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THE WEEK

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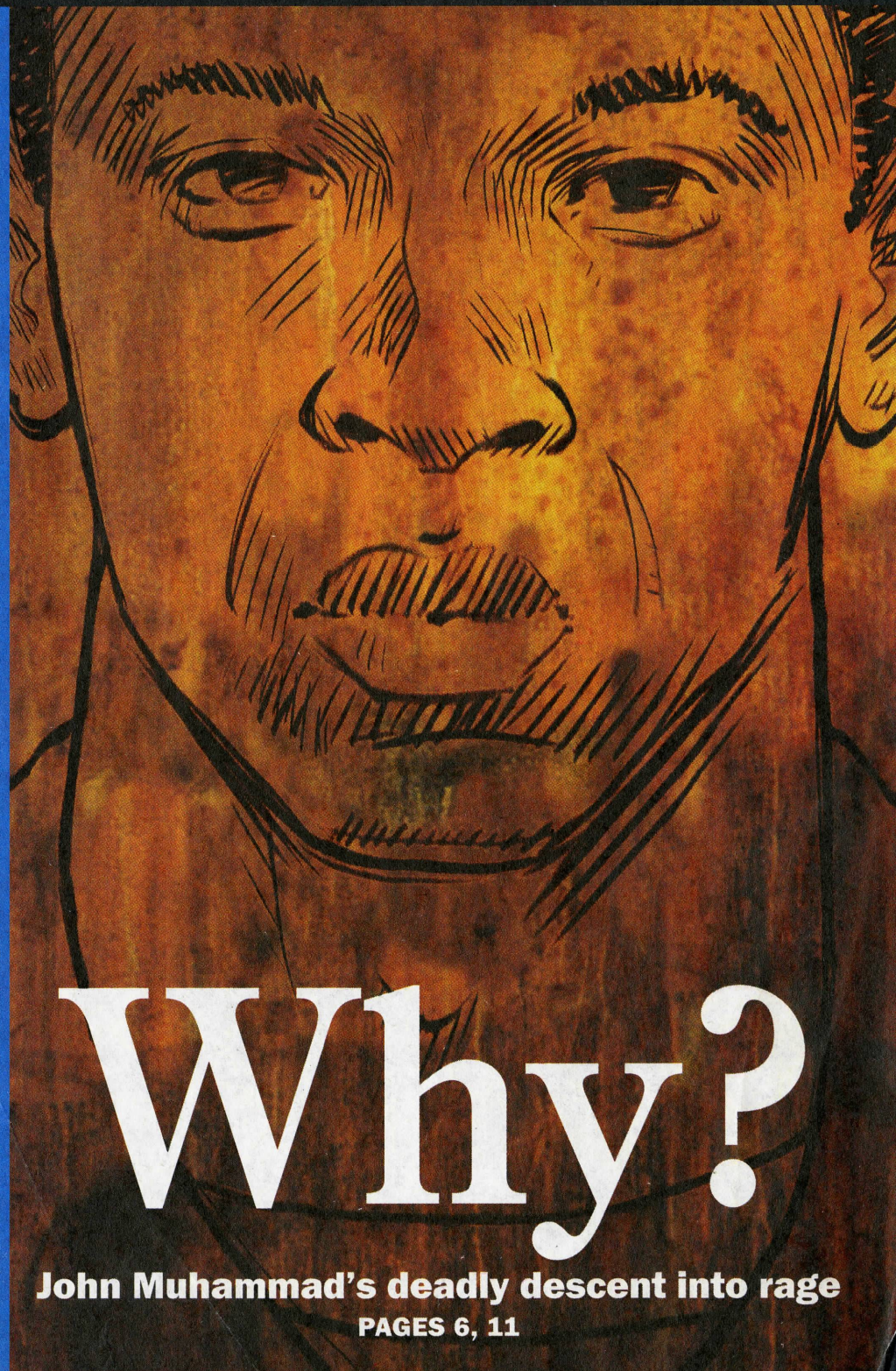
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THE BEST OF THE U.S. AND INTERNATIONAL MEDIA



Paleontologist Paul Sereno has encountered some of the weirdest creatures that ever walked the earth. Yet some of the scariest things he's discovered aren't likely to become extinct anytime soon. Sad to say, mutual fund management fees will probably outlast us all. That's why Dr. Sereno **was afraid of getting eaten alive.** So he turned to a company famous for keeping the costs down. That meant more money for him and less for the monsters.

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Russia's deadly response to terrorism

What happened

At least 117 people died this week when Russian forces pumped a chemical gas into a Moscow theater where Chechen militants were holding more than 750 hostages. Some 50 Chechen militants, including 20 women, stormed the theater during the performance of a popular musical. The Chechens, many of whom were wired with explosives, planted powerful bombs all around the theater and vowed to kill everyone unless Russia withdrew its troops from occupied Chechnya. When President Vladimir Putin refused to negotiate for a third consecutive day, the militants threatened to begin shooting hostages.

Russia's elite Alpha unit pumped Fentanyl, a quick-acting opiate, into the theater, knocking out hostages and militants alike, and shot the militants dead. But the Russian government initially refused to reveal what kind of gas had been used, so doctors were unable to treat the victims. Of the dead hostages, only one was killed by the militants. The rest died from the gas—some by choking on vomit, others from paralysis of the lungs.

"We are sorry we could not save everyone," Putin said. But he said Russia would not knuckle under to "international terrorism."

What the editorials said

The Chechens are not in the same league as international terrorists, said *The Wall Street Journal*. Al Qaida would have simply blown up the theater and killed everybody; the Chechen terrorists had a specific demand. And while al Qaida sucker-punched the U.S. first, "Russia bears some responsibility" for creating the Chechen menace through its brutal war in the breakaway province.

Putin will probably try to use this event as an excuse to send troops rampaging through Chechnya again, said *The Christian Science Monitor*. Russia's indiscriminate bombing in the province has killed some 80,000 people—the vast majority of them civilians—since the insurgency began in the mid-'90s. Most Chechens are not Islamic radicals; indeed, they hate and fear the "small minority of terrorists." The West should not allow Putin a free hand "to eradicate all rebels."



Relatives mourn fallen hostages.

America's criticism is shockingly insensitive, said the Russian daily *Komso-molskaya pravda*. When Islamic terrorists struck the U.S. so viciously on Sept. 11, Russians—unlike, say, Europeans or Arabs—did not blame American policy or question America's response. We "wept sincerely" with the U.S. for its loss of innocent lives. When terrorists strike at Russians, though, Americans "do nothing but say that what happened was a blow to Putin, one that he deserved."

What the columnists said

Putin has taken a huge risk in gassing his people, said James S. Robbins in *National*

Review Online. "There is something viscerally repugnant about the use of gas as a weapon." It conjures up memories of people dying in agony in World War I, in the Holocaust, in Kurdistan. Still, the Russians had few options. Faced with terrorists who were able and willing to blow up the whole building, a SWAT team couldn't just storm in. The mistake was that, by pumping in enough gas to subdue the young, strong terrorists, the Russians allowed many of the hunger-weakened theatergoers to die.

Maybe the Russians didn't miscalculate, said Avigdor Haselkorn in the *Los Angeles Times*. After all, they have sent all potential terrorists a powerful message: "that Russia is ready to sacrifice its own citizens in the struggle against suicide terrorism." Putin aims to prevent such attacks at all costs. That's why he initially refused to name the gas used, even to the doctors treating its victims. Preventing terrorists from knowing how to protect themselves against the gas in the future was more important to him than saving Russian lives now. By advertising this priority, the Russians have written "a new page in strategic deterrence."

What next?

The Russian military is going to play an "immensely" expanded role at home and abroad, said Sergei Sokut and Mikhail Khodarenok in the Moscow daily *Nezavisimaya gazeta*. Putin has announced that he will expand the powers of the military so it can attack terrorists "anywhere they have bases, organizations, or supporters." That sounds very much like a direct threat to attack Georgia, which neighbors Chechnya. Putin also plans to use the army against domestic threats. The challenge now facing Russia is to deter terrorists without reverting to a police state.

It wasn't all bad

■ The women of Bahrain cast their ballots last week in the tiny kingdom's first national elections since 1973. It was the first time women of an Arab country in the Persian Gulf not only voted for national office but ran as well. Their inclusion was part of reform efforts lately undertaken by King Hamad bin Isa al-Khalifa. Eight women stood as candidates for parliament; although only one made the runoff, defenders of universal suffrage proclaimed the experiment a success. "I want a better future for my children and grandchildren," said Naeema al-Bloushi, who runs a women's health spa. "Next time I will vote for myself."

■ After spending 50 years entombed in the Arctic, a vintage World War II airplane has been fully restored to flying condition. Dubbed *Glacier Girl*, the P-38 Lightning was among six fighters and two bombers that crash-landed in Greenland on July 15, 1942. In 1992, Roy Shoffner, a businessman from Middlesboro, Ky., recovered one of the planes, which was buried under 25 stories of snow and ice. The restoration of the P-38 took 10 years and cost \$638,000. Brad McManus, who was part of the lost patrol, was present last week when *Glacier Girl* took wing for 30 minutes from its new home in Middlesboro. "Seeing that plane lift off was just thrilling," he said. "It's a moment in time, a very special moment."



The Glacier Girl flies again.

■ Chuck Yeager, who in 1947 became the first man to break the sound barrier, has done it again at age 79—for what he says will be the last time. Reaching an altitude of 30,000 feet, the legendary test pilot cracked the air with a sonic boom at California's Edwards Air Force Base; his plane of choice was an F-15 Eagle, whose nose was painted with the words "Glamorous Glennis," for his wife. Yeager flew with an Edwards test pilot, Lt. Col. Troy Fontaine. "This is a fun day for us," said Yeager, "because we get to fly good airplanes and do something we've loved to do for some time."

Prosecutors battle over snipers

Three states and the federal government this week launched a heated turf battle over accused snipers John Allen Muhammad and John Lee Malvo. Each jurisdiction claimed the right to try the accused murderers, and they debated who would be most likely to impose the death penalty. Muhammad and Malvo were arrested last week, ending a three-week reign of fear in Maryland, Virginia, and the District of Columbia. The murder spree ended after the snipers called a priest to brag about a robbery-homicide in Alabama. A fingerprint from that crime scene led to Malvo, and the two men were arrested while sleeping in their car at a highway rest stop.

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the snipers called a priest to brag about a robbery-homicide in Alabama. A fingerprint from that crime scene led to Malvo, and the two men were arrested while sleeping in their car at a highway rest stop.

Mondale takes Wellstone's place

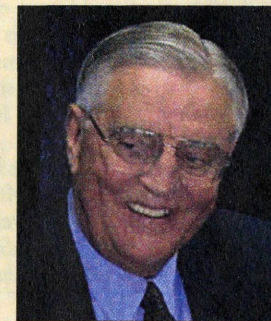
The Democratic Party this week turned to former vice president Walter F. Mondale after the sudden

Inside

■ A prairie populist's life

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death of Paul Wellstone threw Minnesota's tight Senate race into turmoil. Sen. Wellstone was killed last week along with his wife and daughter in a plane crash. The Senate's most liberal member had been running neck and neck with Republican Norm Coleman. To replace him, his party approached Minnesota icon Mondale, 74, whose many years in the White House and the Senate give him the name recognition needed for a campaign that will last less than one week.



Mondale

No one can truly replace Wellstone, said Matthew Rothschild in *Theprogressive.com*. "Wellstone liked to say he represented the Democratic wing of the Democratic Party." He fought for universal health care, organized labor, public financing of elections, and other noble causes that nervous moderates shied away from. He was the only senator in a close race to vote against authorizing war in Iraq. That rare courage is why the disen-

most casualties and demanded the right to try the men first. "This is one of the first times I've been involved in a prosecution where it makes no sense what's going on," Gansler said.

One question should determine how this case proceeds, said David Tell in *The Weekly Standard*: "What's the fastest, best guaranteed process by which to execute these two bastards?" Maryland officials say they're determined to apply the ultimate sanction, but the state has a pitiful record: only three executions since 1976. Virginia has executed 86 prisoners in that time. And only Virginia allows the execution of minors like 17-year-old Malvo. The competing prosecutors should quickly come to an agreement, so society can "crush the perpetrators as quickly as possible."

So much for the "deterrent" argument for capital punishment, said Richard Cohen in *The Washington Post*. Virginia executes murderers with great regularity, but the criminals gave it no thought when they extended their murder spree across the border from lenient Maryland. Muhammad, who called himself "God," is probably psychotic. Malvo, "because of his youth, was psychologically dependent on the older man." Killing them will achieve nothing, and life in prison will punish them more severely. That's why 105 more-civilized nations have abolished the death penalty. "We are now in the company of Iran, Iraq, and North Korea—an axis of execution."

chanted left loved him. Even conservatives have been effusive in their eulogies, said Timothy Noah in *Slate.com*. His "principles

aren't ours," said an editorial in *The Wall Street Journal*, "but we admired him because he rarely hid them." Genuine admiration? asked Noah. Maybe. But the subtext is that the openly far-left Wellstone was a real Democrat, while the legion of Clintonesque centrists aren't. Republicans will miss Wellstone only because he gave them ammunition with which to demonize all Democrats.

Mondale is no better, said syndicated columnist Cal Thomas. He's a "classic tax-and-spend liberal," and his re-emergence proves the Democrats are bereft of new ideas. Who has time for ideas?

said Tod Lindberg in *The Washington Times*. With days to go, Democrats turned to Mondale for the same reason they called on Frank Lautenberg to step in for Robert Torricelli in New Jersey: He's a "brand name." Polls show Mondale slightly ahead of Coleman. "What could be a better capper to the career of a working politician than to have developed sufficient brand loyalty to step in at the last moment and win?"

Editor's letter

It was the most avidly watched news "show" of the year. The cable news networks doubled their usual ratings with the wall-to-wall coverage of the snipers—drawing even better numbers than for their coverage of the Sept. 11 anniversary. Scorn the talking heads' endless hours of inane speculation, if you will. In the end, how could cable news go wrong with a story line that was part Terminator flick, part horror movie, and part whodunit? Violence, public panic, suspense—all Hollywood's key elements were there, right down to the sniper's taunting tarot card. In watching, we knew that we were playing the part of the rapt audience, scripted by the sniper himself. "I am God," the killer said, exulting in his newfound power. By flexing his finger, didn't he make millions of people jump? By erasing ordinary people, hadn't he inserted his invisible rage into the national narrative?

