKING FOR QT PROLONGATION AND VENTRICULAR ARRHYTHMIA).

(SEE CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY, CONTRAINDICATIONS, WARNINGS, PRECAUTIONS, AND DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION.)
Patients known to have conditions leading to QT prolongation may experience QT prolongation and/or ventricular arrhythmia with astemizole at recommended doses. The effect of astemizole in patients who are receiving agents which alter the QT interval is unknown. However, in view of astemizole's known potential for QT prolongation, it is advisable to avoid its use in patients with QT prolongation syndrome or who are taking medications which are reported to prolong QT intervals (including procainamide, antiarrhythmics, certain tricyclic antidepressants, certain phenothiazines, certain calcium channel blockers such as bepridil, and terfenadine), patients with electrolyte abnormalities such as hypokalemia or hypomagnesemia, or those taking diuretics with potential for inducing electrolyte abnormalities.

Rare cases of cardiovascular events have been observed in patients with hepatic dysfunction. Systematic evaluation of the pharmacokinetics of astemizole in patients with hepatic dysfunction has not been performed. Since astemizole is extensively metabolized by the liver, the use of HISMANAL in patients with significant hepatic dysfunction should generally be avoided.

PRECAUTIONS
General:
Caution should be given to potential anticholinergic (drying effects) in patients with lower airway diseases.
Caution should be used in patients with cirrhosis or other liver diseases.
HISMANAL does not appear to be dialyzable.
Caution should also be used when treating patients with renal impairment.

Drug Interactions:
See CONTRAINDICATIONS and WARNINGS sections for discussion of information regarding potential drug interactions.
Ketoconazole/itraconazole
Concomitant administration of ketoconazole tablets or itraconazole with astemizole is contraindicated. (See CONTRAINDICATIONS and WARNINGS BOX.)
Due to the chemical similarity of fluconazole, metronidazole, and micronazole to ketoconazole, concomitant use of these products with astemizole is not recommended.

Macrolides (including erythromycin)
Concomitant administration of erythromycin with astemizole is contraindicated. (See CONTRAINDICATIONS and WARNINGS BOX.) Concomitant administration of astemizole with other

macrolide antibiotics, including troleandomycin, azithromycin, and clarithromycin, is not recommended.

Information for Patients:
Patients taking HISMANAL® (astemizole) should receive the following information and instructions. Antihistamines are prescribed to reduce allergic symptoms. Patients taking HISMANAL should be advised (1) to adhere to the recommended dose, and (2) that the use of excessive doses may lead to serious cardiovascular events. Some patients appear to increase the dose of HISMANAL in an attempt to accelerate the onset of action. PATIENTS SHOULD BE ADVISED NOT TO DO THIS and not to use HISMANAL as a p r n product for immediate relief of symptoms. Patients should be questioned about use of any other prescription or over-the-counter medication, and should be cautioned regarding the potential for life-threatening arrhythmias with concurrent use of ketoconazole, itraconazole, or erythromycin. Patients should be advised to consult the physician before concurrent use of other medications with astemizole. Patients should be questioned about pregnancy or lactation before starting HISMANAL therapy, since the drug should be used in pregnancy or lactation only if the potential benefit justifies the potential risk to fetus or baby. (See Pregnancy subsection.) In addition, patients should be instructed to take HISMANAL on an empty stomach, e.g., at least 2 hours after a meal. No additional food should be taken for at least 1 hour after dosing. Patients should also be instructed to store this medication in a tightly closed container in a cool, dry place, away from heat or direct sunlight, and away from children.

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility:
Carcinogenic potential has not been revealed in rats given 260x the recommended human dose of astemizole for 24 months, or in mice given 400x the recommended human dose for 18 months. Micronucleus, dominant lethal, sister chromatid exchange and Ames tests of astemizole have not revealed mutagenic activity. Impairment of fertility was not observed in male or female rats given 200x the recommended human dose.

Pregnancy: Pregnancy Category C.
Teratogenic effects were not observed in rats administered 200x the recommended human dose or in rabbits given 200x the recommended human dose. Maternal toxicity was seen in rabbits administered 200x the recommended human dose. Embryofetal effects accompanied by maternal toxicity were observed at 100x the recommended human dose in rats. Embryotoxicity or maternal toxicity was not observed in rats or rabbits administered 50x the recommended human dose. There are no adequate and well controlled studies in pregnant women. HISMANAL should be used during pregnancy only if the potential benefit justifies the potential risk to the fetus. Metabolites may remain in the body for as long as 4 months after the end of dosing, calculated on the basis of 6 times the terminal half-life.

Nursing Mothers:
It is not known whether this drug is excreted in human milk. Because certain drugs are known to be excreted in human milk, caution should be exercised when HISMANAL is administered to a nursing woman. HISMANAL is excreted in the milk of dogs.

Pediatric Use:
Safety and efficacy in children under 12 years of age has not been demonstrated.

ADVERSE REACTIONS
For information regarding cardiovascular adverse events (e.g. cardiac arrest, ventricular arrhythmias), please see CONTRAINDICATIONS and WARNINGS BOX. In some cases, recognition of severe arrhythmias has been preceded by episodes of syncope. Similarly, rare cases of hypotension, palpitations, and dizziness have also been reported with HISMANAL use, which may reflect undetected ventricular arrhythmia.

The reported incidences of adverse reactions listed in the following table are derived from controlled clinical studies in adults. In these studies the usual maintenance dose of HISMANAL was 10 mg once daily.

ADVERSE EVENT	Percent of Patients Reporting		
	HISMANAL (N=1630) %	PLACEBO (N=1109) %	CLASSICAL** (N=304) %
Central Nervous System			
Drowsiness	7.1	6.4	22.0
Headache	6.7	9.2	3.3
Fatigue	4.2	1.6	11.9
Appetite increase	3.9	1.4	0.0
Weight increase	3.9	1.7	1.0
Nervousness	2.1	1.2	0.3
Dizzy	2.0	1.8	1.0
Gastrointestinal System			
Nausea	2.5	2.9	1.3
Diarrhea	1.8	2.0	0.7
Abdominal pain	1.4	1.2	0.7
Eye, Ear, Nose, and Throat			
Mouth dry	5.2	3.8	7.9
Pharyngitis	1.7	2.3	0.3
Conjunctivitis	1.2	1.2	0.7
Other			
Arthralgia	1.2	1.6	0.0

*Duration of treatment in Controlled Studies ranged from 7 to 182 Days
**Classical Drugs: Clemastine (N=137); Chlorpheniramine (N=100); Pheniramine Maleate (N=47); Chlorpheniramine (N=20)

Adverse reaction information has been obtained from more than 7500 patients in all clinical trials. Weight gain has been reported in 3.6% of astemizole treated patients involved in controlled studies, with an average treatment duration of 53 days. In 46 of the 59 patients for whom actual weight gain data was available, the average weight gain was 3.2 kg.

Less frequently occurring adverse experiences reported in clinical trials or spontaneously from marketing experience with HISMANAL include: angioedema, asymptomatic liver enzyme elevations, bronchospasm, depression, edema, epistaxis, hepatitis, myalgia, palpitation, paresthesia, photosensitivity, pruritus, and rash. Marketing experiences include isolated cases of convulsions. A causal relationship with HISMANAL has not been established.

OVERDOSEAGE
In the event of overdose, supportive measures including gastric lavage and emesis should be employed. Substantial overdoses of HISMANAL can cause death, cardiac arrest, QT prolongation, torsades de pointes, and other ventricular arrhythmias. These events can also occur, although rarely, at doses (20-30 mg) close to the recommended dose (10 mg daily). (See WARNINGS BOX and DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION.)
Seizures and syncope have also been reported with overdose and may be associated with a cardiac event.


Overdose patients should be carefully monitored as long as the QT interval is prolonged or arrhythmias are present. In some cases, this has been up to six days. In overdose cases in which ventricular arrhythmias are associated with significant QT prolongation, treatment with antiarrhythmics known to prolong QT intervals is not recommended. HISMANAL does not appear to be dialyzable. Oral LD₅₀ values for HISMANAL were 2052 mg/kg in mice and 3154 mg/kg in rats. In neonatal rats, the oral LD₅₀ was 905 mg/kg in males and 1235 mg/kg in females.

Revised March 1993, July 1993

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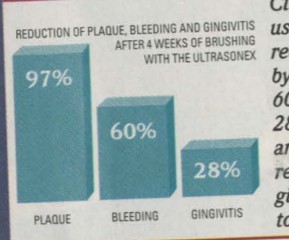
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CHINA

Twilight of the Gods

Deng Xiaoping's rival dies, and the succession battle heats up with a putative drive against corruption

By RICHARD HORNIK

THE PROTOCOL OF DEATH IN COMMUNIST regimes has traditionally been as elaborate as those of the empires that preceded them. So when Chen Yun died at 89 last Monday, the citizens of Beijing braced themselves for the usual run of lowered flags, martial music, and long peans to his revolutionary contributions. After all, Chen ranked second only to Paramount Leader Deng Xiaoping in China's pantheon of post-Mao leaders, and the two were often viewed as fierce rivals.

But in China today these are unusual, discomfiting times: Deng himself is rumored to be near death, and the struggle to succeed him is well under way. Despite Chen's prestige, China's official media waited 28 hours to announce his death. By Wednesday it was clear that Chen, an old advocate of central planning who had opposed rapid economic reform, would not be buried with the same pageantry as other members of the revolutionary generation who have previously "gone to meet Marx." By week's end the regime had not even announced a date for lowering flags in Tiananmen Square to half-mast. Says one puzzled Chinese analyst: "It is not the way the government normally does things."

When a senior Chinese leader dies, the order of names of the official pallbearers, the effusiveness of the obituary, the length of the mourning period, all provide signs of the individuals and policies that are in favor. Chen's death was long expected, and the delay in mounting his funeral has intensified fears of confusion and factionalism within the government. Chinese history is replete with episodes of political chaos following the death of an Emperor, and Deng Xiaoping, like Mao Zedong before him, is universally viewed in imperial terms. Official rhetoric has portrayed a new core leadership headed by party secretary Jiang Zemin, ready to step into the shoes of the nonagenarians who joined Mao on the Long March and have ruled the country since 1949. Jiang is the third would-be Deng successor in nearly 15 years, and most Chinese wonder whether he will be any luckier than Mao's chosen heir, Hua Guofeng.

