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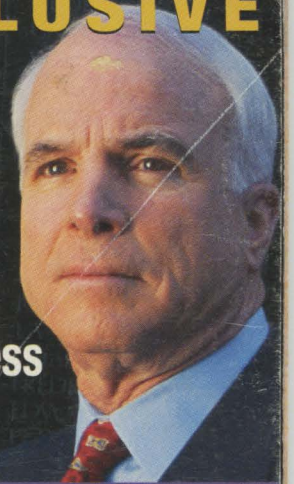
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MAY 1, 2000

People weekly

EXCLUSIVE

Ex-POW
John
McCain
on
forgiveness



VIETNAM TODAY

25 Years Later

A generation after the war's end, it's a country full of surprises—and remarkable stories



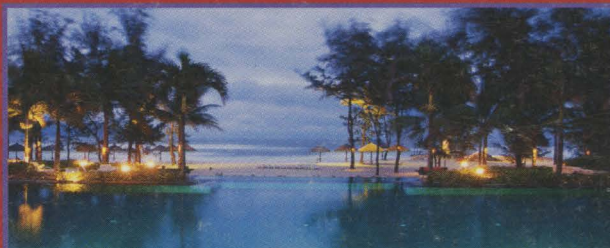
High fashion in Ho Chi Minh City



Pittsburgh veterans fund a school near Da Nang



Closure for some MIA families



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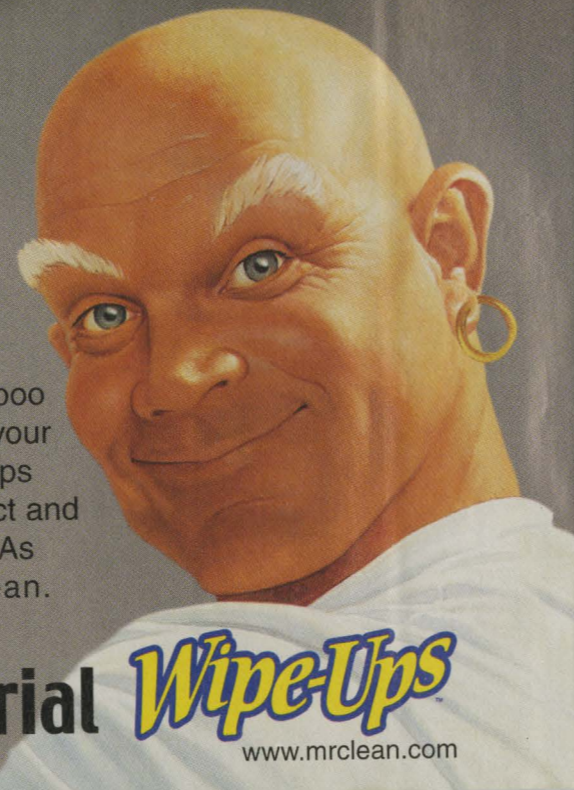


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Inside **People**



ERIC HEFTER, (INSET) SHONNA VALESKA

PEOPLE's Vietnam team (in Hanoi last fall) included: (back row, from left) Taro Yamasaki, Mike Haederle, Les Stone, Joanne Fowler, Bonnie Johnson, Joe Treen, Patrick Rogers, Barry Lewis; (front, from left) Roger LeMoynes, Don Sider, Julie Dam, Debbie Bondulic, Linda Kramer, Ron Arias, Tran Thi Hoa (not shown: Leong Ka Tai).



Shonna Valeska (left), Daniel Okrent and deputy art director Helene Elek also worked on the issue.

The Vietnam War ended 25 years ago with the fall of Saigon on April 30, 1975. Yet even today the word "Vietnam" packs emotional resonance, both for Americans old enough to remember or to have been touched personally by the war and those who know it only from TV, movies and books.

Five years ago, PEOPLE published a major story tracking eight children who had been airlifted out of Vietnam during the final days of the war. All had started new lives in America with the help of charitable agencies here. After that story ran, we began searching for an opportunity to take another look at Vietnam. The 25th anniversary of the war's end seemed an appropriate time.

For many Americans, Vietnam stirs up powerful images; often, those images have been frozen in time. The goal of this issue is to look at what has—and has not—changed in a country that only a generation ago was at the center of politics, protests, dinner table debates and the nightly news. We present a candid portrait of Vietnam and its peo-

ple and look at several Americans who have dedicated their lives to helping rebuild a land where U.S. soldiers fought for nearly a decade.

After months of planning by assistant managing editor Bonnie Johnson and executive editor Joe Treen, who codirected this issue, we sent a team of eight reporters and seven photographers to Vietnam last fall to begin work. We took 36,000 photos under the direction of associate picture editor Debbie Bondulic and conducted 450 interviews. "Our mental images were of war and destruction, so we were surprised to find such energy and optimism," says Treen.

We housed our temporary PEOPLE bureau in a modern office-apartment building, once the site of the infamous "Hanoi Hilton" where American POWs were held. One of them, Sen. John McCain, writes exclusively for PEOPLE on his moving reconciliation with Vietnam (page 116). Another journalistic coup was a rare private interview with Gen. Vo Nguyen Giap (page 58), the commander of North Vietnamese forces during the war. You'll

read the touching story of an Iowa family who adopted a son from Vietnam (page 84) and meet PEOPLE senior writer Julie Dam, 28, who left Vietnam with her family in 1975 and writes about her first, emotion-charged trip back (page 105).

As it does with all foreign journalists, the country's Communist government required us to work with official translators and helped set up interviews with its citizens. Otherwise we were on our own. What we found was a warm reception among Vietnam's 77 million people, more than half of whom were born after the war. Says assistant managing editor Johnson: "I hope our readers are as surprised, moved and intrigued as we were."

Cornel Wallace

Managing Editor

People weekly

May 1, 2000 Vol. 53 No. 17

25 YEARS LATER

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84 Family Joining an increasing number of Americans, **Judy and Mike Donovan** of Cascade, Iowa, adopt a Vietnamese orphan now named **Sam**

90 Then & Now A look at some of the most memorable photographs of the war—and at what happened afterward

99 Controversy Dissident novelist **Duong Thu Huong** makes it her mission to criticize the powers that be

100 Scene From the mountain town of Sa Pa to the soft sands of China Beach, Vietnam's lure mixes startling beauty with echoes of the past

105 Kin PEOPLE senior writer **Julie Dam** returns to the country she left in 1975 to trace her roots and revive faded memories

113 Angels Vietnam vet **Chuck Searcy** came back to the scene of his wartime service—this time to help disabled children get on their feet

116 Voices In an exclusive article, **Sen. John McCain** describes finally coming to grips with his experience as a POW

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PEOPLE WEEKLY (ISSN 0093-7673) is published weekly, except for two issues combined into one at year-end, \$103.48 per year U.S. and \$143.00 per year Canada, by Time Inc. Canada Post International Publications Mail (Canadian Distribution) Sales Agreement No. 669261 (GST #122781974RT). Canada Post returns: Postal Stn A, PO Box 4323, Toronto, Ont., M5W 3H1. Principal office: Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020-1393. Don Logan, President, CEO; Joseph A. Ripp, Treasurer; Robert E. McCarthy, Secretary. Periodicals postage paid at New York and at additional mailing offices. ©2000 Time Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited. People Weekly, Star Tracks, Picks & Pans and Chatter are registered trademarks of Time Inc. **Subscribers:** If the Postal Service alerts us that your magazine is undeliverable, we have no further obligation unless we receive a corrected address within two years. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to People Weekly, PO Box 30603, Tampa, Florida 33630-0603. For **subscription queries**, call **Customer Service at 1-800-541-9000. PRINTED IN U.S.A.** **Mailing List:** We make a portion of our mailing list available to reputable firms. If you would prefer that we not include your name, please call or write us. ♦♦♦♦



Nguyen Thi Lop still grieves for her famously executed husband.



"He's full of wonder," Mike Donovan says of new son Sam.



Priests gather at Tay Ninh's Cao Dai temple, a tourist mecca.

Cover photographs by (clockwise from top left): Roger LeMoyné; Barry Lewis/Network/Saba (2); Leong Ka Tai. Upper right inset by Chris Usher



The future: Girls wearing traditional *ao dai* school uniforms negotiate the bustling streets of Ho Chi Minh City.

Oscar Beauty

I don't know if you watched the Awards, but with the exception of Hilary Swank, no one on your cover won one. Why not Kevin Spacey? Michael Caine? Angelina Jolie? I enjoy looking at Matt, Ben, Brad, etc., but they weren't nominees. I thought the article was about the Oscars. Silly me!
Charlene Rhodes, Sacramento

The latest Hollywood plunge, front and back, is deep enough to make Oscar a secondary matter. How far south will designers go before the gowns are X-rated?
Gene Ratner, Carson City, Nev.

You only need to look at page 86 to find your Sexiest Man Alive—Kevin Spacey, a man who loves his mother, isn't afraid to show his emotions and doesn't feel it's necessary to name his conquests just to prove his sexuality. Now that's sexy!
Honor Taylor, Council Bluffs, Iowa

I stayed up and watched the whole Oscar broadcast—I guess because I kept hoping it would get better. Not only was it the longest ever, it was the worst. The Gap commercials and wondering if Annette Bening would go into labor were the best parts. And Denzel Washington should demand a recount.
Claudia Finkelstein, Cape Elizabeth, Maine

Why won't anyone believe in Darva Conger's sincerity and innocence? I'm certain this poor girl, who wants out of the spotlight and back to her normal life, had no idea there would be cameras when she crashed parties on Hollywood's biggest night.
Terri McConnell, via e-mail

I suggest you add a new section to your magazine, titled Pathetic Opportunists, where Darva Conger could mingle with Kato Kaelin and Monica Lewinsky.
Ted Davidson, Tustin, Calif.

Only Cher could get criticized for wearing a basic black dress to the Oscars!
Rick Gould, Traverse City, Mich.



What a waste of time and paper. The individuals and the clothes are disgraceful. Please use your informative magazine to tell stories that are important and not glorify a group of idiots.
H.A. Sellers, Rockville, Md.

As an eating-disorder therapist, I was shocked at Angela Bassett's statement that she lost a few pounds in time for the Oscars because she had walking pneumonia, and wasn't that great! I have a 23-year-old girl in my practice who had a heart attack from overdosing on syrup of ipecac to make herself throw up. But she lost a few pounds. Isn't that great! What an irresponsible message to be sending—illness is welcome as long as it makes me thinner.
Mary Anne Cohen, New York City

Thomas Kinkade

Who cares what art critics think of Thomas Kinkade? Not I. I have his drawings as wallpaper on my computer and they are so wonderful I can hardly decide which one to use next. Apparently there are lots of us who feel this way; \$126 million in one year is pretty convincing.
Betty Robinson, Williamson, W.Va.

If, in David Bonetti's opinion, Kinkade's work is a "world that would exist if everyone were on Prozac," I guess his opinion on Picasso's world would be that it's the one that would exist if everyone were on LSD.
Roseann Salsano, Bridgewater, N.J.

As a card-carrying member of the liberal intelligentsia, I can understand the criticism of Kinkade's work. Where is the excrement? The urine-soaked crucifix? The unmade bed encrusted with garbage? Is this all he has to offer—skillful reproductions of idyllic American settings? How trite! Not one thing to offend anybody! How can it be considered art?
Ross D. Featherston, Holiday, Fla.

Star Tracks

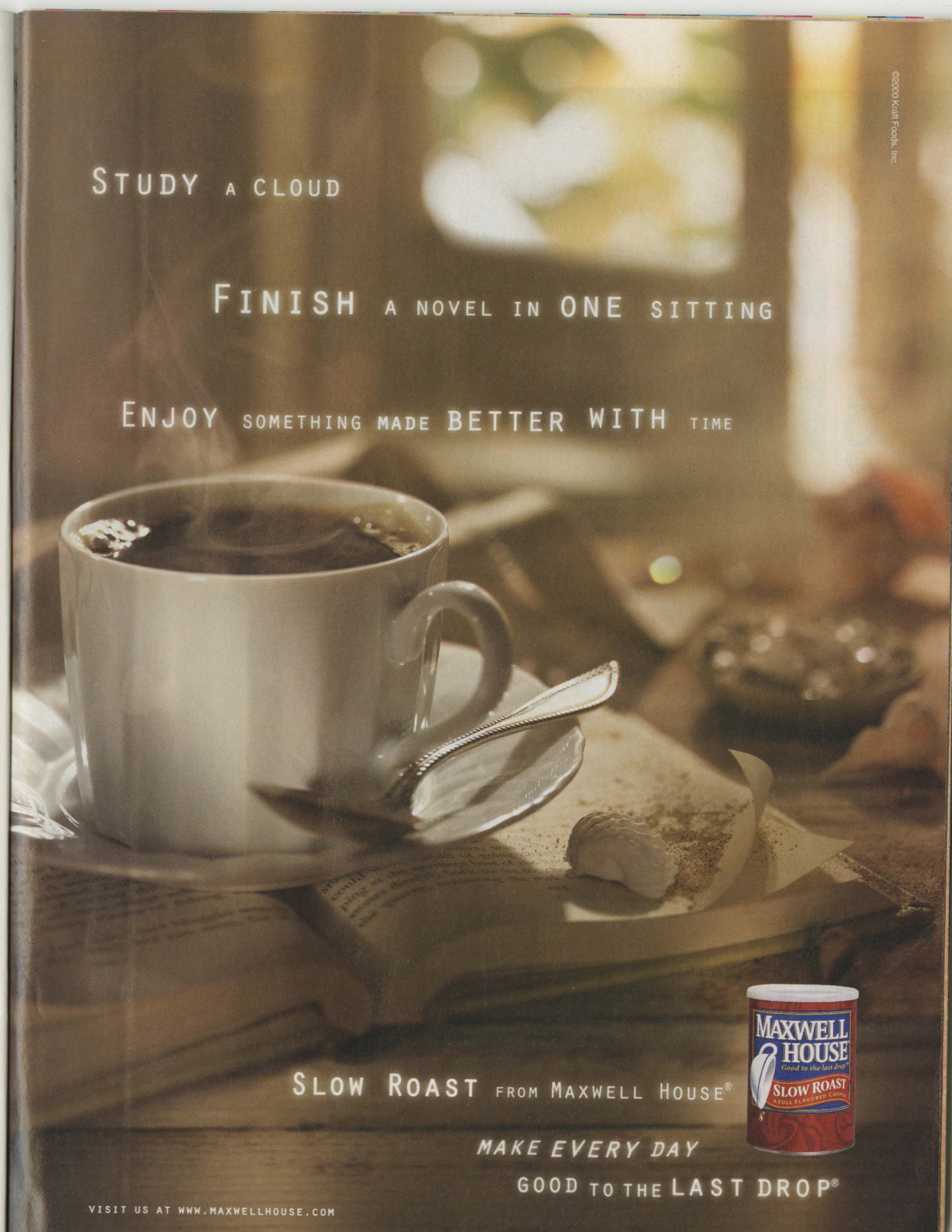
Niki Taylor is an animal lover? Instead of making the spontaneous purchase of her dog in a pet shop, she should have thought about it and adopted one of the thousands of dogs in shelters. This kind of spur-of-the-moment behavior is what leads to so many unwanted pets.
Julie Ford, Ada, Mich.

Dogs are not accessories; they are living beings requiring love and attention. Responsible dog owners think about the time they have to spend with their pets and do research to determine the dog that best suits them. Above all, they never buy from a pet shop. Such puppies are often the product of bad bloodlines and overbred mothers, and to purchase one propagates irresponsible breeding.
Heather Fay, Edmonds, Wash.

Mailbag

In response to the letter from Addi Gonzalez regarding Dr. Laura: This country was built on the concept that all men are created equal. Just who are you to stand in judgment of who is a Christian and who isn't. It's time for people to worry about what is going on in their own homes and less about their neighbors.
Sheryl Meyers, Cedar Falls, Iowa

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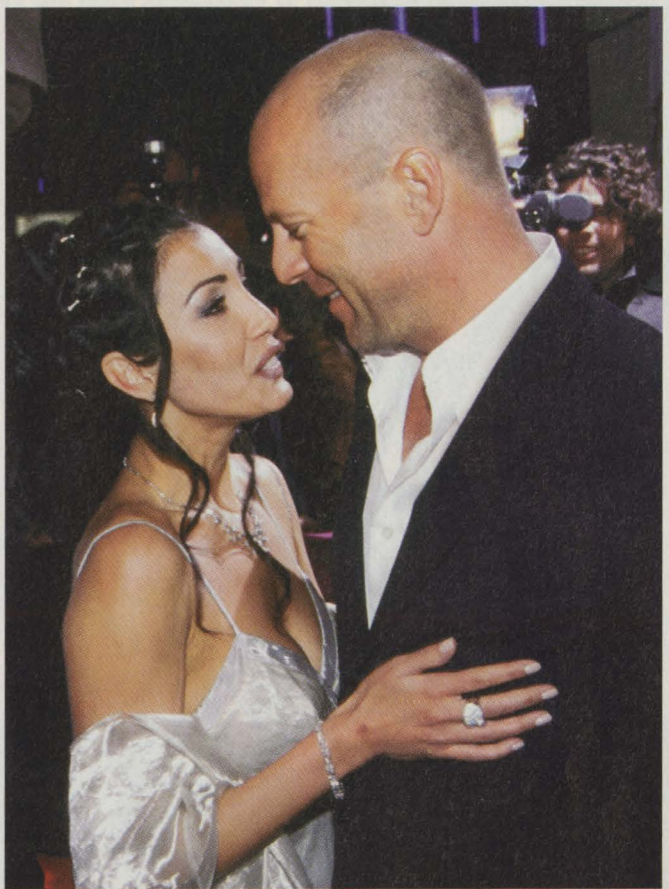
DAVE ALLOCCARDI

O, what a night! First, Gloria Reuben leaves *ER* to tour with **Tina Turner**. Would supreme TV queens **Rosie O'Donnell** and **Oprah Winfrey** consider scuttling their talk shows to sing with La Tina? Hardly. But the gifted gabbers joined Turner onstage, along with Diana Ross and Luther Vandross, to perform "Simply the Best" at the launch party for Winfrey's new lifestyle magazine, *O*, in New York City.

Madonna, who is expecting baby No. 2 (dad is British director Guy Ritchie) this fall, showed off her expanding self while strolling with 3-year-old daughter **Lourdes** in Pasadena.



TOP LEFT: KEVIN MAZUR; BOTTOM LEFT: JOHN BARRETT/GLOBE PHOTOS



Actor **Bruce Willis** cozied up to his girlfriend, Spanish model **Maria Bravo**, at the premiere of his comedy *The Whole Nine Yards* in Munich.

PEOPLE PICTURE

Ladies and gentlemen: We proudly present, for one night only, the legendary, many-hued, generally fabulous but nonetheless just-a-little-scary . . . Puff Daddies! Above, from left, that's **Tom Jones**, **Sting** and **Ricky Martin**, who joined James Taylor and Elton John on "Disco Inferno" at the 10th Rainforest Foundation benefit in New York City. Also performing at the concert, which raised \$2.5 million, were **Billy Joel** (right), who escorted new girlfriend **Trish Bergin**, a TV newswoman, and **Alexa Ray**, 14, Joel's daughter with ex-wife Christie Brinkley.



LIANSON/NEWSMAKERS/ONLINE USA



Not-so-fast Eddie: Although his partner, model **Kathy Ireland**, got all revved up crossing the finish line, the pace of a miniature car seemed a bit ho-hum for pro racer **Paul Newman** at the Kmart Kids Race Against Drugs national kickoff in Carson, Calif. The 90-city tour will end in November.



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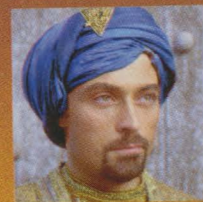
THE GENIE

JASON SCOTT LEE
as



ALADDIN

RUFUS SEWELL
as



ALI BABA

MILI AVITAL
as

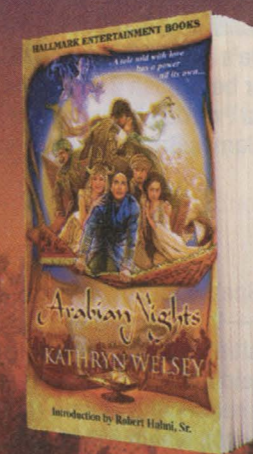


SCHEHERAZADE

DOUGRAY SCOTT
as



SULTAN
SCHAHRIAR



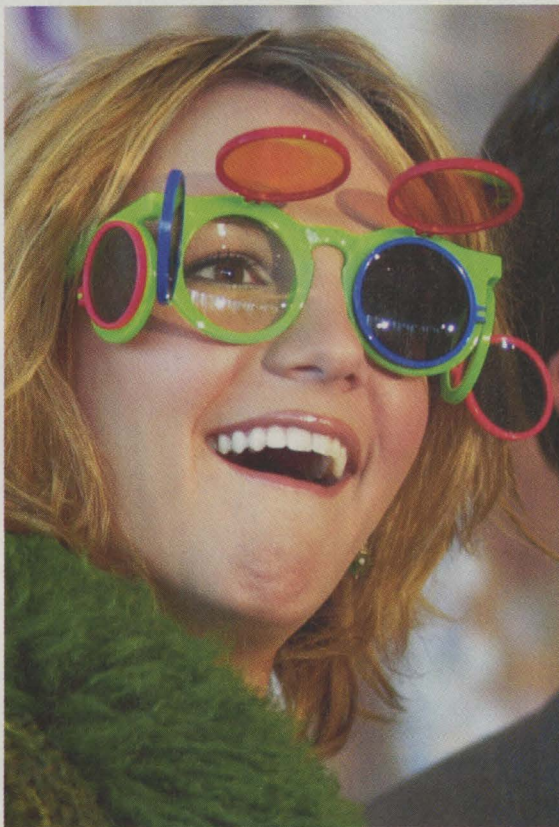
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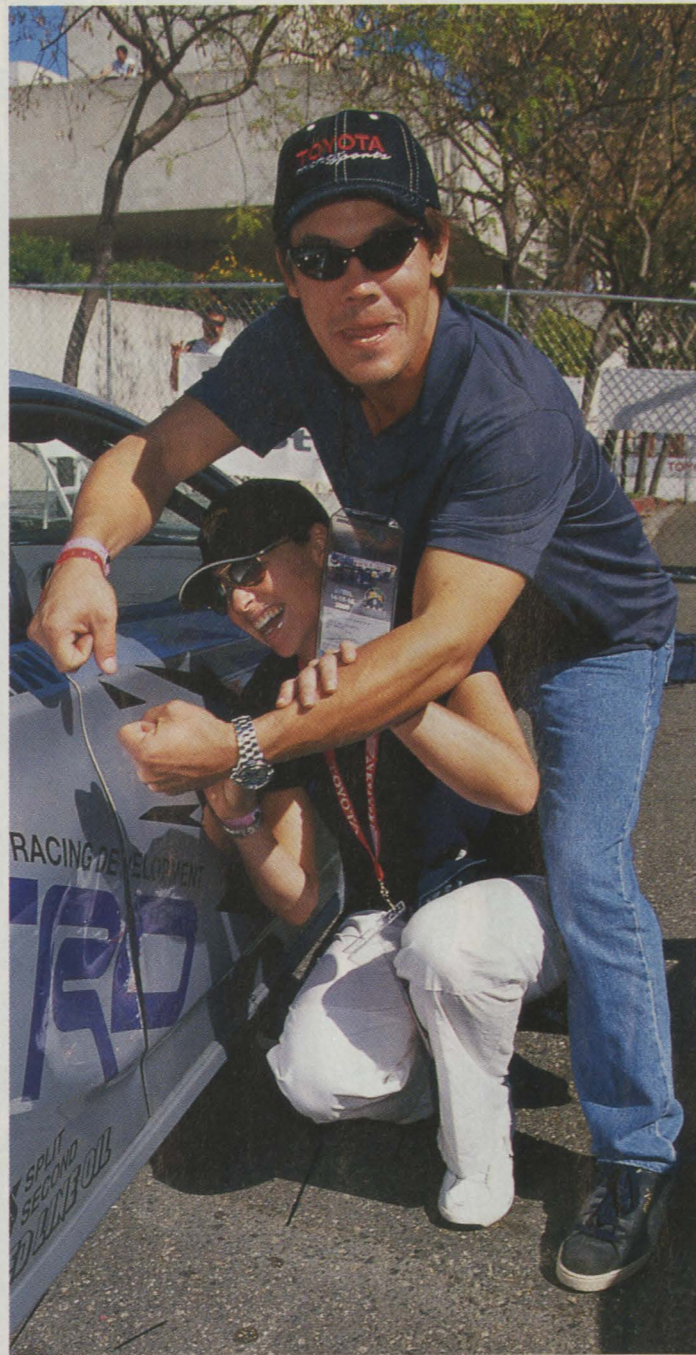


Get icky wit it: Pop prince **Will Smith**, looking less than fresh, claimed bragging rights to being slimed—an honor at L.A.'s Kids' Choice Awards.

HEIMANN J. KNIPPETZ/AP



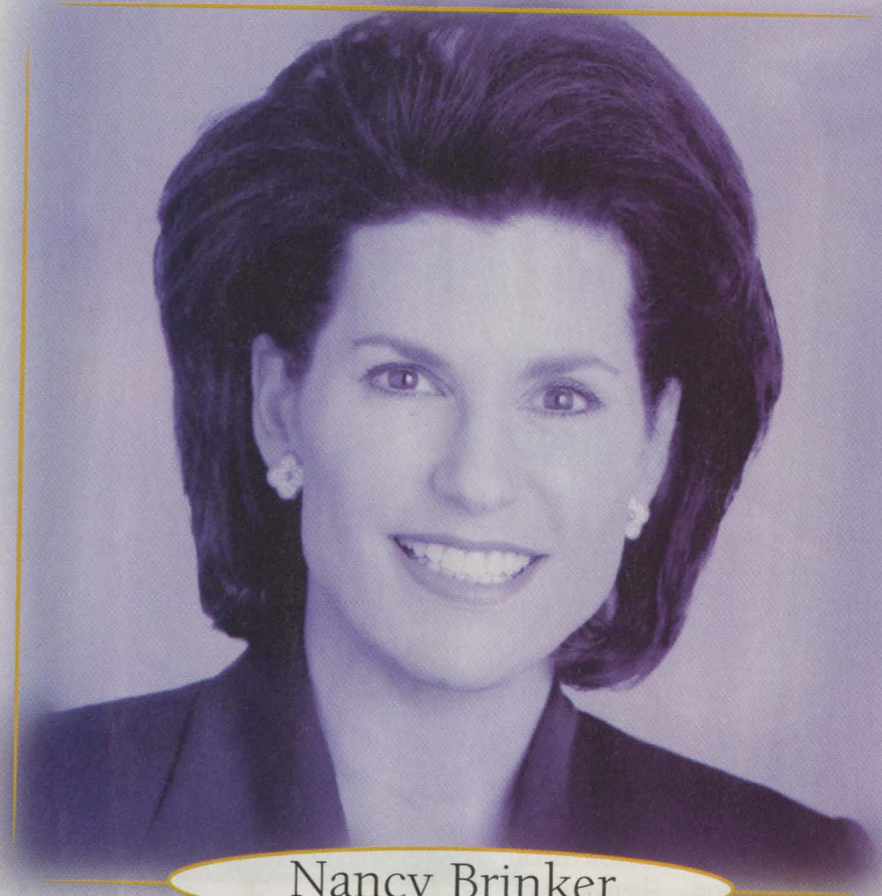
Britney Spears inspected the latest in eyewear—three-in-one sunglasses—while visiting Cologne, Germany. The 18-year-old fräulein was overseas to promote her second album, *Oops! . . . I Did It Again*, which will be released worldwide on May 16.



LISA ROSE/AP

Minnie's driver: *Return to Me*'s **Minnie Driver** helped pump up her beau **Josh Brolin**, who went on to win the 24th annual Toyota Pro/Celebrity Race in Long Beach, Calif. The actor's dad, James Brolin, won the same race 22 years ago.

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Brad's ad: Pitt peddles Damiani jewels in commercials that, by contract, will only be seen in Italy.



It's Ciao Time

Lured by lire, A-list stars turn to Italy for commercial success

Focus The cast is stellar: Marlon Brando, Woody Allen, Nelson Mandela—yes, *that* Nelson Mandela—directed by, respectively, Tony (*Top Gun*) Scott, Allen, and Spike Lee. The catch? It'll cost you plane fare to Italy to see the results of their work, a series of 60- to 90-second TV commercials for Telecom Italia. While you're there you can also catch Brad Pitt (selling Damiani jewelry), Richard Gere (Ferrero Rocher chocolates), Harrison Ford (Lancia cars), Robert De Niro (Beghelli light fittings) and Catherine Zeta-Jones (Alfa Romeos). Italy has become the destination of choice for stars looking to make some quick change doing commercials, both print and television, that won't be seen in the U.S.A.

How much quick change? "Obviously," says advertising agent Gavino Sanna, "the

stars earn what their foreign value is." Just as a for instance, industry talk puts a nearly \$2 million price tag on Ford's work. Not all of the money goes into the celebrities' pockets. Gere, reported to have earned \$1.4 million for the candy ad, is said to have donated his fees to Tibetan relief charities. The Nelson Mandela Children's Fund benefitted from the South African leader's TV spot.

And while most of the commercials are strictly business, one has a personal touch. According to *Women's Wear Daily*, Brad Pitt became friends with jeweler Silvia Damiani after she agreed to design a ring for his girlfriend, Jennifer Aniston. So when Damiani asked Pitt to star in her campaign, he obliged. Damiani expects big results. "Hollywood," she told the paper, "has an enormous pull on people."

"I wanted to add my own lines, like I do in my films," said Allen, talking about his Telecom Italia spot.