In Europe, they think we've lost our minds (see "How they see us," page 14). It's not hard to see why. This week, two other losers went on shooting rampages, blowing away five more people like so many virtual enemies in a video game. We barely noticed. Every fresh eruption of violence, I fear, is now in large part a copycat crime. And on the gruesome continuum of violence, it's becoming increasingly hard to tell the difference between the crimes of babbling psychopaths, angry loners, depressed teenagers, and even terrorists. For that, blame whoever and whatever you'd like. "We murder one another by the tens of thousands in this country," says Bob Herbert in *The New York Times*. "There is no sign anywhere that that is about to change."

William Falk

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Controversy of the week

Sniper suspect: Searching for a profile that fits

The answer to the sniper mystery, it turns out, was none of the above, said Clarence Page in the *Chicago Tribune*. For weeks, the so-called professional profilers breathlessly filled the airwaves with their “wildly speculative pseudo-scientific chatter” about who was picking off ordinary people with a rifle. He is an angry, white, right-wing ex-service-man, childless and a loner, some experts babbled; no, said others, he has nothing to do with the military. But John Muhammad, the man arrested and accused last week of terrorizing us all, is no white loner. He’s a black man with four kids who traveled with a young acolyte, Lee Malvo. He is both Islamic and a military man, with 11 years in the Army, including service in the Gulf War. All of our preconceptions were turned on their ear. “We were looking for a white van with white people,” said Washington, D.C., police Chief Charles Ramsey, “and we ended up with a blue car with black people.”

So where is the outrage over this blatant case of racial profiling? asked Andrew Sullivan in *The New York Sun*. The authorities simply assumed a pathological murderer must be white. Imagine the uproar if they had assumed he was black. “It’s another case of racism against whites being acceptable and racism against blacks being unacceptable.” This isn’t merely a matter of principle: The cops’ tunnel vision may have cost several people their lives. Muhammad and Malvo were stopped by police back on Oct.



Is he what you were expecting?

8, and cops ran their license plate through a computer several other times. They were let go because they didn’t look like reactionary white lunatics.

Ah, but this was conventional racism after all, said Les Payne in *Newsday*. Everyone was working on the unspoken assumption that only a white man could have outfoxed the cops for so long. Now that this so-called criminal mastermind has turned out to be black, “the TV analysts will have shaven 75 points from Muhammad’s alleged IQ.”

White or black, Muhammad must be considered an Islamic terrorist, said Mark Steyn in the *Chicago Sun-Times*. A convert to Islam, he cheered the slaughter of Sept. 11. “He killed Americans—male and female,

young and old, black and white. Now whose profile does that fit?” Remember that Al Qaida “is a highly decentralized operation,” and its adherents don’t need marching orders to do their evil work. Even if you subtract Islam from the equation, Muhammad is still a terrorist, said David Tell in *The Weekly Standard*. When “a man takes aim at the torso of an unsuspecting stranger, a target who has walked into his telescopic sight by purest circumstances, and coolly pulls the trigger”—then does so repeatedly until millions of people are in a state of hysteria—no other word can describe him.

The profile Muhammad fits has nothing to do with race or religion, said Joan Walsh in *Salon.com*. He’s a textbook “wife abuser and control freak.” Every day, angry men like Muhammad, who see women and children as their property, threaten, strike, and even kill family members who don’t bend to their wills. Twice divorced, Muhammad had angry custody battles with both of his ex-wives. His second wife had to get a restraining order against him when he threatened to “destroy” her; he still managed to kidnap their three children. Relatives say Muhammad also abused his 17-year-old companion, Malvo, brainwashing him into complete obedience. We now fixate on Muhammad’s skin color and his Islamic last name. But the kind of domestic terrorism he represents, sadly, is “as American as apple pie.”

Only in America

■ The U.S. military has a severe shortage of buglers to play taps at military funerals. To continue the tradition, the Pentagon has purchased 50 “technologically enhanced” bugles. Any member of a funeral honor guard can put one of these bugles to his lips, press a button, and play a digitally recorded version of the mournful tribute. “It provides a dignified visual,” said Pentagon official John Molino, “something families tell us they want.”

■ Eagle Scout Darrell Lambert of Port Orchard, Wash., has earned 37 merit badges and performed 1,000 hours of community service. But a Seattle Boy Scouts chapter says that unless the 19-year-old decides to believe in God, he will be kicked out. “You need to have a recognition of a supreme being,” says council executive Brad Farmer. Lambert is fighting to stay, but says his atheism is not negotiable. “It’s like me asking them to change their belief,” Lambert says. “It’s not going to happen.”

Good week for:

Oscar Madison, after a poll conducted by the furniture store IKEA found that guys with messy sock drawers have sex three times more per month than guys who organize their socks.

Persistence, as former congressman James Traficant, running for Congress from prison, aired television commercials urging voters to re-elect him. “I can do a better job than half the people down in Washington,” says the convicted felon.

Beverly Hills justice, as former studio chief Peter Guber was empaneled as a member of the jury in the Winona Ryder shoplifting trial, despite having made three of her films.

Bad week for:

Beverly Hills alibis, after the security manager in Winona Ryder’s shoplifting trial testified that when she allegedly tried to leave the store with 20 items, including designer clothes, handbags, and accessories, she told the guard that “my director directed me to shoplift in preparation for a role I’m preparing.”

Verisimilitude, as the producers of *Rudy!*, a TV movie about the life of former New York mayor Rudolph Giuliani, announced that the movie will be filmed in Montreal.

Selling out, as the city fathers of Biggs, Calif., said they were considering renaming the town Got Milk? In return, the California Milk Processor Board has offered to donate money to the Biggs school system and build a milk museum there. “It’s interesting, if nothing else,” says Mayor Sharleta B. Callaway.



Boring but important

Anthrax theory doubted

Biological-warfare experts are becoming increasingly dubious of the FBI’s theory that a single disgruntled American scientist was behind last year’s deadly anthrax attacks, *The Washington Post* reports. So far, the FBI hasn’t produced any strong evidence to back up its theory. Many American scientists now say that the weaponized powder that was put in the mail was so sophisticated that no single individual could have made it; spores of such virulence could have only been made by a team of scientists with specific expertise and access to state-of-the-art equipment. “In my opinion, there are maybe four or five people in the whole country who might be able to make this stuff, and I’m one of them,” said Richard Spertzel, formerly the U.N.’s chief biological inspector. “Even with a good lab and staff, it might take me a year to come up with a product as good.”

Washington, D.C.

Pre-emptive anti-war rally: Some 100,000 people marched peacefully on the White House last week to protest a potential invasion of Iraq. It was the largest anti-war demonstration here since Vietnam, said police. “It absolutely shows that when George Bush says America speaks with one voice, and it’s his voice, he’s wrong,” said an organizer. Simultaneous protests took place in cities around the world. In San Francisco, 42,000 people demonstrated. Tens of thousands more gathered in Rome, London, Tokyo, and other cities. One D.C. protester said the rally was better than those of the ’60s. “Here I’m not being spit on, people aren’t throwing tomatoes at me, and Joan Baez isn’t singing,” said Dot Magargal, 77.



Peace and love is back.

Tucson

Two more murderous sprees: A failing student at the University of Arizona’s nursing school hunted down three female professors in a class building this week, before turning one of his five handguns on himself, said police. Robert S. Flores Jr., a Gulf War veteran, had long been “an obnoxious jerk,” said a fellow student. The incident occurred two days after a shooting spree in rural Oklahoma left two people dead and eight wounded. Police in that state said 18-year-old Daniel Fears snapped when a neighbor chastised him for driving recklessly. Fears shot the man and his 2-year-old daughter, then shot two other neighbors before heading down the highway, firing at random people along the way. He was apprehended after crashing his pickup truck.

Cabo San Lucas, Mexico

Meeting spotlights U.S.-Mexico rift: Debate over terrorism and war overshadowed the official agenda at last week’s Asia-Pacific Economic Cooperation conference. Twenty-one world leaders representing nearly half the global economy met at this seaside resort to hammer out wide-ranging trade agreements. But the real heat came from President Bush’s attempts to win support for tough action against Indonesian terrorists, North Korea, and Iraq. Bush met with particular resistance from the conference’s host, Mexican President Vicente Fox, once among his closest allies. Fox is reportedly angry that Bush has broken pre-9/11 promises to ease immigration and trade with Mexico. The two leaders sat stiff and unsmiling during a joint appearance; their former backslapping and trading of nicknames was nowhere in evidence.

Guantanamo Bay, Cuba

Detainees no longer: The U.S. released four prisoners of war from secret detention this week, declaring them “not a real threat.” The three Afghans and one Pakistani were the first prisoners from the Afghan war to be freed from the naval base here. Jan Mohammed, who said he had been conscripted to fight for the Taliban, said that other than grueling 24-hour confinement, detainees were treated well, given enough food, and allowed to pray five times a day. “There are three kinds of people in Guantanamo,” said Mohammed, sitting with his two fellow countrymen, both in their late 70s and feeble. “One is the real fighters, the others were forced to fight, and the third group is like these guys.”

United Nations

Iraq debate nears end: After six weeks of largely fruitless negotiations, President Bush gave the U.N. Security Council a deadline for voting on an Iraq resolution, *The Washington Post* reported. The administration planned to force a vote on its demand that Saddam Hussein disarm or face invasion. France and Russia continued to insist that any proposal not declare Iraq in “material breach” of its obligations, a phrase that has previously been used to trigger military action. But chief U.N. weapons inspector Hans Blix told the Security Council that a tough resolution would help his team. Bush said the U.S. was prepared to take action with or without the council’s support. Saddam “has made the United Nations look foolish,” said Bush.



São Paulo, Brazil

Country veers left: Voters overwhelmingly elected socialist Luiz Inacio Lula da Silva in this week’s presidential-election runoff. Lula—as the former shoeshine boy, factory worker, and political prisoner is known—rode a backlash against the outgoing administration’s free-market policies and four years of economic stagnation. The nation’s first left-wing president in 40 years opposes George W. Bush’s plan for a hemisphere-wide free-trade zone, as well as U.S. military aid to Colombia and the embargo on Cuba. But Lula has moderated his most radical ideas, and promised to pay down Brazil’s debt and fulfill its obligations to the International Monetary Fund while easing poverty through increased social spending. “I have more hope than faith,” admitted one supporter.

Reykjavík, Iceland

Björk's mom won't eat: Hildure Runa Hauksdóttir, mother of the international pop star Björk, has begun a fourth week without food to protest energy development in an Icelandic wildlife reserve. The 56-year-old is on a hunger strike to try to convince the U.S. company Alcoa not to build a hydroelectric plant and smelter near Vatnajökull, Europe's largest glacier. Alcoa and the Icelandic government say the plant, the country's largest-ever development project, will create 1,000 jobs. But environmental groups fear the construction of a reservoir and a 600-foot dam will irreparably damage part of the unique Icelandic wilderness. Hauksdóttir has lost 15 pounds since she stopped eating. "I'm not sure I could go on for another 40 days," she said, "but it is incredible how much support I am getting."

Oslo

Middle-earth in northern Europe: A Norwegian film distributor has built a "hobbit village" in central Oslo to house die-hard *Lord of the Rings* fans as they wait for tickets. The second film in the series, *The Two Towers*, won't be out in Norway for weeks, but fans have already started lining up. So SF Norge built a miniature inn and little hobbit houses for them in a city park, where it will repeatedly show the first film, *The Fellowship of the Ring*, on a big outdoor screen. Fans are encouraged to dress as characters from the J.R.R. Tolkien novels on which the films are based.

Brussels

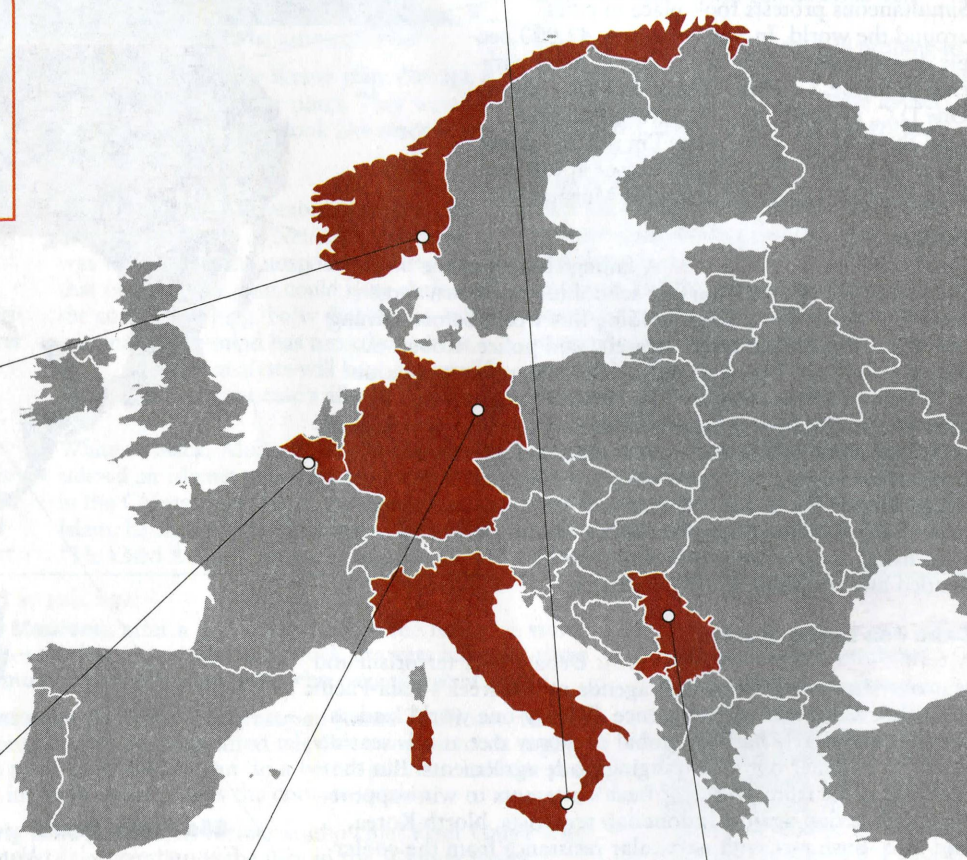
No U.S. of E.: The head of the forum writing the European Union's new constitution unveiled a rough draft this week that includes a proposal to give the E.U. a "single legal personality." That would enable it to sit on international bodies, such as the U.N. Security Council. Former French president Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, who led the drafting effort, says the new constitution will provide for a stronger central government and a bill of rights. European diplomats will wrestle over the exact wording next year, and fighting between federalists, who want a U.S.-style presidency, and nationalists, who want a loose union, is expected to be fierce. The name Giscard proposed is already drawing ire. One British official told Reuters, "There is not a cat in hell's chance of it being called the United States of Europe."