Jiang is determined to show that he is different. He has assiduously courted important political power centers like the military while putting cronies from Shanghai into top positions. Lately he has also shown a willingness to punish his enemies, real and potential, turning one of the country's periodic anticorruption drives into a purge. "The anticorruption campaign and the succession struggle are intertwined,"



PARTY GUYS: The pantheon in 1962, from left: Zhu De, Zhou Enlai, Chen Yun, Liu Shaoqi, Mao Zedong and Deng Xiaoping. Inset: Chen, in 1987

says James Lilley, former U.S. ambassador to China and now an American Enterprise Institute fellow, "and both are heating up." Many analysts in Beijing see Jiang's hand behind a series of corruption arrests targeted at top officials in the Beijing city government. Thus far the highest victim was a vice mayor, who committed suicide, a development not reported in the domestic Chinese media. Last week the capital was awash with rumors of more arrests and investigations involving top bureaucrats, their children and personal assistants.

However, Jiang has some competition for the mantle of Mr. Clean. Qiao Shi, current chairman of the National People's Congress, said obliquely last January that the anticorruption campaign should be spearheaded by the legislature and not the party's Central Commission for Discipline Inspection. At the end of the annual legislative session last month, Qiao called on parliaments at all levels to perform their duties in strict accordance with the coun-

try's constitution. He also seemed ready to flex some political muscle of his own. During the Congress, record numbers of deputies voted against several of Jiang's candidates, a sign of the Congress's growing independence and Qiao's willingness to make common cause with provincial leaders worried about Jiang Zemin's accumulation of power.

Qiao has another ploy at his disposal. As the former head of China's secret police, he undoubtedly has plenty of evidence of corruption among Jiang's allies. The last thing Jiang can afford when gathering allies for a post-Deng power struggle is the threat that they or their children could become targets. That may be impossible to avoid in today's China. "Everyone is on the take," says an Asian diplomat in Beijing, "from top bureaucrats to doctors and waitresses." "It's

been said there are three options," says Lilley. "Shoot the corrupt, let them go free, or muddle through. Their only option is the third."

Even that course has its own risks. Chinese officials remember all too well that corruption was a major issue among the 1989 pro-democracy demonstrators in Tiananmen Square. If a similar public revulsion is building up again, then failing to pursue an anticorruption drive could make the country more difficult to govern, for Jiang or anyone else. The regime certainly seems nervous these days. Police line Beijing's main avenues, on the lookout for any potential unrest. One theory about the low-key treatment of Chen Yun's death is that it may be a trial run for the day Deng dies. Says a Chinese analyst: "If they manage to avoid a funeral for Chen, they might be able to do the same for Deng. More than anything, the government is afraid of gatherings, even for funerals." —Reported by Sandra Burton/Washington and Jaime A. FlorCruz and Mia Turner/Beijing

■ EDUCATION

Beyond Bake Sales

Parents and principles collide as fund raising becomes a way of life in the public schools

By JILL SMOLOWE

IN THE FRONT HALL OF THE DRISCOLL elementary school in Brookline, Massachusetts, a large chart displays the names of families that have contributed to a \$30,000 fund-raising drive. Though the campaign has stirred controversy in this middle-class community, the participating parents are unapologetic. As they see it, their kids need classroom computers; the public school has no budget for such amenities. So parents are digging into their own pockets to purchase 26 Apple computers by this fall. True, the Driscoll students will then have an advantage over those who attend Brookline's seven other primary schools. But, says Deborah Rivlin, whose two kids attend Driscoll, "I'm not going to stand on principle while my children suffer."

The problem is that the Driscoll effort threatens to disrupt a principle that is cherished in liberal Brookline—the principle of equity, which holds that all the public schools in the town should be comparably funded, equipped and staffed. Thus when a father offered to donate \$40,000 to cover the cost of an additional kindergarten teacher, the school turned him down, prompting the father to send his child to a private school. And when another parent offered to donate \$100,000 worth of computer equipment to the Heath School, he had to agree to divvy up



"Fund raising does not respond to the real needs of schools ... It creates a cycle of abandonment."

the equipment equally among the town's K-8 facilities. "Public schools are for everybody," argues Gerald Kaplan, principal of Brookline's Devotion elementary school. "It is my very strong feeling that no child should be more entitled than other children."

But in an era of property-tax caps and budget cutbacks, no child is entitled to much; these days state and local funding for education is stretched just to cover the basics. Class sizes are inching up; music, sports and other activities are being eliminated. In communities rich enough for parents to pitch in and pay for some of these "extras," there is an understandable impulse to do so. In the Chicago suburb of Kenilworth, for example, the Parent Volunteer Association of the Joseph Sears primary school raised \$92,000 last year to build a new playground. Similarly, a parent booster club at the Kenter Canyon elementary school in tony Brentwood, California (where one parent periodically sends her gardener over to tend the grounds), raised \$78,000 to subsidize a computer instructor, a librarian, a music and

art teacher and teachers' aides. "If we didn't have money from the parents," says Hillary Krieger, a PTA president who has two children enrolled at Kenter, "we'd really have meat-and-potatoes education."

But since they do have the money, say opponents of parent donations, there's a greater likelihood that in the long run more and more schools will be left with scraps. "Fund raising doesn't respond to the real needs of schools. That's nickels and dimes," says Robert Weintraub, principal of Brookline High School. "Brookline has lost \$4 million in state funds [in recent years]. It creates a cycle of abandonment."

Plainly, the days when taxpayers subsidized the full costs of public education are gone. But Americans—who are just as quick to decry education cuts as they are to embrace tax caps—have yet to agree on the proper role of private funds. For now, the debate is local—and intensely heated. "We've looked at the issue of equity over the years, and we've been stymied," says Bob Early, principal of the Taylor Ranch School in Venice, Florida, which raises about \$20,000 annually. "This is a case of the rich getting richer and the poor getting poorer. Parents want their efforts to benefit *their* kids, and any program to redistribute funds is not at all popular."

Brentwood's Kenter Canyon is a case in point. In contrast to contributing the



VALUE ADDED: A Driscoll student performs on a grand piano donated to the school

STEVE LIPS FOR TIME (2)

■ LAW

Segregation Anxiety

A court rules that Hartford's troubled schools cannot look to the white suburbs for salvation

By ELIZABETH GLEICK

THE DIFFICULTY FACING HARTFORD, Connecticut, is by now a familiar one: an inner-city public school system burdened by structural decay and besieged by the pathologies of urban poverty. But while money certainly seems in short supply, what is more troubling here is the isolation in which Hartford's students—94% of them African American or Hispanic, nearly 3 out of 4 poor, with a high school dropout rate more than three times the state average—find themselves: a sort of walled city, separated from less troubled suburbs by an invisible color line drawn not by law but by decades of white flight.

Though the Hartford schools may be mired in misery, the state has no obligation to rescue them through integration with the suburban systems. In a case that for six years has been closely followed by civil rights leaders and educators, the Connecticut Superior Court ruled last week that because the state did not create the segregation that now holds sway, it need not take measures to dismantle it. Lawyers for the plaintiffs in the case, *Sheff v. O'Neill*, who claim that the students are being denied the equal educational opportunity guaranteed by the state constitution, plan to appeal. "As we're ending the 20th century, it looks like de facto segregation will become the new segregation," says John Brittain, a University of Connecticut law professor and a lead attorney for the plaintiffs. "It's 100 years after *Plessy v. Ferguson*, and we are still separate, still unequal."

Many middle-class parents are particularly resentful that while their own fund drives draw fire, corporate efforts to help schools are applauded. In Los Angeles more than 1,000 businesses and foundations have "adopted" 650 of the area's schools, donating volunteer time, money and equipment. "The schools that are sexy to corporations are in poor areas," says a local PTA president. "When you talk about inequity in the public schools, the inequity really is to the [affluent] Westside."

Such sentiments reflect the frustration parents feel at being caught between the competing demands that they participate in their kids' schools—but not too much. "We need a policy that does not penalize parents for getting involved," says Professor Richard Elmore of the Harvard Graduate School of Education. Or, for that matter, reduce education financing to the level of auctions and bake sales. —Reported by Sam Allis/Boston and Tara Weingarten/Los Angeles

than somebody else? We have special needs in urban areas: bilingual education, special education. That's what drives the cost up."

While state attorney general Richard Blumenthal concedes that the situation is bleak, he insists that the state is actually on Hartford's side. "One of the ironies," Blumenthal notes, "is that Connecticut has been a leader in promoting racial balance by supporting measures such as magnet schools, school choice, charter schools. And there is more money in the state budget this year than in previous years for those kinds of measures." But reforming the system through such voluntary initiatives is "a very long, tedious process," says Mayor Peters. "In the meantime we're losing another half a generation of students."



STILL FIGHTING: The case's namesake, Milo Sheff, center, called last week's decision "Round 1"

The quickest fix—though it is one most parents hate—would be to bus pupils across district lines, which the Supreme Court has limited except in cases of deliberate discrimination. But for now Hartford's students remain trapped in pockets of poverty, where no amount of money or reforms can overcome the obstacles to achievement. Nevertheless, Hartford city councilwoman Elizabeth Horton Sheff, whose son Milo gave his name to the school case when he was in the fourth grade, has been gratified by the response to the court's ruling. "People are concerned—even the state's lawyer said there was a problem. We've shaken the consciousness of a community. To me, that's a win."

—Reported by Sophronia Scott Gregory/New York

■ RELIGION

The Gospel of Diversity

Oakhurst Presbyterian is that rarest of institutions: half black, half white and entirely harmonious

By CHRISTOPHER JOHN FARLEY



AT THE OAKHURST PRESBYTERIAN Church, there's a black Jesus in front, a white Jesus in back and folks of both colors in between. The black Jesus depicted on a stained-glass window in front used to be white, but the pastor of Oakhurst, the Rev. Gibson Stroupe, and his wife Caroline Leach tinted the once pink portrait brown. Both Leach and Stroupe are white, and she admits "we did get some flak" for the racial alteration. There were those who thought Oakhurst was caving in to the dogmatizers of diversity, the whistle blowers of melanin management. Some chose to leave the church and the neighborhood, looking for greener pastures and whiter places in which to live and worship. And then there were those that came, saw and stayed. In a perfect world, religion should be color-blind. Oakhurst isn't in that perfect world. It's in Decatur, Georgia.

Oakhurst, which has a congregation that is roughly half black and half white, is what diversity is all about: people of different races coming together not in the mournful, candle-bearing aftermath of some urban riot or the artificially arranged precursor to some political photo op, but because they *want* to be together. Things in America tend toward being all one thing or all the other. Schools, parties, circles of friends, television sitcoms are often mostly or entirely white or mostly or entirely black. It's especially rare to see a church that is racially mixed with such equanimity. The neighborhood where Oakhurst is located used to be all white, but once a few black families moved in, most of the whites moved out. Oakhurst's congregation was 900 members strong in the 1960s, but after the white flight of the '70s, membership dwindled to only 80 by 1983.