Sharon Stone sparkles while plugging Martini spumante, a beverage she has endorsed since 1997.



In Gere's chocolate ad, he provides a candy treat for an opera fan during a performance of *La Traviata*.



So She Really Did Want to Be Alone

For decades speculation flourished about Greta Garbo's relationship with socialite Mercedes de Acosta, whose lovers supposedly included Marlene Dietrich and Isadora Duncan. A stack of Garbo's letters to Acosta, written during their 29-year friendship and kept sealed in Philadelphia's Rosenbach Museum and Library, were made public April 17. The verdict? Garbo did not return Acosta's affections. Says Garbo's grandniece Gray Horan: "It was sort of an unrequited love for Mercedes."



CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULLOCK/AGAL COLLECTION

They Want to Know Moore

Rest easy, Tim Russert. The next generation of journalists won't shy away from those tough *Meet the Press*-type questions, if the grilling Julianne Moore received April 13 at the hands of fledgling elementary school reporters at the School of Performing Arts in Brooklyn is any indication. The Oscar-nominated actress, a volunteer at the school's Principal-for-a-Day program, engaged in a lively give-and-take.

Youth wanted to know: Have you met Brandy? "No, but I've met Mick

Jagger." (The students had no idea who Jagger was. But they were excited to hear that Moore once rode an elevator with *N Sync.) Do you live in a mansion? "No." Have a limousine? "I have a Volvo." Ever been stalked? "No." Disappointed you lost the Oscar? "No. Only five people got nominated in that category, and that's not very many people. So I did all right." Ever hung with Leonardo DiCaprio? "No, but I met Kate Winslet." Who? "The girl in the film [*Titanic*]." Like Hollywood? "It's sunny. It's like any other town." Ever spend time in the principal's office? "I was a goody-goody. I was one of those kids who played by the rules. I used to have to take people [to the principal's office]. Isn't that awful?"



Yes, Miss Moore: School of Performing Arts "principal" Moore handles grilling gracefully.

DIRK WESTHAL

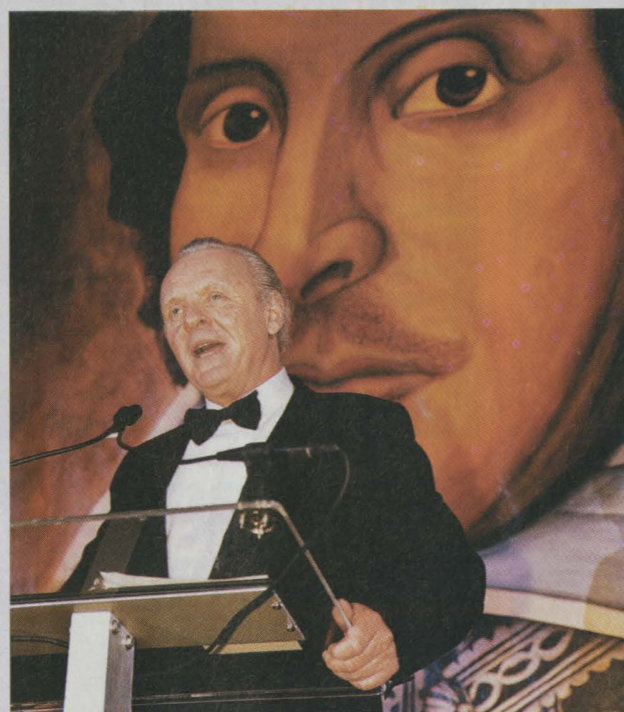
To contact Scoop, send e-mail to scoop@people.com

POP QUIZ with Anthony Hopkins

Anthony Hopkins became a U.S. citizen April 12 in a quiet Los Angeles courtroom. Reaction was far from quiet in Great Britain, where Sir Anthony, a Welshman best known as the carnivorous Hannibal Lecter in *Silence of the Lambs*, was knighted in 1993. "Hannibal Defector" blared Britain's Sun, even though Hopkins, 62, will also retain his British citizenship. Scoop caught up with Hopkins at Washington's Shakespeare Theatre, which honored his past work with the Bard.

Why become an American citizen now?

I love Wales, where I was born, but I came here to America in 1974, and I've spent so many years working here, living here. America has been very generous to me, magnanimous really. I thought it would be good to give



Shakespeare loomed large at a D.C. theater benefit April 15, Hopkins's first appearance after becoming a U.S. citizen.

something back. It was a decision of the heart.

And the reaction back in the United Kingdom?

There's been a bit of a stir-up there. I expected it.

They still identify you with Hannibal.

I enjoyed playing him in the original film with Jodie [Foster]. I remember in 1989, I was called up by my agent and told that there was a script coming out called *Silence of the Lambs*. I thought it was a children's story.

Were you awaiting a sequel?

I wasn't in any great angst about it. [I thought] if it happens, it happens.

And it's happening without Foster?

Of course, I was naturally disappointed that Jodie decided not to do it, but that in no way clouds my enthusiasm for Julianne [Moore, Foster's replacement in the role of FBI agent Clarice Starling]. Jodie has her reasons, and I had a hint that she didn't want to go back to that place.

Shall we prepare the fava beans and chianti?

Three weeks to go and I start filming in Florence.

Taxman Chases Unlucky Luciano



When not in Rome: Pavarotti won't pay tax.

There's no more amore between Luciano Pavarotti and his native land. On April 12 an appeals court ruled that he owes the Italian government about \$5 million in back taxes. Not so, blasts the top tenor. "I am living in Monte Carlo.

But the judge won't accept that," Pavarotti told Scoop during a Washington, D.C., visit to promote a tour. "They say I'm living in Italy. Am I living in Italy now? Will I be in Italy tomorrow? When am I in Italy? I'm not in that country." Meanwhile his lawyers will appeal the decision—in Italy.

ON THE BLOCK COUNTRY CASTLE



Country music legends Tammy Wynette and Hank Williams Sr. never recorded a duet—but they do have one Nashville title in common. They owned, at different times, a house where Elvis Presley, Jerry Lee Lewis and Fats Domino all dropped by to visit. According to real estate agent Lura

Bainbridge, the home—now 12,000 sq. ft. with seven bedrooms and seven bathrooms—includes a beauty parlor, installed by Wynette, and an oversize sunken marble bathtub. The new owner, a Nashville book publisher, paid \$1.2 million for the pedigreed property.

Scoop contributors: Mike Neill, Liza Hamm, Betsey Kittenplan, Matt Birkbeck, Susan Gray, Rochelle Jones, Beverly Keel, Alec Marr, Pete Norman



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Passages

by David Cobb Craig



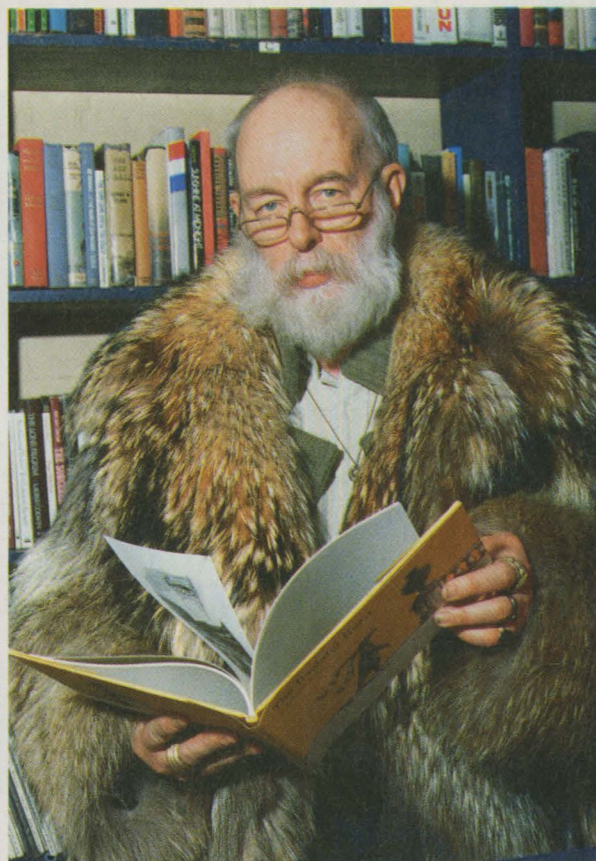
Lunden and Konigsberg share an engaging smile.



Claiming his illness cost him his job, Robert Urich sues.

Deaths

Maestro of the morbid **Edward Gorey**, whose inky illustrations and wickedly witty poetry and prose filled more than 100 books (including the classics *The Gashlycrumb Tinies* and *The Doubtful Guest*), died on April 15 in Hyannis, Mass., following a heart attack. He was 75. Gorey's drawings were animated for the opening titles of the PBS *Mystery!* series. . . . Character actor **Arnold H. Johnson**, who had the role of George Hutton on TV's *Sanford and Son*, died of kidney failure on April 10 in L.A. He was 78. . . . Adman **Robert Gage**, 78, who directed some of TV's best-loved commercials (including the one for Life cereal featuring Mikey and those for



Author and artist Edward Gorey (in '87) reveled in the creepy.

Cracker Jack starring actor Jack Gilford), died on April 4 of a staph infection in New York City.

Ailing

Mogul **Rupert Murdoch**, 69, whose many-tentacled media empire includes FOX and HarperCollins Publishers, will begin a course of radiation treatment for prostate cancer sometime in May.

Back Home

Revered theater actor **Earle Hyman**, 73, who is also known for playing Bill Cosby's father on the comedian's '80s TV series, collapsed onstage during a performance in Houston on April 14. After a series of tests, he left a local hospital four days later.

Expecting

Married acting duo **Felicity Huffman**, 37, and **William H. Macy**, 50—she of TV's *Sports Night*, he of the films *Fargo* and *Magnolia*—expect their first child in August.

Wed

Ex-morning person **Joan Lunden**, 49, and her steady sweetie of the past three years, **Jeff Konigsberg**, 39, who runs summer camps for kids, got engaged on April 8 and at press time were scheduled to marry on April 18. It was the first marriage for him, the second for Lunden, who divorced eight years ago.

Suing

In a complaint filed in L.A. on April 10, veteran television actor

Robert Urich, 53, best known for his 1980s series *Spenser: For Hire*, seeks \$1.47 million in damages from Castle Rock Television stemming from a breach of contract. Urich says the production company terminated his 1995 TV series *Lazarus Man* and refused to pay him because he had cancer. In a prepared statement, Castle Rock said it was "dismayed and saddened" to hear of the lawsuit and said it "worked very closely with [Urich] and only with great reluctance concluded that [it was] unable to continue to produce the series without its star."

Settled

While admitting no responsibility for the accident that caused her to lose her left leg below the knee, Britain's Scotland Yard agreed to pay \$320,000 to model and amputee activist **Heather Mills**, the 32-year-old girlfriend of **Paul McCartney**, 57. In 1993 Mills was run down by a police motorcyclist, who ironically wound up suing Mills for stress and injuries. Mills says she sought damages only in response to his lawsuit, which has now been dropped.

Births

Actress **Ellen Dolan**, 44, who plays Margo Hughes on the CBS daytime soap opera *As the World Turns*, gave birth to her first child, daughter **Angela Emmett** (8 lbs. 6 oz.), on April 15 in New York City. Daddy is businessman **Doug Jeffrey**, 50ish.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: TOM RODRIGUEZ/GLOBE PHOTOS; SUSAN RAGAN/AP; MILAN TRBAKAL/LOBE PHOTOS



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online

by Samantha Miller

SITSEEEING ON THE NET

Ladies Who Launch

High-tech career women get their mentoring links from GirlGeek-in-chief Kristine Hanna

"We're not going to tell you how to get a man or how to lose 10 pounds in 10 days," says **GirlGeeks.com** co-founder Kristine Hanna. Indeed, this site advises women about IPOs, not b.o. More than 1,500 women have joined the San Francisco site's mentorship groups, in which software execs and other female alpha geeks share advice about tech careers. "The camaraderie is the best," says member Carrie Guevara, 25.

Formerly an Emmy-nominated visual-effects

producer for George Lucas (who calls her success "gratifying"), Hanna, 39, started GirlGeeks last year with journalist pal Peter Crosby to "get more women into technology," she says. Girls too: Girl-

Geeks will Webcast chats with techies for Take Our Daughters to Work Day on April 27. Next, Hanna (who's single) wants to "empower the guy geeks out there." Bill Gates, she's got your back.

"Role models are out there," says Hanna (right, with member Zoe Boxer).



PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY CHRISTIANA FACHIN

RANDALL MICHELSON/©2000 ASSEENIN.COM (2)

Internet Manners

Is it okay to send e-mail full of spelling errors? look over emale before u sned it. its only commn curtesy. How annoying was that to read? Very—which is why the "I'm so busy I can't take time to spell-check" attitude has got to go. It's rude to recipients. They're busy too.

I'm job-hunting. May I put a link to my resumé (it's on the Web) in my e-mail?

All's fair in love, war and the rat race. A short P.S. (not lengthy wheedling) won't bug anyone—and might help you network. Just don't post anything online you don't want the whole world (or your current employer) to see.

Got a question about Internet dos and don'ts? E-mail it to manners@people.com

Click and Get It

Beverly Hills, 90210: Download and Out

The aging youth of TV's *Beverly Hills, 90210* are finally calling it quits—and unloading plenty of tchotchkes from their salad days. (Maybe they're making room for sensible shoes and minivans?) Props from the series—including a jukebox and a clock from the


Peach Pit eatery, Dylan's (Luke Perry) motorcycle, Kelly's (Jennie Garth) wedding dress, Brenda's (Shannen Doherty) college acceptance letters and bric-a-brac from the May 17 finale—will be on the block during weekly auctions May 1 to May 22 at amazon.com/90210-auction.



e-mail: online@people.com

My Favorite Site

Jenna Elfman
The blonder half of ABC's *Dharma & Greg* likes to get fleeced at **Gap.com**. "I found the best pair of pajamas—they were fleece, oh, my God, they were the best pajamas ever," gushes Elfman, who costars in the new movie comedy *Keeping the Faith*. When it comes to those pj's, she's a Dharma chameleon: "I bought them in every color, and I bought two of one color to give to my friends." But can she explain why Gap's TV ads suddenly look like infomercials for *West Side Story*?



continued

ORFELD DEQUINE/LONDON FEATURES INTL

online

Simple Pleasures

Most shun electricity and phones, but that's not keeping the Amish off the Web. **Amish.net** (actually, it's run by an *Englischer*—what the Amish call the rest of us—named Leslie Kelly of Huntington Beach, Calif.) offers links to tourism in no-tech Amish country, plus info about Amish products like quilts and jams—not to mention outfits offering horse-and-buggy rides. "It's a one-stop shop for people with an interest in the Amish," says Kelly, 59, a photographer who has co-written two books on the subject. Just don't expect any quick answers via e-mail: The site promises to



Outsiders admire the basic Amish lifestyle, says site founder Leslie Kelly.

bounce your questions off an Amish person—and get back to you in "several days to several weeks."

The Sample Life

You're fashion-forward and designer-savvy—but you'd sooner wear warm-ups to a wedding than pay retail. Take a spin to **StyleShop.com** or **inshop.com**, two sites that give bargain hunters the lowdown about sample sales, once known only to shrewd fashionistas, where chichi designers unload must-have items like pashmina shawls at pashminimal prices. "We have people who plan trips to New York around a Kate Spade or Vera Wang sample sale," says StyleShop CEO Lisa Boyne. The sites also list what's marked down at more mundane chains such as Ann Taylor and Express. (StyleShop covers 700 cities, inshop 54.) True shopaholics can join an e-mail hot line that sends a bulletin when their favorite labels slash prices. "Part of the appeal," says inshop founder Veronique Bardach, "is the game."

SCOTT WEINER/STARBUZZ MEDIA PHOTOS



Neve Campbell may pay retail, but you don't have to.

People.com

PEOPLE.com is at www.people.com and on AOL (Keyword: People)

● Vietnam Timeline

Explore our interactive timeline of America's involvement in Vietnam. Plus, get the behind-the-scenes story of PEOPLE's visit there from one of our editors.

● 50 Most Beautiful

It's one week until PEOPLE's 50 Most Beautiful issue hits newsstands. You can cast your vote now for your favorites in our fifth annual Most Beautiful People poll. Also, test your knowledge of past Beautiful People with our quiz.

● Guess Who?

This actor hopes to score with his new movie, which shows off his many moves. Piece together his image in our Split Personality Game.

● Stay in Touch

For the very latest in celebrity news, read The Daily by Stephen M. Silverman, updated on the site every weekday morning.

ANIPRYL®

(selegiline hydrochloride, L-deprenyl hydrochloride) Tablets

For use in dogs only

CAUTION: Federal law restricts this drug to use by or on the order of a licensed veterinarian.

DESCRIPTION: Anipryl (selegiline hydrochloride) tablets are white, convex tablets containing 2, 5, 10, 15, and 30 mg of selegiline HCl.

INDICATIONS: Anipryl tablets are indicated for the control of clinical signs associated with canine cognitive dysfunction syndrome (CDS).

CONTRAINDICATIONS: Anipryl is contraindicated in patients with known hypersensitivity to this drug.

In humans, selegiline is contraindicated for use with meperidine and this contraindication is often extended to other opioids.

WARNINGS: Keep out of reach of children. Not for human use.

Anipryl should not be administered at doses exceeding those recommended (0.5-2.0 mg/kg once daily).

In humans, concurrent use of MAO inhibitors with alpha-2 agonists has resulted in extreme fluctuations of blood pressure; therefore, blood pressure monitoring is recommended with concurrent use in dogs. Also, in humans, severe CNS toxicity including death has been reported with the combination of selegiline and tricyclic antidepressants, and selegiline and selective serotonin reuptake inhibitors. Although no such adverse drug interactions were reported in the clinical trials in dogs, it seems prudent to avoid the combination of Anipryl and selective serotonin reuptake inhibitors (e.g., fluoxetine) as well as Anipryl and tricyclic (e.g., clomipramine, amitriptyline, imipramine) or other antidepressants.

At least 14 days should elapse between discontinuation of Anipryl and initiation of treatment with a tricyclic antidepressant or selective serotonin reuptake inhibitor. Because of the long half-life of fluoxetine and its active metabolites, at least 5 weeks should elapse between discontinuation of fluoxetine and initiation of treatment with Anipryl.

Concurrent use of Anipryl with ephedrine or potential MAO inhibitors, such as amitraz, is not recommended.

PRECAUTIONS: General: Anipryl is not recommended for other behavior problems such as aggression. In the clinical trials, 3 dogs showed an increase in aggression while on this drug. The safety and efficacy of Anipryl has not been evaluated in dogs with debilitating systemic diseases other than CDS.

The decision to prescribe Anipryl should take into consideration that the MAO system of enzymes is complex and incompletely understood and there is only a limited amount of carefully documented clinical experience with selegiline. Consequently, the full spectrum of possible responses to selegiline may not have been observed in pre-marketing evaluation of the drug. It is advisable, therefore, to observe patients carefully for atypical responses.

Laboratory Tests: No specific laboratory tests are deemed essential for the management of patients on Anipryl, as response to therapy should be based on the history and physical examinations for CDS.

In the 12 week clinical trial for CDS, a small number of dogs had a drop in hematocrit; some dropping within the normal range and some dropping below 37%. The clinical significance of this is unknown at this time. It is advisable to conduct a thorough physical examination and to consider appropriate laboratory tests to establish hematological and serum biochemical baseline data prior to administration of Anipryl.

Reproductive Safety: The safety of Anipryl in breeding, pregnant and lactating bitches, and breeding dogs has not been determined.

ADVERSE REACTIONS: In clinical trials, 404 dogs treated with Anipryl for as long as 18 months were monitored for the occurrence of adverse events. Many of the observations listed in the following table may be associated with the underlying disease (PDH or CDS), the advanced age of the patients or the development of unrelated concurrent disease. One index of relative importance, however, is whether or not a reaction caused treatment discontinuation. Eighteen dogs (4%) experienced one or more of the following adverse events that led either to discontinuation of therapy with Anipryl, dismissal from the study, or a reduction in dose: restlessness/agitation, vomiting, disorientation, diarrhea, diminished hearing, possible drug interaction (weakness, confusion, incoordination and "seizure-like" activity while being treated concurrently with metronidazole, prednisone, and trimethoprim sulfamethoxazole), increase in destructive behavior in a dog with separation anxiety, anorexia, anemia, stiffness and polydipsia.

Percentage of Dogs with Adverse Events Reported in Clinical Field Trials

Adverse Event	Anipryl (n=404)	Placebo (n=67)
vomiting	26%	21%
diarrhea	18%	10%
hyperactive/restless*	12%	6%
anorexia	8%	1%
neurologic**	6%	1%
lethargy	6%	1%
salivation	5%	4%
urinary tract infection	4%	1%
pruritis/dermatologic	4%	1%
weakness	4%	0%
pale gums	3%	1%
polyuria/polydipsia	3%	1%
weight loss	3%	0%
diminished hearing	2%	0%
stiffness	2%	1%
cardiovascular/respiratory***	2%	0%
licking	2%	1%

*This includes hyperactivity, irritability, abnormal repetitive movements, aimlessness, and restlessness.

**This includes ataxia, incoordination, staggering, disorientation, decreased proprioception, and seizures.

***This includes heart murmur, tachycardia, collapse, dyspnea, pleural effusion, and sneezing.

DOSE AND ADMINISTRATION:

CDS: The recommended dosage for oral administration for the control of clinical signs associated with CDS is 0.5-1.0 mg/kg once daily, preferably administered in the morning. Initially, dogs should be dosed to the nearest whole tablet. Adjustments should then be made based on response and tolerance to the drug.

Dogs should be monitored closely for possible adverse events associated with any increase in dose.

Clinical Use of Anipryl in CDS: CDS is an age-related deterioration of cognitive abilities characterized by behavioral changes not wholly attributable to a general medical condition such as neoplasia, infection, or organ failure. CDS is typified by multiple cognitive impairments which affect the dog's function. In clinical trials, the observed behavioral changes associated with CDS in older dogs included: disorientation, decreased activity level, abnormal sleep/wake cycles, loss of housetraining, decreased or altered responsiveness to family members, and decreased or altered greeting behavior. In clinical trials, Anipryl was shown to be effective in controlling clinical signs associated with CDS. After 4 weeks of treatment, dogs treated with Anipryl showed significant improvement when compared to placebo-treated controls in sleeping patterns, housetraining, and activity level. Some dogs showed increased improvement up to 3 months; however, onset, duration and magnitude of response varied with individual dogs.

The diagnosis of CDS in dogs is a diagnosis of exclusion, based on thorough behavioral and medical histories, in conjunction with appropriate diagnostic work-up and testing. Periodic patient monitoring to evaluate the response and tolerance to the drug and for the presence of concurrent or new disease is recommended.

REFERENCE: 1. Ruehl WW, Hart BL: Canine cognitive dysfunction, in Dodman N, Shuster L (eds): *Psychopharmacology of Animal Behavior Disorders*. Cambridge, MA, Blackwell Science, Inc. 1998.

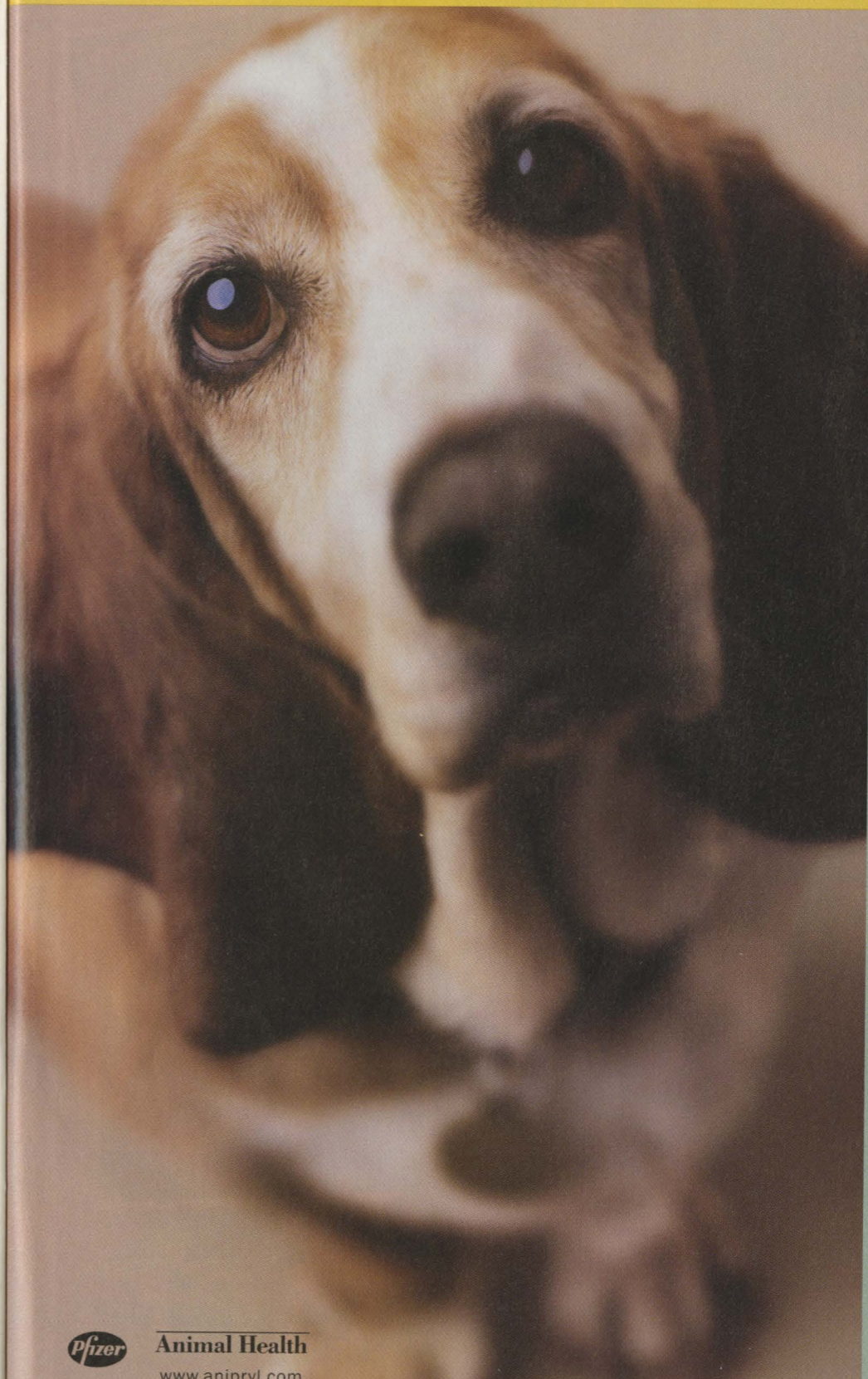
NOW SUPPLIED: Five tablet strengths are available in blister packs of 30 tablets each: 2 mg, 5 mg, 10 mg, 15 mg, and 30 mg. Each box contains 1 blister pack (30 tablets).

STORAGE: Store at controlled room temperature 20°-25°C (68°-77°F).

For a copy of the Material Safety Data Sheet (MSDS) or to report adverse reactions call Pfizer Animal Health at 1-800-366-5288.

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75-8191-02
November 1998
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It's hard to say "welcome home" when I can't remember your face.



It's difficult to watch your dog age, especially if your old friend becomes forgetful and loses interest in your family. Frequently mistaken as signs of old age, these changes may be due to a common medical condition known as canine Cognitive Dysfunction Syndrome. Fortunately, Anipryl® (selegiline hydrochloride) offers

Some Common Signs Of Canine Cognitive Dysfunction Syndrome

- Doesn't recognize you
- Sleeps less at night
- Forgets housetraining
- Loses interest in family

new hope for millions of older dogs and their families. In studies, the most common side effects were vomiting, diarrhea or changes in behavior. Consult your veterinarian before using Anipryl with other medications or with tick collars. And if you ever miss having your old dog greet you, see your veterinarian or call 1-888-ANIPRYL.

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See brief summary on adjacent page for important information.

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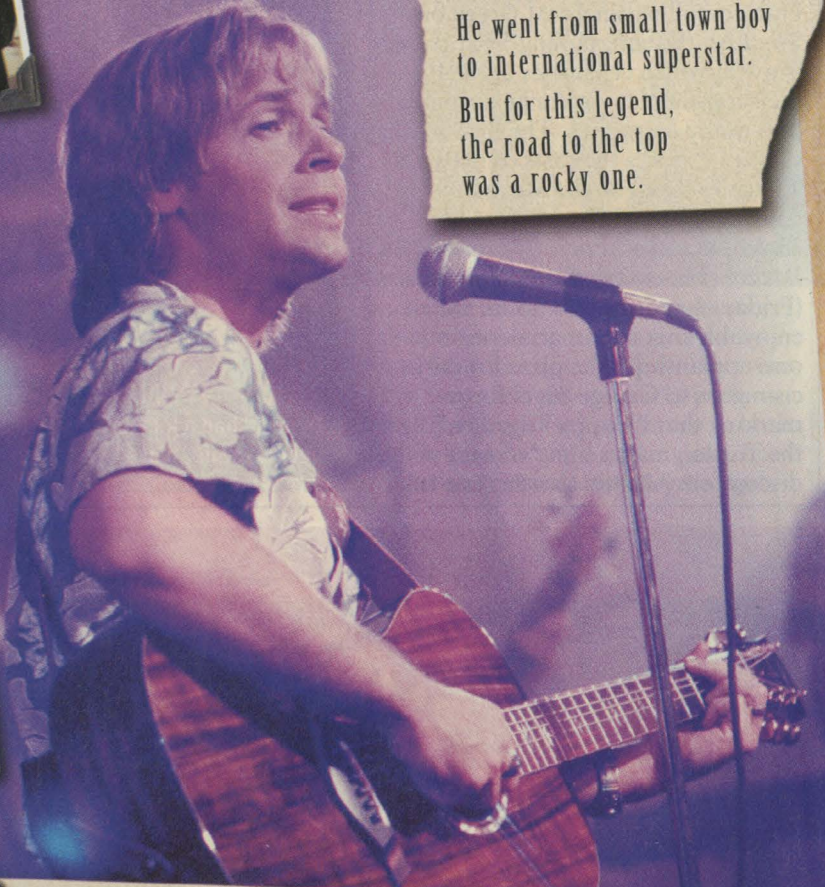
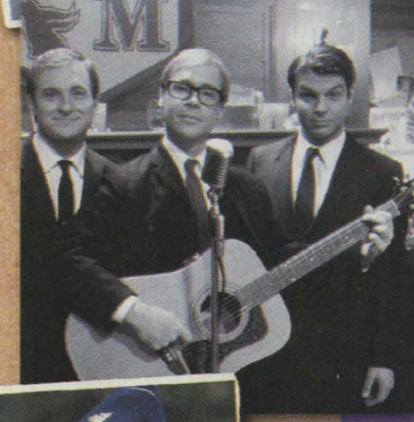
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Take Me Home:
THE JOHN DENVER
STORY

PG cbs.com SUNDAY APRIL 30 9/8C check local listings CBS

Week at a glance

Sunday, April 30

THE X-FILES
FOX (9 p.m. ET)
Casting coup: Garry Shandling and Téa Leoni play themselves playing Mulder and Scully in a movie.