Catania, Italy

Mt. Etna erupts: Europe's biggest active volcano spewed lava 600 feet into the air this week in its first major eruption of the year. Molten rock crawled slowly down the 11,000-foot mountain, incinerating several ski lifts, a ski school, and a hotel. A forest on the northern slope burst into flame before the lava arrived, simply from the intense heat. Residents of Sicily's second-largest city, Catania, which lies at the base of Etna, carried umbrellas to shield themselves from the black rain of soot and ash. They're used to it: Etna rumbles almost constantly and usually erupts every few years.



The eruption, viewed by the Terra Satellite

**Berlin**

High winds: A freak windstorm swept across Europe this week, uprooting trees and cutting power to millions of people. At least 30 people were killed, most of them by falling trees or flying roofs. In Germany, cars flipped over in the streets and telephone poles toppled onto houses. In the Netherlands, 120 mph winds lifted an elderly man several feet in the air and slammed him into a fence, killing him. The storm, Europe's gustiest in a decade, also killed people in France, Britain, Austria, Belgium, Denmark, Poland, and Switzerland.

Belgrade, Yugoslavia

Arms to Iraq: The U.S. has accused Yugoslav defense companies of building a cruise missile for Iraq in violation of U.N. sanctions, *The Washington Post* reported this week. American diplomats sent a letter chastising Yugoslav officials for allegedly allowing the state defense company, Yugoimport, to arrange the contracts. Iraq is known to have ballistic missiles, which are unwieldy and often inaccurate, but it has none of the high-tech, easy-to-steer cruise missiles. Yugoslavia denies all wrongdoing.

Jerusalem

Tussle over the Temple Mount: The Temple Mount—the holiest site in Judaism and the third-holiest in Islam—is at risk of collapse, archaeologists warned this week. A 35-foot-wide bulge has appeared in a supporting wall, and if it buckles, the whole structure could come down. "I can't say exactly when," Israeli archaeologist Gabriel Barkai told the *Los Angeles Times*, "but there is no question that it will collapse." An Islamic trust was repairing the building but Israeli officials made it stop, saying the group was destroying evidence of an ancient Jewish temple. If an accident occurs during Ramadan, when some 200,000 Muslim pilgrims visit, many people could be injured. "The Israeli government will be responsible if there are lives lost," said trust director Adrian Husseini.

Tripoli, Libya

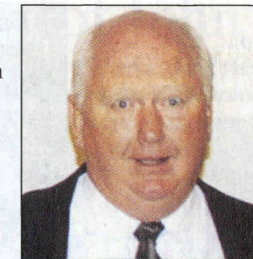
Put up or shut up: Libyan dictator Muammar Qaddafi threatened this week to pull his country out of the Arab League, saying the 22-nation body was "impotent." Libyan officials said Qaddafi was disgusted with the league's failure to achieve its founding goal of "liberating" the Palestinian territories. The final straw was Arab countries' inability to unite against U.S. "aggression" toward Iraq. League Secretary-General Amr Moussa rushed to Tripoli to talk Qaddafi down. "Libya needs to stay with its Arab sisters," Moussa said, because its defection could spark a domino effect and "cause chaos across the Middle East." Moussa called an emergency meeting to hear Qaddafi's complaints.

Lesotho

Punish the tempter: Western companies may now be banned from bidding on contracts in the Third World if they are found to have bribed local officials. Until recently, African governments have prosecuted only the person who took a bribe, not the company that offered it. But this week the High Court in the tiny nation of Lesotho fined a Canadian company, Acres International, more than \$2 million for paying a \$400,000 bribe to win a lucrative water-development contract. "There was a total absence of remorse. All that Acres appears to regret is that it was caught," said Judge Mahapela Lehohla. "Heavy sentences are needed when bribery and corruption has been detected."

Amman, Jordan

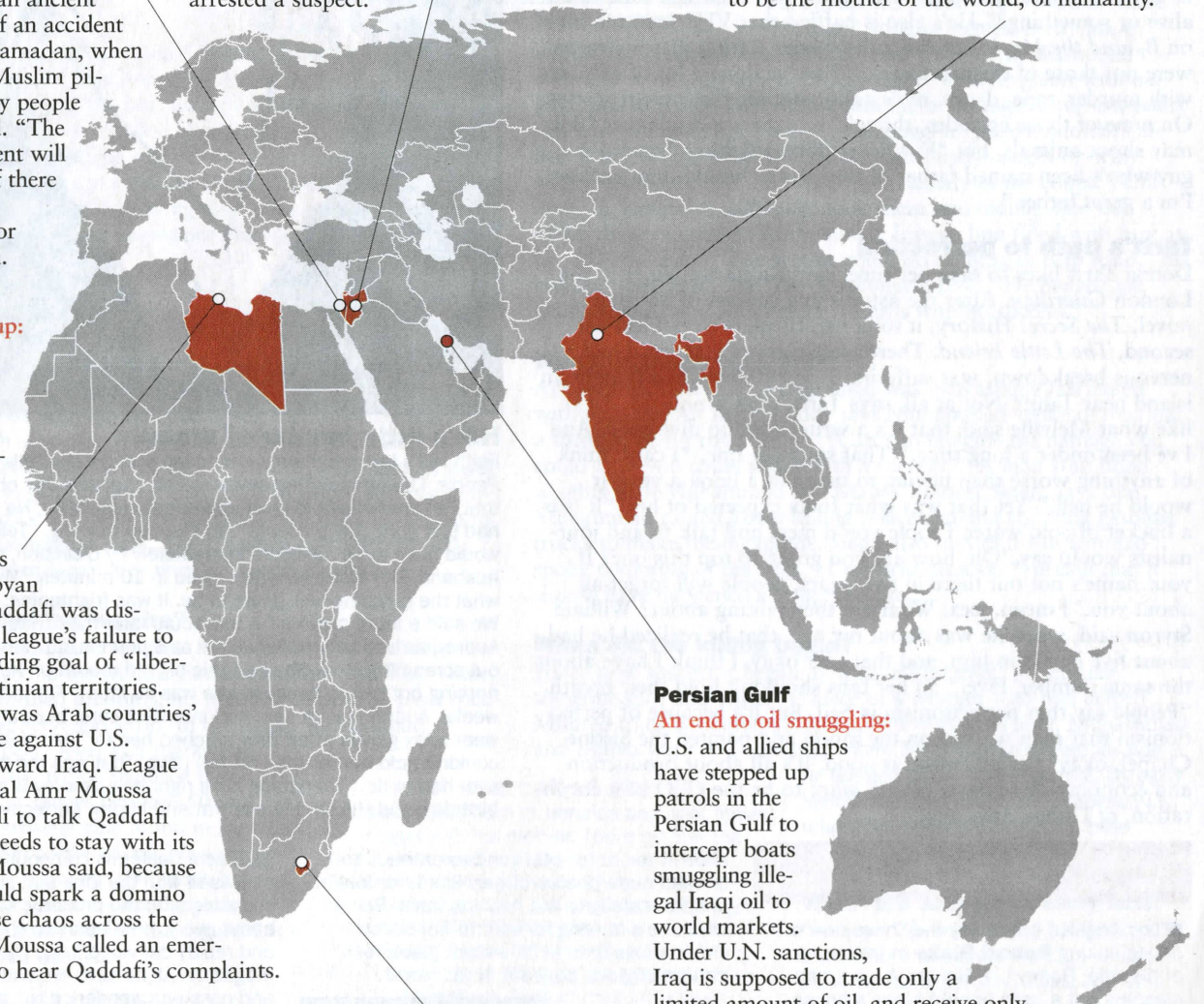
American assassinated: An American diplomat in Jordan was killed this week as he walked to his driveway, shot seven times in what authorities are treating as a terrorist attack. Larry Foley, 60, was an experienced officer with the U.S. Agency for International Development in Amman, where he helped set up lending services and clean-water facilities for the poor. Hearing gunshots, his wife, Virginia, rushed outside in time to see her husband slumping in a pool of blood and a masked gunman running away. Jordanian authorities, who keep close tabs on extremists and have broken up several al Qaeda plots against Western targets, have arrested a suspect.



Foley

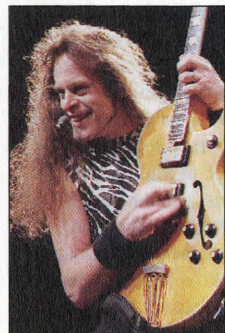
Dulena, India

Mob murders cow killers: A Hindu mob of thousands beat five men to death in rural India this week for allegedly skinning a cow alive. Cows are sacred to Hindus, and killing them is illegal in India. But Dalits, the low-caste people known as "untouchables," may sell the hides of cows that die of natural causes. Police said they arrested five Dalits who were killing a cow near a temple, and when word of the crime leaked out, a mob stormed the prison and clubbed the men to death. Some secular politicians allege that the police incited the mob on purpose, to whip up Hindu nationalism. If that's true, it worked: Many Hindus support the killings. "If this act becomes a deterrent to prevent others from doing this, then I think it was right," said local Hindu leader Pitambar Gaur. "We consider the cow to be the mother of the world, of humanity."

**Persian Gulf**

An end to oil smuggling: U.S. and allied ships have stepped up patrols in the Persian Gulf to intercept boats smuggling illegal Iraqi oil to world markets. Under U.N. sanctions, Iraq is supposed to trade only a limited amount of oil, and receive only food and humanitarian aid in return. But Saddam Hussein has been smuggling out millions of barrels to the black market to raise cash so that he can buy weapons. In preparation for possible war, a joint U.S., British, and Australian fleet is turning off that spigot. "We are operating continually inside Iraq's territorial waters," Australian Commodore Peter Sinclair, the fleet commander, told *The New York Times*. "The smugglers know there is a big gray warship blocking the river before they even set sail."

Nugent the nice guy



Nugent

Ted Nugent can't figure it out, says Bilge Ebiri in *Time Out New York*. The 53-year-old metal rocker doesn't see why his outspoken affection for guns and hunting should make him such a pariah. "I'm flabbergasted with laughter at my critics," says Nugent, who has spoken of the bliss of lining up a deer or a moose in his sights and pulling the trigger. "They're above me because I'm a gun nut and I kill things? I mean, I do nothing but good for Mother Earth. I've been a conservationist since the '60s. I've helped plant over 100,000 trees. How

many animal-rights people are you going to talk to in your lifetime who have planted any trees?" His most recent rebuff came when he tried to collaborate with the band Green Day. "They went into this childish 'Oh, yeah, Mr. Gun Nut, maybe he wants us to come and kill animals with him.' Was their last tuna salad alive or something?" He's also is baffled that VH1 featured him on *Behind the Music* but ran a disclaimer stating that his views were not those of the producers. "They've done a lot of episodes with murder, rape, drugs, molestation—some real horror stories. On none of those episodes, though, was there a disclaimer." He may shoot animals, but "I've never done anything illegal. I'm a guy who's been named father of the year at his children's school. I'm a great father."

Tartt's path to perfection

Donna Tartt likes to take her time, says Katharine Viner in the London *Guardian*. After the astonishing success of her first novel, *The Secret History*, it took her 10 years to publish her second, *The Little Friend*. There were rumors that she'd had a nervous breakdown, was suffering writer's block, had bought an island near Tahiti. Not at all, says Tartt, who is now 38. "It's like what Melville said: that it's a writer's job to dive deep. And I've been under a long time." That suits her fine. "I can't think of anything worse than having to turn out a book a year. It would be hell." Yet that was what folks expected of her. "It was a bucket of cold water. People you'd meet and talk to and journalists would say, 'Oh, how are you going to top this one? If your name's not out there in two years, people will forget all about you.' I mean, jeez. What are they talking about? William Styron said, when he was about my age, that he realized he had about five books in him, and that was okay. I think I have about the same number. Five." So her fans shouldn't hold their breath. "People say that perfectionism is bad. But it's because of perfectionism that man walked on the moon and painted the Sistine Chapel, okay? Perfectionism is good. It's all about production and economy these days; I don't want to be the CEO of a corporation, of Donna Tartt Inc."

Gossip

■ Los Angeles police say they have new evidence linking **Robert Blake** to the murder of his wife, Bonny Lee Bakley. A workman cleaning out a barn behind Blake's house last week found a wooden box containing two revolvers, ammunition, a knit hat, and gloves. Cops also have a taped phone call during which Blake is crying over Bakley's sexual scamming of other men, and says that she needs to be "taken care of."

■ Miss America reject **Rebekah Revels** will represent the U.S. in the Miss World pageant. Revels was crowned Miss North Carolina but resigned from the Miss America

show when an ex-boyfriend threatened to release nude photos of her. She later fought unsuccessfully to win her title back. Revels says she's looking forward to her second chance, this time in "the most glamorous and prestigious pageant in the world."