That's when Stroupe took over the church. He was 36 years old then, a youthful, activist minister who had campaigned hard for prison reform in Norfolk, Virginia, and elsewhere. But the decrepit physical state of the 62-year-old church and the demoralized yet intransigent spiritual condition of some of the Oakhurst congregation

initially startled and depressed him. "The white people who stayed at the church wanted things done their way," Stroupe recalls. "And the blacks weren't talking, but it was clear they wanted some changes." What intrigued Stroupe, and made him stay on, was that the congregation was an unusual ethnic mix of white holdovers and black newcomers. Oakhurst's most difficult problem, he decided, could become its greatest strength.

Stroupe began to make changes. He added something to the worship service that he calls "a sharing of concerns and

choir. No one in it knows how to read music, but they learn songs "by ear" and sing them from the heart. And, by most accounts, the music is heavenly.

The changes are working. The congregation has grown and now boasts almost 200 members, many from other neighborhoods. Betsy Cameron and her husband Mark Gray, both in their 30s, heard about Oakhurst while they were teaching English in Malawi in southeast Africa. "To [white] people who have stepped outside their own culture, you feel uncomfortable going to a white church," says Gray. "This is the only church we have attended since we came back in 1993. We feel at home here." Inez Fleming, 46, a family counselor, made a promise to attend the church of her new husband several years ago. She has since been divorced from her mate, but not from Oakhurst, where she has become an outspoken church stalwart. "I had a lot of problems accepting a white person as my spiritual leader," says Fleming. "But Stroupe

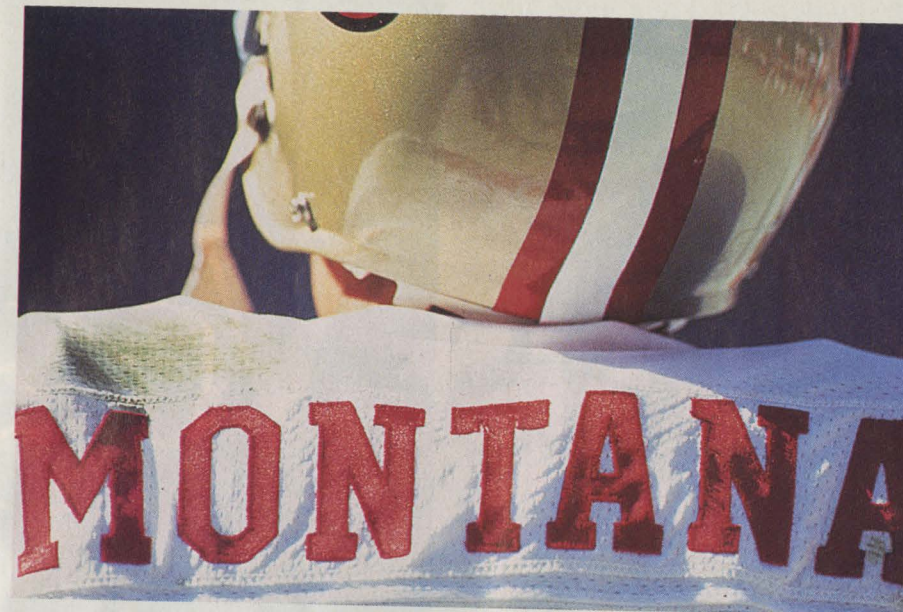


ALL TOGETHER NOW: Pastor Stroupe, front, with members of his flock after Sunday services at Oakhurst; upper left, the tinted Jesus in the window above the church's altar

joys" where congregation members stand up and tell anecdotes from their lives. "It's a way to get some of the spontaneity of the black church into our service," he says. "It's also a way for people to see that our lives are more alike than we think." At Palm Sunday service, a black woman got up to say she believes in miracles because the last of several boys in her family was graduating from college, despite the fact that so many young black men are on drugs, in jail or dead. Stroupe also changed Oakhurst's music, switching from stiffer Presbyterian hymns to songs from the black gospel tradition. At first the choir director resisted, purposefully playing off tune during gospel hymns. Now the church has its own mostly black gospel

[whom she calls Nibs] has really been a driving force in my life."

The mayor of Decatur attends Oakhurst, as do some affluent white gays who have settled in the area. "When you come here, you are going to shake the hand of somebody you don't know and would not normally meet," says Stroupe. "We are proclaiming a different reality." This month, Stroupe is releasing a new book on ethnicity in America titled *While We Run This Race: Countering the Power of Racism*. But the real lesson of Oakhurst isn't on a page, it's in the spirit of the gospel music swelling out of the church every Sunday at 11 a.m. Anyone who wants to learn this tune is going to have to do it by ear. —Reported by Sylvester Monroe/Decatur



■ SPORT

The Passing of an Era

On the eve of the draft, the N.F.L. bids farewell to a former third-round pick named Joe Montana

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ABOVE-AVERAGE JOE: Montana will retire with 23 miles of completions, four Super Bowl rings and one town named after him

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Yet a few months later, no N.F.L. team seemed to want him. The 49ers and Bill Walsh became interested only after they worked him out at UCLA two days before the draft. As Sam Wyche, the Tampa Bay Buccaneers head coach who was then the quarterbacks coach for the 49ers, recalls, "What really impressed us was that he could immediately put into practice any coaching suggestion. He would literally eat the words right out of your mouth. Call it what you will—intelligence, intangibles, charisma—that's what we saw in Joe." But even at that, Montana still had to wait behind starting quarterback Steve DeBerg for a season and a half.

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Montana wanted one more Super Bowl, he enth-string, but by his senior McNair should go high missed from now on.

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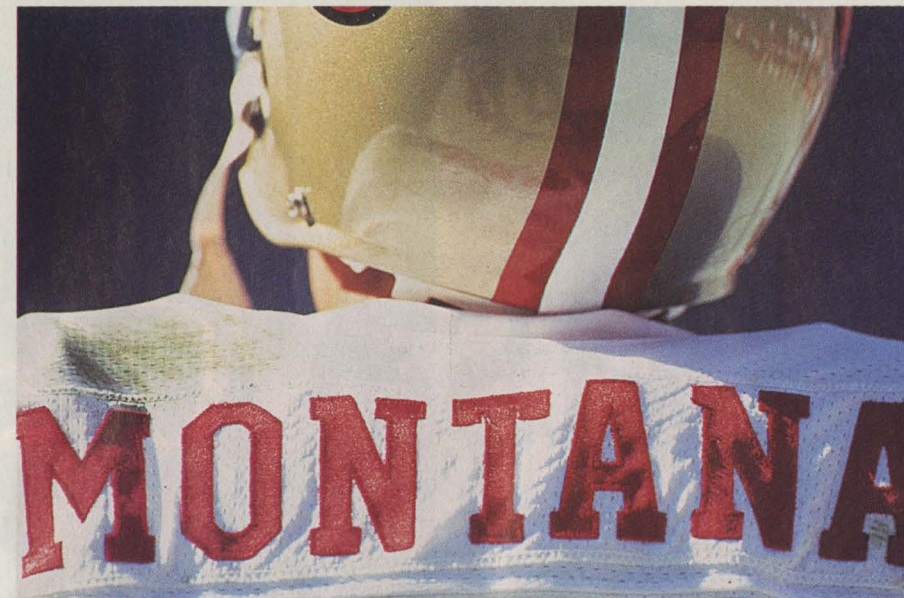
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tune during gospel hymns. Now the church has its own mostly black gospel choir. No one in it knows how to read music, but they learn songs "by ear" and sing them from the heart. And, by most accounts, the music is heavenly. —Reported by Sylvester Monroe/Decatur



■ SPORT

The Passing of an Era

On the eve of the draft, the N.F.L. bids farewell to a former third-round pick named Joe Montana

By STEVE WULF

"We considered Montana to be among the top two or three quarterbacks in the draft," said [head coach Bill] Walsh, who had Jack Thompson of Washington State and Phil Simms of Morehead State highly rated, "... but saw those two signal callers taken in the draft's first seven picks."—1979 San Francisco 49ers Media Guide

THE 49ERS HAD TRADED AWAY THEIR first-round draft pick in 1979 for O.J. Simpson, and they used their second pick to take UCLA running back James Owens. With their third pick, 82nd overall, they took a chance on the Notre Dame quarterback with the supposedly mediocre arm and supposedly troublesome attitude.

Sixteen seasons, 40,551 yds., 3,409 completions, 273 touchdowns, four Super Bowl victories and one renamed town later, Joe Montana is finally calling it quits. A retirement party in San Francisco and a press conference in Kansas City, Missouri, are planned for this week, and his agents are shopping him around to the networks as a broadcaster, even though Montana has a reputation for laconism. In typical fashion, Montana responded this way last week to the rumors of his retirement: "I can't say it ain't or it is."

While it's tempting to offer "Say it ain't so, Joe," it was fairly clear last season, his second with the Kansas City Chiefs, that if Montana wanted one more Super Bowl, he

was facing fourth and long with very little time left. He led the Chiefs to just a 9-7 record, and they fell to the Miami Dolphins in the first round of the play-offs. Privately Montana feels that the Chiefs have not put together a Super Bowl contender and that, at 38 and with a bad knee, he's not up for Coach Marty Schottenheimer's rigorous practices. So fans can really only say, Good-bye, Joe, and thanks for everything.

And everything is quite a lot. There are, of course, the four Super Bowl victories for the 49ers: XVI, XIX, XXIII and XXIV. There is the highest quarterback rating (92.3) of any nonactive passer in history. There are the seemingly dozens of two-minute drills in which Montana led the 49ers and then the Chiefs down the field to victory. Wayne Walker, the 49ers broadcaster, once described Montana as "cooler than the other side of the pillow," and it was that grace and ingenuity under pressure, and not his arm and not his running ability, that made Montana the finest quarterback of all time. What made him especially popular was that he was never expected to be all that good.

Montana grew up in Monongahela, Pennsylvania, in an area of the state that also nurtured such N.F.L. quarterbacks as Johnny Unitas, George Blanda and Joe Namath. When he got to Notre Dame, he was seventh-string, but by his senior

ABOVE-AVERAGE JOE: Montana will retire with 23 miles of completions, four Super Bowl rings and one town named after him

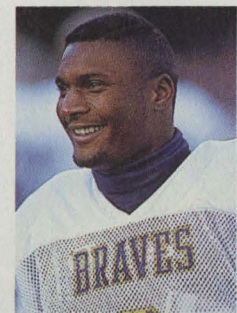
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Yet a few months later, no N.F.L. team seemed to want him. The 49ers and Bill Walsh became interested only after they worked him out at UCLA two days before the draft. As Sam Wyche, the Tampa Bay Buccaneers head coach who was then the quarterbacks coach for the 49ers, recalls, "What really impressed us was that he could immediately put into practice any coaching suggestion. He would literally eat the words right out of your mouth. Call it what you will—intelligence, intangibles, charisma—that's what we saw in Joe." But even at that, Montana still had to wait behind starting quarterback Steve DeBerg for a season and a half.