Monday, May 1

WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE
ABC (8 p.m. ET)
Regis Philbin starts four straight nights quizzing celebrity geniuses including Rosie O'Donnell.

Tuesday, May 2

FRONTLINE
PBS (10 p.m. ET)
Jefferson's Blood looks at the descendants of the founding father and his slave mistress.

Wednesday, May 3

THE WEST WING
NBC (9 p.m. ET)
The President makes bold moves on campaign finance and drug policy. Marlee Matlin guest-stars.

Thursday, May 4

ER
NBC (10 p.m. ET)
Dr. Greene shares the last moments of his dying father (John Cullum).

Friday, May 5

KENT STATE
TLC (10 p.m. ET)
A documentary examines the National Guard shootings dramatized in NBC's *The '70s*.

Saturday, May 6

ENTRAPMENT
HBO (9 p.m. ET)
Sean Connery and Catherine Zeta-Jones team in this 1999 caper flick.

Tube

by Terry Kelleher



Clockwise from left, Rowe, Shaw, Torry and Smart do the decade, from campus disorder to disco.

The '70s

NBC (Sun.-Mon., April 30-May 1, 9 p.m. ET)

"Don't know much about history," Sam Cooke sang. Though his "Wonderful World" is from 1960, it would be a fitting theme for *The '70s*, a miniseries crowded with stereotypes and clouded by chronological confusion. (To cite but one example: The script places the Watergate break-in after the 1972 Democratic Convention.) NBC touts the drama as "MTV meets the History Channel" and wants you to know the soundtrack CD is for sale.

Like last year's *The '60s*, this saga

marches several young characters through virtually every major event and trend of a decade—starting with the 1970 killings at their alma mater, Kent State University. Byron (Brad Rowe) goes from Republican dirty trickster to Alaska pipeline worker to future environmental lawyer. His sister Christie (Amy Smart) is a model, go-go dancer, cultist and aspiring therapist, in that order. His sometime girlfriend Eileen (Vinessa Shaw) is a slowly emerging feminist. His friend Dexter (Guy Torry) is a black-power activist and theater owner who becomes a drug counselor and winds up deprogramming cult-crazed Christie. Except for the archival news footage, the four-hour drama is a credibility-free zone.

Bottom Line: Synthetic as '70s polyester

CHRIS HASTON/NBC



Dennis Quaid takes a spin with his son (Daniel Henson) in a sentimental thriller that spins out multiple lives for its characters.

TAKASHI SUDO/MENTAL LINE

Screen
by Leah Rozen
Frequency

Dennis Quaid, Jim Caviezel, Andre Braugher, Elizabeth Mitchell

Father's Day comes early this year for those wise enough to seek out *Frequency*, a rewardingly tricky supernatural drama in which an adult son is able to yak to his long-dead father via an old ham radio.

The film begins in 1969 with Quaid as a New York City firefighter who adores his job, his wife (Mitchell) and their 6-year-old son. After he almost loses his life during a particularly daring rescue, his wife

lovingly chides, "There's nothing wrong with old age, Frank, as long as you get there." Days later, he dies in a warehouse fire. Or does he?

Frequency cleverly keeps reconfiguring its plot, repeatedly changing the course of its characters' lives. This happens after Quaid's now grown son (Caviezel), a cop who still lives in the house in which he grew up, absentmindedly turns on Dad's old ham radio in 1999 and finds himself talking to his still-alive father in the days just before the deadly fire. He warns Quaid to turn left rather than right inside the warehouse, thus enabling Quaid to save himself and dramatically altering both men's destinies. Soon the two, still communicating on the radio, are collaborating on thwarting a serial killer whose string of murders back

in 1969 remains in Caviezel's unsolved case file in 1999.

It all gets excessively complicated and requires a big suspension of disbelief, but *Frequency*, directed with verve by Gregory Hoblit (*Primal Fear*), boasts an ingenious script and plenty of heart, and Quaid and Caviezel come through with solid, affecting performances. The latest entrant in the *Field of Dreams* school of father-son bonding films, *Frequency* is likely to trigger surreptitious sniffles among grown men in darkened theaters. It's okay, guys; real men are allowed to tear up when remembering Pop. And if he is still alive, they are even allowed to phone home just to say they love him, which is what plenty of viewers are apt to do after watching this movie. (PG-13)

Bottom Line: Liked father, liked son

Screen

U-571

Matthew McConaughey, Bill Paxton, Harvey Keitel, Jon Bon Jovi

Early on in *U-571*—a stouthearted but soggy submarine drama set during World War II—an ambitious Navy lieutenant (McConaughey) despairs on learning that he has been assigned yet again as second fiddle on a vessel. He confronts his superior officer (Paxton), who tells him, “Andy, you’re just not ready to take on a command of your own.” Ready or not, circumstances will soon force McConaughey to take charge of a daring secret mission in which an American submarine crew attempts to recover a German code-encryption machine from aboard a disabled Nazi sub stranded in the Atlantic.

U-571 is rugged, fast-paced and tells a nifty story, but its main characters never come across as more than



Harvey Keitel (left) and Matthew McConaughey submerge themselves in *U-571*.

types (McConaughey is stolidly heroic, Paxton is honorable, Keitel is an old salt) and its crew members barely register. Furthermore, the movie is often confusing because several supporting characters look a lot alike, making it difficult to distin-

guish in the briny dark just who has been shot or drowned. *U-571* was directed by Jonathan Mostow, whose 1997 debut, *Breakdown*, was a terse, tough thriller. Here he’s treading water. (PG-13) **Bottom Line:** Seeworthy, but not must-seeworthy

MARIO TUSHI/UNIVERSAL STUDIOS

Featured attraction

Love & Basketball



Omar Epps, Sanaa Lathan, Alfre Woodard, Debbi Morgan

Swish! That’s the sound of director-writer Gina Prince-Bythewood scoring with her spirited debut film celebrating—you guessed it—love and basketball. In tracking the athletic and romantic progress of both its ball-playing heroine (Lathan) and the cute boy next door (Epps), *Love & Basketball* briskly and with humor covers much ground about sports and competitiveness, mothers and daughters, and fathers and sons.

The romantic drama starts out with its two primary hoop dreamers as gangly 11-year-olds living in an upper-middle-class neighborhood in L.A. and longing to play profession-

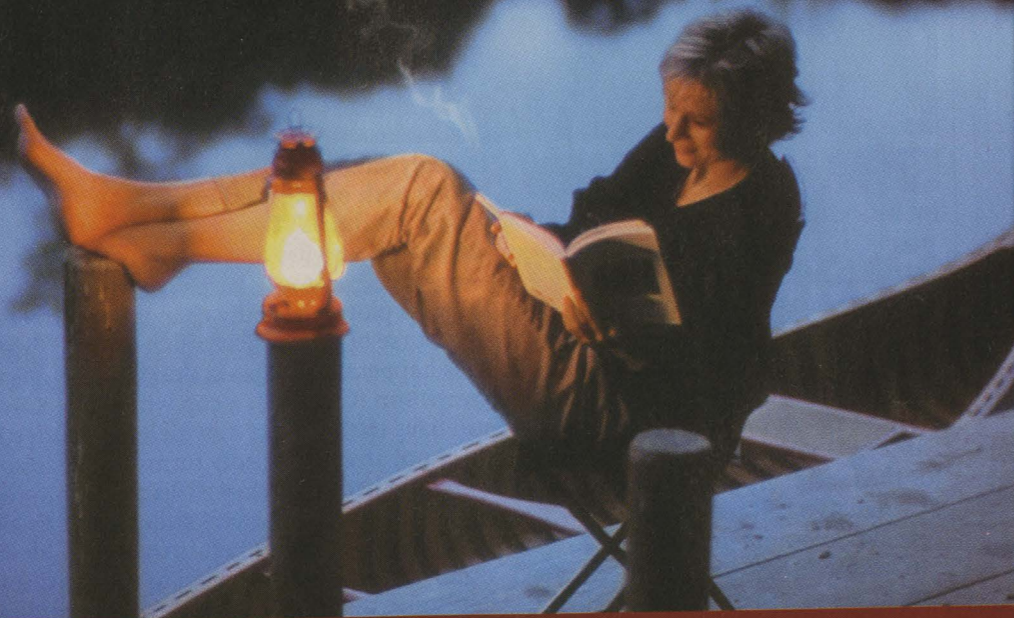


Omar Epps lets Sanaa Lathan prove she’s got game in peppy *Love & Basketball*.

ally. Soon they are longing for each other as well. By the time they reach college and in the years that follow, Lathan and Epps each must decide just which means more, romance or round ball. Lathan (*The Best Man*) and Epps (*The Wood*) perform win-

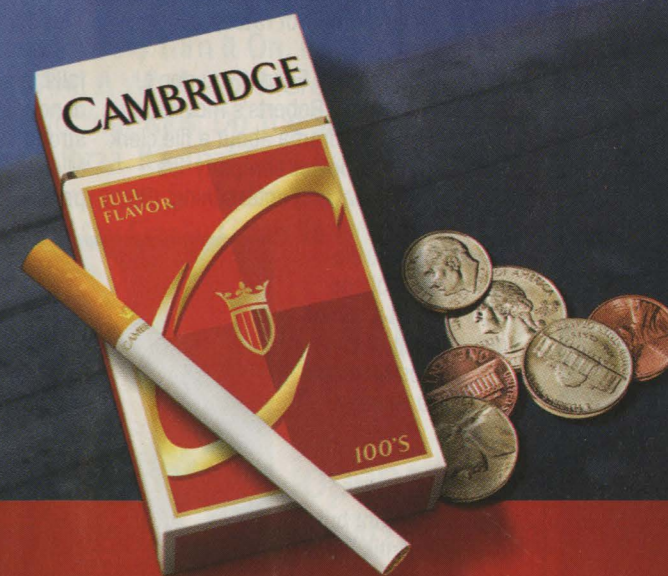
ningly both on the court and off, and *Love* benefits greatly from a sterling supporting cast. (Note to parents: A couple of frisky sex scenes may put the movie out of bounds for aspiring athletes under 13.) (PG-13) **Bottom Line:** Close to a slam dunk

S. BALDWIN/NEW LINE



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Martha Williamson
executive producer

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Screen

The Virgin Suicides

Kirsten Dunst, Kathleen Turner
Reviewed by Tom Glatto

In 1990, Francis Ford Coppola cast his daughter Sofia, an untested actress, as young Mary Corleone in *The Godfather, Part III*. The reviews of her tentative performance were cruel, although her gawkishness was actually rather touching. Now 28, she returns to direct her first feature, a strange but alluring ode to the adolescent feminine mystique.

The five Lisbon girls, daughters of a twitty high school teacher and a brooding, repressive housewife, are beautifully listless and sexually charged. They drape themselves across the furniture with expressions of dazed bliss. When their mere existence begins to overexcite the local boys, the mother decrees they can no longer leave the house, and they



A high school boy (Josh Hartnett) dates a Lisbon sister and courts disaster.

commit suicide. None of this is supposed to be realistic. Dreamy, a bit silly, the movie is like a ballet for mermaids: Despairing of ever getting ashore to meet a prince, they sink to the ocean floor and expire. (R)

Bottom Line: Another talented Coppola

PARAMOUNT CLASSICS

Now Playing

Croupier Low-budget, crafty crime drama follows a blocked writer (the reptilian Clive Owen) who signs on to work as a dealer for a shady London casino. Worth seeking out. (Not rated)

Erin Brockovich Even if you don't normally like Julia Roberts's movies, go see this true-life drama about a file clerk who takes on a power company. It's both inspirational and entertaining. (R)

Gossip Vile trifle about chic college kids who let a rumor get way out of control. James Marsden and Lena Headey star. (R)

Keeping the Faith Pleasant but slack romantic comedy about best buddies, a priest (Edward Norton, who

also directed) and a rabbi (Ben Stiller), who both fall in love with the same woman (Jenna Elfman). (PG-13)

The Last September It's 1920 and the Anglo-Irish aristocracy in Ireland fails to grasp how profoundly independence will change their world. Despite a strong cast (Dame Maggie Smith, Michael Gambon and Fiona Shaw), this period drama seems slight. (R)

Return to Me Cheery romance is far more appealing than its hokey plot deserves. Minnie Driver and David Duchovny star. (PG)

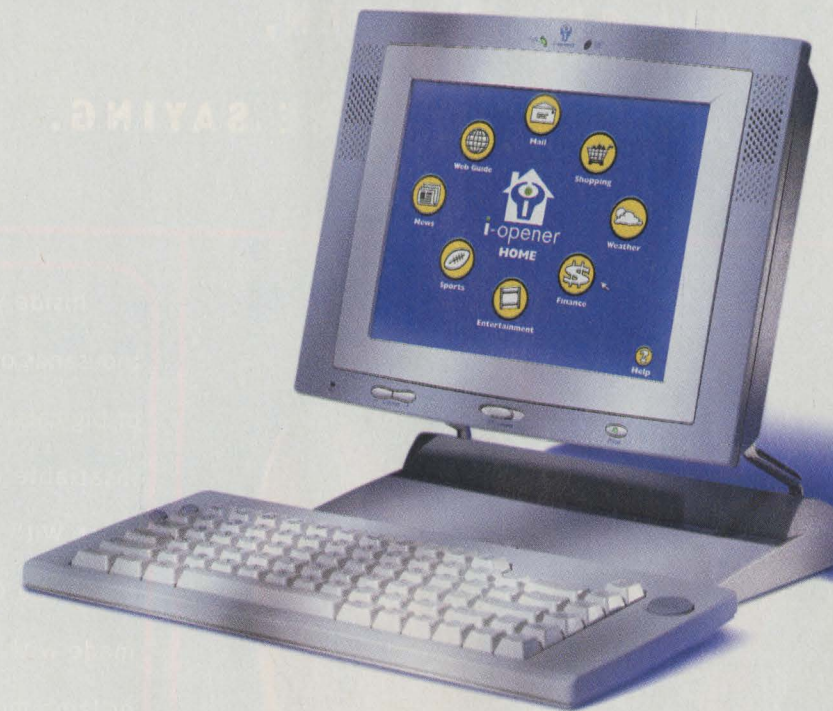
28 Days Here's looking at you, Sandra Bullock. Sharp, often funny take on going through rehab. (PG-13)



Dame Maggie Smith plays autumnal in *The Last September*.

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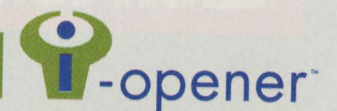
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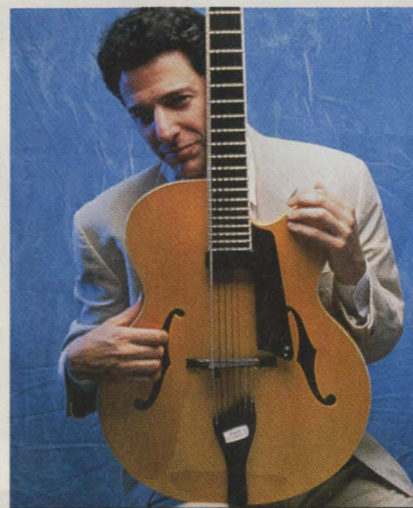
Song

Kisses in the Rain

John Pizzarelli (Telarc Jazz)
Reviewed by Joseph V. Tirella

From the first few bars of its rollicking opener, "From Monday On" (cowritten by Bing Crosby), it's clear that jazzman John Pizzarelli aims here to capture the spontaneity and sophistication of the nightclubs his trio frequently plays. Armed with selections from the Great American Songbook (Gershwin, Johnny Mercer, Jimmy Van Heusen et al) as well as some tasty originals (such as "A Lifetime or Two," cowritten by Pizzarelli and his wife, Jessica Molasky), this drummerless trio isn't afraid to tinker with the pop standards they hold dear. On "I Got Rhythm," Pizzarelli (backed by his brother Martin on bass and the rocking Ray Kennedy on piano) scat-sings while improvising a lightning-quick guitar solo. And when it's time to mellow out, Pizzarelli's delicate, haunting vocal on "I'm in the Mood for Love" gives that Jimmy McHugh-Dorothy Fields ballad its melancholy due. For pure pop sweetness, Pizzarelli serves up Nat King Cole's delicious '40s hit "When I Take My Sugar to Tea."

Bottom Line: Timeless *Kisses*



Jazz strummer John Pizzarelli gives pop songs above-standard treatment.



R&B torch singer Toni Braxton doesn't generate the passionate *Heat* of past albums.

The Heat

Toni Braxton (LaFace/Arista)
Reviewed by Amy Linden

There's both maturity and comfort in Toni Braxton's voice. The 33-year-old Maryland native and multiplatinum R&B superstar has a rich, resonant alto etched with smoky shadings that belie her youthful appeal. That voice (along with some killer songs) helped make Braxton one of the most successful singers of the '90s. Beset with very public financial problems and contractual hassles, though, Braxton has been AWOL for four years. In that time a

wave of younger (albeit less substantial) R&B performers has seized the spotlight. So it isn't surprising that Braxton's comeback single, "He Wasn't Man Enough," carries a sassy, hip-hop-flavored sound and a bitchy, biting attitude. As fun as the track is, Braxton's moody voice is better served by lush ballads and more dramatic midtempo songs. Unfortunately much of the material on *The Heat* never rises to the heights of previous hits like "Breathe Again" and "Love Shoulda Brought You Home." Indeed, the outstanding track here is the spare "The Art of Love." Sinewy and seductive, it is infused with the grown-up elegance and ease of Braxton at her best.

Bottom Line: Tepid Toni

Song

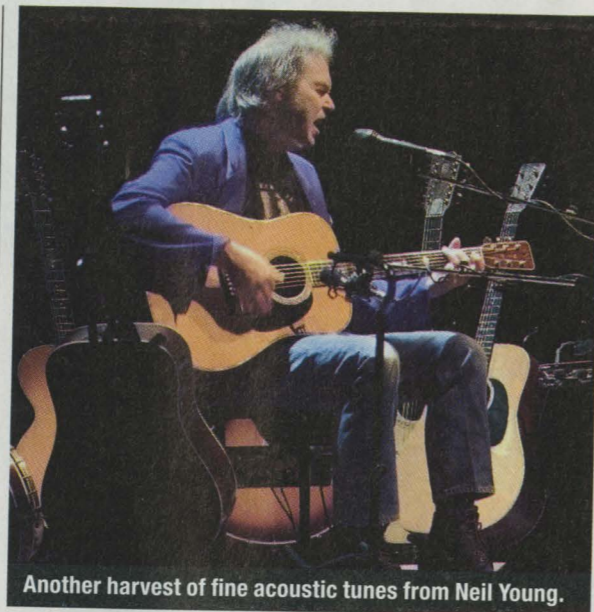
Album of the week

Silver & Gold



Neil Young (Reprise)
Reviewed by Alec Foege

Like your favorite flannel shirt, Neil Young improves with wear and tear. But like that same old shirt, he's a bit threadbare in spots. It's the same with Young's engaging new album *Silver & Gold*, a low-key, scatter-shot collection of folk-rock songs written and recorded over three years but mostly reminiscent—for better and for worse—of his melodic but slightly bland 1972 classic *Harvest*. Through four decades, Young, 54, has stuck to his guns, delivering his deceptively simple songs in a sweet, wavering high voice, regardless of current fashion. This CD is



Another harvest of fine acoustic tunes from Neil Young.

no exception. Young originally conceived this album as his simplest yet—an unplugged set in which he would play all the instruments. Then he decided to add backing musicians for a few songs. Meanwhile, last year's Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young

reunion album, *Looking Forward*, siphoned off some of the songs from this project. What's left is a grab bag that provides an appealing, if sometimes contradictory, portrait of the artist as an older man. "Red Sun" is a glistening raindrop of a country-rock tune. But others, like "Buffalo Springfield Again," a plodding look at the band that propelled him to stardom in the 1960s, sound downright dopey. Still, anyone who has enjoyed even one of Young's wonderfully careworn songs knows that risk-taking is part of his creative process, even if it sometimes makes him seem a bit foolish. **Bottom Line:** Consistent folk rocker in all his ragged glory

Coast to Coast

BR5-49 (Arista)

Famous for getting their start playing gigs at Robert's Western World, a boot-selling bar, BR5-49 dress like extras on *Hee-Haw* (BR5-49 is a

phone number in a skit from the show). But don't let that bother you. Judging by *Coast to Coast*, recorded live during last year's concert tour, this hard-driving young honky-tonk band is the real deal. There isn't much on country-music radio these days that matches the greasy, down-home flavor of "Tell Me Mama" (sung with gusto by Chuck Mead) and "Better than This" (spit out with bone-dry wit by Gary Bennett). Even stacked up against tunes by country icons Bob Wills and Charlie Daniels, the music written by this band's members sounds heartfelt and authentic. So put on your Stetson and your string tie and get out those dancin' shoes.—A.F. **Bottom Line:** Old-style country served up nice and fresh



Dial BR5-49 (from left, Don Herron, Hawk Wilson, Mead, Bennett, Jay McDowell) for good ol' country jams.

Album choice

APPALACHIAN JOURNEY
Yo-Yo Ma, Edgar Meyer, Mark O'Connor (Sony Classical)

James Taylor and Alison Krauss join these cross-pollinating classical and country performers as they search for the holy, haunted heart of American music.

TIME TO DISCOVER
Robert Bradley's *Blackwater Surprise* (RCA)

And a most pleasant Surprise it is. Growly soul man Bradley gives the blues a fresh and funky urban twist. Detroit smart-mouth rapper Kid Rock guests on two hot tracks.

THE PIZZA TAPES
Jerry Garcia, David Grisman, Tony Rice (Acoustic Disc)

The late Grateful Dead-head picks and sings in his high, lonesome wail as he and pals revisit such folk and country oldies as "Long Black Veil."

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Pages

Wild Decembers

by Edna O'Brien
Reviewed by Jean Reynolds

In western Ireland, the setting of O'Brien's latest novel, fields mean more than fields, and land disputes are considered almost a form of sport. Her distantly related protagonists Mick Bugler and Joseph Brennan, she writes, are "warring sons of warring sons" whose families have been battling over land for generations. Bugler, newly engaged, has returned from Australia to work a farm he has inherited, and Joseph views him as an interloper out to grab everything in sight, including Breege, Joseph's younger sister. (Comic relief is provided by a raucous bunch of local eccentrics who stand ever ready to do a neighbor a bad turn.)

Although the story's ending seems foreordained, there are few writers today who can capture the beauty and harshness of Irish rural life—and at the same time plumb the nether regions of the human heart—quite the way O'Brien can. (Houghton Mifflin, \$24) **Bottom Line:** Wild Irish rows

Worth a look

STANDOFF

Sandra Brown

Is it good luck for a reporter to have a dream story fall into her lap? Tiel McCoy, heroine of this thriller by the author of *The Alibi*, isn't so sure anymore. (Warner, \$19.95)

PURE POETRY

Binnie Kirshenbaum

In this humorous yet tender novel, the author charts the romances of a neurotic poet whose life comes to a crisis point on her 38th birthday. (Simon & Schuster, \$22)

THE PATIENT

Michael Palmer

ARTIE—Assisted Robotic Tissue Incision and Extraction—is the name given the robot surgeon and star of the ninth medical thriller by Palmer, a real-life M.D. (Bantam, \$24.95)



Hold the fried green tomatoes: Trigiani serves up her own small-town delights.

Book of the week

Big Stone Gap

by Adriana Trigiani

Reviewed by Cynthia Sanz

Yes, there really is a place called Big Stone Gap, Va. And yes, Elizabeth Taylor and then-husband U.S. Sen. John Warner did visit the tiny hamlet nestled in the Cumberland Mountains on a campaign trip in 1978. Everything else in this delightfully quirky novel, however, springs from the imagination of first-time author Trigiani, a television writer and producer (*The Cosby Show*) and documentary filmmaker. And what an imagination she has.

At the heart of Big Stone Gap is 35-year-old pharmacist and self-proclaimed town spinster Ave Maria

Mulligan. She laments her single status to her best pal (sexy Bookmobile librarian Iva Lou Wade) even as she spurns the attentions of hunky coal miner Jack MacChesney and band director Theodore Tipton. Endearingly neurotic, Ave Maria—named for a friend of her Italian-born mother—has a knack for nosing her way into trouble. And as all of Big Stone Gap gears up for Warner's campaign stop, she finds herself enmeshed in enough romantic drama to give Taylor a run for her money. Chock full of engaging, oddball characters and unexpected plot twists, this Gap is meant to be crossed. (Random House, \$23.95)

Bottom Line: Southern comfort



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Picks & Pans

Pages

Cybill Disobedience

by Cybill Shepherd
Reviewed by Victoria Balfour

Shepherd has been accused of many things—wrecking director Peter Bogdanovich's marriage, lousy performances and acting the prima donna on her TV series *Cybill*—but never of being human. So it's a delightful surprise to discover that the actress with the ice-princess reputation has thoroughly thawed out in her new book. Mixing irreverence with self-reflection, Shepherd (with Aimee Lee Ball) delivers not only one of the most hilarious kiss-and-tell memoirs to come out of Hollywood in years but also a moving account of her journey of self-discovery. It's vintage *Cybill*. Who else could own up to a wild past ("I saw, I wanted, I took") that includes Elvis Presley (no King

in bed), confide her true thoughts at losing an Emmy ("Die, die, bitch") or confess that at 50 she still hasn't a clue about what makes a healthy relationship? Such unflinching honesty makes for one juicy book. (HarperCollins, \$26) **Bottom Line:** Wickedly candid journey



Shepherd seduces by bravely fessing up to her naughty, not model, behavior.

talking with ... Spencer Johnson

When he got divorced in 1979, Spencer Johnson felt pretty cheesed off. "I thought things ought to be the way they were," he says. Then he recalled something he'd heard about mice and men: When mice lose their food source, they go off to find another. But when humans lose something, they're likely to stay put, hoping it will somehow reappear. "We weren't raised



"The key for most people is to learn to laugh at their fear," says Johnson.

to adapt to change," he notes.

But Johnson, now 61 and remarried, made like a mouse, and after the med-school graduate built a career as a writer (cowriting the self-help bestseller *The One Minute Manager* in 1982), he crafted his mouse metaphor into *Who Moved My Cheese?*, a 94-page parable with more than a million copies in print that has reached the top of many bestseller lists. "It's a simple fable that helps people in work and life situations," says Daisy Maryles, executive editor of *Publishers Weekly*. "Its simplicity is part of its appeal."

Though some readers find *Cheese* cloying and obvious, its appeal knows few bounds. Along with the \$19.95 book, Johnson currently markets half-day *Cheese* seminars (at \$895 per head), mugs, Post-its, even an animated videotape movie for adults and kids. "The more experience I get," says Johnson, "the more I respect the simple." Eeeek! Karen Brailsford

It was the decade when everything changed... Except their friendship.