■ **Brad Pitt** is giving in to paranoia, says *Us Weekly*. The star's friends say the actor often stays up all night watching videos from the home-security system surrounding his

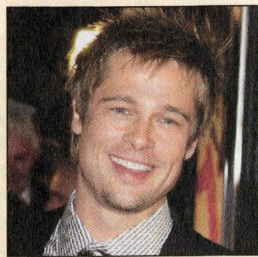


Hill's little bundle of drama

Faith Hill's last pregnancy was touch and go, she tells Jim Jerome in *People*. During a routine seven-month checkup, her obstetrician found that her amniotic-fluid level was dangerously low. "He said my fluid had just gone. My placenta had stopped working." Told that the baby would have to be delivered immediately by C-section, she phoned her husband, Tim McGraw, who arrived in 10 minutes. "We didn't know what the outcome was going to be. It was frightening; it was alarming. We said a lot of prayers." A few hours later their third daughter, Audrey, arrived very underweight at 3 pounds, 11 ounces. "She came out screaming loud. She had this big old mouth on her—this girl was nothing but mouth because she was so little." For the next three weeks, Audrey was in neonatal intensive care; her parents had to wear latex gloves when they touched her, for fear of infection. "I couldn't hold her for the first few days. That was the hardest thing I ever had to do." Everything is all right now. Audrey is nearing her first birthday, and Hill says she is "fat and happy, perfectly normal."

11.5-acre California compound. "He's become obsessed with the idea that someone is sneaking onto the property, so he gets up about every three hours to check the monitors and replay the video," one friend tells the magazine. All he sees are skunks, coyotes, and possums wandering the grounds.

■ **Heather Mills** says the first year of marriage to **Paul McCartney** has been "the worst year of my life ... even worse than the year I lost my leg." Mills, 34, says her life with the ex-Beatle has been marred by the hostile scrutiny of the British tabloids and constant suggestions by McCartney's fans that she's just after his money. "They're jealous that I'm with everyone's favorite Beatle," she says.



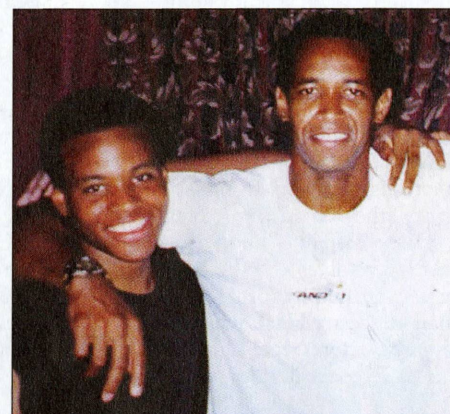
Pitt

The growing rage of John Muhammad

For weeks, police say, John Muhammad, 41, and Lee Malvo, 17, terrorized the Washington, D.C., suburbs with a methodical shooting spree that claimed 10 lives and left three people grievously wounded. Who are these men?

What was their motivation?

So far, neither Muhammad nor Malvo is talking to investigators, and much about the crimes remains unknown. But the story of Muhammad's life hints at an answer. A man who began life in the humblest of circumstances, Muhammad successfully struggled to carve out a career, a niche in society, and a family. Along the way, he demonstrated a formidable self-discipline that impressed many, as well as flashes of a controlling, cold fury. In the past three years, a series of setbacks left Muhammad homeless, cut off from his children, and openly fantasizing about violence and revenge.



Malvo, Muhammad: Before the storm

Where is he from?

Muhammad was born John Allen Williams in New Orleans on New Year's Eve 1960. Abandoned by his father, he was raised by an aunt after his mother died of cancer. He struggled with learning disabilities in school, but excelled at football and other sports. After graduating in 1978, he enlisted in the National Guard and worked as a carpenter and a welder. In the Guard, Muhammad was court-martialed twice for flying into rages at superiors. "He had a real short fuse," said his former platoon sergeant.

Was he a loner?

Quite the opposite. Many say that at his best, Muhammad was friendly, helpful, even gregarious. "He wasn't a quiet type," his estranged second wife told *The Seattle Times*. "He liked to talk." A handsome man with an intense demeanor, Muhammad had a string of girlfriends and was married twice. The first marriage, in 1981, to his high school sweetheart, lasted three years and produced one son, Lindbergh. After they separated, Muhammad made a new start. He joined the Army, converted to Islam, and began living with Mildred Green, who had followed him from Louisiana to Fort Lewis in Washington state. They married in 1988 and had three children. Friends say they were a "model family."

What kind of soldier was he?

Solid but unremarkable. A sergeant in a combat-engineer unit, Muhammad served in the Middle East during the Gulf War. There, according to published accounts, his unit helped destroy Iraqi rockets filled with the nerve gas sarin. In the Army, Muhammad attained the "expert" level as a marksman with the M-16 rifle, which required that he hit 36 of 40 targets at ranges between 50 and 300 meters. The Bushmaster rifle found in his trunk is a civilian version of the M-16. He was discharged from the Army in 1994, with his records giving no reason for his departure. When he left the Army, he left the organization that had structured his life.

What did he do as a civilian?

He floundered. With a friend, Felix Strozier, Muhammad briefly ran a karate school in Tacoma, Wash. When it folded, Muhammad opened an auto-repair business. It too went under. The problems weighed heavily on the couple, and in 1999 Mildred filed for divorce.

How did he react?

He became menacing. Throughout his life, when faced with adversity, Muhammad has

reacted by attempting to exert control over those around him. He threatened Mildred, and in March 2000 she got a restraining order. "I am afraid of John," she wrote in a court document. "He is behaving very, very irrational. Whenever he does talk to me, he always says that he's going to destroy my life." Ten days later, Muhammad took their children and vanished, hiding on the Caribbean island of Antigua. There, he met a Jamaican teen named Lee Malvo, who fell in with Muhammad's family.

Why didn't Muhammad stay there?

He apparently found it too hard to make a living. "Antigua seemed pretty back-

ward," he wrote a friend. Muhammad returned to Washington state and wound up in a homeless shelter in Bellingham with his kids. Malvo would later follow him there. Though homeless, police say, Muhammad raised money by smuggling people into the U.S. But at the shelter, child-welfare officials finally caught up with Muhammad, and Mildred won legal custody of the couple's children. In September 2001, she took them into hiding. The loss of his children crushed Muhammad, leaving him filled with fury at his powerlessness. "The system could do nothing to help John," his lawyer, John Mills, told *The Washington Post*. "He banged his head against the wall for three months with no success."

Was this the turning point?

Apparently. After this, Muhammad was increasingly fascinated with violence. An Army buddy says Muhammad spoke of making a silencer for his rifle, asking, "Can you imagine the damage you could do if you could shoot with a silencer?" A man who lifted weights with Muhammad and Malvo, Harjeet Singh, says that Muhammad ranted about killing policemen and shooting gasoline trucks to make them explode. Singh also says that Muhammad spoke favorably of the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks. "He said that it should have happened a long time ago."

When did the killing begin?

Police now suspect it began in Washington state. In February, someone shot and killed the niece of a woman who had helped Mildred track Muhammad down. A few months later, Muhammad and Malvo went to Louisiana, where Muhammad's relatives said he seemed gaunt and secretive. By early September, they were in Camden, N.J., where Muhammad bought a blue Chevrolet Caprice for \$250.

When did they go to Maryland?

On Sept. 21, police say, Muhammad and Malvo allegedly held up a liquor store in Montgomery, Ala., and shot two women in cold blood; one died. By October, the duo had moved on to Montgomery County, Md. One night, while the sniper's spree was underway, a neighbor of Mildred's noticed a car parked outside the home where she and the children now make their lives. It was a blue Chevrolet Caprice. The man at the wheel, the neighbor said, just sat there in silence, staring at the house.

The 'son' who called him sir

Lee Malvo was born in Jamaica and later moved to Antigua with his mother. There he met the first man to take any interest in him—John Muhammad, who convinced him to take up an Islamic diet and a self-improvement program of exercise. After Muhammad moved to Washington state, Malvo followed, illegally entering the U.S. in August 2001. At the homeless mission in Bellingham, Muhammad introduced Malvo as his son. Malvo, people who knew them say, basked in the older man's attention. But Muhammad was a strict disciplinarian. "Lee acted like a little soldier talking to his senior officer," friend Harjeet Singh told CNN. Ray Reublin, manager of the shelter cafeteria, recalled a time when Malvo cracked a joke that made everyone laugh. "Muhammad gave him that look like your mother gives you when you say something wrong, and he just clammed up. And I just thought, Wow, that's domination."

It must be true ... I read it in the tabloids

■ Bingo games at the Mecca Hall in Liverpool, England, stop for no one. When bank worker Gwen De Mommie slumped to the floor in the middle of a round, the caller kept announcing numbers—"Snakes Alive, 55!"—even as paramedics rushed to the scene. They tried to resuscitate the woman, but she died after being taken to the hospital. A spokeswoman for Mecca said that continuing games during potential disruptions is "considered to be the best practice."



Crowe: Taming his demons

■ Russell Crowe is so disturbed by his bad-boy reputation that he's decided to get some help. The actor has hired an Aboriginal spiritual dancer called Burnum Burnum to protect his Australian farm and help him settle down. Burnum has built a sacred circle where Crowe can go to "find peace and inner control."

■ Supermarkets in Trowbridge, England, will no longer sell bread to a woman who feeds the pigeons. The embargo was imposed after police and politicians failed to convince the woman that she was only encouraging the growing flock, which is drenching the town in guano. Councilor Tom James said that if the bread ban doesn't work, Trowbridge may monitor known pigeon-gathering areas with surveillance cameras.

■ A Georgian man's premature celebration has ended his bid for freedom. Khesheir Zenbadi stowed away on a ship sailing from the former Soviet republic to the U.S. When the ship seemed to dock, Zenbadi ran to the rail and threw himself into the water, shouting, "I'm free!" The ship was actually passing through the Suez Canal. Zenbadi is now in the custody of Egyptian naval authorities.

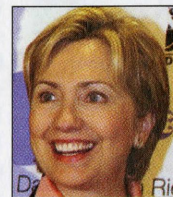
Terrorism: The next attack will be worse

Don't exhale yet, said Frank Rich in *The New York Times*. The cops may have caught the Washington-area snipers, but the ominous lesson of their rampage stalks us still: America remains astonishingly vulnerable to any lunatic with a rifle, a container of anthrax, or a simple, well-placed bomb. Last week, a task force of some of the nation's best minds warned that al Qaeda was preparing to launch another assault, and that we'd done little to tighten security since Sept. 11. "The next attack," the task force predicts, "will result in even greater casualties and widespread disruption to American lives and the economy." The task force was headed by former senators Warren Rudman and Gary Hart, who bear listening to; eight months before Sept. 11, these same two men authored a report that forecast a major

terrorist attack on America that would claim many lives. That warning was utterly ignored. Since then, the former senators say, we've made the classic mistake of fighting the last war, by obsessing over airline security. Meanwhile, we still have minimal surveillance of the 21,000 containers that arrive in U.S. ports every day. We're still unprepared for a major outbreak of smallpox or other act of bioterrorism. We haven't even created the Department of Homeland Security, because of a petty debate over civil-service rules. As the nation slips back into complacency, Rudman almost cannot believe what he's seeing. "This is a damn war we're involved in," he says. By turning several states into a panicked combat zone, snipers armed only with a rifle have shown us what a more potent adversary may do next.

The presidency: Hillary vs. Condi in 2008

We now know the name of the first woman president of the United States, said syndicated columnist Richard Reeves. It's Condoleezza Rice. Or Hillary Clinton. It's becoming increasingly likely that one—or both—will make a historic run in 2008. Each of them has two of



Clinton



Rice

the three essential assets necessary to make a credible run. Clinton has celebrity and oodles of money. "She is, in fact, now the greatest fundraiser in the Democratic Party," generating millions of dollars this year alone. What Clinton lacks, so far, is a compelling narrative. Much of the country still sees her as a controversial presi-

dent's overbearing first lady. But on her own now in the Senate, Clinton has proved to be an extremely adept politician; given six more years to fine-tune her act, she will be a major force in her party. Rice is building her own celebrity and, as a black preacher's daughter who has reached the highest levels of government, has a wonderful narrative. If she runs, money will flow. Rice and Clinton both assume President Bush will win re-election in 2004, clearing the way for two new candidates in 2008. Who knows? The first woman to lay claim to the Oval Office may have to beat a woman to do it.

Milk: Do cows dispense racist poison?

Whatever you do, don't drink that glass of milk, said Rich Lowry in *National Review*. Haven't you heard? It's part of a plot to poison America's kids. So says the Physicians Committee for Responsible Medicine, a pro-vegetarian group that considers the federal government's subsidized lunch program "a near-genocidal act." This lefty activist group says dairy products are responsible for nearly everything that afflicts us, from cancer to asthma to allergies to heart disease. And since 75 percent of African-Americans have some degree of lactose intolerance, say the good doctors, serving milk to schoolchildren is racist to boot. These charges are demonstrably false. Milk is a supercharged pack-

age of protein, vitamins, and, especially, bone-building calcium, which kids wouldn't get any other way. (Try feeding them sardines or big mounds of broccoli.) Most lactose-intolerant kids can safely drink two cups of milk a day; if they're particularly sensitive, school lunch programs have the option of serving them soy milk or lactose-free milk. So why all this nonsense about "poison?" The doctors' group is closely allied with, yes, you guessed it, People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals. PETA is upset that dairy cows are treated "cruelly." Which means the anti-milk campaign isn't really about kids. "A more honest campaign would simply be, Free the Dairy Cows!"

Working moms: Living with the 'mess'

Here's some shocking news from the front lines of the mommy wars, said Margaret Talbot in *The New York Times Magazine*. Being a mother, while working outside the home, makes for a very "messy" life, full of time conflicts and ambivalence. This shocking insight comes to us from author Allison Pearson, who's on a national tour touting a novel called *I Don't Know How She Does It*. Pearson has told interviewers she's "astonished" by the outpouring of letters she's received from working moms who, like her fictional heroine, are haunted by "secret" fears of failing both at

their careers and at motherhood. For conservatives, the book has presented "another opportunity to hammer home the point that, really, women with children shouldn't be working outside the home at all." For liberals, "it's a chance to say that if only there were more subsidized child care or flex-time, we could all go to work with uncluttered hearts." In a word: baloney. For working mothers, a career brings a powerful sense of fulfillment and a constant struggle over time and priorities. That conflict can't be "fixed." It can only be lived, day by day, as both a price and a privilege.