Montana's N.F.L.-highlight film began in 1980 when he rallied the 49ers from a 35-7 half-time deficit to a 38-35 overtime victory over the New Orleans Saints. In the 1981 N.F.C. championship game, he beat Dallas 28-27 on a last-minute touchdown drive that culminated in the Catch, a 6-yd. pass to wide receiver Dwight Clark at the back of the end zone. Three times Montana would be the Super Bowl MVP. After he was traded to the Chiefs in April '93, Montana added to his legend by leading them to stirring play-off victories over Pittsburgh and Houston. Ismay, Montana (pop. 22), even changed its name to Joe.

It's rather fitting that Montana is retiring just as the N.F.L. is gearing up for the draft that begins on Saturday, April 22. This is a particularly good year for quarterbacks, what with Kerry Collins of Penn State, Steve ("Air") McNair of Alcorn State, Rob Johnson of USC and John Walsh of Brigham Young all projected to go in the first round. Maybe one of them is the next Joe Montana. Bill Walsh, who held a special camp for the quarterback prospects two weeks ago, thinks John Walsh "throws much like Joe Montana." According to Wyche, "McNair is a lot like the young Montana in that he has something to prove and he looks you in the eye."

Dick Haley, the player personnel director for the New York Jets, says, "We'd love to pick the next Montana, but then in 1979 when I was with the Steelers, I didn't pull the trigger on the first one. This kid grows up 20 miles down the road from us, and we still missed him." Joe Montana was missed then, and he'll be missed from now on.



HEIR MONTANA? Air McNair should go high

■ SHOW BUSINESS

Viva Las Vegas!

For Broadway musicals with comedy, dancing and special-effects pizzazz, where do you go? Nevada!

By RICHARD CORLISS LAS VEGAS

THERE'S SORCERY EVERYWHERE ON the vast stage of *EFX*. Merlin does battle with Morgana—she with her six-ton mechanical dragon, he with an even more gigantic fire breather. From beyond the grave Harry Houdini romances his wife with a misty melody and a huge set that flies away in a spectral swoosh! H.G. Wells zips through the centuries in his Time Machine and escapes the clutches of the dreaded Morlocks in a getaway that puts the *Miss Saigon* helicopter to shame. And at the end another magician, the *EFX!* Master, sits atop a crystalline globe held in a huge hand. He's an imp who works miracles.

EFX boasts Broadway talent galore, beginning with Michael Crawford, the first Phantom in Andrew Lloyd Webber's *Opera*; here he plays all the lead male roles. The show has glorious sets by Tony luminary David Mitchell (*Barnum*, *Annie*) and 500 phantasmagorical costumes by Theoni Aldredge (*A Chorus Line*, *Dream-*

girls). Among the contributors to its original score is, well, Don Grady, whose first eminence was as the hunkiest of Fred MacMurray's three TV sons but who now writes lush, hummable ballads. Finally, *EFX* has that cosmic expanse of spirit, that lift of a driving dream, that wily, woozy pretentiousness, that have marked the boffo Broadway musical ever since *Cats* crept into town nearly 13 years ago.

Except that *EFX* isn't on Broadway. It's 2,240 miles off Broadway, at the MGM Grand, in a desert stopover called Las Vegas. Well, somebody has to put on musical spectacles, and Vegas has a dozen or so. This year, while Manhattan's mainstream theaters could find only a single original tune show—and that, Lloyd Webber's *Sunset Blvd.*, was an import from London and Los Angeles—Vegas' casino hotels are proving that the old form still has sass, vibrancy and audience appeal. And size. And how! Four big productions will have opened by Memorial Day: *EFX*, the magic show *Spellbound*, a permanent edition of *The Great Radio City Music Hall Spectacular* and *Splash II: The Voyage of a Lifetime!* "In Las Vegas," says producer Jeff (*Splash*) Kutash, "it's always one-upmanship." For now Broadway is ancient history; Vegas is the musical theater of the coming millennium.

It may also be the Disney World of the 21st century. Scrubbed (or at least white-washed) of its reputation as a Mob town infatuated with sizzly strippers and sleazy comics, Las Vegas today is a leading family-resort destination, with theme parks, water parks and high-tech arcades in nearly every new hotel. And where families go,



THE ROCKETTES The Radio City ensemble re-creates its Christmas classic, "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers"

Vegas!



EFX On a big ball in a huge hand, Michael Crawford headlines Vegas' costliest show



ENTER THE NIGHT The feathers are soft, but the edge is harder in this rock-'n'-sock revue. Visitors are advised to arrive early; the show starts on time, whether or not those in line have been seated

wholesome entertainment follows. That's one reason the Flamingo Hilton, the house that gangster Bugsy Siegel built, hired the Rockettes, whose high kicking and higher kitsch remind us that their brand of dance is as much a part of 20th century culture as anything choreographed by Balanchine or Berkeley.

Whether it's the Rockettes or the other Broadway and off-Broadway shows that Vegas imports (*Guys and Dolls*, *Starlight Express*, *Forever Plaid*, *Beehive*), the target audience is the middle-aged tourist with a fat wallet in need of slimming. And Vegas has hit the bull's-eye. In 1994 the flood of tourists swelled 20%, to 28.2 million visits, and entertainment revenues soared almost 16%, to \$230 million.

No wonder the local Kublai Khans are planning more. Treasure Island's Steve Wynn, who also owns the tony Mirage, is ready to break more banks with his new Beau Rivage resort next year. The Grand's Kirk Kerkorian, when he's not plotting his takeover of Chrysler, looks at plans for his new hostelry, New York-New York, whose façade will be in the shape of the Manhattan skyline. Even the Walt Disney Co. is rumored to be looking at Las Vegas property—though Disney chairman Michael Eisner



SPELLBOUND Illusionists Mark Kalin and Jinger Leigh

denies any interest in bringing Disney to Vegas.

Well, Vegas has already done that for Eisner. The town is Disneyfied in two important ways. One is that its shows have the Good-Lord-what-next? suspense of a Disney World thrill ride. Or as Tom Bruny, the MGM Grand's director of advertising, explains the challenge of creating *EFX*: "We knew we had to produce a 'gee whiz' show, but we didn't want it to be just a 'gee whiz' show."

Vegas follows another Disney dictum: it sets out to create entertainment the whole world will pay to see. The aim is pure show-and-tell: it shows with grand images and lavish costumes; it tells

with familiar songs. A cuddly optimism replaces the mordant philosophizing of Tony Award-winning shows. People don't go to Vegas for a Sondheim musical (indeed, not many go to Broadway for one). Vegas shows are zippy, out-of-mind experiences aimed at vacationers of all classes and countries. "You have to have a certain style of show here," says *EFX*'s master Crawford. "When half your audience doesn't speak English, you have to be very visual."

Vegas is constrained by tradition as well as by language. Just as most Broadway musicals look

for their material in only a few places (old movies and old songbooks), so the crafters of Vegas extravaganzas find their inspiration in venerable forms of entertainment. The shows may stress magic or music or circus acts or ladies of the chorus, but all are essentially revues. Think of a zillionaire's R-rated TV variety hour: *The Ed Sullivan Show* with bosoms. And for the sound track, turn on an encyclopedic oldies station that goes from Gershwin to *Grease*.

Spellbound—with the generically suave illusionism of Mark Kalin and Jinger Leigh—also features an impressive trio of slow-motion acrobats called Human Design. The Tropicana's *Folies-Bergere* revue, freshened regularly since 1959, has a nicely erotic trapeze duo, the Cavarettas, a merger of Ringling Bros. with TV's *Red Shoe Diaries*.

Enter the Night, at the Stardust, has a harder edge—the men sing like Michael Bolton and dress like Fabio—but behind the crass is class: Cindy Landry and Burt Lancon, who were pairs silver medalists in the 1994 U.S. Open figure-skating championships, reimagine the Cavarettas' routine on a tiny ice rink. The best variety package is still *Jubilee!*, now in its 14th year at Bally's. Its huge, handsome sets and gargantuan production numbers (Samson and Delilah, the Sinking of the *Titanic*, a World War I dogfight)—with a few bites of chaste cheesecake—would make Flo Ziegfeld cheer.

He might seem a piker compared with Vegas entrepreneurs. They not only think big and spend bigger; they are also eager to itemize their profligacy. No Broadway musical has cost as much as \$20 million, and if it did, no Broadway producer would say so. But Vegas is a place where gamblers brag about their winnings, and their losings. Liberace—the patron saint of Gaud Almight—used to motor onstage in his Rolls-Royce and declare that the Riviera Hotel was paying him \$50,000 a week; he was like a child showing his mother a report card full of A's. Same with the Vegas master builders.

Wynn inaugurated the era of big-spender shows in 1990 with the Mirage's \$28 million *Siegfried & Roy*, an astounding farrago of illusion and sorcery, acrobats and armies of the knights, vanishing tigers and elephants—and leather, leather everywhere. The evening now goes for \$78.35 a ticket. With the possi-

ble exception of an all-night masseuse, this is the priciest entertainment on Broadway or the Strip. But *Siegfried & Roy* remains a huge hit.

S&R-style majesty and grandeur are now elements of many Vegas shows. Some, especially Cirque du Soleil's \$33 million *Mystère* at Treasure Island, have the otherworldly vision to transcend this outsize format. And some, like *EFX*—a \$67 million investment, including \$27 million to equip its theater with 3-D movie projection, a "fog wall" of steam and liquid nitrogen and hot-wired rumble seats—are content to give visitors a hell of a high-tech ride.

EFX may not be "The Greatest Show in the Galaxy," as the Barnum played by Crawford describes it. But it is the most Vegas-y show in town—a huge compendium of big shows from Broadway and Vegas. There are references to Crawford's earlier triumphs in *Phantom* and *Barnum*. As in *Mystère*, there are circus acts, liturgical and drum music, a giant climactic apparition. The Morlock battle is reminiscent of the pirate attack staged outside Treasure Island every evening. There's even a *Siegfried & Roy* joke, as well as the mandatory leg-erdemain and leggy chorines. See *EFX* and you've seen 'em all.