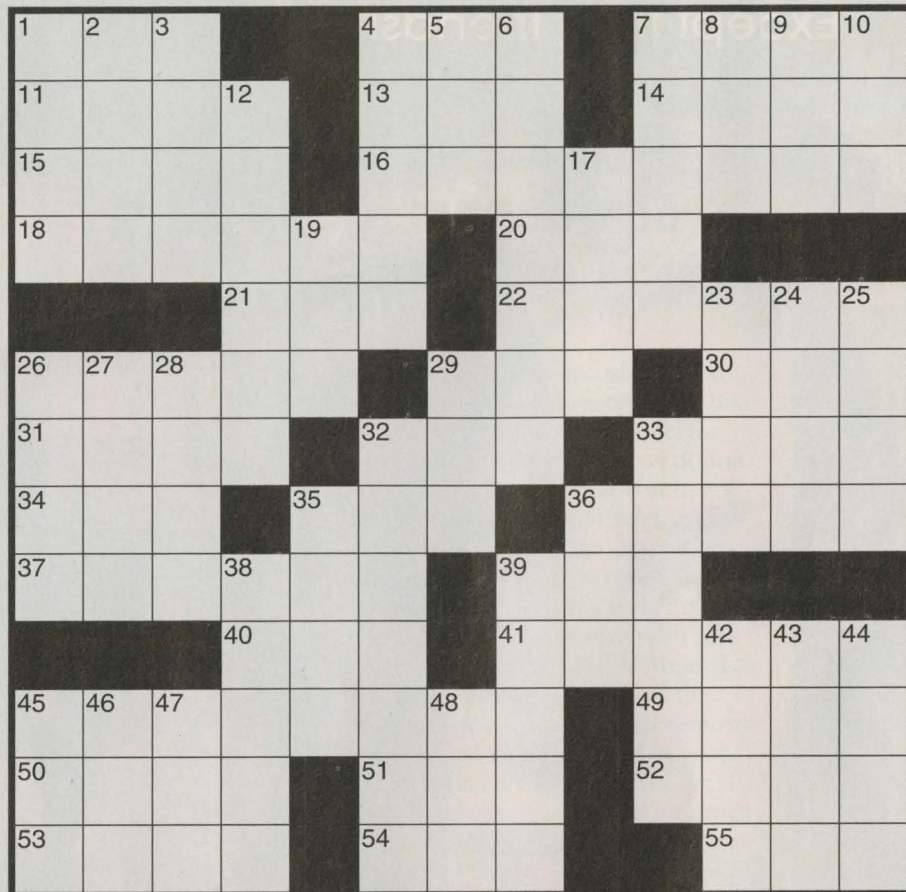
the 70s

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Puzzler

Mother's Day



Across

- 1 ___ Morrow (featured with 18 & 45 Across in *Mother*)
- 4 It costs an ___ and a leg
- 7 Alan ___ Jr. (Skipper on *Gilligan's Island*)
- 11 Scat singer Fitzgerald
- 13 *A View ___ Kill* ('85 James Bond adventure; 2 wds.)
- 14 *EZ Streets* star Ken ___
- 15 "Rebel Yell" rocker Billy ___
- 16 Vanessa ___ (Natasha Richardson's actress mom)
- 18 With 45 Across, star of *Mother*
- 20 *The Devil's ___* (Harrison Ford-Brad Pitt drama)
- 21 *Our Miss Brooks* star Arden
- 22 Liam ___ of *Michael Collins*
- 26 "Have Yourself a ___ Little Christmas"
- 29 ___ B. Davis (Alice on *The Brady Bunch*)
- 30 "Dedicated to the ___ I Love" by the Shirelles
- 31 Hip hop's Sir Mix ___ (2 wds.)

- 32 Maureen O'Sullivan's actress daughter Farrow
- 33 Bandleader Severinson and lawman Holliday
- 34 *Out to ___* (Jack Lemmon-Walter Matthau comedy)
- 35 The Beach Boys song "Let ___ Run Wild"
- 36 ___ Leigh (star mom of Jamie Lee Curtis)
- 37 Tippi ___ (Melanie Griffith's actress mom)
- 39 *The ___ from U.N.C.L.E.* (TV spy spoof)
- 40 "Just the Way You ___" (Billy Joel chart topper)

18 & 45 Across



- 41 Country singer Eddy ___ ("Anytime")
- 45 See 18 Across
- 49 *Ghost of a Dog* vocalist Brickell
- 50 Actor Baldwin (star of *Ghosts of Mississippi*)
- 51 *Homicide: Life on the Street* actress Melissa ___
- 52 Rock singer Axl ___ ("Sweet Child o' Mine")
- 53 *Death ___* ('74 Charles Bronson crime drama)
- 54 *Holiday ___* (Bing Crosby-Fred Astaire musical)
- 55 L.L. Cool J's music

Down

- 1 Tim ___ of *WKRP in Cincinnati*
- 2 Ye ___ Gift Shoppe
- 3 *The ___* (cult sci-fi flick starring Steve McQueen)
- 4 ___ *Grows in Brooklyn* (2 wds.)
- 5 ___ vs. *Wade* ('89 Holly Hunter TV drama)
- 6 Baby Lourdes's singer-actress mom
- 7 "Stormy Weather" singer Lena ___

Answers to last week's Puzzler

A	B	E	S	M	A	C	C	P	O
C	O	R	T	E	T	A	L	U	P
E	L	L	A	G	O	V	O	L	E
D	E	B	R	A	M	E	S	S	I
L	O	N	M	E	E	T			
J	A	N	E	T	A	A	A	Z	O
I	G	O	R	A	N	N	S	E	A
M	E	R	S	L	Y	N	U	R	S
A	S	T	A	A	B	C			
N	E	D	A	N	D	S	T	A	C
A	R	U	G	D	O	E	E	W	O
T	I	N	A	I	D	A	S	A	K
C	N	N	N	A	M	S	N	O	W

SAAM JONES/CORBIS OUTLINE

- 8 Chicken ___ king (2 wds.)
- 9 Tyler of *Inventing the Abbotts*
- 10 Direction opposite WSW (abbr.)
- 12 ___ Brooks (*Mother* director and costar of 18 & 45 Across)
- 17 Actress Verdon of *Marvin's Room*
- 19 *Poison ___* (Drew Barrymore thriller)
- 23 "Someday ___" by Judy Collins
- 24 ___ *Upon a Crime* ('92 John Candy comedy-mystery)
- 25 *Empty ___* (Richard Mulligan TV sitcom)
- 26 Alan Alda TV series
- 27 Gen. Robert ___ of the Confederacy (initial and word)
- 28 *Paradise ___* starring Glenn Close
- 29 *My ___ is True* (Elvis Costello's debut album)
- 32 Cheryl Wilson- ___ of TV's *American Gladiators*
- 33 Blythe ___ (Gwyneth Paltrow's actress mom)
- 35 *Some Kind of ___* (with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder)
- 36 "Whiskey in the ___" by the Pogues
- 38 The *Bonanza* Cartwrights lived on Ponderosa ___
- 39 James ___ of *A Star is Born*
- 42 Scent; fragrance
- 43 ___ Kudrow (featured with 18 & 45 Across in *Mother*)
- 44 *Star Trek: ___ Space Nine*
- 45 ___ *Deal* ('86 Schwarzenegger vehicle)
- 46 Veteran actor Wallach
- 47 ___ *I Am* (Melissa Etheridge album)
- 48 ___ *Mother* (Cub Scouts leader)

"Slade is recalcitrant," quipped Marianne, "but he's an indomitable gumshoe."

And you thought the plot was tough to follow.

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insider

by Nancy Perry Graham

Apparently actor Chad Lowe has no hard feelings that his wife, Academy Award winner **Hilary Swank** (*Boys Don't Cry*), forgot to mention him during her Oscar acceptance speech. At a recent fund-raiser benefiting the Edgemar Center for the Arts in Santa Monica, the couple got up to introduce the theater's artistic director Larry Moss. "This night reminds me quite a bit of the Oscars, actually," Lowe said. "I'm looking through my program here, and I couldn't believe it. There's Michelle Danner, Hilary Swank, Michael Clarke Duncan, Larry Moss. . . ." Then he paused, looked at the program and said, "They forgot my name!" It's true: His name wasn't there. He turned to his wife onstage and asked playfully, "Did you write the program?"

Jason Alexander, who played quirky George Costanza on *Seinfeld* for nine years, could have earned combat pay for playing Boris Badenov in the upcoming flick *The Adventures of Rocky & Bullwinkle*. As Alexander tells it, "Rene Russo [who plays Natasha Fatale] and I had to do a lot of running through a whole bunch of fields where they said, 'We think we got most of the rattlesnakes out,'" Alexander recalls. "And I said, 'What do you mean, *most* of the rattlesnakes?'" They were

filming at a ranch north of Los Angeles and, Alexander explains, "They sent a bunch of guys through and picked out, like, five, six, seven [rattlesnakes] and then sent us running through tall grass. We're like, 'Oh, this is great!'"

Dharma & Greg's Jenna Elfman may have looked cool as a cucumber when she met **Sting** backstage at VH1's *Men Strike Back* music special, which aired April 18. But I hear that when Sting went onstage to perform, Elfman breathlessly exclaimed, "I can't believe I met him!" And he wasn't the only performer she enthused over that night. "Now all I have to do is

meet [soul singer] **D'Angelo**, and all my goals have been accomplished."

Film and music producer Tracey Edmonds, wife of R&B artist **Kenneth "Babyface" Edmonds**, feels that the networks are finally opening their eyes to the lack of diversity on television. But she's glad *Soul Food*, her new one-hour series about an African-American family living in Chicago, will debut on Showtime this summer. *ER*'s **Eriq La Salle** directed the premiere episode of the show, which is based on the 1997 film of the same name. "The networks are hesitant to do one-hour dramas carried by a minority cast," says

Edmonds. "At Showtime we didn't have to sugar-coat things the way we would if we'd gone the normal network route."

Fast Take: To hone the giggle of Betty Rubble for *The Flintstones in Viva Rock Vegas*, the prequel due April 28, **Jane Krakowski** got **Rosie O'Donnell**, who played the role in the '94 *Flintstones* film, to coach her on her chuckle. In fact, O'Donnell even taped her Rubble laugh so that the *Ally McBeal* regular could practice while she was simultaneously filming her TV series and the upcoming comedy.

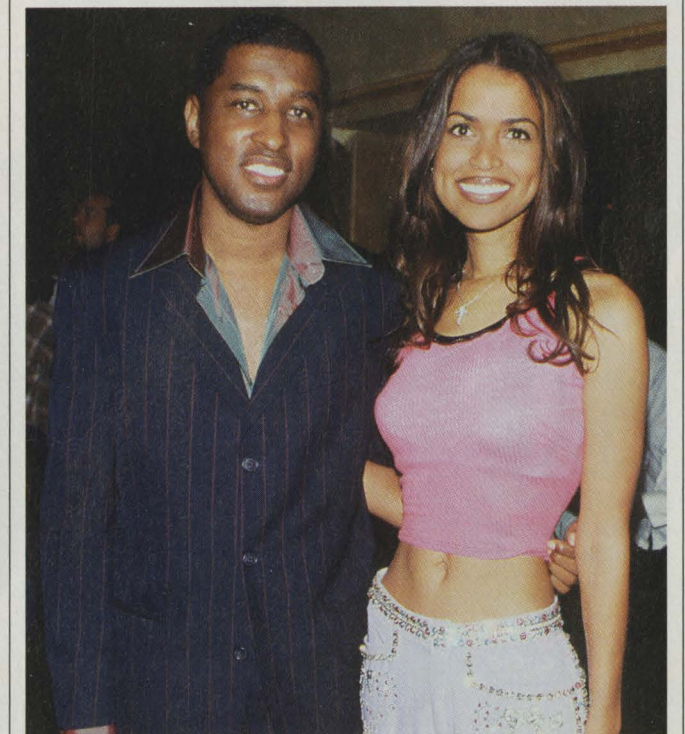
Additional reporting
by Hugh McCarten



Jane Krakowski gets ready to *Rock* as Betty Rubble.



Chad Lowe (with wife Hilary) can't get with the program.



Tracey Edmonds (with hubby "Babyface") cooks up *Soul Food*.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: DARREN MICHAELS/UNIVERSAL STUDIOS; GREGORY PAGE/SYGMA; STEVE GRANITZ/RETNA

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introduction


VIETNAM'S AWAKENING

Focused on the future, America's onetime foe leaves its painful past behind

Ho Chi Minh City wakes up early. By 6 a.m. the insistent buzzing of motor scooters has begun to annotate the edges of the relentless humidity. By 8 a.m. the streets are hive-like, a seemingly random aggregation of Korean-made diesel trucks, military jeeps, bicycles with one person on the seat, one on the handlebars, a third on the back bumper. Then there are the women in conical hats hoisting baskets loaded with fresh produce; the Mitsubishi Pajeros ferrying foreign businessmen out to the Song Be Golf Resort; the vast, surging flotillas of motorbikes, the proudest sign of relative wealth in urban Vietnam—even if the \$2,000 it takes to buy one means absolute privation in the rest of one's life.

By 10 a.m. the street-corner animal vendors may have already pulled in a decent day's pay, peddling a menagerie of pets sufficient to stock a small zoo—monkeys, parrots, baby wildcats as well as the household cats and dogs most likely kidnapped by street kids who survive by the trade. But the woman over there supports herself quite nicely selling diamonds and sapphires in a shop on Dong Khoi Street. And the fellow hawking newspapers on the corner is more than happy to sell you today's *International Herald Tribune*, even if several lines of an article about the "Hanoi Hilton"—the infamous prison whose brutalized inmates once included Sen. John McCain and the current U.S. ambassador, Pete Peterson—have been rendered illegible by the thick, angry strokes of a censor's black marking pen.

Good morning, Vietnam!



Officer Dao Dinh Bat keeps the afternoon rush hour moving at Hanoi's Nga Tu So traffic circle.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TARO YAMASAKI



In the early morning a woman heads for the market in Hanoi.



It seems that everything—even a casket on a



cyclo—passes by the Opera House in central Hanoi.



Newlyweds begin their new life together in Hung Yen.

Thanks to the 1987 Robin Williams movie, that's one of the most familiar phrases spawned by the Vietnam War, a conflict whose final hours ticked past in Ho Chi Minh City—it was called Saigon back then—25 years ago April 30. By then, Vietnam had been a daily presence in American newspapers, magazines and television broadcasts for a full decade, and we knew far more about this astonishingly beautiful country and its beleaguered people than we do now. Today, Americans who visit—more than 200,000 came last year—discover a different kind of news for themselves. One American official in Hanoi says we could rehabilitate all of the U.S. veterans still suffering from their memories of the war by having them spend two weeks in the country. An American woman in a hotel restaurant remarks how friendly everyone is, how warm and welcoming despite the inescapable economic hardship, how little anti-American feeling there appears to be.

Of course, the Vietnamese call it the American War, just one chapter in a long, sad history of war and occupation. For more than 1,000 years, Vietnam was dominated by China. For a century, until the Com-

munist victory at Dien Bien Phu in 1954, it was a French colony. Then came decades of more bloodshed, U.S. troops supporting the anti-Communist government in Saigon, the North Vietnamese carrying their flag into the south. If you're old enough, think back to 1970—not to the war America was fighting then but to how distant World War II seemed to you at the time. That's how far we—Americans and Vietnamese alike—are removed from the events of 1964-75. Even Vietnam's government recognizes the need to sanitize, if not entirely obliterate, the past: What used to be called the Museum of American War Crimes is now the War Remnants Museum.

This doesn't, however, keep the evidence of the war years from showing up in unexpected places. Those pretty, round ponds you see from the air on the flight from Hanoi to Hue are flooded bomb craters. Military cemeteries are everywhere. In muscular Da Nang, the waterfront is dominated by a spectacular network of port facilities, conveniently left behind by the departing Americans. Even the dots on the map bring back memories of the war, labeled as they are by the iambic bisyllables that once punctuated

the nightly news: Khe Sanh, Quang Tri, Nha Trang.

The briefest version of Vietnam's past quarter century—since we Americans last checked in—needs only the four words that can fairly confidently be applied to the progress of any Marxist state: jubilation, repression, deprivation, reform. Celebration of the North Vietnamese tanks rolling into Saigon was quickly followed by a massive program of "reeducation" of South Vietnamese in an extensive series of labor camps. A devastating drop in farm output followed a disastrous land-collectivization program. A country capable of being, as it is today, the world's second-largest exporter of rice was, for a dreadful time in the early 1980s, a net importer of the crop.

Then in 1986 came *doi moi*—Vietnamese for "new era"—and a liberalized economic system that has been called Market Leninism. It's a clever locution save for its inaccuracy: The only evidence of Communism in this society is an old-style dictatorship and the Marxist soundtrack that it continues to spin, a series of stale revolutionary slogans that the average Vietnamese heeds far less than soccer scores or lottery numbers. In some ways official Vietnam appears, like China, to be

aspiring to a capitalist economy whose principal beneficiaries are members or friends of a single-party police state. There's a two-word answer for who lives in that exquisitely restored 200-year-old house, with its ironwood pillars and carved mahogany screens, in the lovely southern seaside town of Hoi An: "Party member."

Still, relative to the pre-*doi moi* days and certainly to decades of bloody war, Vietnam in 2000 brims with promise. The literacy rate now nears 95 percent. The average Vietnamese is better off today than at any time in the country's ancient history, even with a per capita income of less than \$400. The glam resorts on the white sands of China Beach, the increasing number of foreign visitors (nearly 2 million expected this year), the quickening stream of expatriate Viet Kieu returning to their homeland, business plans in hand, ready to capitalize on the pending U.S.-Vietnam trade agreement—all are signs of stunning changes soon to come, changes that will make what this struggling country has undergone since 1975 seem pale and puny.

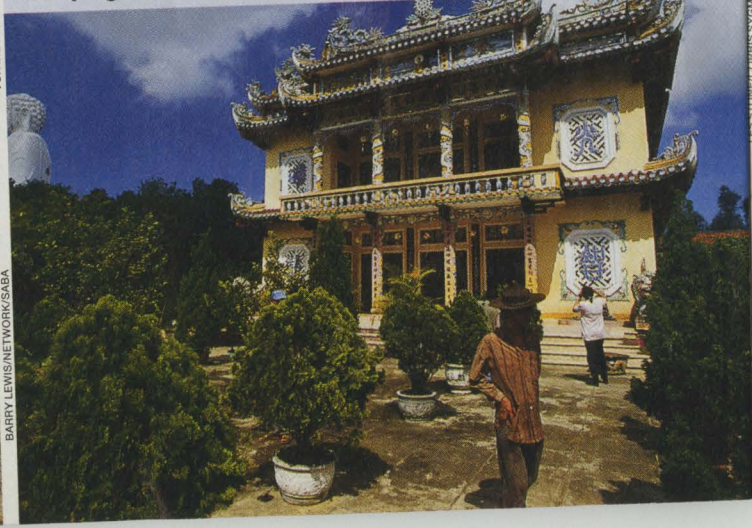
Once more, then, even louder:
Good morning, Vietnam!

—Daniel Okrent

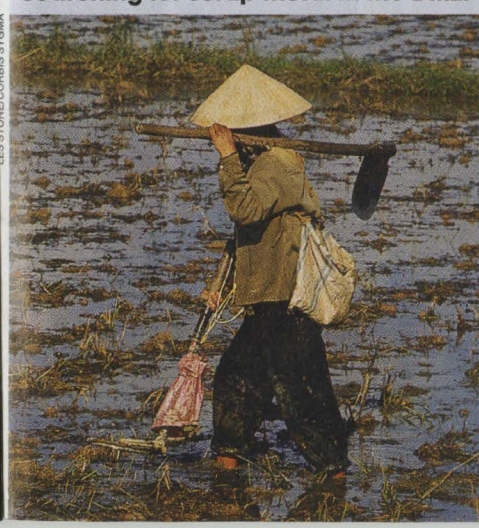
Some hill tribes in Sa Pa now host four groups.



This pagoda near Da Nang is one of thousands in Vietnam.



Searching for scrap metal in the DMZ.



"I was so happy, I saluted the Americans," says Nguyen Dac Thang (right, with pal Nguyen Thanh Trung) at the November opening of their school in Hoa Son, built with the help of a Pennsylvania veterans group.



THE SEARCHERS

The painstaking hunt for MIAs continues, in the hope of ending families' anguished uncertainty



COURTESY SHARON J. KINGERY

Lt. Cmdr. Michael Dunn
Shot down Jan. 26, 1968



At Dunn's Arlington funeral, his sister Sharon Kingery places an MIA bracelet on his coffin.

“We don’t leave our buddies behind on the battlefield”



Some relics of a search. “It’s more like detective work than a military operation,” says a U.S. official.



Seeking clues, U.S. Army Maj. Jay Carlson (front right) questions Hoa Binh Province elder Ha Van Soi.

The funeral looks and sounds like any other at Arlington National Cemetery. There is the flag-draped casket, the military honor guard, the 21-gun salute, the clear, piercing notes of “Taps.” But when Christopher Dunn begins speaking to the 40 people gathered to mourn his brother, Navy Lt. Cmdr. Michael Dunn, it becomes clear that this one is different. “My hero comes home to rest where he belongs, in a field of heroes,” says Dunn, a Washington, D.C., lawyer, in a quavering voice. “He was lost, but now he is found.”

It was 32 years ago—on Jan. 26, 1968—that the Navy A-6A attack jet carrying Dunn, 26, and his pilot, Capt. Norman Eidsmoe, 34, went down over North Vietnam.



Under U.S. supervision, Vietnamese workers dig for a plane’s wreckage.

When the war ended, the two were among 2,583 American servicemen listed as missing in action in Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia (more than 58,000 died there). For years, the Dunns and Eidsmoe, like the other families, lived with gnawing questions. “You don’t want to give up, ever,” says Betsy Eidsmoe, now 67, who had five children with Norman. “You always think, ‘Well, maybe they got out.’”

Though most authorities agree there is next to no chance any American MIAs are still alive in Vietnam and its neighboring countries, more and more questions about what happened to each of them are being answered, thanks to a concerted international effort—dating from 1973—to find and identify remains of U.S. servicemen, 554 of whom have been identified. The task of searching for the 2,029 Americans still unaccounted for in the region involves a network of several hundred military personnel, diplomats and scientists from four countries, whose work combines negotiation, forensics, archeology and old-fashioned sleuthing. Ultimately they hope to account for every missing American. “This is part of our national psyche—we don’t leave our buddies behind on the battlefield,” says Pentagon MIA chief Robert Jones. “We do everything we possibly can to bring them home.”

Overseen by the Joint Task Force-Full Accounting and the U.S. Army Central Identification Laboratory, both based in Hawaii, the program every year undertakes 11 missions, each of which lasts 35 days. Though every mission is different and may involve separate searches for as many as 50 MIAs at a time, the painstaking approach is always the same.

All start with detective work, often stemming from reports from Vietnamese who recount what they saw decades ago. In Hoa Binh Province southwest of Hanoi last October, U.S. Army Maj. Jay Carlson, 38, accompanied by two interpreters, interviewed Ha Van Soi, 67, a former assistant village chief who said he personally buried two U.S. fliers from a plane shot down in 1967. Leading them down a steep hill, along a rice paddy dike, then to another hill, Soi directed them to the spot where he said he placed the men in adjoining graves with a stone between them at their feet. The team made sketches of the area, took soil samples, then fixed the location by satellite. But after inspecting the soil, they soon concluded that the ground at the site had been somehow disturbed and that bodies buried there 32 years ago couldn’t be there today. Carlson and his team were disappointed but undeterred. Blind alleys are an accepted part of the job. “In 15 years in the Army,” he says, “this is the most important mission I’ve ever done.”

Sometimes the search pays off. When a viable site is found, an excavation is scheduled and a team led by an anthropologist such as Elliott Moore takes over. Working for the Central Identification Laboratory since 1992, Moore has directed 49 such digs. At one, on a remote hillside overlooking rice paddies in Bac Can Province, south of the Chinese border, he and 11 U.S. servicemen and women and 130 Vietnamese hired hands carefully comb the area where a U.S. Air Force F-105D went down in April 1966. “There was complete disintegration of the aircraft, which the Vietnamese scavenged for metal long ago,” says Moore, 49.

A Mother’s Quest

Pham Kim Hy still has the silk baby dress her son Ho Viet Dung wore as an infant and the slippers he used as a 3-year-old. Now 71, she insists he is still with her. “Every time I open my eyes,” she says, “his image appears in front of me.”

In reality, she has not seen Dung, the older of her two sons, since 1970, when he joined the North Vietnamese army. He was killed on April 24, 1972, at age 20, in a battle in the Central Highlands of what was then South Vietnam. Soon after the war ended, Hy started looking for his remains. She searched 10 military cemeteries for a gravestone with his name, visited the scene of the battle three times and combed the Ho Chi Minh Trail repeatedly for burial sites. She carries Dung’s photograph with her everywhere, shows it to villagers, sends it to his friends. “If I can find the teeth, I know the teeth of my son,” she says. And another clue: “He always carried a flute. If I can find a broken part of a flute,” she says, “I’ll know it is his remains.”

So far, all she has found are a canteen, bullets and pieces of cloth used to wrap the dead. She has also collected soil and stones from each grave site she visited, which she will someday bury in an empty grave near her home. Hy, whose husband, Ho Trinh, a retired Communist Party official, is ill, has curtailed her travels recently—but only temporarily. Says Hy: “We’ll never give up the search.”



“I’m proud that he made a contribution to freedom,” Pham Kim Hy says of her son Dung.

Time Capsules

Setting out from his village near the North Vietnamese port city of Haiphong in 1967, Dr. Tran Van Ban was one of 29 locals volunteering to fight the South Vietnamese and the Americans. Eight years later, though twice wounded, he was the only one still alive. Says Ban, 55: "I had such a feeling of emptiness and pain."

Turning that despair into a mission, Ban vowed to find the remains of his 28 friends as well as those of any soldier, from either side. Since 1976, he has traveled often to battlefields and burial grounds west of Ho Chi Minh City, where he lives with his wife, Huynh Thi Phuong, 51, mother of his three children. "I felt I owed it to the families," he says.

Ban's job is made somewhat easier thanks to his own foresight. As a medic during the war, he buried as many as 400 soldiers. Concerned that the dead might be impossible to identify, he jotted down information about each one, then placed it in an empty tiny glass penicillin vial in the soldier's mouth. Soon, all army medics followed suit.

Now Ban uses his memory and his recollections from two notebooks to locate burial sites. He has helped find more than 600 soldiers. Those who can't be identified are buried in a Ho Chi Minh City martyrs' cemetery. The others are returned to their families. "I'm sad that the number I've found is so small compared to the number of mothers and fathers dreaming of finding their children," Ban says (more than 200,000 Vietnamese troops are still unaccounted for). But returning a body has its reward. One bereaved mother "just embraced the remains for two, three hours," Ban recalls. "That got to me."



"At night I don't sleep," says Tran Van Ban (with one of the ID vials). "I try to remember."

"The families have an expectation of a full skeleton. They're not going to get it with this type of crash."

But they may get answers. Moore's group clears an area about 105 ft. by 105 ft. and divides it with string into 64 squares. In sweltering heat, the workers fill plastic pails with soil from each square, then pass the buckets uphill, where the dirt is sifted through screens. It takes the team four weeks, but by the end, they have found tiny, tattered remains of a pilot's flight suit, a locker key, three U.S. coins, a shard of a pilot's helmet with the letters "CAPT" and the first three letters of a name. And they have some bone fragments—with luck, enough to make a positive DNA identification.

Such fragments are sent first to Hanoi, where they are examined by a joint U.S.-Vietnamese team of an anthropologist, a forensic dentist and a pathologist to determine if they are human and if they are Asian. (If so, they are presumed to be Vietnamese, unless the subject of the search was Asian-American or Native American.) Non-Vietnamese remains then go to the Central Identification Lab in Honolulu—but not until the military holds a somber rite known as a Repatriation Ceremony at Hanoi's Noi Bai Airport. There, a silent nine-member honor guard escorts the remains, which are placed in flag-draped, coffinlike containers, onto an Air Force C-17. "This is the first time they have been back on U.S. territory, which the plane is, since they fell," says U.S. Ambassador to Vietnam Pete Peterson. "It is a solemn reminder of what we're here for."

Finally, in Honolulu, a team of 170 researchers gets down to the business of making an identification. It is a blind test; they are told nothing about the bone fragments. Instead, they must go through their entire database of dental records and DNA samples—developed with the cooperation of relatives—in order to make a match. The results are then reviewed by an outside panel of anthropologists before being submitted to a board of colonels at the Pentagon.

Despite such diligence, the team's findings aren't always accepted by the families, some of whom remain convinced their loved ones are still alive. Occasionally the families will bring in their own experts. Retired Army paratrooper Col. Earl Hopper, 78, and his second wife, Patty, 53, rejected the Joint Task Force conclusion that Hopper's son, Air Force First Lt. Earl Jr., then 24, was killed when his F-4D went down near the Laotian border in 1968. Though military teams found what they say are bone fragments and teeth from Hopper, the samples did not yield enough DNA for a positive identification. "The bone fragments are not worth crap," says Patty Hopper. "They are totally unidentifiable."

The Hoppers, of Glendale, Ariz., run a group called Task Force Omega, which lobbies the government to do more



Marine Gunnery Sgt. Jeffery Powell (right) at a dig in Lang Son Province.

to find men they believe are still being held captive. "I know damn well he got out of that aircraft alive," says Patty of her stepson. "Whether he was walking away from it or crawling away from it, he was alive on the ground. There's no reason to believe he couldn't still be alive today."

Ambassador Peterson, a POW for 6½ years, understands the Hoppers' determination. "I subscribed to that theory at one time," says Peterson. "The math would suggest that more of us survived. But there's not a shred of evidence." In-



At Hanoi's airport, a military salute precedes the long flight home. "It's our first opportunity to show proper respect" says Amb. Pete Peterson.



A LION IN WINTER

Gen. Vo Nguyen Giap, the renowned military strategist who vanquished the French and the Americans, reigns as his nation's greatest living hero

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEONG KA TAI

Winning the war in 1975 was "the happiest moment in this short life of mine," says Giap (in Hanoi in April), because it meant the end of more than 30 years of fighting.

Time has turned his cropped hair to white, but it has hardly diminished the authority and mystique that surround him. Striding into a press briefing in Hanoi recently in his pressed olive drab uniform, four stars glinting on each shoulder, 88-year-old Senior Gen. Vo Nguyen Giap still looked like the storied military commander who humbled French and American forces over the course of two wars and more than 30 years. Yet in a rare, one-on-one interview with PEOPLE shortly after his meeting with the press, Giap sounded more like the teacher of history he once had been. "I study, I write, I exercise, I see my grandchildren," he says, when asked how he spends his time these days.

And indeed the brilliant and ruthless general who accepted horrific casualties among his own forces (more than a million troops killed in the two wars) to achieve military objectives remains a beloved icon of his country's struggle for independence. Even today, his signature triumph over the French garrison at Dien Bien Phu in 1954, during which his ragtag forces mounted a ferocious 55-day siege, is honored as the crucial turning point in that earlier conflict.