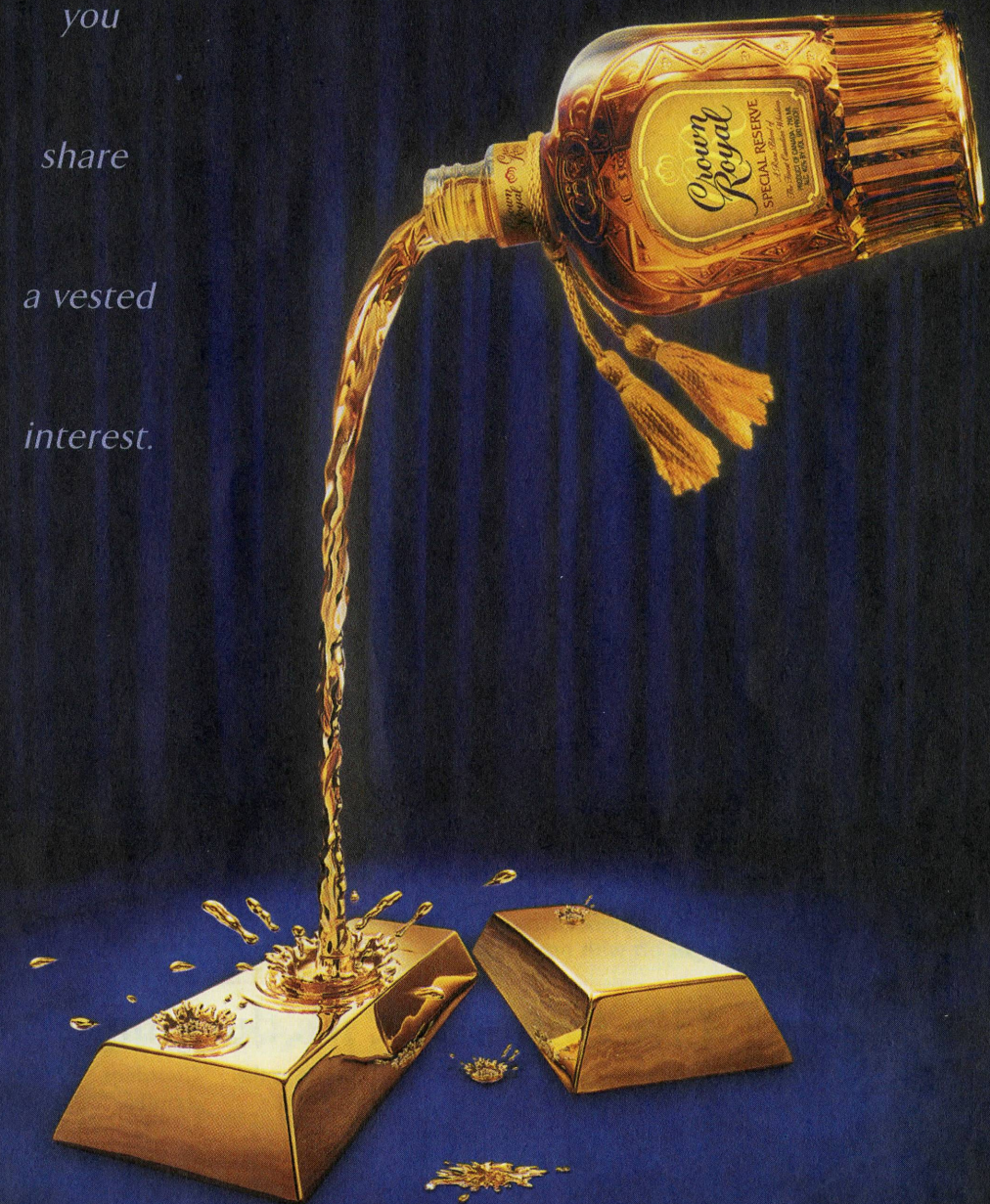
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BELARUS

When the suspect becomes the prosecutor

Mikhail Vanyashkin
Transitions Online

Belarusian opposition leaders have been vanishing at an alarming rate, said Mikhail Vanyashkin in the Eastern European Web daily *Transitions Online*. And President Alyaksandr Lukashenka is blocking the investigations. In the past three years, two politicians and a businessman who questioned Lukashenka's increasingly autocratic behavior have "disappeared" mysteriously. The first was a former interior minister who began railing against the government after he was fired. After he left work one day in 1999, five men snatched him, bundled him into a car, and drove away. Lukashenka's Soviet-style government blamed "organized crime." Some time later, the former head of the election commission and a prominent business-

man disappeared after leaving a spa. Broken glass and bloodstains were the ominous clues found nearby. Lukashenka's government said the two must have "staged their own disappearance" for political reasons. But trade union leader Uladzimir Hancharyk has another theory. He claims to have a secret police report that suggests all three men were assassinated on the orders of Viktor Sheyman, who was then a top security official. Last year, the prosecutor-general began investigating that theory, and turned up promising leads. He asked the president for permission to issue an arrest warrant for Sheyman. Lukashenka promptly fired him—and installed the suspect, Sheyman, as prosecutor-general. How's that for justice?

GERMANY

For Becker, a home is not a home

Editorial
Frankfurter Allgemeine

What does it mean to live somewhere? "Is every place to stay for a night also automatically one's home for a day?" And "is one truly there, where one happens to be at a given moment?" Such weighty philosophical questions were at the heart of tennis star Boris Becker's trial for tax evasion, said the *Frankfurter Allgemeine*. Becker had avoided paying the German government millions of dollars in taxes by declaring himself a legal resident of Monte Carlo, tax haven for the rich and greedy. But the state pointed out that, for several years in the 1990s, Becker kept an apartment in Munich, where he slept on his frequent visits. Did this apartment constitute a residence? More than money was at stake in the answer to that question. If found to have resided in Germany without paying taxes, the iconic athlete was facing up to seven years in jail. Becker maintained, with a straight face, that his little studio was not a residence because it was inadequately furnished. The room had a bed, it's true, but no dresser, not even a refrigerator. Astonishingly, that point swayed the judge. A small, "scantily furnished" apartment without a refrigerator, she has effectively ruled, cannot be considered a residence. Becker got off with probation, and his place in



Becker: No place to keep a beer

Munich must be understood as "merely a metaphor for a sort of provisional existence." Apparently that's the same kind of existence the law has—at least in that judge's chambers.

How they see us: Live from D.C., it's the 'Sniper Show'

It was the "sickest reality show" the Americans have come up with yet, said Heike Hupertz in the German daily *Frankfurter Allgemeine*. The sniper saga dominated prime-time television in the U.S.—and much of the world—for three weeks. Who would be the next victim? Would the elusive white van be spotted? What cryptic message would police Chief Moose, the newest international TV star, pass to the shooter? "No one really wanted to watch, but everyone was compelled to." Television morphed from a medium that covers the news into an integral part of the investigation.

The Americans have made even their criminals media savvy, said Ben MacIntyre in the London *Times*.

Circumstantial evidence suggests that the two accused snipers had been studying the TV coverage to learn the latest theories about their "pattern," and planning their attacks accordingly. Their flamboyant touches, such as the planting of a tarot card and their "B-movie villain" threat that America's children would not be safe anywhere, "reflected a self-conscious self-dramatization and a taste for melodrama." The resulting narrative resembles the Truman Capote true-crime classic *In Cold Blood*: "two drifters, wandering across America in a battered old car, committing mass murder."

That's because all Americans, including the psychos, have internalized Hollywood, said Mark Lawson in the London

Guardian. "Life is subconsciously scripted." Alleged sniper John Muhammad was acting out a role that is by now a cliché: the bitter, brutal gunman. He even had a desperate young sidekick in the Jamaican youth John Lee Malvo. This is not to say that Hollywood is responsible for America's gun culture; it is the insanely permissive gun-ownership laws that are to blame. "A country that tolerates so many ad hoc battalions of licensed snipers should not be surprised when one of them starts getting undesired targets in his cross hairs." But the way a crime can become a drama, then a miniseries, and finally a 24-hour reality show is unique to the U.S. Most "Americans now behave as if they were living in a film."

Bali bombing: The lessons for Australia

Australians should take a big step back from Indonesia, said Miranda Devine in the *Sydney Morning Herald*. For years, Aussies have been “meddling in Indonesia’s affairs,” and the recent terrorist bombing in Bali should serve as a wake-up call that such meddling is dangerous. It’s well known that in 1999, our government helped bring about the independence of East Timor, a Catholic province, from Indonesia, the world’s largest Muslim country. Osama bin Laden criticized Australia for that last year, in one of his Al-Jazeera statements. What many of us don’t realize, though, is that Australian activists have been working with militant Islamic independence movements elsewhere in Indonesia, such as the troubled province of Aceh. Australian do-gooders have been raising money to campaign against the Nike “sweatshops” in Aceh. Thanks to their pious efforts, Nike has shut down several factories, throwing thousands of Indonesians out of work. These activists are private citizens doing what they see as charity work. But to Indonesians, it can look as though Australia is trying to break up their



Can Australia help prevent another attack?

country and bankrupt their people. It’s time to take a tough look at “what is being done in our name.”

Australia needs to get more—not less—involved in Indonesia, said Ross Gittins in the *Melbourne Age*. Indonesia was just beginning to pull itself out of the Asian financial crisis of 1998 when the bombers struck. “If its economy continues to languish,” the archipelago will be an even more fertile breeding ground for terrorists. So it is in “our naked self-interest” to help ensure Indonesia’s

return to prosperity. Of course globalization is “the best hope for moderating Muslim extremism,” said *The Australian*. But let’s not forget that “terrorism breeds poverty, not the other way around.” Islamic terrorists do not demand a more equal distribution of wealth, as their leftist apologists seem to think. They simply want to kill the infidels and institute Islamic law. “Sending in an army of social workers is not going to crush the immediate threat.”

Only a real democracy can do that, said Indonesian Parliament Chairman Amien

Rais, also in *The Age*. As a former leader of the nation’s largest Muslim group, “I cannot describe my grief” at the bombing that took so many innocent lives. Most of Indonesia’s Muslims are moderate and religiously tolerant. We want the rule of law to work properly in our country so we can bring the terrorists who committed this “despicable act” to justice—but without prompting martial law or any other abusive crackdown. Australia and other friends “will have to provide much more than sympathetic words.”

CHINA

English will let us conquer the world

David Lee
South China Morning Post

By some accounts, there are more people learning English in China right now than there are native English speakers in the world. That’s partly thanks to one man, said David Lee in the *South China Morning Post*. Li Yang is the creator of Crazy English, a language course blitzing its way across this billion-strong country. It seems like most everyone in China has studied English at some point, and some estimates place the number of Chinese English speakers at more than 300 million. Up to now, most have tended to be hesitant and apologetic about their strong accent or limited vocabulary. Li, an “aggressively patriotic” man, is appalled by such behavior. He wants the Chinese to speak with confi-

dence, and in his fun-filled course, he requires students to shout their English phrases. “More of a proselytizer than a teacher,” Li preaches that learning English will help the Chinese rule the world. The communist government shares that belief—which is why it allows Li to gather as many as 30,000 students together at a time, in a country that usually discourages large gatherings. It’s also encouraging officials, police officers, and even taxi drivers to take Li’s course to prepare for the 2008 Olympics, which will bring millions of foreigners to Beijing. “We need foreigners to be the servants of China,” Li has been quoted as saying. “The best way to defeat the United States is to learn good English.”

INDIA

Welcome to the land of infotainment

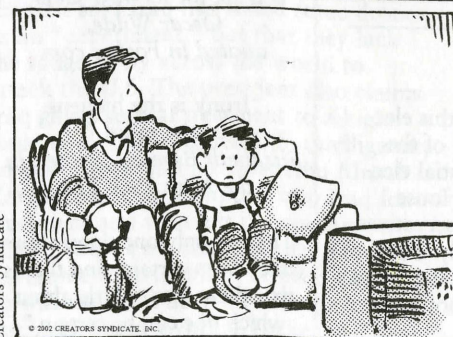
Sultan Shahin
Asia Times (Hong Kong)

Reading the local papers won’t tell you a thing about India, said Indian journalist Sultan Shahin in the *Asia Times*. Our media have begun to shun hard news in favor of stories about Bollywood stars and the latest fashions. India has more than a billion people and possibly “the world’s largest pool of poor and unemployed.” Yet Indian newspapers never publish stories about poverty or about the thousands who starve to death in this country each year. Of course, unemployed poor people don’t buy newspapers, so there’s not much of a market for news about them. And the young people that advertisers want to reach like to read about

fashion and gossip. “Bad news has no place.” In the past few years, mainstream, formerly staid newspapers have added color sections that feature photos of scantily clad movie stars. Some religious groups have dubbed these the “cleavage sections” and have requested that they be removed. But the overall effect has been a rise in circulation, especially among Generation X. What will happen when these kids grow up and have to govern the masses of which they are so ignorant? “At any given time, 30 percent of our population is trying to secede,” said social scientist Shiv Vishwanathan, “and we don’t even know about it.”



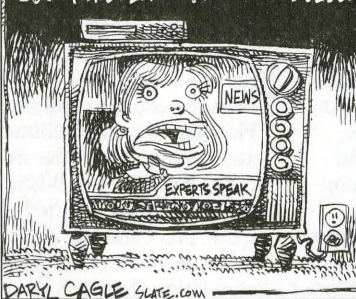
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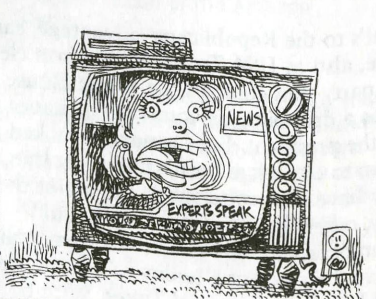
Last Week

EXPERT MARKSMAN... WILY...
... CAREFULLY PLANNED... SMART...
... AL QAEDA... CHIEF MOOSE MAY BE
OUT OF HIS LEAGUE... CALL IN THE FEDS...



This Week

NONE TOO BRIGHT... ASLEEP IN HIS CAR...
... MESSY DIVORCE... OPEN AND SHUT CASE...
... HOMELESS... LIVED IN HIS CAR...
... STUPID... GUN IN PLAIN SIGHT...