Vegas isn't the first entertainment town to discover that, ultimately, nothing is unique—except the producer's claims of uniqueness. Listen to Jeff Kutash describe *Splash II*, scheduled to open late next month at the Riviera. "This is the first truly interactive show!" he exclaims. "The audience will have a laser battle with the performers. We've waterized the whole theater—turned it into a giant submarine to take the audience on a tour of wonderful places like Atlantis and Shangri-La." You might think it difficult to get a submarine up the Himalayas—but in Vegas, nothing is impossible.

"A water show has its own niche," Kutash says, "which is the key to making it in Vegas. How many magic shows can you have, how many French shows, how many circus shows, before you become redundant?" Steve Wynn will test that premise next year. His Beau Rivage will feature a new production by Cirque du Soleil: a water show. It may be great. But to be a true Vegas show, it will have to be like nothing—and everything—you've seen before. With music. —Reported by

William Tynan/Las Vegas

Debbie Does Vegas

TO LOVE LAS VEGAS IS TO BE A SIZE FREAK. EVERY NEW HOTEL IS THE biggest, every new show the most expensive, every glitzy costume the most *faaaabulous!* And then there's Debbie. To the owner and star of the Debbie Reynolds Hotel/Casino/Hollywood Movie Museum, smaller is better. It's also all she could afford. Reynolds bought and spruced up the 200-room Paddlewheel Hotel for just \$10 million, which is valet-tip money to Steve Wynn. Debbie makes do with her own perky energy. And makes more of less. "Welcome to my new little theater!" she tells visitors to her nightly show. "Doncha think it's cute?"

At 63, Debbie's still cute. Her audiences, with hair the color of a cloudless Vegas sky, may come to the show thinking, as she jokes, "We're gonna go see Debbie before she dies." But the star of *Singin' in the Rain*, *Tammy and the Bachelor*, *The Unsinkable Molly Brown* and some messy '50s headlines ain't down yet. And she ain't just cute. There's a platinum will under her blond perm (as her daughter Carrie Fisher suggested in the fond, acerbic novel and film *Postcards from the Edge*). And there's a vision in Debbie's show-biz heart—a vision that looks back to the movies' glory days, from the '20s through the '60s. Who else has built and stocked her own Hollywood museum?

In 1970 when MGM auctioned off a good part of its priceless heritage, Reynolds was there to buy costumes worn in some of the studio's famous films, including Leslie Caron's plaid suit from *Gigi* and Clark Gable's uniform from the 1935 *Mutiny on the Bounty*. "I just started buying on an emotional level," she says. "But after I had bought all this stuff, it struck me: Wouldn't everybody love to see this?" For years, without avail, she tried to interest moguls in financing a movie museum in Hollywood. Then she rolled sevens in Vegas.

The museum space—a movie theater, showing clips and costumes, and one small room with, among other treasures, Marilyn Monroe's *Seven Year Itch* dress and one of the *Citizen Kane* "Rosebud" sleds—is in immediate need of expansion; it displays only a tenth of the boots and booty Reynolds has collected from other auctions and such friends as Ginger Rogers and Cyd Charisse, Ann Miller and Ann-Margret. Debbie even pays tribute to an ex-friend: in the theater is a *Cleopatra* headdress worn by Elizabeth Taylor, who seduced and married Debbie's first husband, Eddie Fisher. It's all grist for Debbie's sweet obsession; she now has some 3,000 pieces. "Passionate collectors," she notes, "don't become unpassionate." When she divorced shoe magnate Harry Karl in 1973, she says, "he wanted me to sell my movie stuff and give him half the money. I told him, 'You can have the house, you can have the furniture, but you can't have my costumes.' So I kept my children and the costumes."

She should be glad she kept both, for this mom-and-pop operation is really a mom-and-son. Carrie's younger brother Todd Fisher, 37, is the museum's multimedia mastermind and Reynolds' main support in her adventure. "Debbie's dream was contagious, and I caught the disease," says Fisher. "At one point she asked me, 'How can you take two years out of your life?' And I said, 'How could you take 18 years out of yours?' I figure it's a fair trade."

And with a pretty fair return. In the hotel's vest-pocket casino, you'll find a slot game called Debbie's Hollywood Reels. If three smiling Debbies turn up, you get \$200 for your quarter. You're bucking long odds on the machine, but so did Reynolds in her quest to create a museum. Now, in Vegas, she's come up one smiling Debbie. —By Richard Corliss. Reported by William Tynan



REYNOLDS WRAPS: The star surrounded by costumes from *Desirée* ('54)

WILLIAM MERCER/MLC/LEO FOR TIME

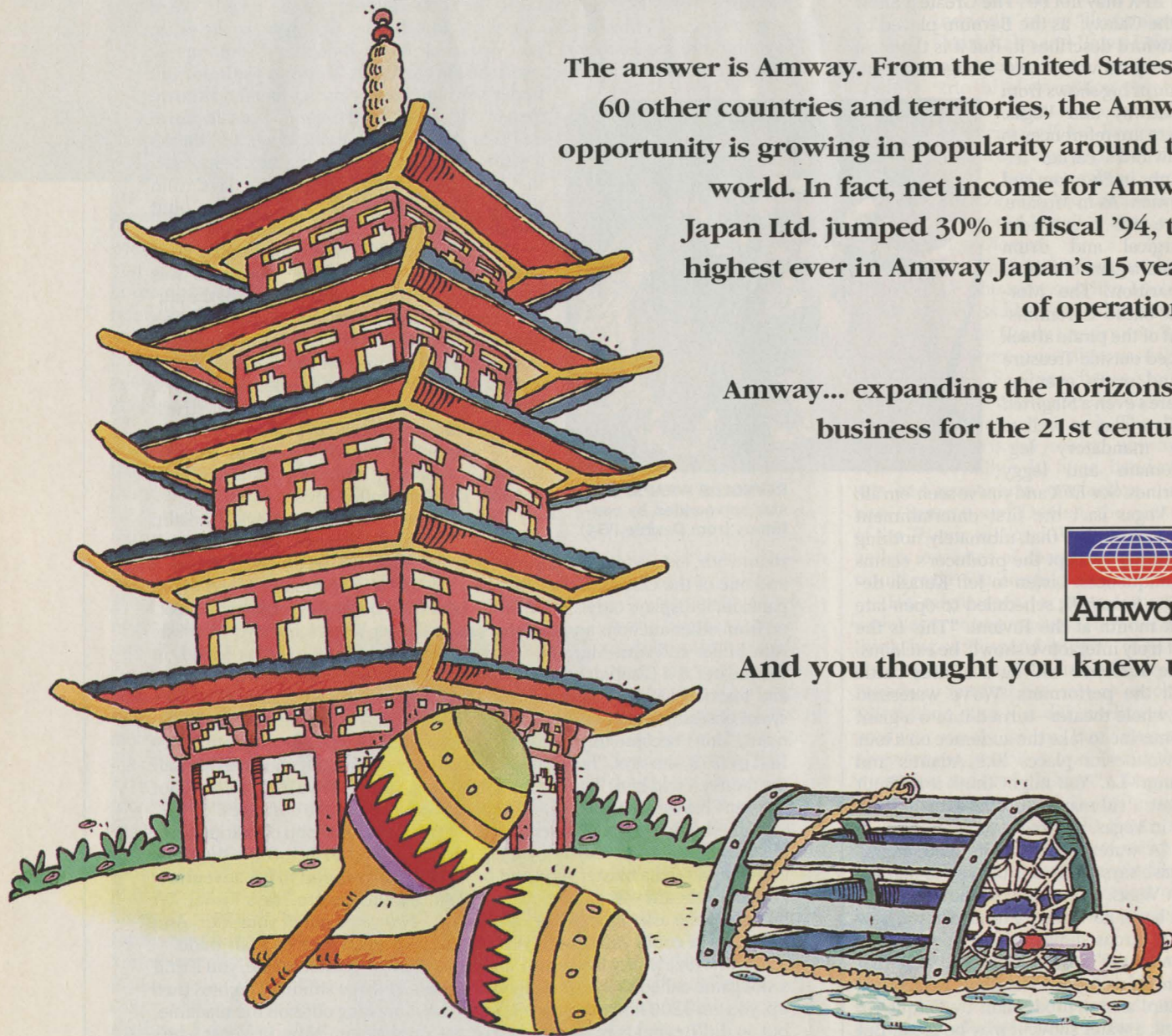
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ART

Being a Nuisance

His work is deliberately off-putting, but Bruce Nauman has become the most influential American artist of his generation

By ROBERT HUGHES

SHOULD ART BE SEEN AND NOT heard? An old-fashioned notion—the catalog to the Bruce Nauman retrospective, currently at New York City's Museum of Modern Art, has a human ear on its cover. And indeed, no show was ever noisier. Go in, and you hit a wall of sound, all disagreeable: moanings and groanings; the prolonged squeak of something being dragged over a hard surface, like a knife on a plate; repetitious rock drumming; voices reciting mantra-like inanities; and (in its own room full of TV monitors titled *Clown Torture*) the hoarse voice of Nauman, dressed as a clown, in a baggy suit of vertical stripes that slyly recalls the garb of

concentration-camp prisoners, shrieking, "No, no, no, nonono!" while writhing and jerking on the floor.

Nauman, beyond much dispute, is the most influential American artist of his generation. Born in 1941, he is of the same artistic age as Eva Hesse, Richard Serra and Susan Rothenberg (whom he married in 1989), but the artists whose work he most counts for are younger; it is safe to say that hardly a corner of the mix of idioms at the end of the 1980s, from video to body pieces to process art to language games of various sorts, escaped Nauman's influence.