Not surprisingly, Giap has earned the respect of many onetime enemies. "I never met him," says Gen. William Westmoreland, 86, who commanded U.S. forces in Vietnam. "But I must say, I admire his capabilities. He was an outstanding soldier." Yet, adds Westmoreland, "an American commander who suffered losses of the magnitude of Giap's probably would have been relieved of duty."

Giap, father of three daughters and two sons, all of them engineers or scientists, lives near central Hanoi with his second wife, Dang Bich Ha, 70, a researcher in Southeast Asian studies, in a colonial villa with an acre of gardens that is certainly luxurious by Vietnamese standards. Each morning he does yoga and sometimes goes for a swim. Giap, who speaks fluent English, regularly watches CNN and listens to BBC radio broadcasts and says he enjoys surfing the Internet: "I use it to find out about all kinds of international news." He still travels the country giving speeches, but prefers to spend quiet evenings



Giap (in 1965) revered Communist leader Ho Chi Minh (right).

at home listening to classical music. He also confesses that he has a taste for American movies about the war. "Most are accurate," he observes wryly. "But some don't fully represent Vietnam properly."

According to friends, Giap bears no ill will toward the French or the Americans—despite the fact that his first wife and his father were both arrested by the French and died in prison and that he holds the United States re-

sponsible for much of the damage that still hobbles his country economically. "I have never heard him comment badly on anyone," says Huu Mai, a writer and historian who worked with Giap on his memoirs. "He doesn't get angry."

Which is not to say he has completely given up his adversarial role. Ask him about the well-documented accounts of torture and mistreatment of American POWs and Giap scoffs. "They received good treatment," he insists. "I met U.S. prisoners when they came back [to visit Vietnam], and they said the treatment was good." He goes so far as to say former POW Sen. John McCain "didn't tell the truth" about his years in captivity. (McCain, who is scheduled to make his seventh trip to Vietnam this week, and whose own story appears on page 116, declined to respond to Giap.)

Still, Giap seems to have no interest in wallowing in the past. He fervently hopes for a complete normalization of relations between the United States and Vietnam, in part because he would like to see more American money to aid in his country's reconstruction. Giap has been an outspoken proponent of blending some aspects of capitalism with the socialist system that he played such a key role in helping to install. "We need to unleash the productive forces to allow all sectors to do business," he says. "The private sector needs a chance to develop, and so does the farming economy."

His sentiments shouldn't come as much of a surprise. After all, adapting to circumstances was the key to his success on the battlefield. His collaborator Mai recalls one time when Giap was asked about his military strategy. Ever the cunning general, he replied, "My strategy is peace."

- Bill Hewitt
- Joanne Fowler and Linda Kramer in Hanoi



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screen

GOING PLACES

The Mel Gibson of Vietnam gets his chance in U.S. movies

When actor Don Duong landed the role of Hai, a Ho Chi Minh City cyclo driver who falls for a young prostitute in the film *Three Seasons*, he took the part to heart. The actor, 42, bought one of the three-wheeled pedicabs for himself and for months pedaled around to acquire the requisite tan and sinewy leg muscles. He also shed 15 lbs.—and, on his last day, earned just \$1.40 in fares.

Seasons (costarring Harvey Keitel), the first U.S. film shot entirely in Vietnam since the war's end, went on to win the 1999 Sundance Film Festival's grand jury prize. As for Don Duong, he won critical acclaim and a role in the upcoming American film *Green Dragon*, with Patrick Swayze and Forest Whitaker. "He's kind of like Roberto Benigni," says *Seasons* director Tony Bui, 27, who is also Don Duong's nephew. "He has that boyish enthusiasm for film."

Born in Dalat in Vietnam's Central Highlands, the fifth of six children of a teacher and his wife, Don Duong says his family fled during the war, "following the stream of refugees" to Saigon. After graduating from college in 1982, he asked his film-director brother-in-law, on a whim, for a bit part in a movie. "I discovered acting was a passion," says Don Duong, who has since starred in some 30 Vietnamese films and is one of his country's reigning sex symbols.

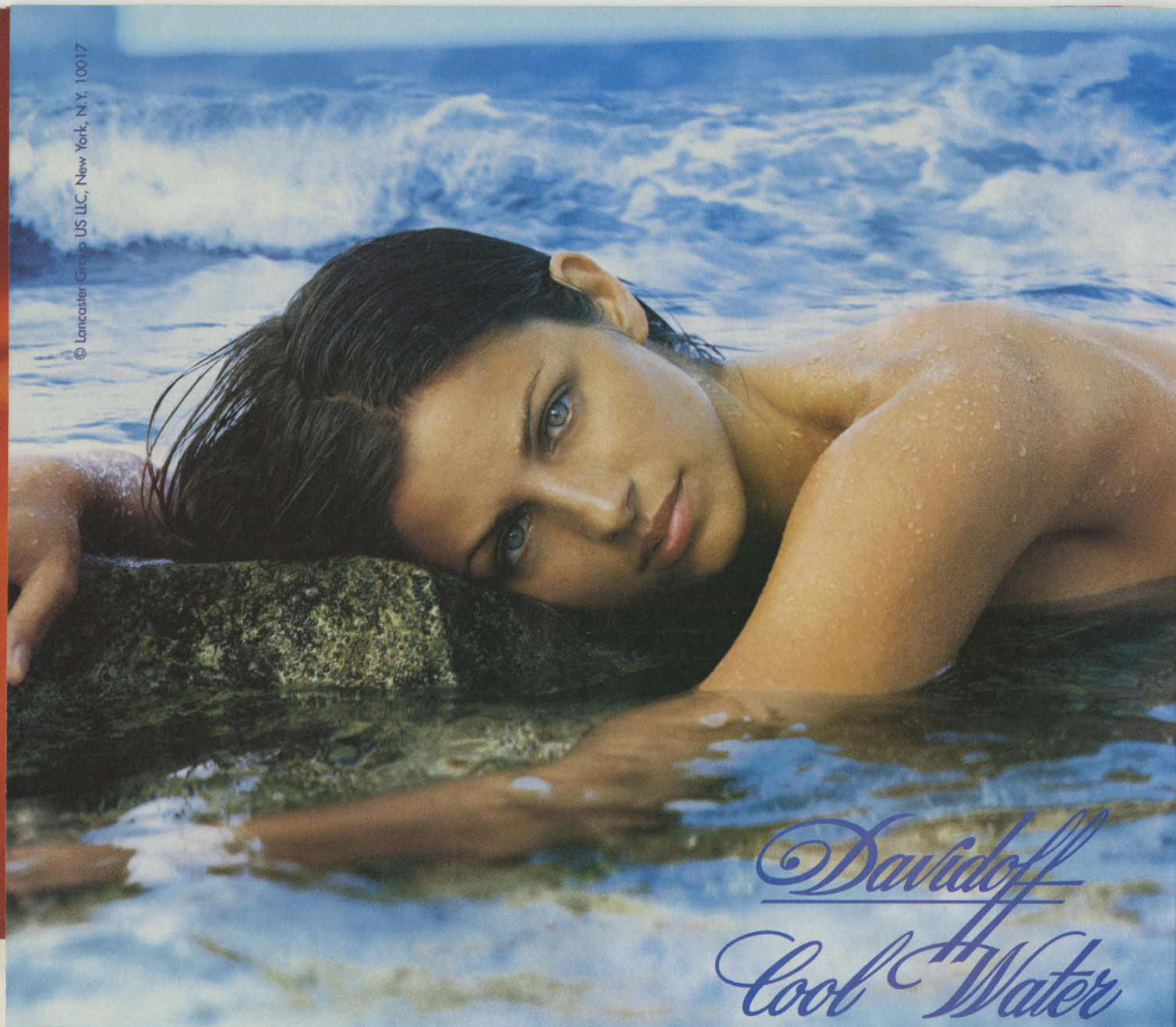
Don Duong now lives with his mother, his wife, Vu Xuan Sanh, 37, and the couple's two sons, ages 10 and 15, in a three-room Ho Chi Minh City house with a garden. Though Don Duong earns \$1,000 (triple the annual per capita income in Vietnam) per film, he and Sanh run a restaurant they hope will pay for their boys' college educations in America. Fame has other uses as well. "When we're out to dinner," says Sanh, "they'll usually send over a complimentary bowl of fruit." ●

Duong is happy living in Ho Chi Minh City. "Life is stable here," he says, "and I'm famous."

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEONG KA TAI



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song

"I began singing when I began to walk and talk," says Phuong Thao (with schoolkids in Ho Chi Minh City).

AGAINST THE ODDS

The once-scorned daughter of a U.S. soldier hits the top of the charts

In the trendy jeans and T-shirts that she wears onstage, Phuong Thao looks every inch a pop diva. But on closer inspection, her appearance suggests something more. With her broad hips, large nose and round eyes, says American author Thomas Bass, "it takes just one look to see that she is Amerasian." That Phuong Thao, 32, rose from an impoverished childhood to become Vietnam's answer to Mariah Carey is remarkable enough. More astonishing is the fact that she has succeeded despite being the out-of-wedlock daughter of a Vietnamese typist and an American serviceman, one of an

estimated 50,000 mixed-race children left behind by U.S. troops and derisively known as *bui doi*—"dust of life."

In the years after the U.S. withdrawal, Amerasian children came to be regarded as the detritus of the war, vilified by their countrymen and often abandoned by their mothers. "They became the underclass, the wandering homeless of Vietnam," says Bass, who met Phuong Thao in 1992 while researching a book on Amerasians. "There was a tremendous prejudice against them." For Phuong Thao, who grew up nearly destitute with her mother in a Mekong Delta village, the harsh treatment seemed logical. "I was the daugh-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER LEMOYNE

song

ter of an American," she says softly, "and Americans were considered the enemy."

Phuong Thao's story began near wartime Saigon, where her mother, Nguyen Thi Hoa, now 62, had worked as a government typist and knew Jim Yoder, an Army operations sergeant. In June 1967 "we met together in Saigon," she says. "We stayed at the Dong Khanh hotel over a night." On March 13, 1968, her daughter was born, and the following year, Yoder, who never knew about the birth, left Vietnam for good.

In the years that followed, Hoa found work peddling bread and rice cakes. She married briefly but divorced when her husband's family pressured him to end his marriage to the mother of a *con lai*—Vietnamese for Amerasian. "For our custom, [an unmarried] girl [who] gets a baby is not good for the family's honor," she says in broken English.

In 1988, when the U.S. instituted its Orderly Departure Program to help bring Amerasians to the States, Hoa sought to become part of the exodus. Twice she received permission to leave. Twice her daughter refused to go, saying she would "feel lost" in America. Instead, Phuong Thao turned to music for solace. At 19, she won a singing contest in her hometown; two years later she was touring Southeast Asia with the government-sponsored pop-music group Saigon. "I felt that through the path of singing," she told an interviewer, "I could achieve some level of freedom—some level of normalcy."

It was in 1992, during a trip to Vietnam, that author Bass asked to meet Phuong Thao, by then a star. "At the time, she was denying she was Amerasian," he says. "But eventually she relented. She said, 'Yes, there are two streams of



Learning he'd had a child with Nguyen Thi Hoa (below) was "a shock," says Yoder (in '64).



COURTESY JIM YODER (2)

blood flowing through my veins.' Then she asked if I could help her find her father."

One morning almost three years later, Bass phoned the Farmville, Va., home of Jim Yoder, now 60, who for the past six years has been a guard at nearby Dillwyn prison. After questioning Yoder, Bass told him, "I have strong reason to believe you have a daughter in Vietnam." Stunned, Yoder, the stepfather of four, handed the phone to Ilene, 66, his wife of 30 years, and said, "Here, you take it." A week later, a photo of Phuong Thao arrived from Bass. "I looked at it and said, 'You can't deny her,'" Ilene told her husband. "She's got the same little divot between the lip and the nose." Days later, Yoder sent Phuong Thao a letter. "At this time I am not denying fatherhood," he wrote. "It is just that it takes time for my mind to digest this information. What are your hobbies? Are you married? Do you work or have a profession?" Phuong Thao's reply began, "Dear Daddy. It's the first time I say this word in my life. I am a professional singer, one of the most popular singers in Vietnam now. Six years ago I was very poor but now everything has been OK."

In November 1996, Yoder flew to Vietnam. Though it was late at night when he arrived, hundreds of fans who had read about the reunion in the local press crowded behind barricades to see Phuong Thao greet her newfound father. She was carrying 28 roses, one for each year he had not known her. "She was crying," Yoder recalls. "I was surprised at how pretty she was."

In the years since his visit, Yoder and Phuong Thao have exchanged occasional letters and faxes and talk on the phone every few months. And on the paneled walls of Yoder's living room, photos of the family's children and grandchildren have been joined by a photo of Phuong Thao.

For her part, Phuong Thao, whose album *Cafe Mot Minh* (Coffee Alone) has sold a chart-topping 100,000 copies, lives quietly in a Ho Chi Minh City row house with her husband, guitarist-composer Ngoc Le, 40, and daughter Phuong Nam, 2. She is content with her life, she says, with just one caveat: "I hope in the future we'll have a chance to go to America and show them what an Amerasian can do."

- Susan Schindehette
- Don Sider in Ho Chi Minh City, Linda Kramer in Farmville and Joanne Fowler in New York City



"I like a simple life," says Phuong Thao (with her daughter and mother at a market).

THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE BASIC



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style

SIMPLY DIVINE

Designer Minh Hanh
gives new life to
classic clothing
• by Joanne Fowler

"No other country has
it," says Minh Hanh
(center, with models)
of the ao dai.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER LEMOYNE



"She is a lady of work," says Nghia of Minh Hanh (with him and son Huan).

As North Vietnamese soldiers approached Minh Hanh's home in Da Nang in 1975, her family got ready to flee, grabbing whatever valuables they could. Minh Hanh, then 14, zeroed in on her most prized possession: a sewing machine. "At first my mother was so angry," recalls Minh Hanh's sister Dang Thi Bich Thuy, 32. "It was so heavy." But Minh Hanh held on to the machine, first aboard a boat, then on a U.S. military helicopter bound for Saigon.

Her mother has long since forgiven Minh Hanh, who, as the top designer in Vietnam's fledgling fashion industry, is hailed for bringing the *ao dai* (pronounced ow-zeye)—the traditional Vietnamese costume of long, form-fitting tunic over trousers—back into vogue. During the lean postwar years the style was rejected as extravagant. More recently it was considered old-fashioned. "But now they see how the *ao dai* can show a woman's elegance and simplicity," says Minh Hanh, 39. "And they're very sexy." Her creations, which cost between 560,000 and 1,400,000 dong (\$40 to \$100), are staples at Vietnam's glitziest events. At last November's Miss Vietnam pageant, five entrants wore Minh Hanh's designs. "I love her style," says Ngoc Thuy, 19, a contestant. "She knows how to bring out the beauty of Vietnamese women."

Minh Hanh grew up in Vietnam's Central Highlands, the fourth of seven children of Dang Van Chuong, 68, a captain in the South Vietnamese army, and Nguyen Thi

Lai, 66, a housewife and avid seamstress. But when the war ended and Minh Hanh's father was sent to labor camps for nine years, sewing became a lifeline as she, her mother and five sisters found jobs doing piecemeal work for a Saigon bridal shop.

Still, a career in fashion never occurred to Minh Hanh. She majored in graphic design at the Fine Arts University of Ho Chi Minh City and, after graduating in 1983, took a job as a newspaper-layout designer. Even then, using the 6 yds. of low-grade cotton officially allotted each person every year, Minh Hanh managed to express her own style. "She wore no jewelry and little makeup but clearly understood beauty," says Huynh Son Phuoc, a former newspaper colleague. Her boldest creation at the time was her own wedding dress: a multitiered confection made of mosquito netting. "I thought it would be more special than what was in stores," Minh Hanh recalls. And it was, agrees her husband of 16 years, Le Van Nghia, 46, editor of a satire magazine. "Everyone was surprised," he says proudly.

The dress won raves from friends, but it wasn't until 1988, when Vietnam staged its first postwar fashion show, that the public took note after Minh Hanh showed 10 *ao dai* in unusual fabrics. "Young people started to think the *ao dai* was stylish," says her old colleague Phuoc. "It was no longer just for mothers and grandmothers."

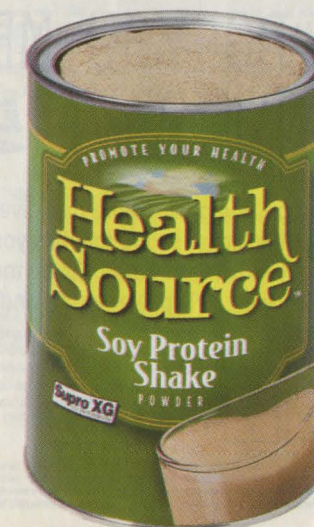
In 1994, Minh Hanh quit her job and turned to fashion full-time. As head of the state-run Fashion Design Institute in Ho Chi Minh City, she puts in 14-hour days (at a monthly salary of \$200) sketching, teaching class and editing the Institute's magazine. That's when she's not off buying fabrics from tribespeople in the highlands or silk and linen from China and India. "Once she decides on something she is like a locomotive," says her husband, who often wakes in the night to find Minh Hanh sketching.

Though she dreams of having a fashion show in New York City someday, Minh Hanh is in no rush to leave Vietnam. She once visited her youngest sister and father, now living in Santa Ana, Calif., but felt lonely there and missed the cozy five-room house she shares with her husband, their son, Le Dang Cong Huan, 11, and her mother-in-law.

While Minh Hanh regrets not having the time to make her family's clothes anymore, she relishes her current challenge. "Until a few years ago, people in Vietnam didn't know who Christian Lacroix or Donna Karan was. I have to teach them about fashion. But I love my job," she says. "I feel like a pioneer." ●



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crusaders

Brusseau (with helpers Le Dinh An, left, and Don Shanley in Quang Tri) "has an important role," says a villager.

SEEDS OF HOPE

American Jerilyn Brusseau turns minefields into peace arbors

With quiet dignity, Nguyen Dang Chuong draws a curtain across a doorway in his mud-brick home to conceal his wife's tears from an American visitor. Jerilyn Brusseau, 56, has traveled to this rain-soaked village in central Vietnam's Quang Tri Province to offer condolences to the 42-year-old rice farmer and his 39-year-old wife, Nam, who are mourning the death of Luan, their 10-year-old son. Though Brusseau never knew the boy, his story is sadly familiar.

Luan was playing in the fields outside his family's home last November when he tossed what looked like a mud-

encrusted rock to two playmates. The explosion that followed killed Luan and one other child and left the third with shrapnel in his skull, burns and broken bones. "I told my son about bombies," says Chuong, using local slang for the grapefruit-size bomblets that still litter the area some 30 years after they were dropped by warplanes. "He was scared of them. This time, I don't think he knew what it was."

Vietnamese officials estimate that 4,000 people were killed or maimed between 1985 and 1995 by unexploded ordnance (UXOs) in Quang Tri Province, which saw some of the Vietnam War's fiercest fighting. What's more, as

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHONNA VALESKA



Quang Tri was "a wasteland," says Brusseau (with deminers).

Quang Tri. Meanwhile, Brusseau and her several hundred mostly American volunteers, who pay \$2,500 each to travel to Vietnam for two weeks, have worked with locals to plant native trees across the cleared land.

For Don Shanley, 55, a landscape designer from Elk, Calif., who led patrols in Quang Tri as a Marine in 1968, returning to plant trees beside his former enemies is a way to honor the war dead on both sides—and bury the past. "If anyone said I would be back here planting trees with the Vietnamese, I'd have said they were crazy," he says. "But it's really important that people in America have new images of the future of Vietnam. I want to tell my friends that there isn't this hatred I thought there might be." Says Brusseau: "Americans working alongside Vietnamese is the only way to reverse the legacy of war."

The local Quang Tri government ceased its own mine-clearing operations 15 years ago, daunted by the estimated \$20 million cost of completing them. "Others, like the war veterans, came before. They knew the names of our cities," says Nguyen Duc Quang, a foreign-relations official. "But Jerilyn came to improve relations. PeaceTrees helps us let Americans know that Vietnam is the name of a country, not just a war."

The war, though, will always hold grim memories for Brusseau. As the daughter of a U.S. Marine who served in the Pacific, she grew up well aware of the mortal costs of combat. But the death of her brother 1st Lt. Daniel Cheney—a 22-year-old pilot whose helicopter was shot down over a village 15 miles west of Saigon on Jan. 6, 1969, when she was 25—left her stunned. "It

many as 5 million "bombies" and another 58,000 land mines are still scattered about Quang Tri waiting to go off. "You name the place—Khe Sanh, Dong Ha, Cam Lo, the DMZ—it's a huge problem," says Brusseau. "About one child a week is killed or injured from a UXO, not to mention the accidents in remote areas that are never reported."

It is Brusseau's dream to stop the killing, acre by acre. Nearly five years ago she helped launch PeaceTrees Vietnam, a humanitarian program that is working to rid the province—and perhaps someday the nation—of UXOs and turn war-scarred land into parks and forests. So far, demining contractors hired by PeaceTrees have removed 500 pieces of ordnance from 30 acres in



After the death of her brother Daniel (above, in '68), "I was just frozen," says Brusseau.

"Quang Tri can once again become a safe place for kids," says Brusseau (with a young landmine victim).



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crusaders



With just four full-time staff, PeaceTrees relies on volunteers (including Bill Klein, left, and Don Shanley, dining with Brusseau in Dong Ha).

was the most bitter moment of my life," recalls Brusseau. "Part of my life stopped."

By then, Jerilyn was working as a chef at her family's restaurant in Edmonds, Wash., and married to industrial-sealant salesman Dennis Brusseau. Through the '70s she busied herself raising their children and running the restaurant. But in her spare time she looked for ways to promote peace. After breaking up with Dennis in 1979 ("The work at the restaurant brought out our differences," she says), she combined that mission with her culinary skills and in the mid-'80s founded Peace Table, an exchange program between chefs from the U.S. and the Soviet Union.

It was while hosting a Peace Table event in Seattle that she met Danaan Parry, a psychologist and former nuclear physicist who shared her passion for changing the world. They married in 1992 and three years later, when the U.S. renewed diplomatic relations with Vietnam, vowed to help heal the wounds of the war. In 1996, during their first trip to Vietnam, Brusseau traveled to the village where her brother had been shot down and met an old man who recalled the crash. "As I listened to our translator," she says, "I got shivers down my spine."

With that experience behind her, Brusseau focused on helping the Vietnamese. A U.S. veterans group suggested demining and tree planting in Quang Tri, and officials there were happy to accept the offer. After raising \$200,000 in donations back home, Parry returned in May 1996 with

three volunteers to clear an area near the city of Dong Ha. The result, the Friendship Forest Park, is an oasis of native flora. But by the time it was planted, Brusseau endured another loss: That November, Parry suffered a fatal heart attack on the ferry from Seattle to Bainbridge Island.

Through her grief, Brusseau worked on. "That would have been Danaan's wish," she says. Last year she and the PeaceTrees team opened the Danaan Parry Landmines Education Center in Dong Ha, where displays explain the dangers of different bombs. She and her group plan to complete the Friendship Forest Park with a badminton court and a children's library, then tackle another 26-acre site near Dong Ha. With the help of a Virginia-based mine-clearing firm, she hopes to train locals and, by the end of 2001, have a plan in place to rid Quang Tri of mines altogether.

What spare time she has, Brusseau spends with her three grandchildren at her Bainbridge Island farmhouse. But for several months a year she can be found in Quang Tri. On a recent drizzly afternoon, dozens of volunteers watched as she placed a three-foot sapling in a freshly dug hole—the last of 1,600 trees planted that week—and thanked them for their efforts. "Like so much of Vietnam, this area became a battleground, a place of death and destruction," she told them. "Now the birds have come back, there are wildflowers, and, with your help, a forest is growing."

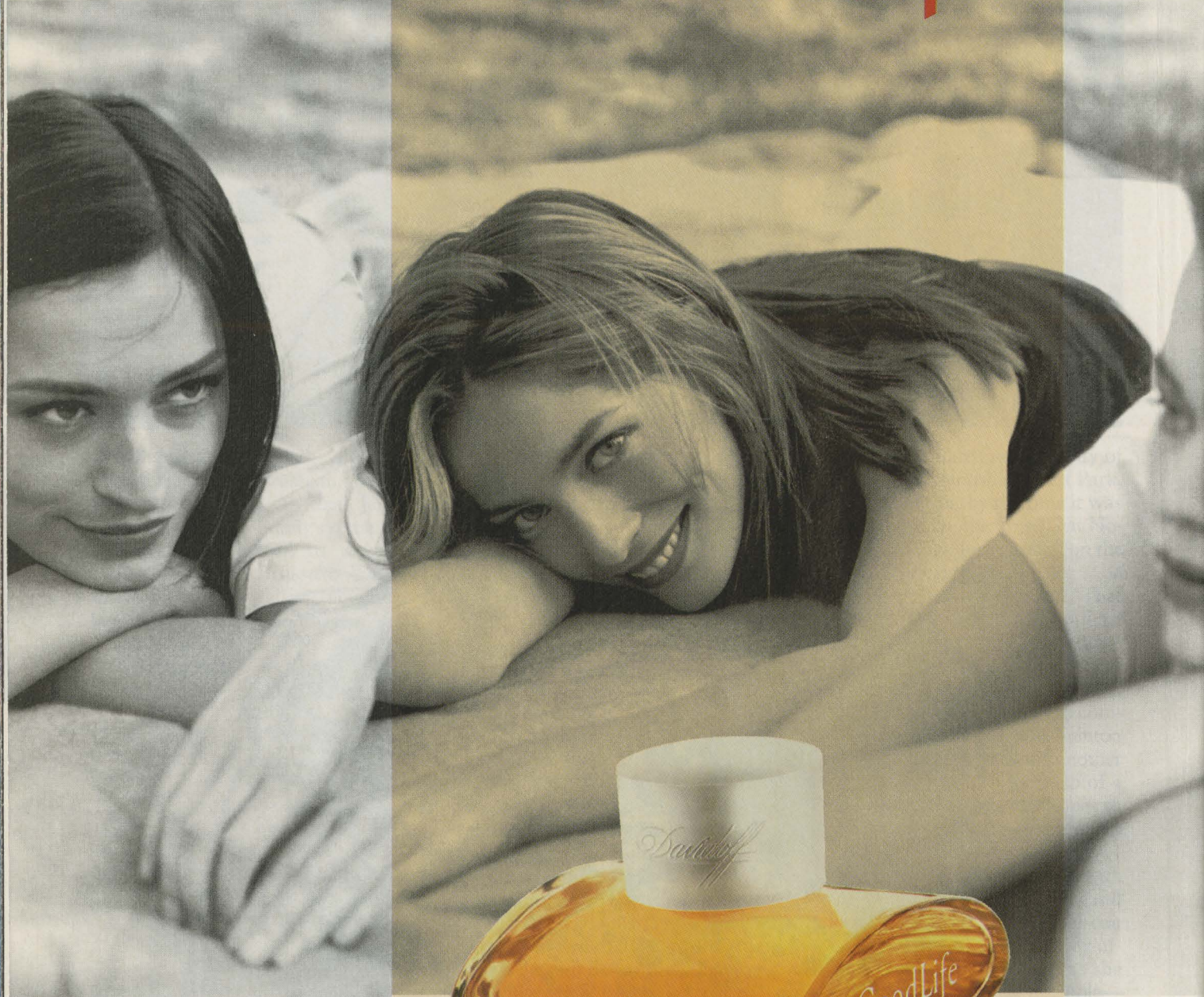
- Anne-Marie O'Neill
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MAKING A SPLASH

With a hot modeling and acting career, My Uyen gets by on more than her looks

My Uyen delights in recalling the day in 1996 when she took supermodel Kate Moss on her motorbike for a tour of Ho Chi Minh City. "Kate was holding on very tight and screaming the whole time," says My Uyen. "I couldn't stop laughing." Today, My Uyen, 26, has even more reason to smile: Her country's top model since 1993, she is a fixture on fashion-show runways and on the covers of Vietnam's leading fashion magazines. And this month she makes her TV debut playing the youngest of three sisters in '80s Vietnam on the new nighttime soap *Giao Thoi* ("Middle Times"). "I act just like myself," says the 5'5" stunner. "Most of my friends tell me I'm not that beautiful but that I am charming."