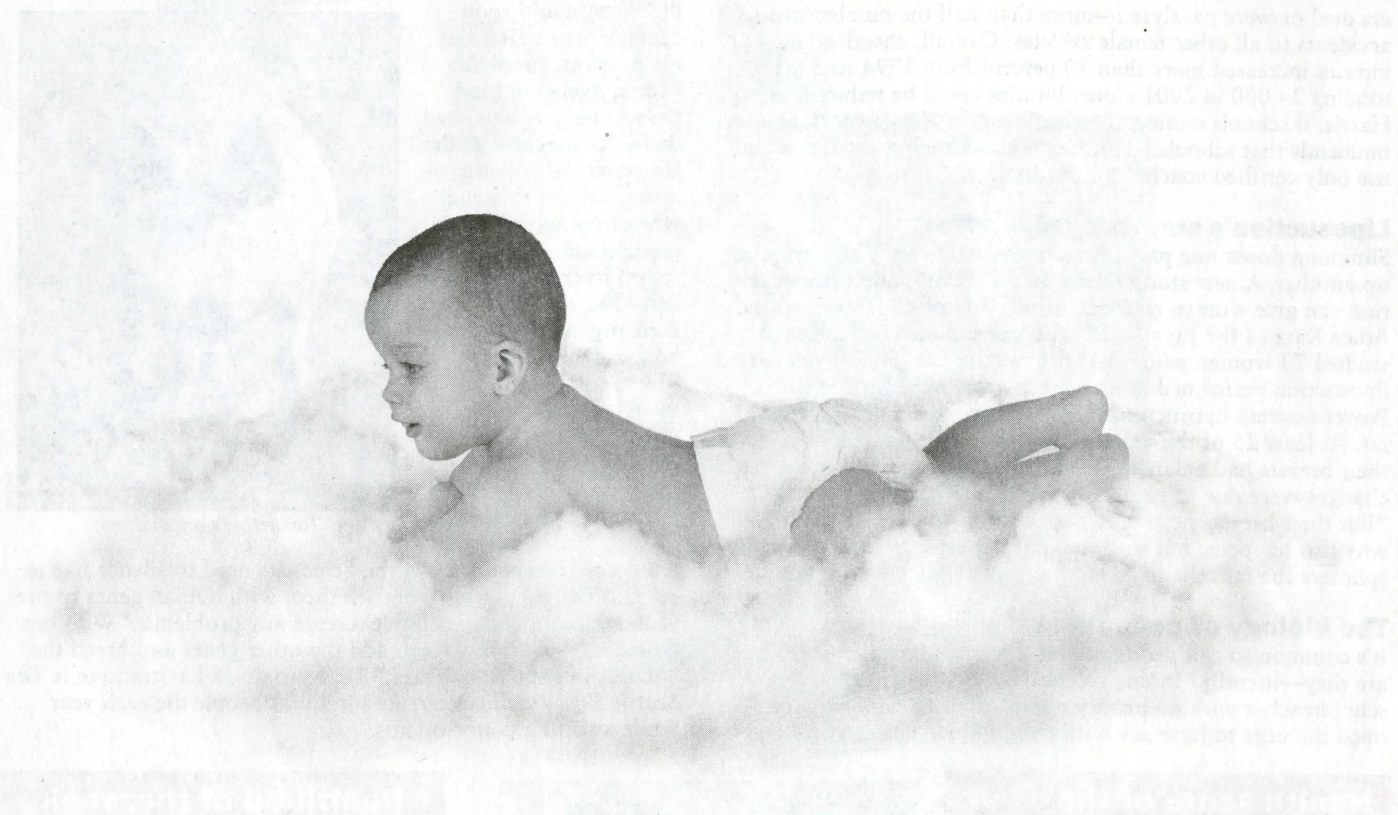


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The perils of school spirit

Cheerleading has evolved from peppy pompom waving into an athletic, acrobatic activity—with all the accompanying dangers. “It’s a very, very difficult sport,” Dr. Sally S. Harris of the Palo Alto Medical Foundation in California tells *The Boston Globe*. Balancing on top of pyramids or getting tossed high into the air can easily lead to severe injuries. From 1982 to 2001, 42 female cheerleaders died or were paralyzed—more than half the number of such accidents to all other female athletes. Overall, cheerleading injuries increased more than 50 percent from 1994 to 2001, totaling 24,000 in 2001 alone. Injuries could be reduced, says Harris, if schools treated cheerleading more like a sport. She recommends that schools adopt better conditioning programs and use only certified coaches for the sport.



Cheerleading: Extreme sport

Liposuction's surprising side effect

Slimming down one part of the body could result in plumping up another. A new study found that a certain kind of liposuction can give women rounder, firmer, and often larger breasts. Bruce Katz of the Juva Skin and Laser Center in Manhattan studied 73 women who'd had a procedure called power-assisted liposuction performed on their stomachs, hips, or thighs. Power-assisted liposuction uses a motorized tool to suck out fat. At least 25 of the women reported that a few months later, their breasts had enlarged. “At first we thought the breast changes were due to swelling,” Katz tells the *New York Post*. “But their breasts never went back down in size.” He’s not sure why this happens, but suggests that perhaps the way the tool splinters the fat cells triggers a hormonal change in the body.

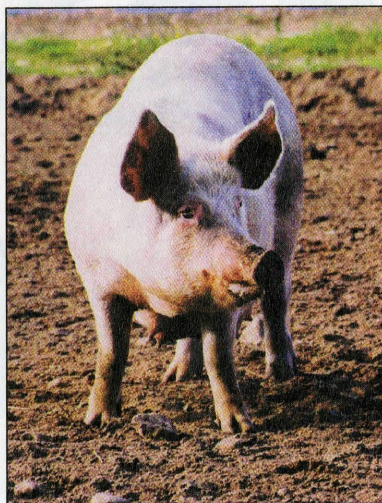
The biology of pedophilia

It's common to call pedophiles and sexual abusers “sick.” But are they—literally? In one recent case, a 40-year-old married schoolteacher with no history of sex offenses suddenly developed the urge to have sex with children. He began visiting

child-pornography Web sites and then started making sexual advances to children. The day before the man was to begin a prison term, he complained of a terrible headache—and said that even as he writhed in pain, he had a tremendous urge to rape the only available woman, his landlady. A brain scan revealed an egg-shaped tumor in the part of the brain responsible for judgment, impulse control, and social behavior. Once the tumor was removed, the man returned to normal. “We’re dealing with the neurology of morality here,” researcher Russell Swerdlow of the University of Virginia tells *New Scientist*. “It’s one of those areas where you could have a lot of damage and a doctor would never suspect something’s wrong.” Later the tumor reappeared, and the man’s antisocial sexual urges returned; when the tumor was removed again, they abated. Neurologists say it’s the first case to link pathological sexual behavior to brain damage.

Growing organs in pigs

Pig farms could soon become organ factories for humans, supplying hearts, livers, and kidneys to people who need them. Researchers at the University of Milan took a step toward this goal when they succeeded in manipulating swine sperm to create pigs that carry human genes in their organs. They mixed human DNA into the sperm and used it to fertilize pig eggs that were implanted into sows. About half of the 205 piglets that resulted had human genes in their organs. They still aren’t ready for transplant, however. Scientists need to silence five to seven other pig genes or replace them with human genes to prevent rejection, but they don’t foresee any problems. “With our efficiency, we think we can add the other genes and breed the animals in about two years,” Dr. Marialuisa Lavitrano tells *The Seattle Post-Intelligencer*. About 4,000 people die each year while awaiting donor organs.



Tomorrow's organ donor

Health scare of the week

Nursing shortage is lethal

An estimated 20,000 patients die in hospitals each year simply because their nurses are overworked, says a new study in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Nurses are often the first to notice subtle changes that indicate a patient’s condition is heading toward a crisis. The more patients a nurse has, the less likely he or she is to spot trouble and intervene. “By the time a patient is in crisis, we may not be able to save them,” American Nurses Association president Barbara Blakeney tells the Associated Press. Researchers at the University of Pennsylvania surveyed 10,000 nurses and examined the medical records of more than 200,000 patients who underwent routine surgery. There were 31 percent



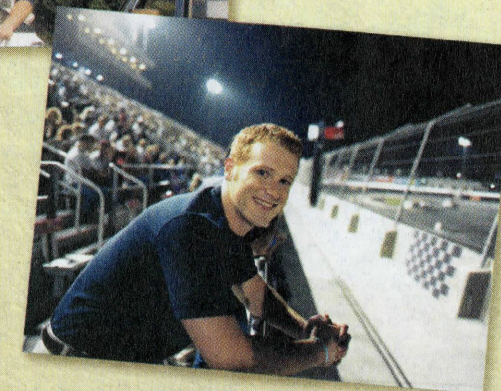
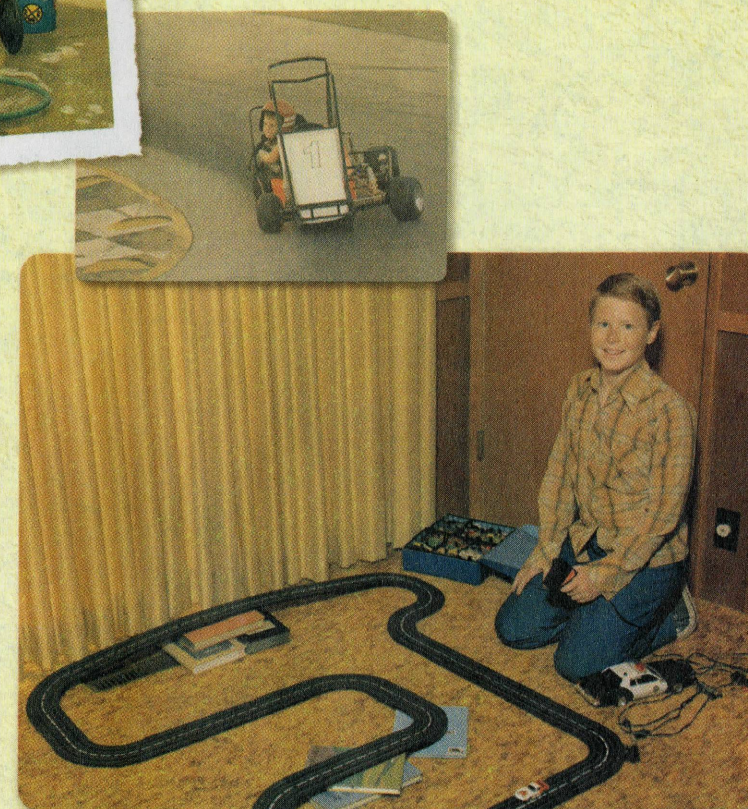
So many patients, so few nurses

fewer deaths when a nurse was caring for four patients than when he or she was caring for eight. These findings come in the midst of a nursing shortage. Last year about 13 percent of all nursing jobs went unfilled; by 2020, the shortfall could reach 400,000 nurses.

Health tip of the week

Kids eat better with teacher

Schoolkids often throw out their vegetables and milk when no grownup is watching, a new study confirmed. Dietitian Kristina L. Houser of the Columbus Children’s Hospital in Ohio found a major difference in how kids ate when a teacher was present during lunch. Kids who were being watched—and encouraged—consumed 20 percent more of their food than kids whose teachers weren’t present. They also drank more milk and ate more fruits and vegetables. The study was launched to find ways to reduce the amount of food left uneaten on school trays. Kids are given balanced meals in school programs, but when they throw it away, it “can compromise the potential benefits school meals offer,” says Houser.



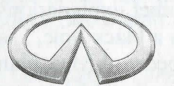
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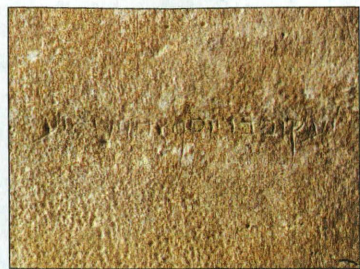
INFINITI

Did box hold Jesus' brother?

All we know about Jesus comes from the New Testament; no physical evidence of his existence has ever been found. But stunned archaeologists believe a 2,000-year-old stone box that surfaced in the home of an Israeli collector may change that. The clue: the Aramaic inscription on the side of the 20-inch limestone ossuary, a box used to hold the bones of the dead. It reads,



A divine mystery



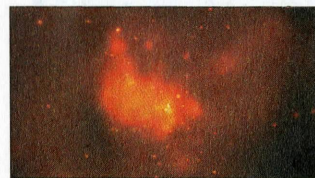
'James, son of Joseph, brother of Jesus'

"James, son of Joseph, brother of Jesus." Although all three names were common in first-century Jerusalem, Dr. Andre Lemaire of the Sorbonne in Paris tells the *Biblical Archeology Review*, a statistical analysis indicates that only about 20 men named

James also had a father named Joseph and a brother named Jesus. Catholics believe James was either Joseph's son from a previous marriage or Jesus' cousin; Protestants believe he was Jesus' younger brother. More significant, it's highly

unusual for a brother to be mentioned on an ossuary, unless he was quite famous, as Jesus of Nazareth was. "It seems very probable that this is the ossuary of the James in the New Testament," says Lemaire. Lab tests date the ossuary to A.D. 63, around the time James was stoned to death, and no chemicals of modern origin have been

detected. Nonetheless, the fact that nobody can say where the ossuary was for 19 centuries has caused archaeologists to withhold complete endorsement. "In the work I do, we are rarely absolutely certain about anything," Lemaire says.



Our galaxy's heart of darkness

A hole in the Milky Way

A black hole is a region of space that's created when massive stars collapse into themselves, creating a gravitational force so strong that not even light can escape. For years scientists believed that a dark object at the center of the Milky Way was a colossal black hole. Now they have proof. An international team at the Max Planck Institute for Extraterrestrial Physics in Germany has been watching a star as it revolves around the dark object, which is called Sagittarius A. The star, S2, is whirling around Sagittarius A at 3,100 miles per second—"lighting speed on the grand, slow scale of the universe," University of Texas astronomer Karl Gebhardt tells the *Baltimore Sun*. It circles Sagittarius A every 15.2 years. That tells researchers just how massive Sagittarius A is—about 3 million times the mass of our sun. All of that mass is squeezed into a relatively small space, a fact that "leaves us with almost no other explanations other than a black hole," says Rainer Schoedel of Max Planck. "We have never had as simple and straightforward evidence as we have now." Scientists believe black holes lie at the center of most galaxies.