There's no mystery about why this



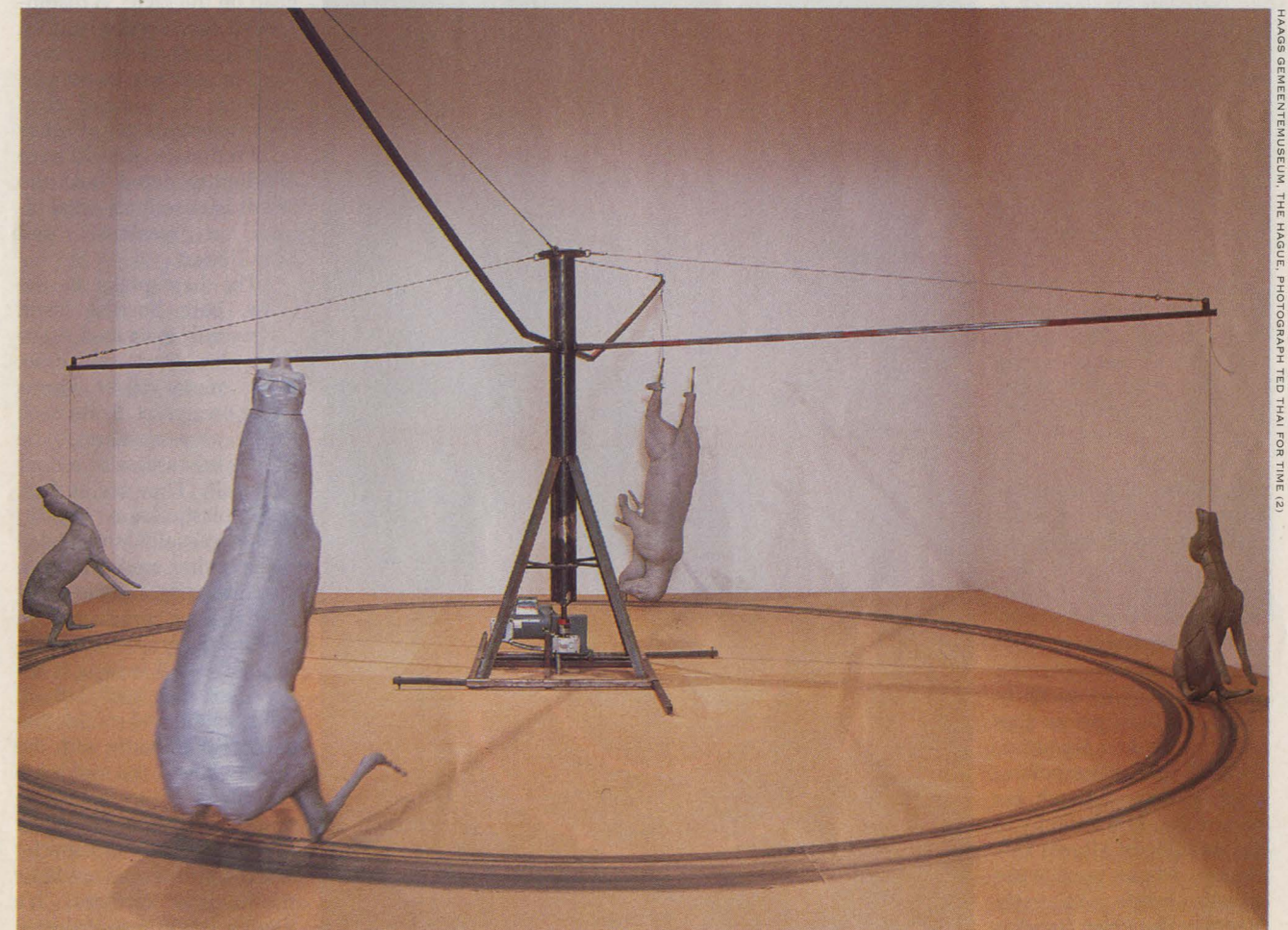
Self-Portrait as a Fountain, 1988

should be so. What Nauman practices is a form of psychic primitivism, or atavism if you prefer. His art is chiefly about two states: compulsion and regression. When you see a videotape of him smearing his face with black or green greasepaint, you aren't sure whether he's disguising himself or simulating the fecal games of a backward child. Autism is the governing metaphor of his work's "look"—the long-

winded rituals of trivial movement, the ejaculatory phrases, the bouts of ungovernable rage.

He is therefore a kind of guru to artists who seek gnomic "enactments" of pain, are obsessed by splits between private and public identity—including their own feelings of victimization—and treat the body as canvas. Not

for nothing does one of Nauman's video pieces feature a bewildered rat in a Plexiglas maze, scuttling about under the bombardment of rock drumming. It's Nauman's idea of the relationship between artist and audience. The artist as hero is long gone from American culture, and the artist as social critic is ineffec-



Carousel, 1988

TIME, APRIL 24, 1995

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART, CHICAGO

HAAS GEMENTMUSEUM, THE HAGUE, PHOTOGRAPH: TED THAI FOR TIME (2)

tive, but Nauman, with the example of Dada before him and a slackly therapeutic culture all around, has cut himself a different role: the artist as nuisance.

Nauman doesn't think art has much to do with pleasure. Just about everything that could turn you off is catnip to him: aggro, solipsism, tension, repetition, torpor and bad jokes that may have come out of a misanthrope's fortune cookie. Boredom too. Try watching a fuzzy tape of Nauman overstretching a simple phallic pun by very slowly "manipulating" a long fluorescent tube. You don't so much enjoy this show as endure it; you get through it. Then, in the coffee shop, you peruse the catalog and find such hyperbolic drivel as this, by co-curator Kathy Halbreich: "Like the great 17th century metaphysical poet John Donne, who, faced with a world of expanding information and concomitant chaos, mastered paradox through meditation... Bruce Nauman creates art that is a drama of a particularly physical sort of imagining." Well, yes: remember *Black Balls*, 1969, eight minutes of Nauman's fingers rubbing black pigment in close-up on his scrotum? "O my America! my new-found land."

Nauman is good at a particular sort of put-on, a sour clownishness. He makes art so dumb that you can't guess whether its dumbness is genuine or feigned. When you see his spiral neon piece *The True Artist Helps the World by Revealing Mystic Truths*, you assume it's irony, the cadaver of "inspirational" American romanticism—until you reflect that maybe that's what Nauman really thought, or what the vestigial romantic in him would have liked to think, but in no case can the mere neon sign deliver on its promise, and this frustration (one assumes) is part of the piece.

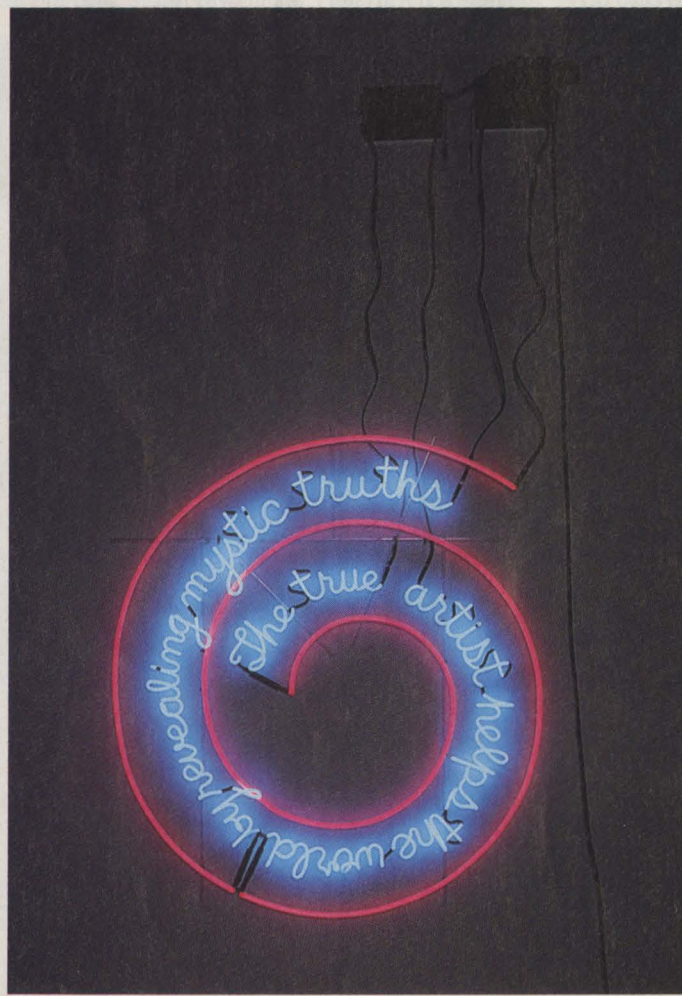
When it is really silly, the dumbness can be disarming, as it was with Nauman's predecessor, the American Dada gagman Man Ray. Witness early Nauman photo pieces like *Self-Portrait as a Fountain*, 1966-67, the artist expelling a jet of water through his pursed lips. And it is fully in the tradition of Marcel Duchamp, whose puns were equally feeble. An early Nauman like *From Hand to Mouth*, 1967 (a wax cast of



Clown Torture (detail), 1987

the artist's arm, shoulder and throat) is a retreat of Duchamp's 1959 *With My Tongue in My Cheek*, a cast of the old dandy's cheek delicately swollen by the pressure of his tongue inside.

Much is made of Nauman's use of words. His slogans—EAT AND DIE, TOUCH AND LIVE, HATE AND DIE and so on, done in flashing neon—are laconic, all right, but Beckett and Wittgenstein they're not, though the co-curator, Robert Storr, tries stubbornly to argue otherwise. Such eminent names—and Alain Robbe-Grillet's too—function as votive tin cans hung on the tree of Nauman's reputation, enhancing the piety with which one is meant to approach it.



The True Artist Helps the World by Revealing Mystic Truths, 1988

Much of the sculpture from the '70s sounds better—or, at any rate, odder—as a conceit than it looks on the floor or the wall. It may be that the impulse to multiply the height of the letters of his written name 14 times their normal size and then trace the result in neon tubing satisfies some inner necessity for Nauman, but for anyone who isn't Nauman, it's meaningless. And you soon lose interest in the "animated" neon pieces, with their spasmodic one-two, on-off movements of violence or puppet sex. They are one-liner art, no matter what windy claims surround them.

Nevertheless, there are moments, individual works in the show, that develop a peculiar grip. An early one is a small white room with nothing in it except two speakers on opposite walls, from which comes a hissing, weirdly broken repetition of two phrases, recited by Nauman: "Get out of this room. Get out of my mind." The paranoid intensity of this cell has to be experienced to be believed. Another is a video piece: the projected image of a mime, with a chair suspended from the ceiling behind it and a green wax head on the chair. A disembodied voice, calm and in control, first tells the mime, "Shit in your hat," which he pretends to do, and then runs through a set of other instructions, which are obediently acted out; the result is an effective metaphor of weakness and humiliation.

The best piece in the show, both horribly vivid and weirdly distanced, is the room-size *Carousel*, 1988. Four motor-driven arms swing on a pivot. From each hangs what appears to be the flayed carcass of a deer or a wolf. (They are, in fact, hard plastic-foam molds.) These casually suspended mock bodies are covered in graphite paint, and they drag on the floor, producing an unremittingly irksome scraping noise and leaving a silvery circular trail behind them, round and round. You don't feel empathy with the dead animals—the molds are too blank to evoke much more than the merest ghost of pathos—but you shudder at the gratuitousness of their posthumous torment. It's like a brief glimpse of animal hell, going on forever. ■

BOOKS

The Call of Nature

A brilliant historian looks at the ways people have found myth and meaning in woods, rivers and mountains

By JOHN ELSON



ATTENTION, READERS. It's time for a little game of *Jeopardy!*. First, for \$100: this French veteran of the Napoleonic wars invented hiking and the forest trail by painting blue arrows on strategically placed

trees in the unmarked wilds of the Fontainebleau woods. For \$200: this mountain in Middle Europe was long believed to house the tomb of Pontius Pilate. Finally, for \$300: these obscure bits of ancient trivia, and hundreds more like them, can be found in this new book by a professor of history at Columbia University.