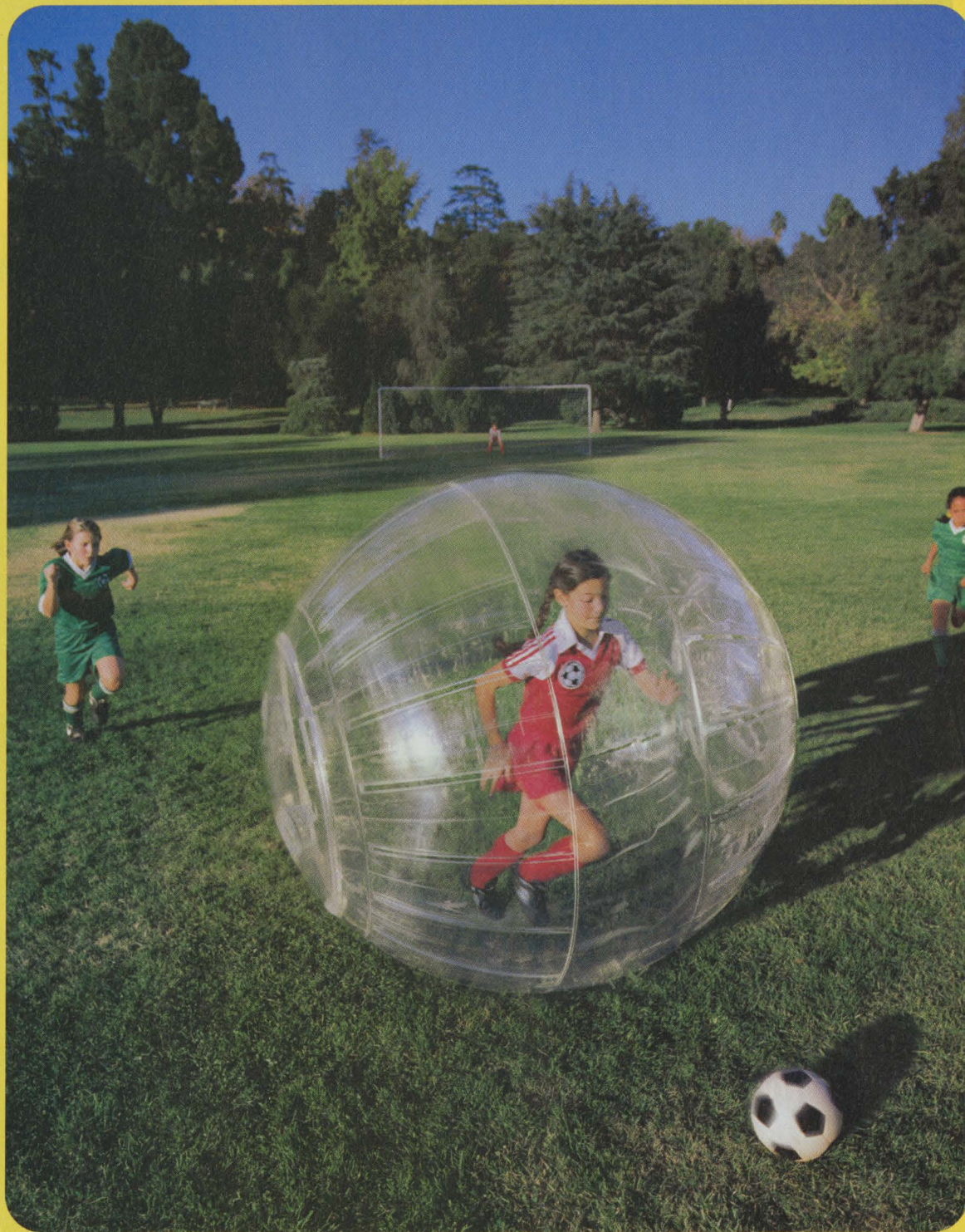
One of four children, My Uyen was born in Saigon, where her father, Ngo Cong Quyen, managed a hotel and casino. It closed just before the war ended, and the

family moved south, where they planted trees and rice. "Everyone looks at me and says, 'She's a model,'" says My Uyen, "but I worked in the fields too."

In 1980, when her father was sent to reeducation camp for trying to escape the country by boat (the family had stayed behind), My Uyen's mother, Hoang Lan Huong, opened a dress shop to make ends meet. Now My Uyen, who lives with her parents and two sisters in a five-bedroom house in Ho Chi Minh City, pays many of the bills. While most Vietnamese models earn about \$400 a month, she gets up to \$7,000 for two or three days' work. Though "going to the U.S. and being an actress would be great," she says, there is one caveat—Hollywood would have to feed her first. Says My Uyen: "I can't do a romantic or crying scene when I'm hungry." •

"I always have reporters following me," says My Uyen (showing why at a local pool). "I'm used to it."

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medics

A POISONED LANDSCAPE

A former Vietnamese army surgeon confronts the grim legacy of Agent Orange

Thirty years ago, Le Cao Dai, then a North Vietnamese army surgeon, was tending wounded soldiers in the South Vietnam jungle near Pleiku when he heard a plane overhead. Looking up, he saw a thick fog filtering down through the trees. "I knew it was some kind of chemical, but I didn't know what," says Dai, now 72. "A few days after that, the leaves turned yellow and everything began to die."

The chemical was Agent Orange, a defoliant containing the deadly poison dioxin. At the time, Dai worried mostly about the loss of cover from the American bombs.

"What we didn't know then," he says, "was that Agent Orange would go on killing people and causing many kinds of illnesses and disorders in their children."

Today, based on Dai's research with Dr. Arnold Schecter of the University of Texas School of Public Health in Dallas, the Vietnamese government estimates that the spraying of Agent Orange killed or maimed 400,000 Vietnamese and led to defects including retardation, spina bifida and other conditions in a half-million children. About 600 such children are cared for and educated in eight "peace villages" located mostly in Hanoi and Ho Chi Minh City.



"I'm lucky. I'm healthy," says Dai (at a Hanoi center for sick and disabled children).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHONNA VALESKA

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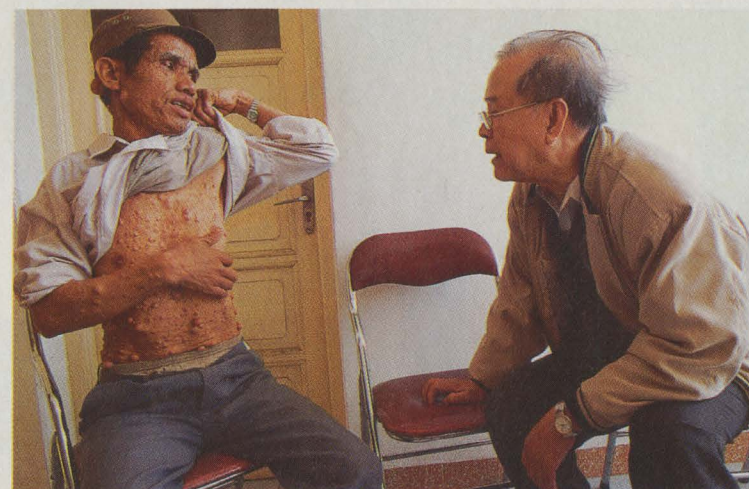
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medics



Bui Dinh Bi, 57, tells Dai about the benign tumors on his body.



Dai thinks the splotches on Nguyen Kim Thoa, 15 (with a doctor), could be from dioxin poisoning.

"This is a political hot potato," says Schecter, noting that the U.S. has not yet officially accepted these statistics or its own culpability (even though thousands of American vets also exposed to Agent Orange have made similar claims).

Still, Dai and Schecter's research is compelling. Since the mid-'80s the two men have been testing soil and river-bottom samples and have drawn myriad vials of human blood in their search for traces of dioxin. Dai's survey of former North Vietnamese soldiers shows that more than 5 percent of children fathered by men who fought in the south—and were exposed to Agent Orange—were born with defects, compared with just 1 percent of the children of soldiers who stayed in the north. The pioneering work of the two doctors recently led U.S. Secretary of Defense William Cohen to concede that the U.S. should seriously study the dioxin question. "We're not talking about guilt here," says Dai. "But I believe the U.S. has a moral responsibility to help us clean up contaminated areas."

Born and raised in Hanoi, Dai—who works today as director of the Agent Orange Victims Fund of the Vietnam Red Cross—is the seventh of 13 children of a schoolteacher and his wife. He received his medical degree in 1954 from the University of Hanoi and served as an army surgeon during the war, operating for eight years in an underground hospital just south of the DMZ. Electricity was supplied by men on stationary bicycles hooked up to generators, and there was always danger in the air. "If you heard the planes, you had a chance," says Dai. "We got good at diving into our shelters."

Dai, who saw his family just once between 1966 and 1974, says he was "lightly exposed" to Agent Orange, but tests later showed no evidence

of dioxin in his body. Dai attributes his good fortune to his distaste for fish, which he believes is a primary source of dioxin poisoning in Vietnam. "Maybe that was the reason," he says. "Or maybe I was born under a happy sign."

Though Dai retired as a full colonel in 1984 because of an eye condition that has rendered him nearly blind, he remains a surprisingly light-hearted man. The war, though, is never forgotten. His wife, Huong, 70, a painter, showed a recent visitor her impressionistic oils of airplanes dropping chemicals on a spectral forest. "The war may have ended 25 years ago," Dai says, "but not for the victims of Agent Orange."

- William Plummer
- Ron Arias in Hanoi

"She's soft on the outside but made of steel on the inside," says Dai of his wife, Huong.



family

SAM'S JOURNEY

Adopted by an Iowa family,
a 4-year-old orphan finds love
and a sense of belonging
in America's heartland

"I can't wait to start living like a family," Judy Donovan said on meeting Sam (with her and husband Mike in Ho Chi Minh City last fall).

family

On a Friday evening in March, the Donovan family of Cascade, Iowa, runs the supper cleanup drill, falling seamlessly into their assigned roles. Mike fills Tupperware containers with leftover minute steaks and au gratin potatoes while his wife, Judy, and 13-year-old daughter Andrea rinse the dishes. Abruptly an interloper appears: the shirtless figure of Sam Donovan, now 5. Assuming an exaggerated bodybuilder pose, he flexes his scant biceps, wincing in feigned exertion. Seconds later he's down on the floor playing a dog, barking and sniffing on all fours. Then the phone rings and Sam leaps to his feet. "I got it!" he screams to his father. "Daaddd, it's for you!"

Variations on that scene play out nightly across the country, but here in rural Cascade (pop. 1,812), a half-hour from Dubuque, Sam's antics are anything but ordinary. Just five months ago he was living in an orphanage 18 miles north of Ho Chi Minh City. His name was Phuoc, and he spoke no English. But last November, Mike Donovan, a 42-year-old paramedic, and Judy, 41, office manager for the *Cascade Pioneer*, traveled the 8,600 miles from Iowa, adopted the boy and christened him Samuel Michael. He was wary at the start, but after a remarkably brief period of adjustment, Sam is a card-carrying Donovan. He speaks only English, wears denim overalls, crosses himself when the family says grace and nurses passions for *The Lion King* and McDonald's.

"When we first met him, he had a blank look, but now he's all bubbly," says Judy. "It's amazing how well it's gone." Social worker Fred Barionuevo of Holt International Children's Services of Eugene, Ore., the agency through which Sam was adopted, is impressed. "It's almost like he's been here a couple of years," he says. "He's being completely absorbed by American culture."

That, of course, would have been unthinkable a quarter century ago. But last fiscal year, 712 Vietnamese children were placed in U.S. homes, lifting Vietnam into sixth place among foreign countries providing kids for U.S. adoption. For

"I'm sad to say goodbye," Mai Van Ngu (standing, at Sam's orphanage) said of his foster son.

some Americans the lure of Vietnam is tied to history. "It is a place people think about with an emotional connection," says Susan Cox, a vice president at Holt, one of the nation's largest adoption agencies. "Usually it's the first country they ask about if they are a Vietnam vet."

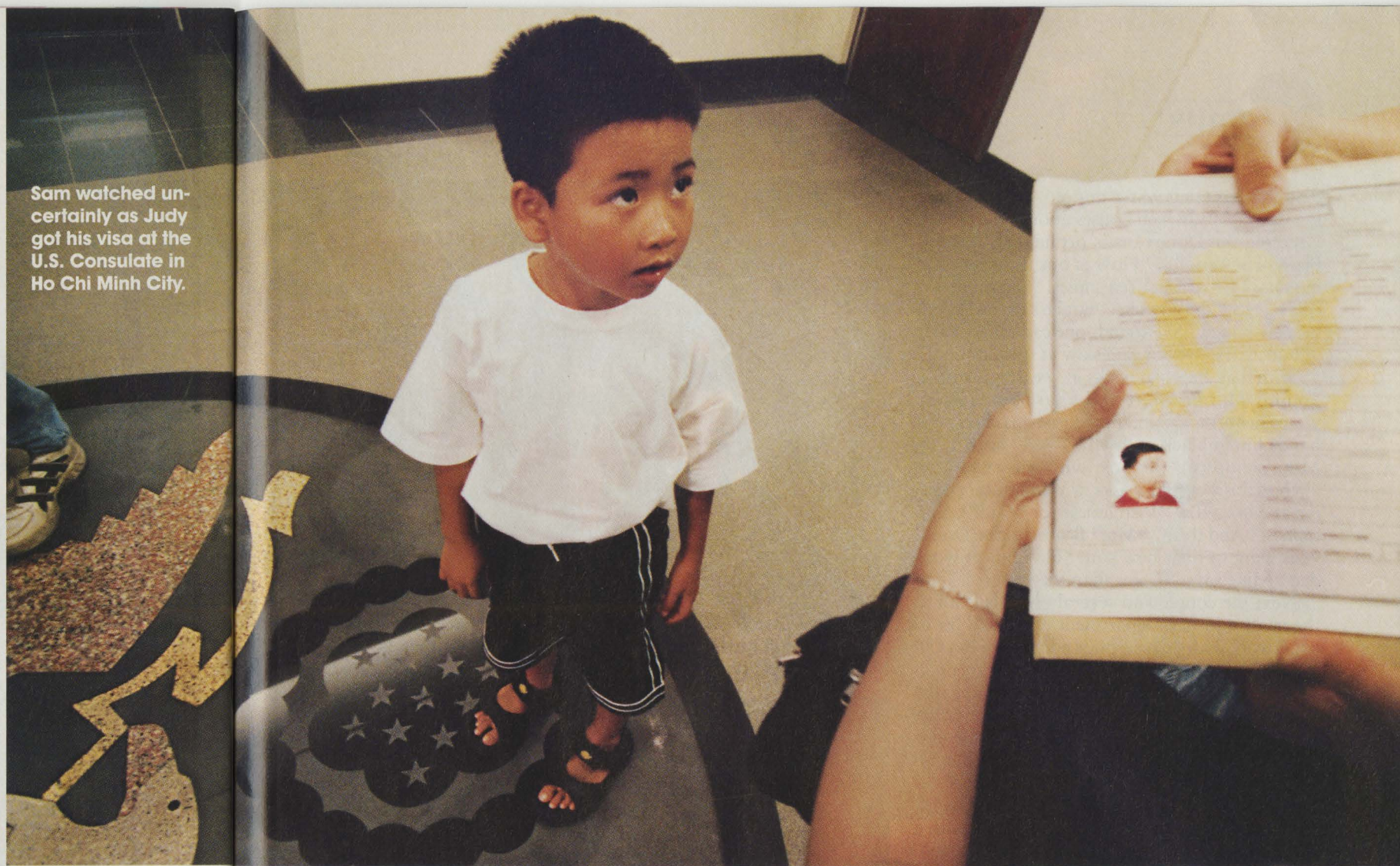
The war was just ending when the Donovans met back in high school in the 1970s, but it wasn't until 1993 that they began dating. By then, Judy was divorced with two children—son Adam, now 17, and Andrea. She was managing a pizzeria next to Mike's favorite bowling alley. They renewed their acquaintance and wed in 1995.

Mike, never married before, was eager to start his own family. But when he and Judy couldn't



Before adoption, Sam was examined by a Vietnamese nurse.

Sam watched uncertainly as Judy got his visa at the U.S. Consulate in Ho Chi Minh City.



conceive, they contacted Catholic Charities about adoption. Because of their ages, they were relegated to the low end of the waiting list, but a representative of the organization suggested international adoption, which typically requires shorter waiting times. The Donovans' search led to Holt. "They told us our age didn't make any difference," says Judy.

Unlike many couples, she and Mike put few restrictions on the child's gender or age. "We knew that the more we left the door open, the better the chances were," Mike explains. They focused on Vietnam chiefly because of the liberal ground rules—previously married parents are accepted and adoptive mothers can be up to 52 years of age. The Donovans were interviewed twice by Holt social workers and in November 1998 were recommended as adoptive parents. "I don't know what we would have done if they hadn't approved us," says Mike.

They waited anxiously for five months. Then in late March of last year, Holt called to say that Ta Dong Phuoc, age 3, was available. The agency sent photographs, cursory medical records and details of his brief biography. Phuoc came from

An Linh, a village about 37 miles from Ho Chi Minh City. His mother was dead, his father unknown. His grandmother, unable to care for him, had placed him in a foster home. Judy cried at the sight of the spare little boy in a striped shirt. "The Lord put him in front of us for a reason," she says. "I don't think it was to pass him up." Adam and Andrea were less certain. "I wasn't used to the idea at first," Adam admits. Adds his sister: "It was weird, that I'd have a brother from another country." But a look at Phuoc's photo changed her mind. "He felt like my brother right away," she says.

It is Sunday, Oct. 24, and Mike and Judy are flying from Hong Kong to Ho Chi Minh City. In 24 hours they will meet their new son. "My head is swimming. I need to lie down," says Judy. "My first instinct is to hug him, but I don't know if I should. What if he doesn't want to stay with us?" The next morning the couple are in a van heading for Binh Duong Province and the Holt orphanage, where Sam was transferred pending his adoption. Passing rice-paddy

family

fields and grazing water buffalo, they pull into the tidy facility, which houses about 60 children. Greeting the Donovans is orphanage director Pham Thi Yen, 38. "How is our little guy taking this?" Mike asks. Yen smiles. "Sometimes he gets scared," she answers. "But he's excited about his new family." She sounds one cautionary note: "Phuoc is a quiet boy and slow at socialization."

With that, the child walks in, wearing a striped Tommy Hilfiger shirt and khaki pants. Judy wraps her arms around him, kisses his cheek and hands him a black-and-white teddy bear. Then Mike scoops up the boy, who smiles faintly. "Who's this?" a staffer asks in Vietnamese, pointing at Mike. "Ba" (Vietnamese for "Dad"), Sam replies. "And this?" "Ma." Beaming, the Donovans cling to their new son. "He's full of wonder," Mike says. "Cuter than the pictures."

Next the couple and several officials head to the nearby Justice Department for a final bit of paperwork and, under a huge painting of Ho Chi Minh, the Giving and Receiving Ceremony of an Adopted Child. Solemn words are exchanged, then an official presents the Donovans with a bouquet. Sam chooses to stay at the orphanage when Mike and Judy visit his foster parents, retired teacher Mai Van Ngu, 65, and his 55-year-old wife, Po Thi Khoa. "He's a gentle and handsome boy," says Ngu, a Viet Cong veteran with a goatee. "He doesn't respond well to shouting."

After a toast with Ngu's home-brewed rice whiskey, the foster parents return with the Donovans to the orphanage for Sam's farewell party. As the afternoon wears on, the boy grows despondent. When it's time to depart, Sam bursts into tears as Mike carries him to the van, screaming in Vietnamese to Ngu and the orphanage staff, "Come with me! Don't leave me!"

Shaken, Mike and Judy drive Sam to the Ho Chi Minh City apartment where they must stay two more weeks while awaiting a Vietnamese passport for their new son. "I felt like I was kidnapping him," Mike says. Sam sleeps with the hall lights on that first night. The next day begins a time of discovery. Communicating with hand gestures—mainly thumbs up—the Donovans learn that Sam hates milk and dry cereal and that he's afraid of the shower. On the second day the boy's worried look softens into a smile; a few days later he's playing hide-and-seek, leaping from a closet for a piggyback ride from Mike. Clearly, Sam feels closer to his father, often holding his hand or jumping into his lap. "Sure, at times it bothers me," Judy concedes. "I'm kind of like, 'Oh, come on, give me some.' But I know it will come."

On Nov. 10 the family leaves for Iowa. While



"It's pretty fun having Sam here," says sister Andrea (meeting him for the first time last November at the Cedar Rapids airport).



"I'm not used to someone so small," says brother Adam (at home). "I'll have to teach him a lot—sports and things."

the Donovans can't wait to bring Sam home to Cascade, they feel some lingering anxiety about bringing a child from the Vietnamese countryside into their almost entirely white, middle-American town. "I'm worried about the closed-mindedness of people," says Mike. "Yeah," adds Judy. "Like the first time he comes home from school and tells us how some kid called him a name his mother taught him."

Landing in Cedar Rapids the next day, Sam smiles shyly at sister Andrea and hugs brother Adam's leg. "I think he likes me," Adam says. Sam has his first meal at Hardee's (chicken strips, fries and a Coke), and by 1 p.m. the Donovans



arrive home, where Judy walks her new son to his room, decorated with fish decals on the wall. "You like this?" she asks. Sam thrusts both thumbs up. Gingerly he explores the four-bedroom house, then sits on his bed with the teddy bear. "He has his feet crossed," Mike says. "That means he's comfortable."

In the weeks that follow, though, Sam seems subdued. When Judy sends him to daycare after she returns to work in December, he is uncommunicative with other children at first. Then one day another child asks him a question. "No," replies Sam firmly. "One of the kids came running up and said, 'He can talk!'" recalls Stacy Takes, 25, who runs the center. The only hint of racism surfaces not in the schoolyard, as the Donovans had feared, but at a restaurant, courtesy of an inebriated adult. "Is he yours? Where is he from?" the man asked brusquely. Mike brushed him off without incident. Otherwise neighbors greet Sam warmly, be it at Sunday mass or the supermarket, or while watching Adam play forward for the Cascade High basketball team. The brothers are pals and can often be found wrestling on the living room floor. "The

hardest part is constantly setting examples," Adam says. "Because he copies everything I do." For Andrea, however, bonding with Sam took more time. "At first I was worried [Adam and I] wouldn't get enough attention," she says. But after three months or so, "she's become a mother hen," Judy says, "reminding him to put on his pajamas and brush his teeth."

This month social worker Fred Barrionuevo will make one last visit to the family, then write up a report—the final hurdle in the adoption process. His evaluation will almost surely be positive. "The quality of love is there," he says. "They are treating him like a birth son." Still, Mike and Judy try to ensure that Sam doesn't forget his Vietnamese roots. He made a big step toward reconciling past and present when he declared recently that he had "two moms."

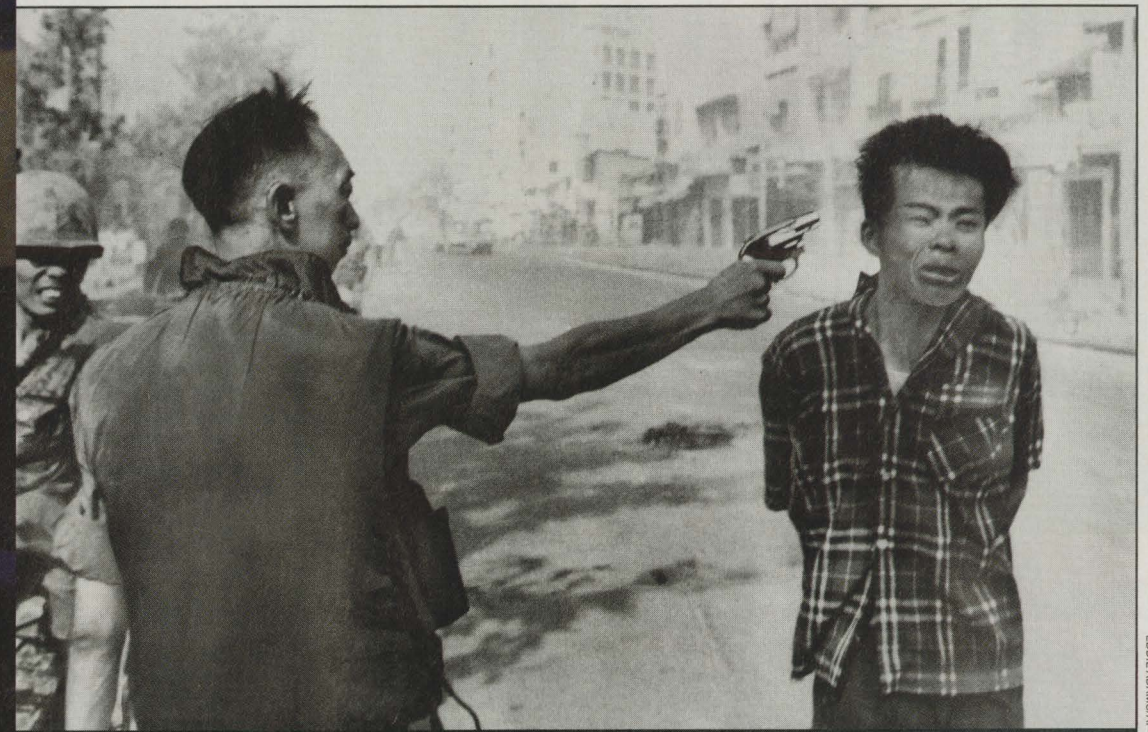
Soon the family will begin the two-month naturalization process leading to Sam's becoming a U.S. citizen. But every time the boy shares his table, watches videos with them or throws his arms around one of their legs, Mike and Judy Donovan know the hard part is over. "It feels," says Judy, "like he's been here forever."

- Richard Jerome
- Joanne Fowler in Ho Chi Minh City and Cascade

"Sam was worth every ounce of headache and paperwork to get him," says Mike (with Judy and their new son in Cascade).

In seconds, lives changed forever—and the horrors of war were indelibly captured on film

UNFORGETTABLE



EDDIE ADAMS/AP

"Every time I look at that picture, I feel sick," says Bay Lop's wife of Adams's photo.

A WIDOW MOURNS HER BRUTALLY EXECUTED HUSBAND

Nguyen Thi Lop knew her husband, Van Lem, was a Viet Cong officer. She knew he went by the code name Bay Lop—Bay for seventh son, Lop for her. But until she picked up a newspaper in February 1968, she didn't know that he had been arrested—or that he was dead. There was Eddie Adams's photo of her 36-year-old husband being executed three days before by Saigon's police chief, Gen. Nguyen Ngoc Loan. "I almost died," she says, drying fresh tears. "I always feel like this, after so many years, when people remind me."

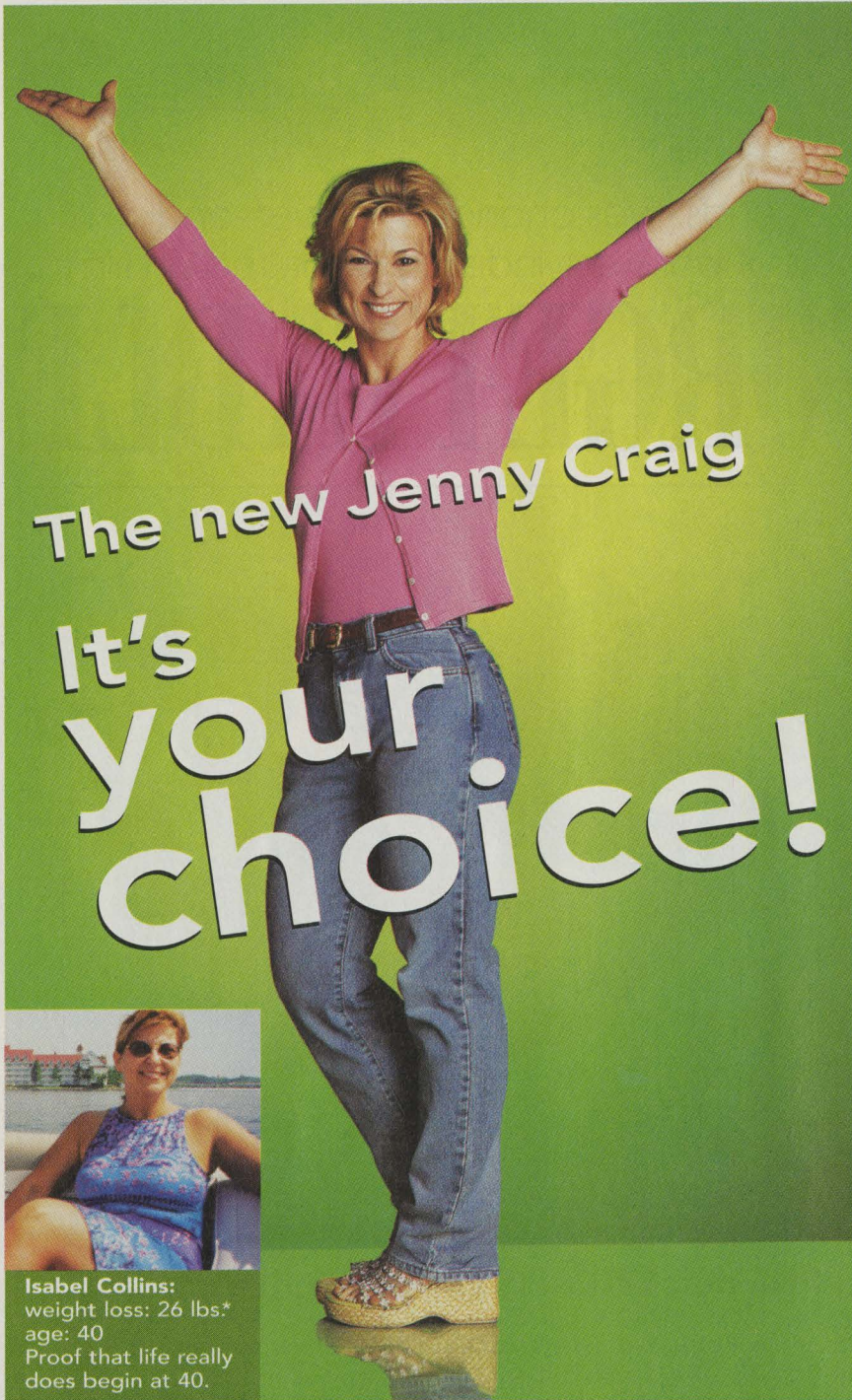
Newly pregnant and fearful of the South Vietnamese authorities, Lop took her two daughters, then 13 and 3, from their house near Saigon's airport and moved in with relatives nearby. She struggled, working a multitude of odd jobs, until the war ended. Later the victorious North gave her a monthly stipend, a "gratitude house" in the same district and a scholarship for her son, Thong, born eight months after his father's death.