Cheese felled Romans

When Mt. Vesuvius erupted in A.D. 79, it poured molten lava over the Roman towns of Pompeii and Herculaneum. About 250 people sought safety on a beach, where they were smothered in boiling mud. But the mud cooled rapidly, preserving their bones so well that scientists were able to conduct in-depth medical studies on them. What they found was surprising: Nearly one person in five suffered from brucellosis, a disease that is seldom fatal but that causes chronic flu-like symptoms and arthritis. Brucellosis is caused by a bacteria that comes from infected animals or animal products. No one was sure exactly how the villagers had picked up the bacteria until researchers found a 2,000-year-old piece of cheese that was rife with *Brucella melitensis* bacteria, Luigi Capasso of the State University G. d'Annunzio in Chieti, Italy, tells *Discovery.com*. "I believe that the Romans did consume a large quantity of cheese in their

diet," he says, and this probably made many of them quite sick.

An asteroid on our tail

Earth has a little brother tagging along after it, say astronomers. It's an asteroid called 2002 AA29, and it's the first object ever discovered that closely follows Earth's orbit. The asteroid moves in an unusual horseshoe-shaped orbit, first approaching Earth from one side, then reversing direction and approaching it—95 years later—from the other. The orbit gets its odd shape from a complex interaction between the gravitational attractions of the sun and the Earth. Every few thousand years, 2002 AA29 becomes Earth's second moon, circling us for about 50 years before the sun's gravity yanks it back into its horseshoe pattern. This asteroid introduces a whole new class of space objects "offering potential targets for space missions," Martin Connors of Canada's Athabasca University writes in *Meteoritics and Planetary Science*. Humans might even land on it.

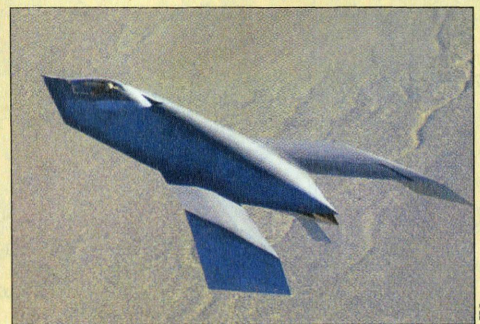
Innovations

'Bird of Prey' revealed

Only once or twice a decade does the Air Force allow the public a glimpse of one of its top-secret stealth airplanes. Last week, it debuted its *Bird of Prey*, a previously ultrasecret prototype that first flew in 1996. "No one outside the program knew about it," Nick Cook, aerospace consultant to *Janes Defence Weekly* tells *New Scientist*. Although the \$67 million *Bird of Prey*—named after the Klingon spacecraft on *Star Trek*—has been put on display, its stealth systems remain classified. Sources believe they include high-tech camouflage, such as panels or coatings that conceal the craft by changing color or luminosity. Such a disguise would allow safe combat missions even in daylight, constituting, says Cook, "a revolutionary milestone in aerial warfare."

Tearless onions

No more crying at the cutting board: Scientists have figured out how to create an onion that doesn't trigger tears. Researchers at the House Foods Corporation in Chiba, Japan, identified the



You can look, but not too closely.

specific enzyme responsible for irritating eyes, but were concerned that it also contributed to the onion's taste. They were pleased when they learned that the enzyme, which probably evolved in order to discourage hungry herbivores, did not influence flavor. Breeding this enzyme out of onions would be fairly easy, researcher Shinsuke Imai tells *Nature*. He believes that creating a tear-free onion would also help skeptical consumers embrace genetically modified foods.

World Series: Angels and Bonds stage 'ultimate sports theater'

The wild-card World Series was a wild ride, said Tim Keown in *ESPN The Magazine*. In seven "themeless, messy, wondrously unpredictable games," the Anaheim Angels took the first fall classic in their 42-year history and denied the San Francisco Giants their first championship since moving from New York in 1958. There were records for home runs and runs scored. Five of the games were close. And the Angels' comeback from a five-run deficit when they were just eight outs from elimination in Game 6 was unprecedented. This was "a Series with soul," when ballparks echoed with a new sports soundtrack: the "incessant mixture of ThunderStix and hysterical humans."

The Angels were no fluke, said Bob Ryan in *The Boston Globe*. Though they didn't win a division title during the regular season, manager Mike Scioscia found a winning



The triumph of self-sacrifice

postseason formula "built around a bullpen and a hitting philosophy that required more self-sacrifice than most modern players are willing to conjure up." The Halos resembled "gnats swarming all over every opposing team's company picnic." The most valuable player of the fall classic was Troy

Glaus, and the most dramatic homer was struck by Scott Spiezio. But Anaheim relied on "a relay-team approach" from beginning to end.

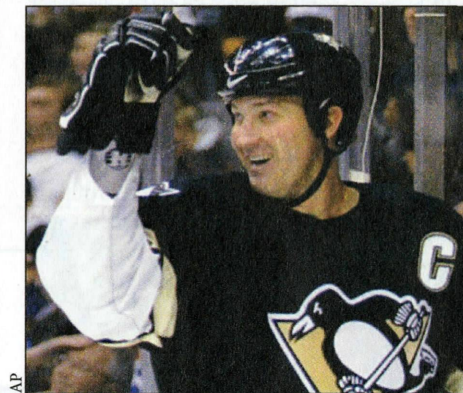
In the end, "one cohesive unit beat one incredible player," said Ian O'Connor in *USA Today*. Giants slugger Barry Bonds "staged the greatest World Series show of all time." He set a record for reaching base because the Angels repeatedly walked him, around his four mammoth home runs. And he proved even bigger and better in the October spotlight than Babe Ruth, Reggie Jackson, Joe DiMaggio, or his godfather, Willie Mays. Still, despite "the ultimate sports theater," a combination of slowly paced games and late starting times kept television ratings low. If this good a product on the field couldn't capture the nation's imagination, then baseball has some serious fence-mending to do with its fans.

NHL: Offensive rules spark scoring burst

The NHL has finally learned something from the Olympics, said Luke Decock in the *Raleigh, N.C., News and Observer*. A fortnight into the regular season, two major rule changes have opened up the league for faster, higher-scoring games, like those we saw in the exciting international-style hockey that made last year's Olympics so popular with fans. The changes: the "hurry-up" face-off and more penalties for obstruction—illegally slowing down an opponent who doesn't have the puck. "Defensemen are getting less time to handle the puck, forwards are moving more quickly." The result is 7 percent more goals, spurred by 47 percent more power-play opportunities than last season. But the improvements may not last. "The question, as always, is whether or not the NHL will stick to its whistles." Twice before, exciting rule reforms have been forgotten by December.

Under this regime, goaltenders can't just throw themselves in front of bulletlike shots, said Darren Eliot in *CNN.com*. Goalies also have to help out their defensemen and make clearing passes when opposing scorers streak across the blue line. One quick study under the new regime is Tampa Bay's all-star Nikolai Khabibulin. He's "one of the best puck stoppers in the game" but has had to upgrade his puck-handling skills to thrive under the new pro-offense rules.

Mario Lemieux wants even more offense, said Al Strachan in *The Toronto Sun*. The Pittsburgh Penguins star is off to a sensational start this season. Years after wisely pointing out that "clutching and grabbing was killing the game," Lemieux is now lobbying to limit the size of goalies' protective equipment. A lot of net-minders do play with pads of "king-size-mattress pro-



Lemieux: Favors svelter goalies

portions," said Ray Slover in *The Sporting News*. But the poor guys are already suffering enough under the new rules. The league should roll out further handicaps for goalies slowly. Besides, Super Mario "could score against goalies lugging double-wide mobile homes across the crease."

Commentary

■ Emmitt Smith of the Dallas Cowboys, the new leading career rusher in NFL history, is the third-best running back of all time, said Bob Glauber in *Newsday*. No. 1 is the "brilliant" Jim Brown. No. 2 is the "productive" Walter Payton, whose record just fell. Smith rates ahead of O.J. Simpson, who had "the most fluid running style," and Barry Sanders. With Smith, "the measurables never added up." He wasn't blessed with overwhelming size, speed, or power. What has set No. 22 apart is an ability to excel, whether healthy or injured, under any weather conditions and against any defense. This was a guy "around whom you could build an offense. Or, in the Cowboys' case, a dynasty." If you're into *SportsCenter* footage, your guy is Sanders, "the human highlight reel." But "if you're into Super Bowls, it's Smith."

Milestones

- **Pro football:** Al Lerner, the Cleveland Browns owner who brought the NFL back to the city after the original Browns moved to Baltimore, died of brain cancer at 69.
- **Golf:** Se Ri Pak won the Nine Bridges Classic in her native South Korea. Annika Sorenstam failed to match the Ladies Pro Golf Association tour record of 13 victories in one year.
- **Horse racing:** Azeri, a filly, is likely to be named a rare female Horse of the Year after a strong win in the Breeder's Cup Distaff at Arlington Park in Illinois.
- **Pro basketball:** The Los Angeles Lakers' Rick Fox was suspended for six games and the Sacramento Kings' Doug Christie for two. The players brawled in the hallway under the stands after being ejected for fighting during the teams' final exhibition game.

Review of reviews: Books

*What the critics said about
the best new books*

Book of the week

Genius: A Mosaic of One Hundred Exemplary Creative Minds

by Harold Bloom
(Warner Books, \$35.95)

Harold Bloom lusts after Emma Bovary. He feels the nausea churning in Hamlet's stomach. He cries with *Bleak House's* Esther Summerson. To the Falstaffian Yale literary critic, character has always been king, and it remains a rough but dependable measure of what separates the geniuses of literature from lesser practitioners. Bloom's 28th book, a quickly assembled 800-page appreciation of 100 such ink-stained luminaries, finds no room at the banquet table for any living author. Also shut out are Nabokov and Hemingway ("a minor novelist with a major style"), while Flannery O'Connor and Iris Murdoch are welcomed in to rub elbows with Bloom's longtime heroes Shakespeare, Blake, and Emerson.

Harold Bloom "is, in certain circles, a laughingstock," said Larissa MacFarquhar in *The New Yorker*. America's best-known



O'Connor: Beats out Hemingway

literary critic has long savored his role as an embattled Romantic. But the 71-year-old professor has in recent writings "turned away from the academy entirely" and sought refuge in a popular audience more open to the century-old idea that a critic's main job is to appreciate transcendent inventions wherever he finds them. His reputation, attained "through portentiousness, pomposity, and extravagant pre-

tension," is "much in need of puncturing," said Joseph Epstein in *The Hudson Review*. The man isn't even very intelligent—"he is merely learned, though in a wildly idiosyncratic way."

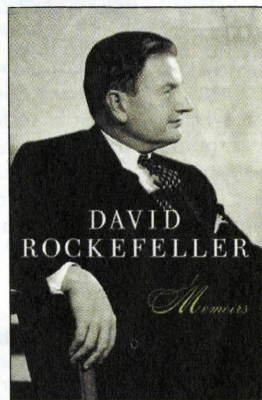
To appreciate anything in Bloom's latest, you have to forgive "the vomit of highfalutin adverbs and adjectives that befoul hundreds and hundreds of his sentences," said Richard Stern in the *Chicago Tribune*. But even if the book is frequently inscrutable and maddeningly repetitive, said Howard Gardner in *The Boston Globe*, it can be recommended without hesitation "to anyone who loves literature." On "nearly every page, one encounters gems" of insight and "evocative quotations" from authors you may cherish or may never have gotten to know. Some of the essays are original, "some perfunctory, and some rather silly," said Frank Kermode in the London *Guardian*. But as evidence that a single man thought it within his reach to dash off in one year a sort of "grotesque literary encyclopedia," this latest offering from the controversial Yale critic "does stand as a monument to a weird heroism."

Memoirs

by David Rockefeller
(Random House, \$35)

A chauffeured limousine trailed little David Rockefeller as he roller-skated up Fifth Avenue to school every day. Harvard, naturally, came next, then a Ph.D. in economics, a plebe's tour of duty in World War II, and an entry-level position at the Manhattan headquarters of the family bank. Though he alone among six siblings elected to pursue a business career, he insists in his new memoir that his rise to the top of Chase was by no means predetermined. But he does admit that his name and money afforded him unique opportunities to hobnob with dictators, patronize 20th-century art, and promote internationalism.

A rarefied existence indeed, said David Brooks in *The New York Times*. In the last half of the 20th century, "wherever there were panel discussions, evenly spaced bottles of mineral water, and worthy discourses on the need for increased international dialogue, Rockefeller was there." But while "his ability to endure tedium must be unmatched in all human



history," his measured, lukewarm voice offers new clues as to why the Protestant Establishment eventually surrendered power without a fight. The boy of privilege "who transformed himself into the leading corporate statesman of his day" not only possessed "an intense aversion to conflict." He saw himself "as a progressive agent of change."

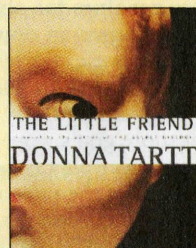
The book doesn't seem to be hiding much, said Robert Lenzner in *Forbes*. Its 87-year-old author "reveals the lesions festering below the surface of his clan"—fraternal rivalries and intergenerational fissures—as well as "the embarrassing bankruptcy" of a Chase investment fund and "severe internal problems at the bank" during his watch. And the section on the last years of his "omnivorous" politician brother, Nelson, is truly fascinating, said Peter Collier in the *Los Angeles Times*. Too many pages, though, put us in the company of a protagonist who "seems to have sleepwalked through a life he keeps assuring us was monumentally interesting." Even so, as "one of the poster boys" for an old-fashioned type of capitalism, said Kenneth Auchincloss in *Newsweek*, this "decent, hard-working man" offers "a pretty attractive face."