You're ready for the daily double if you responded: 1) Who is Claude François Denecourt, nicknamed "le Silvain"? 2) What is Mons Pilatus in the Swiss Alps? and 3) What is *Landscape and Memory* by Simon Schama? Author of iconoclastic, groundbreaking studies of the French Revolution (*Citizens*) and the Netherlands during its 17th century Golden Age (*The Embarrassment of Riches*), Schama is one of those rare, imaginative historians who do more than impose order on the known past. He introduces readers to a kind of yesteryear they never dreamed existed.

The grand theme of *Landscape and Memory* (Alfred A. Knopf; 652 pages; \$40) is the many ways men and women have found myth, meaning and symbols of national character in such natural objects as forests, rivers and mountains. Consider, for example, the Alps. To sobersided moderns, these vast, snowy protuberances are no more than vertical-

ly enhanced scenery—awesome to be sure, but devoid of greater meaning. Earlier generations were more impressionable. As proof that the mountains were possessed by the devil, the learned physicist and mathematician Johann Jacob Scheuchzer in 1702 compiled an encyclopedic list of dragon sightings in the Alps. (Mons Pilatus was said to harbor a particularly hideous monster, with a head "that terminated in the serrated jaw of a serpent.")

Demonizing the Alps, however, was far from universal. The naturalist Conrad Gesner, who climbed Mons Pilatus in 1555 to disprove its diabolic reputa-



MORE THAN JUST SCENERY: The Alps have conjured up visions of demons as well as democrats

tion, thought of the Alps as the "work of the Sovereign Architect." To 19th century Romantics, the Swiss mountains were symbols of virtue, and the herdsmen who dwelt there paradigms of primitive democracy. Thus the Alps through history have been rather like Forrest Gump's box of chocolates: you never know what meaning you'll find inside them.

Schama is that academic *exoticus*, a professor without a Ph.D.; he has said,

"All I want to do is share the past." Like his earlier masterworks, *Landscape and Memory* is studded with apt illustrations from art and literature, and its pages crackle with epigram and, at times, a dry Gibbonian wit. The book also has a message of rebuke for those multiculturalists who despise Western civilization as the archenemy of nature and the world's primary despoiler of pristine wilds. "Even the landscapes that we suppose to be most free of our culture," Schama writes, "may turn out, on closer inspection, to be its product." Yosemite is surely overtrekked and tourist befouled, but would we prefer, he asks, that it had never been mapped and emarked? As he notes, "The wilderness, after all, does not locate itself, does not name itself."

In sharing the past, Schama does not merely dramatize history; he personalizes it as well. *Landscape and Memory* begins with the author's memories of growing up along the estuary of the



OBSESSIVE: Out of the author's *Antproof Case* emerges a flood of eloquence

■ BOOKS

His Cup Runneth Over

Mark Helprin's funny, excessive new novel chronicles a life of capers, calamities and—why not?—a war against coffee

By JOHN SKOW

FOR THE SECOND TIME IN HIS LAST two novels, literary magician Mark Helprin, 47, offers the reminiscences of an eccentric, brilliantly cross-grained geezer. In his 1991 novel, *A Soldier of the Great War*, he portrayed an indomitable hero who was a soldier and lover when young and, despite adversities, a philosopher and contemplator of art when old. It was perhaps the work of a young man assuring himself that life can be a reasonable, dignified progression toward old age.

There is some of this romantic, celebratory quality in *Memoir from Antproof Case* (Harcourt Brace; 514 pages; \$24), but reasonableness does not rule. As we meet the novel's main character, he is 80 or so, hiding out in Brazil from real or imagined assassins, writing down his adventures and stashing them in an antproof case for his beloved 10-year-old stepson to read when he is older.

What the boy will make of this extraordinary history is hard to say. His stepfather has been, variously and with high spirit, a U.S. fighter pilot shot down in the Mediterranean in World War II, a billionaire, an ex-billionaire, a bank robber, a wholehearted lover of women, a convicted killer while still a teenager and, as a result of that, an inmate in a Swiss sanatorium during his high school years. But what he has been most consistently, through all the splendidly entertaining capers and calamities that Helprin invents for him, is what people call, in short, a nut.

This he repeatedly demonstrates

with his furiously maintained belief that coffee is loathsome, a blight on mankind. By his own account, he does not simply disdain coffee; he rages against it, preaches of its evils, overturns coffee urns in restaurants. He breaks up a marriage to a beautiful, intelligent and adoring woman because she backslides and drinks the foul stuff. Et, for several hundred pages, some very peculiar cetera.

Reading Helprin's marvelously imaginative tales has always required wafting along with a flood of eloquence and accepting that floods are by nature excessive. There are few authors of whom it is less profitable to ask what in the world he may be getting at. Among novelists who fall into the magician category, Joyce and Nabokov, far more cerebral writers, could produce verbal astonishments as readily. Not many others come to mind. If there is a trouble with Helprin's writing, it is that readers may have come by now to expect little more than to be dazzled every few pages.

Which they certainly will be in *Antproof*, a wonderfully strange and funny novel. Here's the hero, learning by the succession of paintings in his office that his position in a Manhattan bank is shaky. First his Rembrandt is replaced by a Dürer: "Within a week, however, it too was gone, replaced by a Monet ... If someone were trying to send a message to me, they were being incredibly subtle. In fact they were. The next day, the Monet was gone and a Vuillard was in its place ... It was clear that all was not well." Wit at this level balances almost any degree of obsession, and yes, thanks, another cup—black, no sugar. ■

■ MUSIC

The Melodies Of Nietzsche

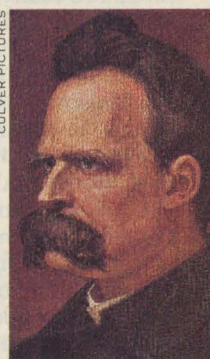
The great philosopher was also a nice little composer

By ELLIOT RAVETZ

“WITHOUT MUSIC, LIFE would be an error,” Friedrich Nietzsche once wrote. The influential German philosopher (1844-1900) had an abiding, often passionate interest in music and wrote celebrated treatises both for and against the work of Wagner. Yet only a few specialists know that Nietzsche composed music himself.

Though the publication of Nietzsche's complete scores in 1976 brought his music to the attention of scholars, two fine CDs from Newport Classic should introduce it to a wider audience. In *Piano Music of Friedrich Nietzsche*, John Bell Young plays 14 solo works and is joined by Constance Keene in two pieces for four hands. In *The Music of Friedrich Nietzsche*, Young is again the pianist, joined at times by violin and a second piano, as well as by the excellent lyric tenor John Aler for 16 songs.

Most of the works for solo piano are brief (between one and two minutes), and were composed in 1862, when Nietzsche was only 17. His lack of formal training shows, but the pieces require no apology and display a true melodic gift, reminiscent of Schubert and Schumann. Paradoxically, this heroic visionary was most at home in such small-scale works; his more ambitious pieces for two pianos (written in 1871 and '73) owe much in vocabulary and gesture to Liszt and Wagner. But the seams show, and the intended grandeur is painfully strained. On the other hand, a charming violin fantasy anticipates Debussy. And the songs—which were written mostly between 1861 and 1864 (though the moving *Prayer to Life* dates from 1882) and set to poems by Nietzsche himself, Rückert, Pushkin and others—are genuinely affecting. ■



CHARMER: Echoes of Schubert; hints of Debussy

E S S A Y

John Skow

Earth Day Blues

A QUARTER-CENTURY AFTER THE FIRST EARTH DAY caught our imagination, 23 years after passage of the Clean Water Act, 22 years after the Endangered Species Act promised fair treatment for wild creatures, how fares our sad old planet's health?

Obviously there have been huge improvements. Lead, for instance, slows mental and physical development in children. The increasing use of lead-free gasoline around the world vastly reduces these ills. But banning leaded gas is a regulation, and REGULATION, as conservatives know, is what the Devil has printed on his T shirt. So lawmakers clamor for a risk-assessment bill that could be used (among other mischief) to end the phase-out of ozone-destroying chlorofluorocarbons. Dollar

benefits of regulations must justify dollar costs. Fine. Sounds good. But how do you measure the dollar benefit of brighter first-graders and an ozone layer that blocks cancer-causing ultraviolet rays?

No one has proposed, so far, to topple the federal tyranny of lead-free gas. But a distinctly raunchy odor arises from the cynical proposed gutting of the 1972 Clean Water Act—gutting decreed on order, to precise stipulations of industry lobbyists—by Republicans who run the House Subcommittee on Water and the Environment.

Really? Here a thoughtful Martian might wonder, “These must be the children. Where are the adults?” As he knows, the Clean Water Act has been a visible, undeniable success. Everyone benefits every day. Streams that were murky with mill waste and untreated sewage now are clear and swimmable. No matter; because oil, gas and real estate interests pleaded inconvenience, water-quality standards are to be lowered. Protection of wetlands, which nourish marine life, is to be cut at a time when fish-producing U.S. coastal ecosystems are nearly barren.

If such measures are mostly conservative grandstanding, as some say, and if sponsor Bud Shuster, a Pennsylvania Republican, counts on the Senate to moderate his don't-drink-the-water bill, there's an interesting question: Grandstanding for whom? A TIME/CNN poll in January reported that 55% of those asked would increase government spending on the environment, 16% would decrease it and 27% would keep spending the same. Other polls show strong environmental support among suburban Republicans and blue-collar white males, who are furious that business is pushing environmental cuts.

Are bills dismantling protection of air and water simply

right-wing truculence? If not, are they badly aimed populism? The answer is not deeply buried: corporate America, generous with PAC contributions, is the clear and highly appreciative beneficiary. One spitball of a bill, written for Republican Congressman Slade Gorton of Washington by lawyers for logging, mining, grazing and utility corporations, would junk large sections of the Endangered Species Act. Gorton told the *New York Times* that he did not consult environmentalists about the bill because “I already know what their views are.”