Now 67, Lop is a grandmother of eight. She shares her home with her son, a construction-materials salesman, and his wife and 2-year-old daughter. Lop is angry that her husband's body was never recovered but grateful that Adams took his Pulitzer Prize-winning picture. Without it, she says, Bay Lop would have simply disappeared without a trace. ●

ROBERT LEMON/NEA



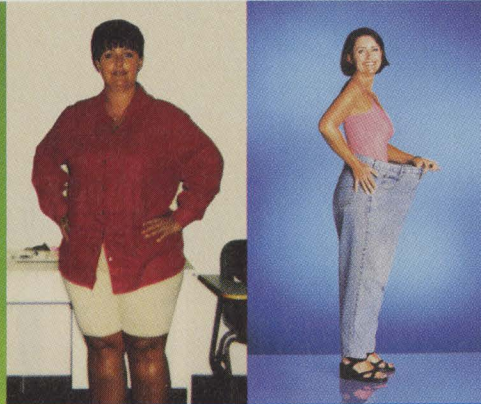
"He had great courage," says Nguyen Dung Thong (at home with his mother) of his father. "I am very proud of him."



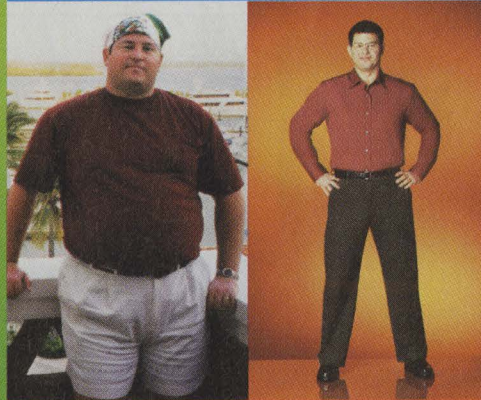
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then & now

BARRY LEWIS/NETWORK/SABA

"I saw people covered with blood," says Ha Thi Quy (left, with fellow survivors Pham Thanh Cong and Pham Thi Thuan).

MY LAI MASSACRE VICTIMS CAN'T STOP ASKING 'WHY?'

Ha Thi Quy, 74, wipes her tears as she recounts the horror of March 16, 1968. It was a fine, clear morning in My Lai, her hamlet of 700 near Vietnam's central coast. She was preparing to go to market when GIs from the 105-man Charlie Company started showing up. The company had often passed through on patrol in search of Viet Cong, who they knew relied on villagers for shelter and intelligence. On that day the soldiers, who had suffered heavy losses, believed a battalion of up to 400 Viet Cong was in the area. But there were no signs of an enemy unit. Suddenly one GI bayoneted a villager. Then the slaughter began. For four hours soldiers burned huts, raped women, herded people to the canal and shot them. Quy survived when others fell dead on top of her, but her mother, daughter and grandson were among the 504 who perished. "Everybody prayed and pleaded, 'Don't kill me,'" she says. "But the soldiers killed everyone."

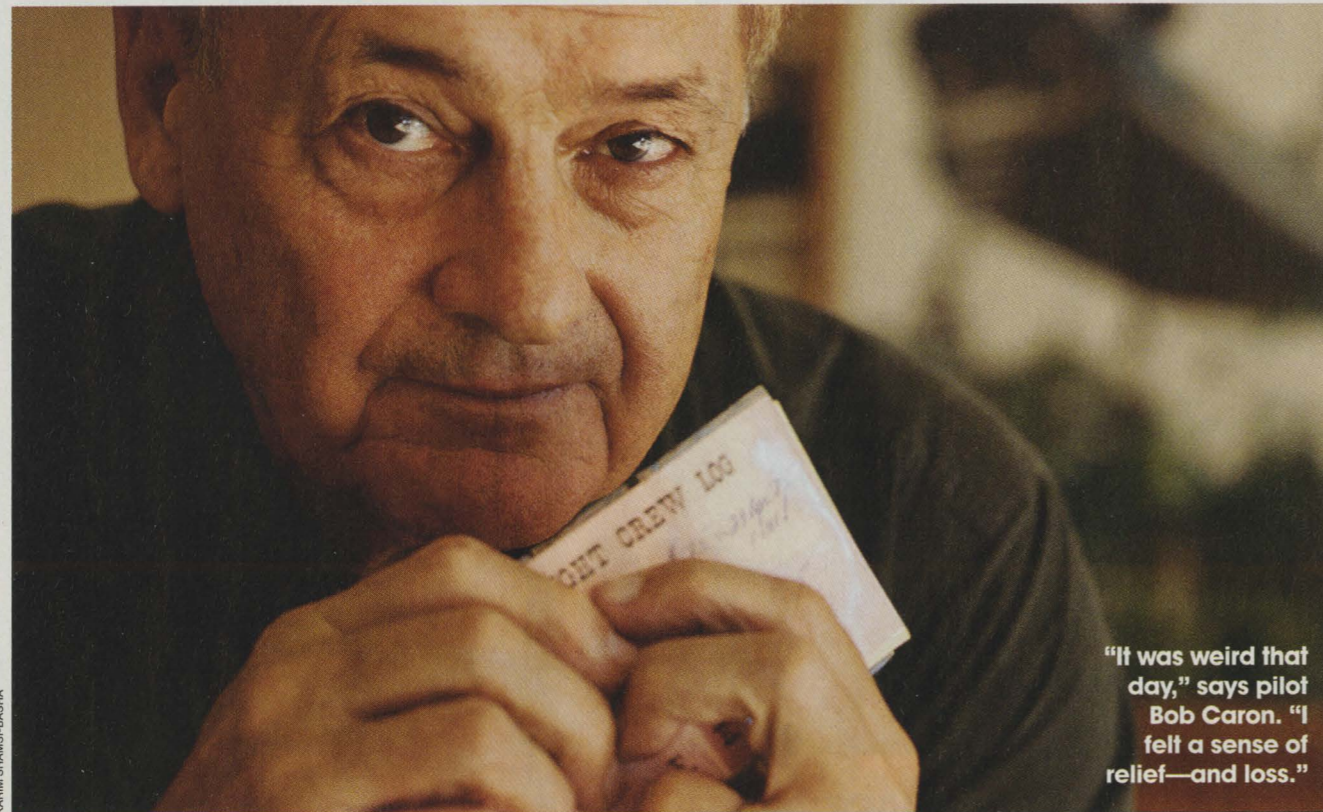
Engraved stones now mark the places where families were slain, and there is a special plaque at the canal that flowed with blood. In solemn procession, some 50,000 tourists—a third of them foreigners—come annually to My Lai, where a museum displays mug shots of some of the murderers, including platoon leader



These were among the 504 murder victims at My Lai.

Lt. William Calley. (Court-martialed and sentenced to life in prison in 1971, he spent three days in the stockade before being placed under house arrest. He was paroled three years later and now runs a jewelry store in Columbus, Ga. His murder conviction was overturned last year.) Bitter memories remain but the wounds are healing. "I hated the Americans," says museum director Pham Thanh Cong, 43, a survivor of the massacre. "Now our wish is for peace."

RONALD S. HABERLE/LIFE MAGAZINE



"It was weird that day," says pilot Bob Caron. "I felt a sense of relief—and loss."

LEAVING SAIGON: A U.S. PILOT'S LAST, DESPERATE MISSION

Weeks before the fall of Saigon, Bob Caron, a helicopter pilot for Air America, sensed the end was near. Late on the steamy morning of April 29, 1975, the CIA-funded fleet received orders to begin evacuating U.S. civilians and military personnel and endangered South Vietnamese. Caron and copilot Jack "Pogo" Hunter were sent to the Pittman Building, where CIA employees were quartered, to rescue a top-ranking Vietnamese official. By the time they arrived, the skies over Saigon were buzzing with choppers. Several had already landed on the Pittman's rooftop. As Caron's Bell 205 touched down, he saw a crowd of South Vietnamese jammed onto a makeshift stairway. Fifteen managed to squeeze on board. "When the helicopter was full, [we] stopped loading people in and had to hold them back," he says. "These people were desperate to escape, but we could only hold so many."

UPI photographer Hubert Van Es captured the scene from the top floor of the Saigon Hotel. But because the number of the chopper wasn't visible in his photo, historians have never known who was flying it. In a five-month investigation, PEOPLE found other photos of



Landing on the tiny rooftop, says Caron, was "scary."

that afternoon and with forensic experts positively identified the chopper in the photo as number N4 7004—Caron's. "I thought I was the pilot, but I couldn't prove it," says Caron, 66, a West Point grad and former Vietnam Army major now retired in Ft. Walton Beach, Fla. Hunter, a veteran of World War II and Korea who died at 60 in 1997, felt the same, says his son Michael, of Simonton, Texas. For Caron, memories of the people left behind are still haunting. "In their eyes," he says, "you could see they knew we were never coming back."

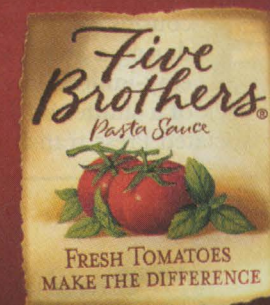
KARIM SHAMS/BAASHA

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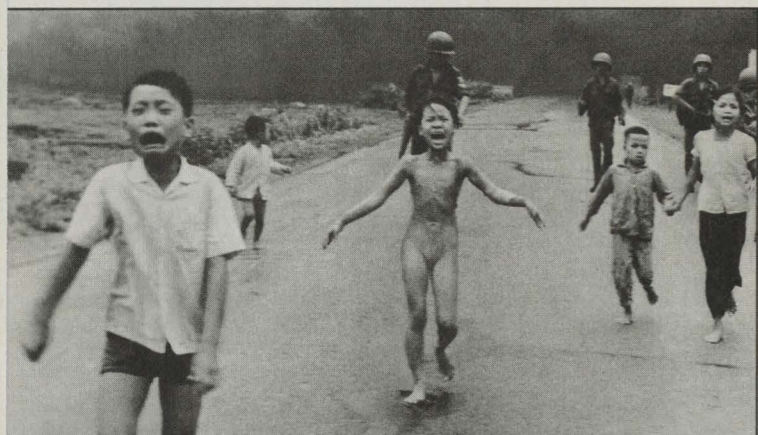
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then & now



June 8, 1972: Phan Thi Kim Phuc, her clothes burned off, was caught in a rain of American-made napalm.

HINH CONG NICK UT/AP



TARO YAMASAKI

"You can see a miracle in my life," says Kim Phuc (at home in Ontario with her younger son Stephen).

Phuc into one of the most powerful symbols of the war. Twenty-eight years later the pain from the third-degree burns that covered almost half her body has largely subsided. But Kim Phuc, now 37 and living in Ajax, Ont., knows that some wounds never heal. "I saw the bombs," she recalls, "and, like a kid, I looked back at them. Instantly there was fire everywhere." After the napalming, she was eventually brought to a reconstructive-surgery hospital in Saigon, where she underwent 17 skin grafts over the next 13 months. "My parents gave me life," she says, "but the doctors gave me life again." In 1982 she enrolled in medical school in Ho Chi Minh City. But months later the Vietnamese government, spurred by international media focus on the 10th anniversary of the napalming, terminated her studies to use her to rally anti-American sentiment. Four years later, Kim Phuc was permitted to move to Havana to study pharmacology. There she met Bui Huy Toan, now 39, whom she married in 1992. On their return from a honeymoon in Moscow, the couple defected to Canada, where their sons Thomas, now 6, and Stephen, 2, were born. Today, Toan works with disabled adults, and Kim Phuc devotes her time to two causes. In 1997 she cofounded the Chicago-based Kim Foundation, which will help fund surgery for young war victims. And she visits world capitals to address church and school groups as a goodwill ambassador for UNESCO. "I share what that little girl went through," says Kim Phuc. "People can learn the tragedy of war from me."

ROBERT LEMOYNE



Three others in Ut's photo—Kim Phuc's brother Phan Thanh Tam (left), 40, and cousins Ho Van Bon, 34, and Thi Hien, 39—still live where the bomb fell.

FACES OF WAR: THE LITTLE GIRL WHO RAN SCREAMING

The image still smolders in our national consciousness: A naked girl, flanked by her brothers and cousins, runs screaming as napalm sears her skin during a South Vietnamese air strike on the enemy-infiltrated village of Trang Bang. With the click of a shutter on June 8, 1972, Nick Ut of the Associated Press transformed 9-year-old Phan Thi Kim

Written by: Shirley Brady, Paula Chin, Ting Yu

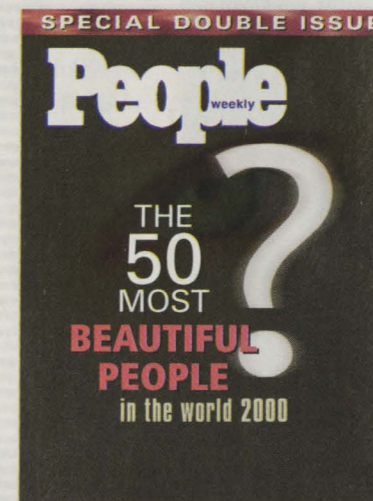
Reported by: Joanne Fowler, Linda Kramer, Jane Podesta, Don Sider, Kelly Williams



For an interactive timeline of the Vietnam War, go to www.people.com or AOL (Keyword: People)

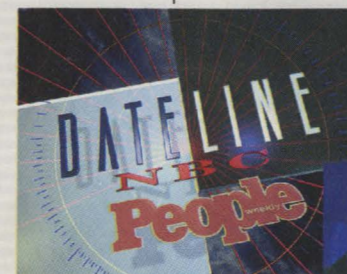
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controversy

ENEMY OF THE STATE

Novelist Duong Thu Huong rails against her country's Communist rulers

Duong Thu Huong, 53, settles into a chair and smiles easily across the table at a central Hanoi hotel, showing no sign of fear. "The government is a bunch of liars," she says, her words erupting like machine-gun fire. "They are corrupt, ignorant, incompetent leaders."

Such stinging criticism is rarely voiced in Vietnam, and the writer has paid a price for her outspokenness. All six of her novels are effectively banned in Vietnam, including 1988's *Paradise of the Blind*, the story of a young woman whose life is nearly ruined by a corrupt Communist uncle. In 1991, Huong was imprisoned for seven months without trial until a campaign by Amnesty International and French notables (including actress Catherine Deneuve) led to her release. After she visited Paris in 1994 to receive the prestigious French Order of Arts and Letters, her passport was confiscated. But Huong, who helped entertain troops at the front for seven years as part of the Communist Youth Brigade, is no longer followed constantly, and her phone is tapped only occasionally. "I think they're fed up with me," she says with a smile.

Not everyone sees her as a heroine. "She blasts the government without offering constructive solutions," says Phan Thanh Tram, a scholar at the Vietnam Women's Union. Others say her dissident image is hyped to help sell books abroad. A divorced mother of two grown children, Huong, whose *Memories of a Pure Spring* came out in the U.S. in January, won't stop nipping at Hanoi's heels. "I am," she says, "a solitary female wolf." ●

"I hope Vietnam becomes more democratic," says Huong.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN STANMEYER/SABA



DA NANG, 1967 First Marine Division infantrymen landed in the port town near China Beach, an R&R destination during the war.

IN A NEW LIGHT

Seen for its beauty rather than danger, Vietnam woos vets and vacationers

Even in wartime, American GIs loved the powder-soft sand and azure waters of China Beach, the coastal strip near Da Nang in central Vietnam where they often spent their R&R (and the setting for the hit 1988-91 TV series). Today, it's troops of travelers who are signing up for tours of Vietnam's still untouched (and relatively inexpensive) hot spots. Some 1.8 million tourists, including 210,700 Americans, visited the country last year, and the estimated \$560 million they spent makes tourism one of Vietnam's burgeoning industries. "People have a curiosity about Vietnam because of its history," says Cynthia Arrotti, 24, a Chicago travel agent. "But for all of the foreign presence and struggles, it has a culture all its own. There are no McDonald's on every street. It's different from what you see elsewhere."

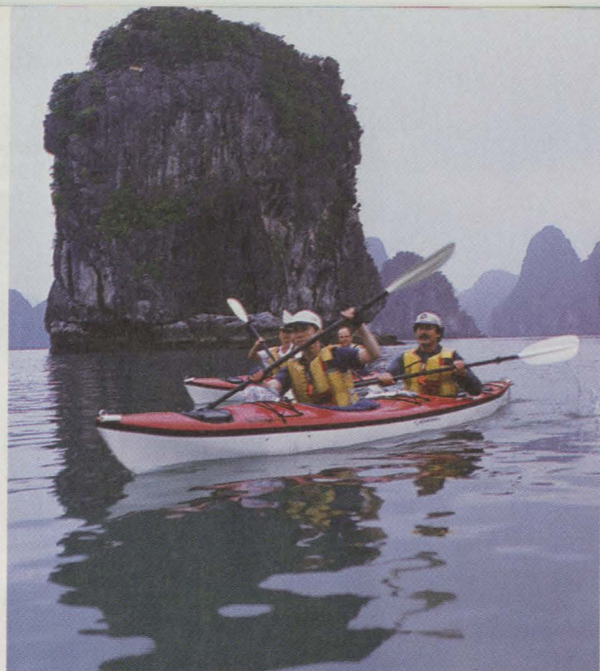
In fact there are places so far off the beaten path that few attempt the trip. To get from Hanoi to Sa Pa, near the Chinese border, requires a no-frills nine-hour train trip followed by an hour-long van ride up a winding mountain road. "You need a sense of adventure," says

CHINA BEACH, TODAY "Getting to see the country in a different light" is what drew Chicago's Cynthia Arrotti (with Rob Yahn) to the posh Furama Resort, where a room for two with an ocean view runs \$190 per night.

scene

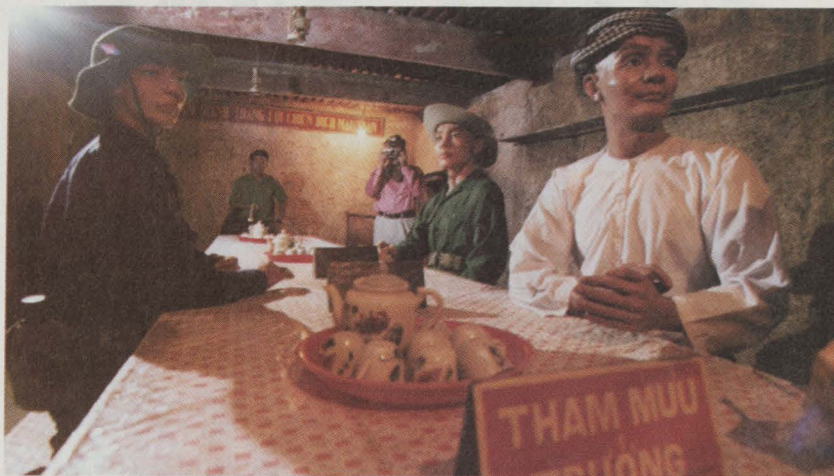
Laura Rutherford, 29, a Manhattan Beach, Calif., marketing manager who found that the magnificent views made the effort worthwhile. In Ha Long Bay in the northeast, where visitors can take kayaking tours of the ethereal islands, Manhattan investment banker Tim Laslavic, 45, reports, "The first time we went into the lagoons, we were awed into silence."

The tourist boom in Vietnam was first fueled in part by veterans (including director Oliver Stone) who came in the late '80s to reconnect with their pasts. Locals happily obliged with war-themed tours of sites like the Cu Chi Tunnels, from which the Viet Cong launched surprise attacks against U.S. forces. But for most visitors now, Vietnam calls to mind pleasure, not pain. "The beauty, the sounds, the smells," rhapsodizes Joni Goldman, 55, a Newton, Mass., psychologist who spent two days on a boat, gliding up and down the canals of the Mekong Delta. "I don't think of Vietnam in terms of the war anymore." ●



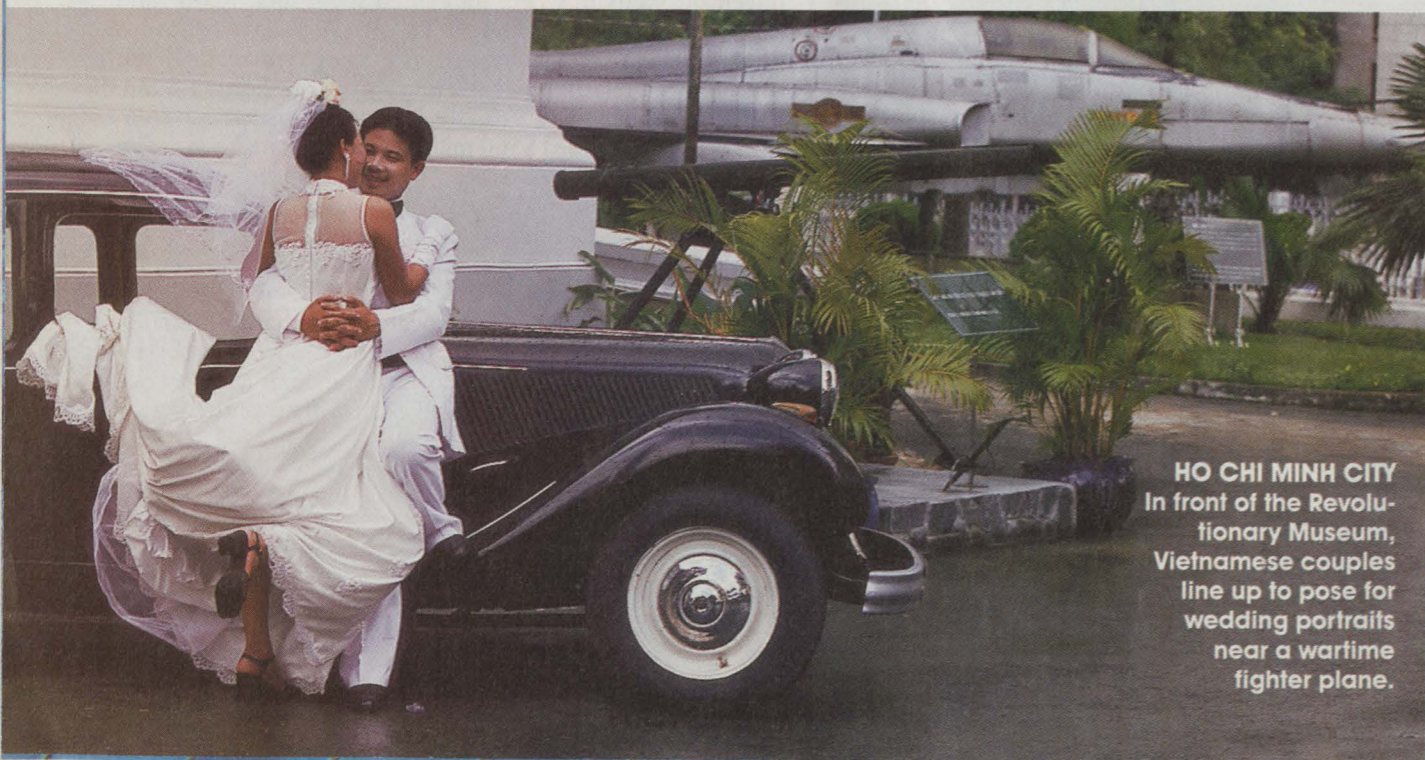
TAKAO YAMASAKI

HA LONG BAY "You can really forget the world here," says Sally Thompson, 44, a physician's assistant from Portland, Maine, who explored the coves and caves by kayak.



ROGER LEMOYNE

CU CHI TUNNELS Outside Ho Chi Minh City, visitors get the opportunity to crawl through the Viet Cong's once-secret underground passages and to fire bullets from a war-era automatic rifle.



BARRY LEWIS/NETWORK/SABA

HO CHI MINH CITY In front of the Revolutionary Museum, Vietnamese couples line up to pose for wedding portraits near a wartime fighter plane.

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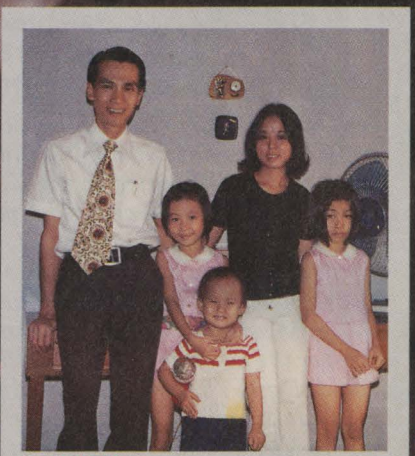


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COMING HOME

Twenty-five years after fleeing Vietnam as a child, a refugee returns to the land of her earliest memories • by Julie K.L. Dam



SAIGON The Dam family in '73: (left to right) Phap, Larkie, Julie, Lily and Janie.

Dam visits Ba Tiem, an elder in her ancestral village of Lang Me, near Hanoi.

COURTESY JULIE DAM



HANOI Dam's mother's childhood home has been turned into a district office.



HANOI "It was heartbreaking," says Dam of the neglected state of the tomb of one of her maternal ancestors, wife of a viceroy of French-controlled northern Vietnam.



LANG ME "The Dams in the village"—including the patriarch's granddaughters (above)—"embraced me as one of their own, even though my father left almost 50 years ago," says Dam.

Weeks before Saigon fell to the Communists on April 30, 1975, Julie Dam and her family made their escape from Vietnam. Admitted to the U.S. as refugees, they eventually settled in Dallas. Her parents—Phap, 59, a linguistics professor, and Lily, 57, a school district administrator—have yet to return to their homeland, but Julie's sisters, Los Angeles lawyers Janie, 35, and Larkie, 34, spent a month there in 1993. Curious to rediscover the country and the relatives she left behind as a child, Dam, 28, who graduated from Harvard University and is now a senior writer for PEOPLE, went back to Vietnam for the first time last November. This is the story of her journey home.

of the country and my own in the south. Back in the States, my parents and their siblings checked their e-mail every day, eager to hear from me about the country they left 25 years ago but still see vividly in their dreams.

Though their paths differed, my mother and her cousin led lives that were oddly parallel. While my mom went to college in the U.S., met my dad and returned to Saigon, Co Huong learned Russian and lived in Poland and the Soviet Union. Both lost loved ones in the war. During one battle in Quang Tri, Co Huong's brother-in-law died, as did one of my mother's nephews. One fought for the north, the other for the south. "People on both sides died," Co Huong lamented. "And for what?"

You look just like your mother," Co Huong whispered as she embraced me, first grasping my hands tightly, then brushing my hair out of my face. A day before, she hadn't even known I existed. A 57-year-old retired librarian, Co Huong hasn't seen my mother, her cousin, since 1954, when my mother's family left Hanoi and moved to Saigon. "Your mother and I used to scamper down to the pond behind your grandfather's house and then pick green papayas and make salads. That's all we ever ate!" she recounted happily. A moment later she fretted, "Have you eaten? Are you tired?" She reminded me a little of my mom too.

Whatever disconnect I had felt when I arrived in Hanoi disappeared as my mother's relatives opened their homes—and their happy memories—to me. I had come to Vietnam hoping to retrace my parents' early lives in the north



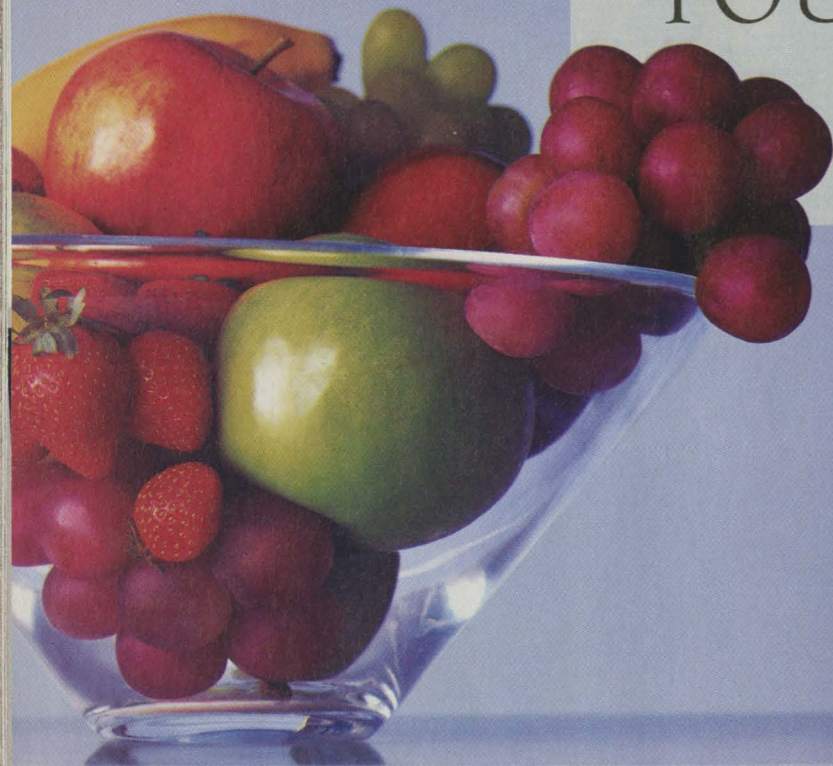
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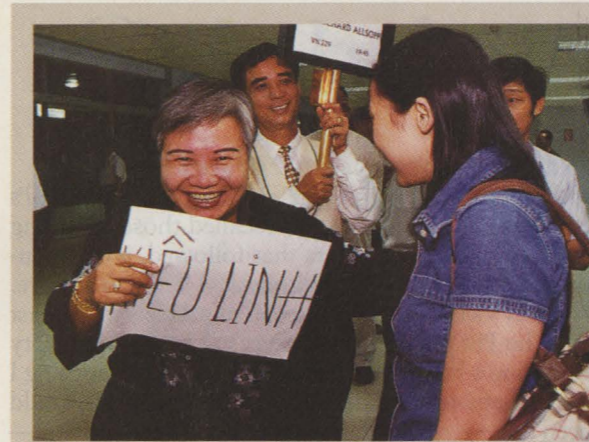
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HO CHI MINH CITY Thu-Phi greets Dam by her Vietnamese name, Kieu Linh.

I was about to turn 4 when my family left Saigon the first week of April 1975. I have a few memories from my childhood—going to the Saigon Zoo with my family, waving from the balcony of our apartment when I heard my dad's car drive up. I believed that once I set foot in Vietnam again it would all come back. As it turned out, I felt like a tourist in my own life.

Hanoi is a sleepy town by American standards, and yet later my parents would hardly recognize it from the pictures I sent them. Co Huong took me to the house where my mother grew up. It is now a district office for the Communist party—well-kept but far from the magical home of my mother's memories. The pond and the trees that she described are gone. My mom's bedroom, I surmised, is an office. (We weren't allowed inside.) That night I sat at my laptop and recounted every detail to my parents. "I am following your story like I am living it," my mom wrote back. "I remembered every corner you described."

Four days later in a village called Lang Me, a bumpy hour-long motorbike ride northeast of Hanoi, I sat in the house where my father was born in 1940. He had told me to be sure to visit the temples that had been built there in honor of our two most illustrious ancestors, a 15th-century Le dynasty court minister and a "national teacher" during the 17th-century Trinh dynasty. But the first place I asked to be shown by Ong Tiem, the 65-year-old Dam patriarch in Lang Me and a distant cousin, was a three-room brick-and-tile-roofed house surrounded by a small rice paddy, which my grandfather built in the 1920s. It was the only one of my immediate family's homes still standing. My dad's brother Phan messaged me from Canada: "I was so moved and proud of you! My friends also felt the same. You have touched our heart, as we all feel homesick somehow."

I headed south a few days later; my turn to recover lost memories of Saigon. My 45-year-old cousin Thu-Phi told me she'd write my name on a card so that we could find each other at Tan Son Nhut airport. I had no recollection of what she looked like, and she hadn't seen me since I was a hair-impaired 3-year-old whom my sisters had dubbed Tuan (a boy's name). I found her in the crowd, and she gave me a big hug. Her appearance—cropped, silvering hair, red

kin



HO CHI MINH CITY Though many street names had changed, Dam was able to find most of her family's old haunts, including the grade school she was to attend.

lipstick and diamond jewelry—so different from what I had seen in Hanoi, where most women wore drab-colored clothes. Thu-Phi (also known as Sophie) belongs to the go-getting, prosperous south. Spending all day on her cell phone dealing with her work as a coordinator for a Western shipping company, she was surprised that I was so eager to chat with relatives and visit old family homes. The next morning she picked me up in a chauffeured Honda borrowed from a friend and led me on a whirlwind tour of the Saigon I once knew.

My heart began to beat in double time as we turned onto Duy Tan street, renamed Pham Ngoc Thach. We parked across the street from a modern-looking pink office building. It was in front of the two-story apartment house where my family lived the first few years of my life. I was devastated. It looked completely unfamiliar to me. The walls and floors had been recently redone, and when I stepped onto the balcony and leaned over I couldn't imagine how I could have been so small that my dad could only see my hand waving at him. As I stood on the street taking one last look at the building, I cried, mostly because I couldn't remember, but also because we were once a young family, hopeful for our future in Saigon, despite the war that raged on the periphery of the city. A few days before we left Vietnam, my dad took me to the French convent school my sisters attended for an entrance exam. After the headmistress assured us I would have a place there in the fall, my dad and I went out to have a bowl of rice soup to celebrate.

And then we were gone. As a respected U.S.-educated professor of languages at two universities in Saigon, my father had become friendly with several of the American officers and CIA agents he taught. At the end of March 1975, one of them called to tell him that the end was near, that we had to leave the country secretly and that they would help us.

kin

A few days later, my mother, sisters and I were transported to the airport with nothing but a few photographs and important papers, bundled onto a Babylift flight and flown to the Philippines. My dad got out in the cargo hold of a U.S. military plane and met us there three days later. After stays in Guam and a refugee camp in California, we arrived at the Fort Wayne, Ind., home of the Schmidts, the parents of my mother's Miami University roommate, who became our sponsors. It was May 1, 1975, the day after Saigon fell.

Meeting my relatives in Ho Chi Minh City, I learned what took place after we left. No one knew what had happened to us for four days. My dad's older brother Bac Thao and his cousin Bac Moc (Thu-Phi's father) frantically searched for us. They found my father's abandoned Renault on the side of a road. Then they learned that my elderly grandfather had been tranquilized by his doctor son Chu Thang and the two had flown out. Bac Moc, who was the commandant of the South Vietnamese police academy in Saigon, had sworn not to leave the country as long as my grandfather remained. Now he was crushed that he had stayed behind to no purpose. His family hid his gun so that he wouldn't join the other South Vietnamese officials and military officers who were committing suicide rather than face the consequences. As April 30 approached, pandemonium broke out, and the doors out of the country rapidly closed. Bac Thao spent four years in a reeducation camp before escaping by boat. Bac

Moc died in another camp in 1982 at age 65.

I sat there, stunned and silent, and listened to Thu-Phi's weary 70-year-old mother as she recalled those terrifying weeks and the long, hard years that followed, when Thu-Phi's brothers were forced to do physical labor to survive. Many lives in Vietnam have improved immensely in the past 10 years. Thu-Phi has bought property in Ho Chi Minh City and is building a house for the family. Still, every morning I woke up in Vietnam I wondered how different my life would have been had we not been able to leave. I felt so grateful—and so guilty.

"You can visit me here, but I can't visit you there," remarked my second cousin Chinh wistfully. Chinh, 37, makes \$60 a month working in a Korean-owned towel factory in Saigon. She lives with her sister Thang, 30, in a spare concrete-floored room on the premises. But none of my relatives seemed to resent my luck; they were proud I had assimilated in America, that I had gone to Harvard, that I had a good job and, most of all, that I had returned. My dad's 80-year-old cousin Bac Mac graciously said that at least I spoke some Vietnamese, though he gently chided me for sounding like someone who had learned the language from books, not from birth. "She left when she was so little that she's practically all American," my cousin Quyen said in my defense. "But," he added, to my immense pride, "I think she is still very Vietnamese inside." ●



HO CHI MINH CITY In the bustling south, cell phones are ubiquitous. Says Dam (riding in a cyclo): "I was more than a little flabbergasted to find that some of my relatives had such Western lifestyles."

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angels

HEALING POWERS

American vets turn to ex-GI Chuck Searcy to help Vietnam's disabled kids

Hallo, Mr. Chuck," a Hanoi cyclo driver yells with a happy wave. Everyone in the capital, it seems, from shoeshine boys to government ministers, knows Chuck Searcy. He's hard to miss. Whether stopping at his "second office," the Au Lac Cafe, or zipping through town on his iridescent blue motorcycle or singing Willie Nelson songs in Vietnamese at a karaoke bar, the 6'3" Georgian with the easy manner and broad smile is a kind of American landmark.

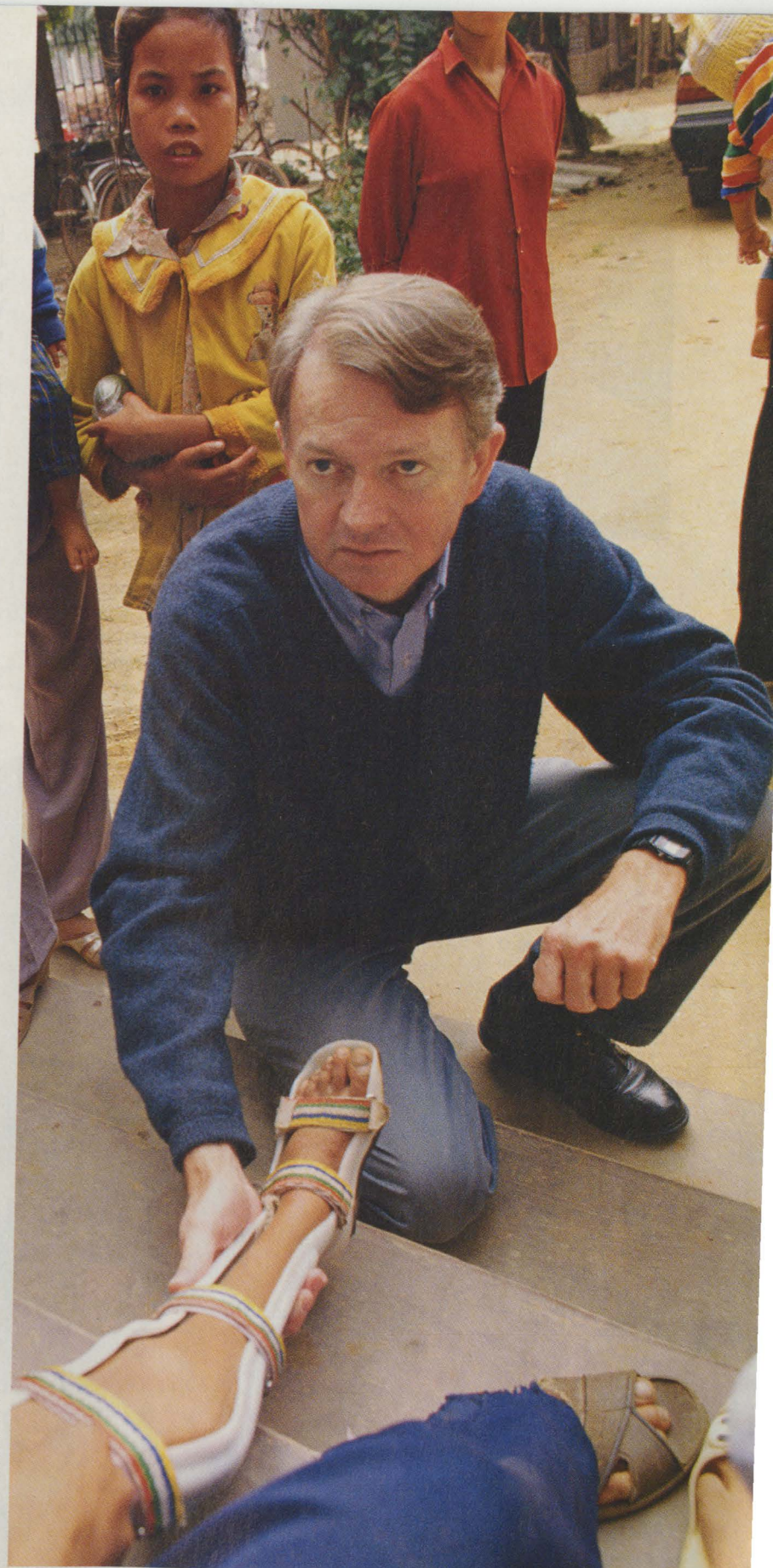
Searcy, 55, is a former Army intelligence analyst who was based in Saigon in the late '60s. He returned to Vietnam in 1995 to perform a far different function—heading up the Vietnam Veterans of America Foundation's orthotics program, which provides corrective braces for disabled Vietnamese children. Says Searcy's boss, VVAF president Bobby Muller: "I once told Chuck, 'You are our donation to Vietnam.'"

It is a sizable contribution. Along with his formal duties, Searcy is also the unofficial concierge of Hanoi. He is continually fielding calls from visiting veterans, foreign correspondents, expatriate friends and humanitarian groups about how to negotiate Vietnam and its bureaucracy. When Mother Teresa visited Hanoi in 1996, he met with her in a vain attempt to help her get permission to open a mission there. The New



By '68, says Searcy (in the Army), "I opposed the war."

COURTESY ANNE SHELINTZ



"I feel accountable," says Searcy (checking a child's orthotic).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LES STONE/CORBIS SYGMA

angels



Near Hanoi, Dr. Tran Thi Thu Ha measures a girl for a brace.

York City-based Doctors of the World sought him out in 1998 when it wanted approval—which it obtained—to train health workers in rural Vietnam. (Health care in Vietnam is not free, and although government insurance is relatively affordable, medical resources are limited.) “He’s very good at understanding the needs of the Vietnamese people,” says Nguyen Dong, a doctor of physical medicine and rehabilitation in Hanoi. “He has accomplished a lot.”

The twice-divorced Searcy, who lives alone in a two-room apartment overlooking Hanoi’s White Silk Lake, used to worry about how the Vietnamese would receive an American vet. But, he says, “when people find out, they seem to have even more respect. They assume we understand the suffering and sorrow.”

“He has a good heart,” a friend says of Searcy (with rural doctor Truong Thi That).

Searcy translates that bond into action. At the National Institute of Pediatrics in Hanoi, the VVAF spends about \$100,000 a year manufacturing and fitting custom-made plastic braces for kids. Of the country’s estimated 34 million chil-

dren, some 3 million suffer from disabilities caused by diseases like cerebral palsy and meningitis and by congenital defects like clubfoot. “The braces make a big difference,” says Dr. Tran Trong Hai, who helps administer the program. “Thanks to the VVAF, a lot of children move better.”

Recently, Searcy accompanied a medical team in the VVAF’s first mobile orthotics lab to Vinh Phuc Province, an hour’s bumpy ride north of Hanoi. A 15-year-old boy with clubfoot showed the team how he walked with a painful loping stride before he got his braces. “Working in rehabilitation is rewarding,” says Searcy. “You can see people achieve some independence and greater self-esteem.”

He ought to know. His sister Anne, now 41, was left a quadriplegic in her early 20s after a car accident injured her spine. “It was a great lesson for me in how difficult it is for the disabled and their families to deal with this kind of life-altering circumstance,” he says.

The son of a Thomson, Ga., beverage bottler and his wife, Searcy was flunking out of the University of Georgia in Athens when he enlisted in the Army in 1966 at age 22. Working on intelligence reports for the general staff in Saigon, he began questioning the reasons for America’s presence in Vietnam. “I had a palpable feeling of sorrow over what was happening,” he says, “and felt helpless to correct it.”

After his discharge in 1969, Searcy became a vocal antiwar activist and was named Georgia state coordinator of Vietnam Veterans Against the War. He campaigned for George McGovern and later served in government jobs in Georgia and in Washington, D.C. “Chuck is like Forrest Gump,” says pal Pete McCommons, an Athens newspaper publisher and former fellow activist. “He’s wherever the action is. He’s a true believer.”

Searcy turned down a \$130,000 job offer with the Department of Veterans Affairs to take the VVAF job in 1995 at half the pay. He doesn’t regret the choice. His work with children has helped the old soldier too. “I needed to mend not a physical injury but a psychological wound—the pain over what we had done in Vietnam,” he says. “Having found a way to come back here and do something constructive has been a healing process.”

- J.D. Reed
- Linda Kramer in Hanoi



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'I'VE MADE MY PEACE WITH VIETNAM'

An American war hero faces down the trauma of his years as a POW • by Sen. John McCain

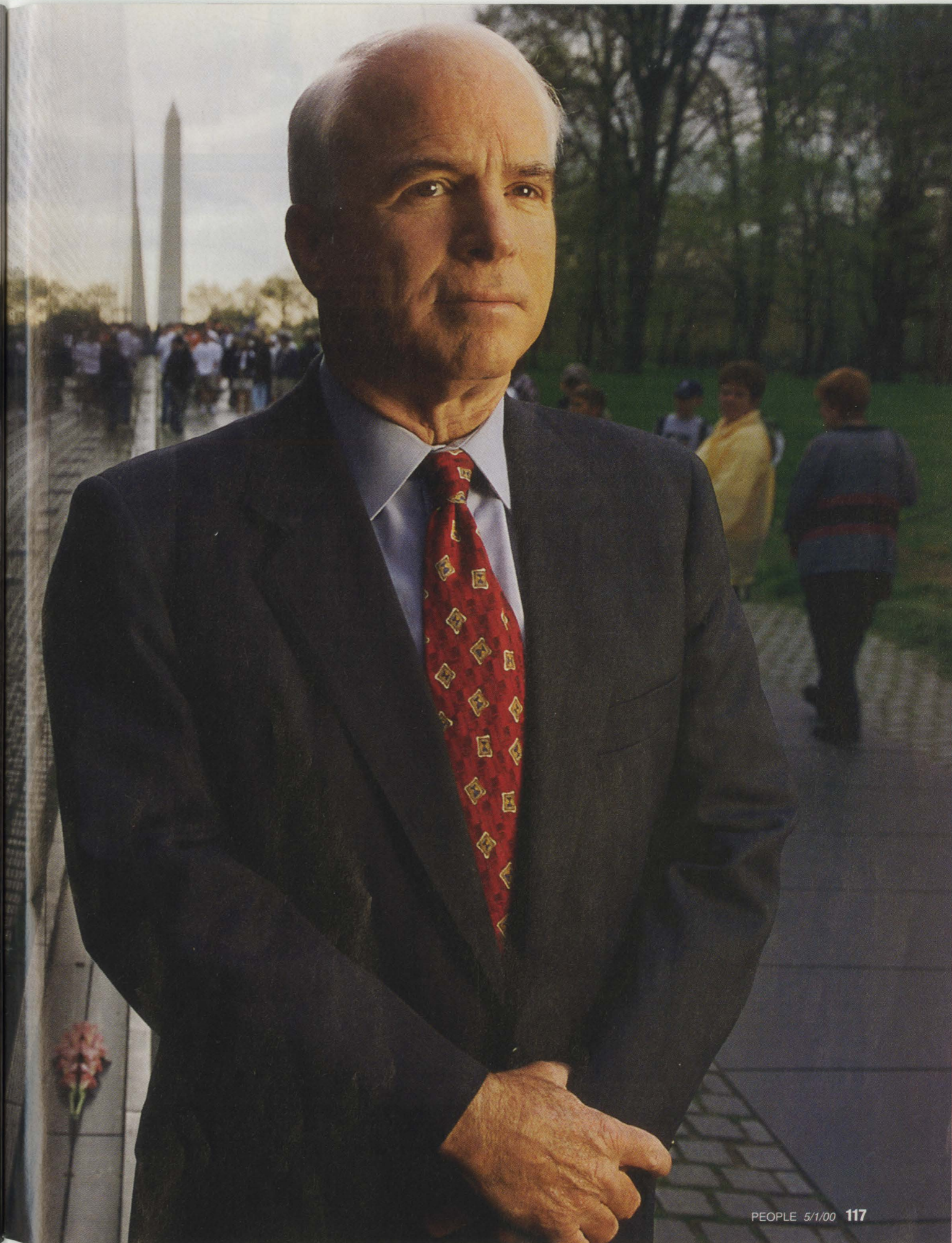
*Sen. John McCain may be America's best-known prisoner of war. A Navy flier, he was shot down over Hanoi in 1967 and spent 5½ brutal years in North Vietnamese prison camps, much of the time in solitary confinement. His ordeal was recounted in his best-selling book *Faith of My Fathers*, written last year with his administrative assistant Mark Salter. In the book, McCain describes what happened—both good and bad—when the Vietnamese discovered his father was Adm. John S. McCain, commander in chief of U.S. Naval forces in the Pacific. Now 63, McCain and his second wife, Cindy, 46, live in Phoenix. He has seven children and four grandchildren. In the following article, written for PEOPLE, McCain tells how he has reconciled himself with his painful past.*

For many years, I knew little about Vietnam. I knew the contours of its topography from aerial pictures or from the cockpit of my A-4. I knew the sounds I heard of Vietnamese society outside the walls of my prison and the brief glimpses I managed from cracks in my cell door of the day-to-day operation of a Vietnamese prison. Yet Vietnam had a more profound influence on my life than my experience with any other country save my own, and the small, random observations I made during the war are almost irrelevant to my remembrance of it. They add just a little color to my memories of the place where I learned many of the most important lessons of life.

When the American prisoners were released in 1973, we were flown first to Clark Air Force Base in the Philippines. I have often maintained that

"I'm the luckiest guy you'll meet," says McCain (at Washington's Vietnam Veterans Memorial in April).

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS USHER

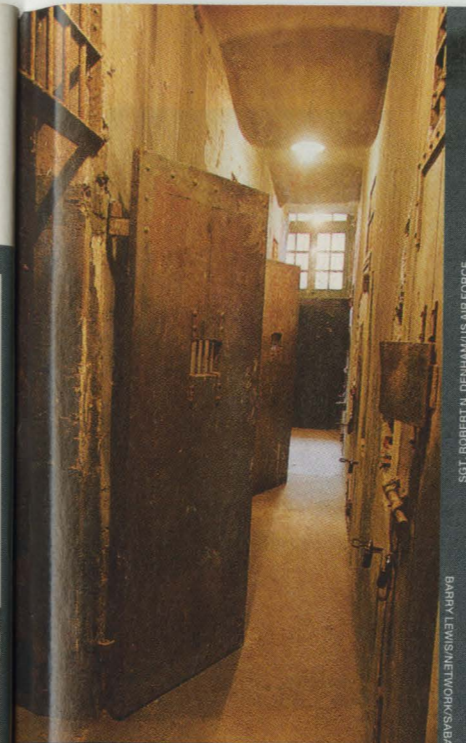




Shot down over a lake in Hanoi on Oct. 26, 1967, McCain was dragged to shore and attacked by bystanders.



This propaganda photo days after his capture does not show how his broken arms and leg were still untreated.



McCain spent three years in the infamous "Hanoi Hilton."



Freed in 1973, McCain (center) and his fellow POWs awaited transfer from prison to Hanoi's airport. They were then flown to a U.S. base in the Philippines.

I left Vietnam behind me when I arrived at Clark. That is an exaggeration. But from the moment I regained my freedom I was intent on not letting Vietnam, or at least the most difficult memories of my time there, intrude on my future happiness. Looking back in anger at any experience is self-destructive, and I am grateful to have avoided it.

When I was their prisoner, the Vietnamese routinely attempted to hurt our morale by boasting that Americans were deeply divided about the war. When I came home I was surprised to discover that their boasts, while exaggerated, were not just propaganda. Americans were divided, and many seemed to have lost faith in the belief that America was the greatest force on earth.

Years later, after I entered public life, I worked with Massachusetts Sen. John Kerry and other Vietnam veterans in Congress to help resolve issues that prevented normalization of relations between the U.S. and Vietnam. Those issues included Vietnam's cooperation on MIAs, Vietnam's withdrawal from Cambodia, the continued imprisonment of former South Vietnamese military and political officials and their emigration to the United States. Our progress on these points ultimately encouraged President Clinton to restore normal diplomatic relations on July 11, 1995.

I was proud to play a small role in that effort, but it is important to recognize that normalization is not reconciliation. We may have made it easier for other Americans to put the war and the divisions it created behind them. We might have helped some Americans and some Vietnamese reconcile their lingering grievances. But no one can impose reconciliation between the peoples of two countries that fought such a bitter, bloody and protracted conflict. And certainly no veteran can do that on behalf of another. It is something each of us must achieve on our own.

I've made my peace with Vietnam and with the Vietnamese. There are Vietnamese whom I will never be able to forgive for their cruelty to us. Nor will I accept that Vietnam is a better place for America having lost the war. The Vietnamese people will someday be free, but they are not yet. And our opposition to a regime that denies its people basic human rights was and is honorable. But I choose to use the opportunities afforded by normal relations to help Vietnam find a better future than its hard, war-torn past.

For myself, I try hard to make good use of my memories of Vietnam, as do most vets, to reconcile myself to the past and to find the wisdom we all aspire to in our old age.

It is a surprising irony that war, for all its horrors, provides the combatant with every conceivable human experience. Experiences that usually take a lifetime to know are all felt, and felt intensely, in one brief passage. As I wrote in my book, at one point my captors forced me to sign a false confession of war crimes. My resulting despair caused me the most painful moment of my life. And yet the reason I had been beaten into confessing, my refusal of a Vietnamese offer to let me go home before my fellow prisoners, remains a source of my self-respect today.

Even hatred of one's enemies is experienced with recognition of their humanity. I have written about how I was held in solitary confinement for two years. During much of that time, I had a guard who would enter my cell and order me to bow. When I refused, he would knock me to the ground. This ritual was repeated almost every morning for two years. I have never hated another human being more.

But as I also recount in my book, another guard helped show me the meaning of the religious faith I had casually professed all my life. One evening I had been tied in torture ropes and left alone in an empty room to suffer through the night. Sometime later this guard, whom I had never spoken

to before, entered the room and silently loosened the ropes to alleviate my suffering. Just before morning, he returned and retightened the ropes before the other guards discovered his kindness. He never said a word to me, but some months later, on a Christmas morning, as I stood alone in the prison courtyard, the same good Samaritan walked up to me and stood next to me for a few moments. Then with his sandal he drew a cross in the dirt. Both prisoner and guard stood wordlessly there for a minute or two, venerating the

cross, until the guard rubbed it out and walked away.

Such experiences are transforming. I had never felt more free, more my own man, than when I was just a small part of an organized resistance. I discovered then that nothing in life is more liberating than to fight for a cause that encompasses you but is not defined by your existence alone.

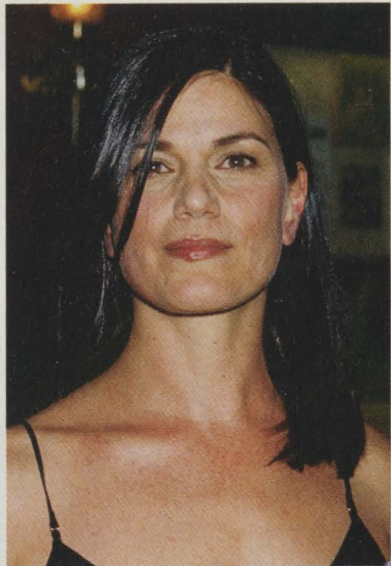
I had missed my youth, preferring a robust social life to the classroom and a successful Navy career. Even now I occasionally indulge in nostalgia for the ephemeral qualities of a happy childhood. But I learned in Vietnam that something better can endure. That is the honor we earn and the love we give if, at a moment in our lives, we sacrifice with others something greater than our self-interest. We can choose to let the moment pass. But the loss we would suffer is much dearer than the tribute we once paid to vanity and pleasure.

In 1985 I returned to Vietnam with Walter Cronkite on the occasion of the 10th anniversary of the fall of Saigon. We visited the site where I had been captured, and returned to the prison where I had been held in solitary confinement, where I had served in the company of so many men who had suffered more than I had and shown greater courage than I could muster. I could not prevent my memories of the place, the good and the bad ones, from flooding my mind. But those memories, no less than the sights and sounds of the country that I had once fought, yielded a simple recognition: My life is blessed and always has been. ●



In 1985, McCain and Walter Cronkite visited a statue of McCain—on his knees, his arms up—built to honor Hanoi's anti-aircraft gunners.

by Chuck Arnold



Linda Fiorentino: Bump and grind.

Performance Anxiety

Doing a lap dance in the new heist drama *Where the Money Is*, sultry actress **Linda Fiorentino** used all her feminine wiles to try to rouse 75-year-old **Paul Newman** out of his fake vegetative state. "But Paul never even cracked a smile when I was doing the dance," says Fiorentino, 42. "I was insulted. I thought I'd lost my touch. I gave him everything I had, and at the end of the day he apologized to me for not being more responsive. He said, 'I don't want you to take it personally, Linda. I was just doing my job.'" At least Fiorentino was able to joke about it. "Yes, all men should be in comas when we make love to them," she says. "They won't speak, they won't complain, they won't ask for more!"

Minnie Me

Despite appearing in more than 10 films, **Minnie Driver** says that she still gets confused with another movie actress. "People think I'm **Janeane Garofalo**," says Driver, 30, who costars in the new romantic comedy *Return to Me*. "It's become something of a joke. I don't know what it is. That we both have dark hair?" But Driver has learned the hard way not to try to fool her fans. And her less-than-fans. "People also go, 'You look a lot like Minnie Driver,'" she says. "Once I said, 'Thanks, Minnie is a great actress.' But it blew up in my face. This person said, 'Nah, didn't like the last movie she did.'"

Psyched Out

British actor **Christian Bale**, who plays a serial killer in the controversial new thriller *American Psycho*, thinks that some of his



Christian Bale: Role reversal.

peers were scared off by the role. "It's a shame when you get very good actors who are aware of their public perception, and they blur the line [between] the characters they play and their own personalities," says Bale, 26. "They can't take parts that make them look bad. They're worried a movie will be harmful to their image." Bale's own image got a burnish, however, when he played Jesus in the 1999 TV movie *Mary, Mother of Jesus*. "It was offered to me six weeks after I wrapped *American Psycho*," he says. "I couldn't resist it. I thought it was the only way I could atone for playing a serial killer."

The Honeymoon Is Over

Edward Norton, who directed, produced and costars in the new romantic comedy *Keeping the Faith*, still has trouble coping



Edward Norton: Private parts.

with certain aspects of fame. "I am the most private person I know," says Norton, 30. "But I am an actor. I do this for the people, and the people want to know about me. Once in an interview someone even asked me, 'What is your blood type?'" At least the actor's stardom has finally put an end to all the jokes he used to hear about **Ed Norton**, the *Honeymooners* character played by **Art Carney**. "Actually my father had it worse," he says. "He would get, 'Hey, I love *The Honeymooners*!' I would occasionally get someone who would hear my name and scream, 'To the moon, Alice!'"

Best Defense

Now and Again's **Dennis Haysbert**, who costars in the new sports drama *Love and Basketball*, says that he passed up hoops for acting in high school. "Basketball always [conflicted] with the theater season," says Haysbert, 45, "and I was always involved in theater." The actor, who played football and ran track, says that the decision didn't hurt his standing. "Actually I got a great deal of respect for it," he says. "It showed off that 'sensitive side,' so the girls liked it. And whatever problems the guys had with it were soon dashed when we were out on the football field. I was a defensive end, so if any of them had anything to say, they would be duly punished."

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"I have to keep a little money back because it costs a little to make me look so cheap!"

DOLLY PARTON, after donating \$7 million for the nationwide expansion of the literacy program she founded, the Imagination Library

FROM LEFT: ROBIN PLATZER/REX IMAGES; RICARDO MARTIN/CONTRAST OUTLINE; ALEC MICHAEL/OLIVE PHOTOS



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