Large corporations roam Washington these days like grazing beasts—not good, not evil, just hungry. They form green-sounding lobbying groups and contribute millions to lawmakers. Something called the “National Wetlands Coalition” raised

\$7.8 million from British Petroleum, Georgia Pacific, Kerr-McGee and Occidental. The “Clean Water Industry Coalition” raised \$15.8 million from Caterpillar, Dow, Du Pont and Union Carbide. Al Meyerhoff, of the Natural Resources Defense Council, says, “Industry lobbyists are writing laws and legislative history. They're doing everything but voting, but maybe that's next.”

At the 130-nation U.N. World Climate Conference that ended last week in Berlin, a lobbyist for the “Global Climate Coalition,” a consortium of U.S. coal, gas and oil producers, bustled about confidently, warning against “dramatic, excessive” carbon dioxide controls and against “stifling” economic growth with “irrational new emission caps.” The conference saw global warming differently, perhaps influenced by the Rhode Island-size hunk of shelf ice that broke off Antarctica recently. Jokers outside the conference peddled cans of Official Heisse Luft, or hot air, but the nations gathered wits and courage, and voted to begin negotiating precise CO₂ limits.

But how long can environmentalism survive the *heisse luft* from industry lobbyists? Theresa Woody, a Miami-based representative of the Sierra Club, thinks that the movement isn't dying, just lazy; people thought environmental laws were established and permanent, and they weren't paying attention. She guesses Newt Gingrich will turn out to be the best membership raiser the green brigade has had since James Watt's alarming career as Interior Secretary. These days, she says, people like to see wading herons, but they really care about clean water in the aquifer when they understand that their own bodies need it every bit as much as birds do.

In the Florida Keys, where coral is dying from pollution and



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIAN CRONIN FOR TIME

waters are all but fished out, concern is rising that a vital Marine Sanctuary Act passed by Congress will never be fully implemented. It could preserve marine life, resurrect fishing and save tourism, but it depends on imposing—and funding—new regulations, and these may have been frozen by a sweeping congressional moratorium. Without the marine sanctuary, says Wayne Hoffman of the Florida Audubon Society, the future for the Keys is theme parks and casino boats.

But even reasonable regulations itch like wool long johns. Take the predicament of 122,000 year-round residents of New York State's 6 million-acre Adirondack Park. The park was to be "forever wild," and the state's 22-year-old Adirondack Park Agency regulates growth. But it also generates fury—expressed by barn burning, tire slashing and vehicle shooting, in addition to much heated talk. One of the angriest is Richard Schoenstadt, 44, a surveyor's assistant who bought 54 riverfront acres, intending to subdivide. The APA insisted on an exhaustive biological inventory. Then, says Schoenstadt, who between fighting and complying lost the property and his \$50,000 savings, the agency wanted assurance that his picnic tables would not float away during floods.

Are regulations ridiculous, or are complainers whining obsessives who see any authority as infuriatingly parental? The man who founded Earth Day, former Senator Gaylord Nelson, says emphatically that "there are good environmentalists who see too much red tape and too many mandates, and they think it can be improved and they're right. The environmentalists have failed on this. They haven't fought to ensure environmental laws were effective without being excessive. They haven't done a damn thing about that."

Given the unsettled state of the environmental movement and the vengeful mood of its adversaries, a party thrown last weekend at Chico Hot Springs, Montana, was a good bet not to happen. But it did. The Wolf Fund, a tiny activist group set up in 1986 by wildlife biologist Renée Askins, 27, declared victory, gave a few cheers and disbanded. Askins had moved to Moose, Wyoming, in 1981 with the idea of helping get gray wolves re-established in Yellowstone National Park. The process, she thought, might take two or three years. It took a decade more than that of gentle persuasion, spit-flying argument, rear-guard lawsuits by wolf opponents, and 83 public hearings, "alternative-scoping open houses" and the like conducted by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. But in early April, three widely separated pens were opened. The radio-collared wolves, three distinct packs trapped in Alberta, Canada, stayed put for nearly a week. Then at last they began to range. One of the packs killed an elk. Biologists uncrossed their fingers.

Dug-in opposition remains. A wolf released in February in central Idaho was shot last month, supposedly because it had killed a calf. Not true; investigation showed, as Askins says

without much surprise, "the wolf was framed." She and other wolf activists realized the most likely cause of death for Yellowstone wolves would be gunfire from die-hard wolf haters. So they took a risk, listing the Yellowstone and Idaho wolves not as fully protected endangered animals, which would have provoked retaliation, but as an experimental population that can be controlled if it is troublesome. Some ranchers were reassured, and the plan went forward.

The fact is, the Endangered Species Act has been used as a weapon in too many bitter environmental battles. It was the only legal artillery greens had, and it saved the bald eagle, now off the endangered list. Thus far, the spotted owl has saved remnants of old-growth forest. Earlier this year the endangered marbled murrelet, a seabird that nests in Northern California's old redwoods, won a lawsuit against the Pacific Lumber Co., with help from activists of the Environmental Protection Information Center. A federal judge granted a permanent injunction against logging Owl Creek. He rejected a claim that

this was a "taking" for which the Constitution requires payment. That didn't stop what became a classic angry standoff in 1986, when Charles Hurwitz, a Houston financier, bought Pacific Lumber largely with junk bonds and cranked up the chopping down of redwoods to pay off his debt. Three days after the Owl Creek decision, Pacific Lumber announced plans to log the redwoods of the 3,000-acre Headwaters Forest, another murrelet nesting place.

Whether the Endangered Species Act can survive depends on how well officials such as Mollie Beattie, the new chief of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, articulate a principle not widely understood. "The level of biodiversity is an indicator of ecological health," she insists. "Endangered species are ecology's smoke alarms." Vice President Al Gore cites species loss, ozone depletion and climate change, and points out that soaring population growth is a primary cause of the collision between industrial civilization and earth's ecological system. Contrarian scholars have taken to pooh-poohing such concerns, but their logic is lunar: the more consumers, the more riches. Whether the Clinton Administration can be counted on to fight environmental backlash is anyone's guess. President Clinton has said bad environmental laws will not pass his desk. But any vetoes would be the first in two years of passionate temporizing.

The battered U.S. green movement thus faces the legendary Chinese curse: interesting times. For encouragement, retired wolf activist Askins offers words credited to Chief Seattle, which she recited recently in testimony before Congress: "If all the beasts were gone, we would die from a great loneliness of spirit, for whatever happens to the beast, happens to us. All things are connected. Whatever befalls the earth, befalls the children of earth." ■



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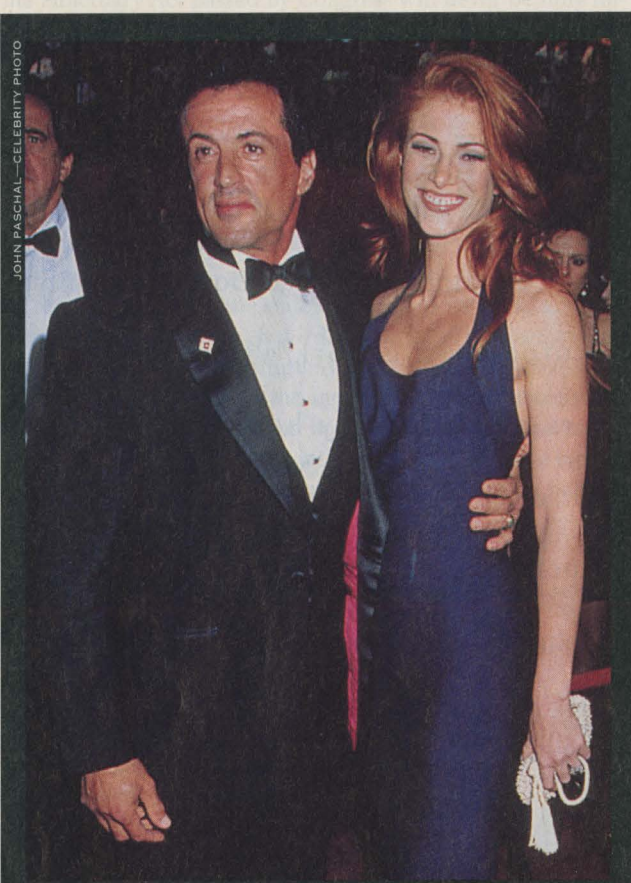
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By BELINDA LUSCOMBE



This Year's Model

Pity poor **SYLVESTER STALLONE**. There are so many models and only one of him. After squiring several beauties around Hollywood, Stallone has finally found a model that suits him—reportedly on the cover of *In Fashion*. She's **ANGIE EVERHART**. After dating for two months, they've announced their intention to wed—she for the first time, he for the third. Everhart, in that delicate catwalk-to-movie transitional phase, has just wrapped *Jade*, a drama starring David Caruso, and signed up for her first Stallone-like action role.

SEEN & HEARD



John Grisham will redefine the term "celebrity lawyer" this fall, when he returns to the courtroom after a five-year hiatus for writing blockbusters like *The Client* and *The Chamber*. The author is taking on the Illinois Central Railroad on behalf of the estate of an employee who was killed while at work. He accepted the case in 1991, just after the publication of his

first best seller, *The Firm*.

Get used to the words "**David Bowie**, interior decorator," because the man who pioneered the androgynous space-alien look in the '70s has collaborated with the homey English firm Laura Ashley on two wallpaper designs. They're part of an exhibition of Bowie's art that opens this week in London.



A Suit That's Taylor-Made

ELIZABETH TAYLOR hasn't been in a movie since 1988 except for a bit part in *The Flintstones*, but that hasn't dampened interest in two new biographies of her—or lessened Liz's outrage over one of them, C. David Heymann's *Liz: An Intimate Biography of Elizabeth Taylor*. The book reportedly alleges that she was given 300 prescriptions for pills in 1981 alone. Taylor's lawyer, Neil Papiano, who failed to quash an NBC mini-series based on the book, says a lawsuit is imminent "if in fact the book says what everybody says it says."



NEAL PRESTON—OUTLINE

Moby Breaks the Surface

One can assume that a CD from a vegetarian libertarian Christian techno-artist who claims to be a descendant of Herman Melville's would be unbearable, right? Well, no. *Everything Is Wrong*, the new album from **MOBY** (yes, like the whale), is quite all right. Moby, whose earlier releases include *Thousand*, after the number of beats it has per minute, offers music to dance to, or pray to. "I call it 'emotional music,'" he says, "because it's all over the place."

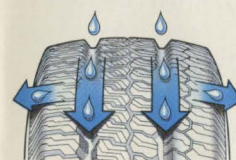


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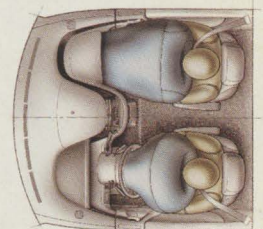
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