Novel of the week

The Little Friend

by Donna Tartt
(Knopf, \$26)

A 12-year-old girl bent on avenging her brother's childhood murder homes in on a 20-year-old methamphetamine dealer from the wrong side of her small Mississippi town. Then the whodunit all but disappears for roughly 500 pages, said Daniel Mendelsohn in *The New Yorker*. But if Donna Tartt's long-awaited follow-up to *The Secret History* wanders far from any path a literary mystery should take, "there's no question that it takes you somewhere worth going." An "incomparable sense of place is evoked" as the 38-year-old Southern native bores into 1970s Mississippi, her "profoundly captivating" young heroine, and an eccentric supporting cast, said Sharyn Wizda Vane in the *Austin American Statesman*. And the story is ultimately less concerned with suspense than with "the many little deaths that occur on the way to adulthood." It's the kind of disappointing novel that reaffirms your faith in a writer, said Jennifer Egan in *The New York Observer*. More evident now even than in Tartt's breakout 1992 debut are her talents "for dialogue, for description, for quiet personal moments and broad, ambitious tableaux." Her sophomore effort may be a shaggy-dog story, but she's clearly "the real thing."



Review of reviews: Stage

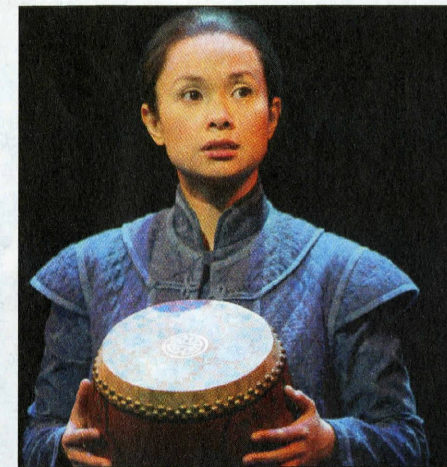
Theater

Flower Drum Song

Virginia Theatre, New York
(212) 239-6200

★★

Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Flower Drum Song* was dismissed as second-rate when the musical comedy debuted on Broadway in 1958, so it's hard to understand why anyone would want to revive it, said Desmond Ryan in *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. It's a dated cultural artifact rife with Asian-American stereotypes, so giving the show a contemporary twist "seems like a shotgun wedding destined for disaster." But that's exactly what makes David Henry Hwang's radical reworking such a delight. Perfection it's not; but it is, "when you think of the odds, surprisingly successful and very well staged." He's ditched most of the original story line about a Chinese mail-order bride's arrival in America, turning her into a political refugee. Mei-Li flees to San Francisco to see Wang, an old friend of her father, who is struggling to preserve traditional opera at the Golden Pearl Theater. But it doesn't take long before she



Salonga: A new Asian role model

falls for his progressive-thinking son Ta, who wants to turn the theater into a nightclub. Hwang's "massive overhaul" has indeed "highlighted the eternal dilemma of the immigrant torn between a new country and the homeland," but only at the expense of creating other problems.

For example, the attempt to convert "cute and cozy ethnic types" into "positive Asian role models" just doesn't work, said Ben Brantley in *The New York Times*. Hwang

has mined the sunny show tunes for their shadows, turning the song "I Am Going to Like It Here"—originally "a valentine to American culture"—into an awkwardly "bleak reprise for a group of oppressed workers in a fortune-cookie factory." But the truth is that there wasn't much "depth to be plumbed" in the confessional score to begin with. Hwang's attempts to update this period piece have only given it an identity crisis similar to those of his characters; the production numbers seem "stranded between sardonic kitsch and sincere showmanship."

These constantly "flip-flopping" styles are enough to make a person's head spin, said Linda Winer in *Newsday*. Most disquieting is the light-speed transformation of Wang from a proud traditionalist to a total sell-out; that instant metamorphosis alone "should have audiences suing for emotional whiplash." Randall Duk Kim is a terrific actor, but even he cannot make the personality switch plausible. Despite the many difficult challenges, however, the entire cast excels, particularly Lea Salonga, as Mei-Li, whose "lyric purity, internal pluck, and knowing stillness" help the audience "overlook the more awkward, even ludicrous developments around her."

Will divas go the way of the dodo?

Divas are a vanishing species, said F. Paul Driscoll in *Opera News*. Certainly there are multitudes of "fine singers" working these days,



Callas: A vanishing species

but very few who inspire the kind of worship Maria Callas did. A real diva isn't merely "admired." A real diva has the craft and charisma to move audiences to nothing less than total adoration. Here, for opera novices, are a few tips on how to spot a genuine diva: 1) A real diva speaks to the gods. When Callas sings Norma's "Casta Diva," "I'm surprised that the moon doesn't answer her." 2) She commits, even to playing villainesses. "Audience sympathy be damned, she gets to work." 3) Her every syllable resonates, "psychologically acute and vocally fearless." 4) Her characters are three-dimensional women, with myriad sides to their personalities. 5) She controls her volume. 6) "She's got rhythm." 7) She takes joy in performing, and "always sounds like herself." 8) She can make mediocre music sound like poetry. 9) Other divas don't scare her. 10) She stands out in a crowd. 11) She's happier onstage than in a recording studio. 12) And most importantly, she knows "when and how to say goodbye."

Theater

Amour

The Music Box Theater, New York
(212) 239-6200

★★

This *très misérable* musical is no *Les Misérables*, said Barbara D. Phillips in *The Wall Street Journal*. Only 90-minutes long, it's a "seemingly endless" disaster about Dusoleil, a bureaucratic nerd, played by Malcolm Gets, who lives alone in 1950 Paris with his cat. He pines for the pretty young housewife (Melissa Errico) who lives across the street, but she doesn't even know he exists. Worse, her much older husband (Lewis Cleale), "the corrupt local prosecutor, keeps her locked up for most of each day." Then a freak accident gives Dusoleil the ability to pass through walls and win the heart of the woman of his dreams. French critics and audiences loved the musical on which this production is based, *Le Passe-Muraille*, with music by Michel Legrand and libretto by Didier van Cauwelaert. But then they also harbor an "inexplicable amour for Jerry Lewis."

It's even worse than that, said Elysa Gardner in *USA Today*. In more inspired hands, this "decidedly spastic show" might have been a charmer. But the libretto, adapted by Jeremy Sams, contains "some



Errico, Gets: A parable of life under the Nazis

of the most strained, stilted rhymes and dull-witted wordplay I've ever heard, on- or offstage." The various attempts at sexual humor are awkward. And neither Gets nor Errico "possess the kind of superior invention or charisma it would take to make this inherently lame comedy stand up." Sorry, but even Jerry Lewis "made more sense than this."

The French got it right, said Malcolm Johnson in *The Hartford Courant*. This "small-scale, sung-through operetta" is thoroughly "charmante." The libretto, despite a few clunky lines, displays "considerable wit," and both Gets and Errico are ideally cast as, respectively, the "pompadoured milquetoast Dusoleil" and the "piquant Isabelle." The original, first mounted in 1943 during the German occupation of France, "may be seen as a parable of Vichy life."

Stars reflect the overall quality of reviews and our own independent assessment (4 stars=don't miss; 3 stars=worth seeing; 2 stars=terrible; 1 star=don't bother)

Exhibition of the week Degas and the Dance

The Detroit Institute of Arts
Through Jan. 12

What more can there possibly be to say about Degas' ubiquitous dancers? said Steven Litt in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. Plenty, proves the Detroit Institute of Arts. Though the French impressionist has been the subject of at least five large-scale exhibitions in recent years, the museum's marvelous new show "more than makes the case for another long, loving look at the master." Degas (1834-1917) is best known for his drawings and paintings that "celebrate the beauty of young ballerinas, their lithe bodies and diaphanous tutus caught in the glare of footlights or washed by daylight." His haphazard-looking composition has generally been viewed as a testament to the artist's unyielding commitment to realism—figures bunched up in one corner, heads and limbs cut off by the picture frame as though it were a snapshot. But as this exhibit bears out, "Degas was just as devoted to fiction." Most of his ballet scenes, for instance, are set backstage at the old Paris opera house on Rue Le Peletier; the grain of the worn wood floors is rendered in painstaking detail. There's nothing to call Degas' conscientious realism into question except for the fact that the opera house was destroyed by fire in 1873. For at least three more decades, Degas continued to set his dancing-class scenes there, altering the space



Dance Class (1874): Not as real as it looks

according to whim. Rather than relocating the action to the garish new Palais Garnier opera house—which he detested—"he constructed a kind of idealized ballet school of the mind."

That's because Degas was more than some impartial "documenter of 19th-century Parisian ballet," said Christopher Andreae in *The Christian Science Monitor*. The substantial time he spent observing and congregating with dancers gave him a strong, personal connection to their world. He had

"an intense interest in every detail of their training, behavior, posture, gesture, and often quite ugly little faces," just as he "relished the tulle and gauze and sparkle of their costumes." He was especially fascinated by the way they carried themselves when not actually performing. His favorites were "bored or abstracted dancers waiting for work to begin or flat out with exhaustion after it has ended."

One thing's for sure—visitors won't be bored in the least, said Joy Hakanson Colby in *The Detroit News*. There's too much gorgeous stimulation. Instead of the chronological arrangement against sterile white background favored by most museums today, the Degas show completely "immerses viewers in the world of 19th-century France and the

Paris Opera" with bold colors and inventive reconstructions. It helps to have both an art historian and a dance historian as co-curators. The team spent five years researching the subject from both perspectives to give the exhibition as profound and accurate a cultural context as possible. One gallery re-creates the ballet classroom where the artist spent hours and hours; another is "like entering the plush, burgundy darkness of a 19th-century theater. Curtains and a mock stage create an ideal setting for images of dance performances."

Where to buy ... A selected exhibition in a private gallery

Howard Schatz: 10 Years

at Apex Fine Art, Los Angeles

Photographer Howard Schatz has always been intrigued by the human form. Once he channeled that fascination into his work as a doctor and leading retinal specialist; a decade ago, he left the medical profession behind to become a full-time photographer. A 10-year retrospective presents highlights from Schatz's critically acclaimed photographic career. Some of the most interesting works come from his 2000 series "Body Knots," brilliantly colored compositions in which contorted human forms morph into the most surprising of objects: a sea anemone, a cluster of marzipan, or an ice cream sundae (pictured). Prices for prints start at \$900.



Body Knots #205: You are what you eat.

152 N. La Brea Ave., (323) 634-7887; Apexart.com
Through Nov. 30

America's 'oddball museums'

Nothing sums up the nation's knack for "blending kitsch and culture" better than its abundance of quirky storefront museums, said Stephanie Simon in the *Los Angeles Times*. These meticulously cataloged tributes to everything from pretzels to Pez candy are "amassed by single-minded zealots determined to know everything there is to know" about an item. Mount Horeb Mustard Museum is one of the best of these "oddball museums." Curated by mustard enthusiast Barry Levenson—who quit his job as assistant state attorney general 10 years ago to devote his life to the condiment—the museum boasts 3,950 jars, in a variety of styles and flavors. More than 40,000 visitors a year make the trek to southwest Wisconsin to take in such exotic displays as basil-pesto mustard, merlot-chocolate mustard, and key-lime-macadamia mustard. There's "mustard from Azerbaijan and mustard from Zimbabwe. Mustard seeds, mustard rubs. Mustard ointments galore." Other burgeoning single-item museums include the International Vinegar Museum in Roslyn, S.D., and the Salt Museum in Onondaga, N.Y. While the Institute of Museums and Library Services officially classifies such tributes as "collections of curiosities," not museums, some scholars aren't willing to differentiate. "What the Museum of Modern Art does in classifying paintings by genre and period—that's the same thing that the Mustard Museum or the beer-can museum or the nut museum is doing," said Christopher Steiner, a professor of museum studies at Connecticut College. "Only, unlike modern minimalist art, these museums are dealing with something that everyone can relate to."



For mustard fans, this is fine art.

The Truth About Charlie

(PG-13)
1 hr. 44 mins.

A young widow lands in the middle of a dangerous hunt for a missing fortune.

★★

A newlywed pondering divorce returns to Paris to find her husband murdered, their apartment ransacked, and lots of people interested in finding out where he hid an ill-gotten fortune. Cary Grant was the suspiciously solicitous stranger who gave Audrey Hepburn a shoulder to cry on when she went through the same ordeal in 1963's flawed but fondly remembered *Charade*,



Newton, Wahlberg: Half perfect

said Elvis Mitchell in *The New York Times*. Grant's current stand-in, Mark Wahlberg, "doesn't seem to understand the difference between a mystery [man] and a blank."

Roger Dodger

(R)
1 hr. 44 mins.

A teenager spends a night on the town with his womanizing uncle.

★★★★

A viper-tongued Lothario, having just been dumped by his ad-agency boss, takes his 16-year-old nephew out for a nightlong

lesson in seducing women. The motormouth misogynist has become something of a type in indie dramas since Neil LaBute's *In the Company of Men*, said Jack Mathews in the *New York Daily News*. But damned if the words that come out of the title character's mouth in this Tribeca Film Festival honoree aren't "among the most floridly nasty and supercilious spoken in a New York movie" since *All About Eve*. The frequently brilliant Campbell Scott lets his innate sincerity "curdle into something smarmy and ferretlike," said Stephen Holden in *The New York*

But in Thandie Newton, *The Truth About Charlie* has indeed uncovered "the 21st-century corollary" to Hepburn. "She's a gamine in touch with her sexuality instead of floating above it; she's an angel whose feet touch the ground." Perhaps because he's working with a shaky plot and a sparkless romance, director Jonathan Demme tries to turn his remake into a valentine to 1960s French film and to a "modern, multi-ethnic, polymusical Paris" that's actually more interesting than "the Ville Lumière of old," said Joe Morgenstern in *The Wall Street Journal*. *Charlie* is "fun to watch in a chaotic, everything-but-the-kitchen-sink way," said Andrew O'Hehir in *Salon.com*. But it is, in the end, nothing but a "misguided reinvention of a buttoned-down romp."

Times. And he "makes Roger indelible by inflecting him with a hint of tragedy." Faces-from-the-past Isabella Rossellini, Elizabeth Berkeley, and Jennifer Beals all contribute "sharp cameo turns," while Jesse Eisenberg, as the incorruptible teenager, eventually "takes over the movie." Things only go sour when the film's vile hero experiences an unlikely "11th-hour burst of insight," said Ella Taylor in *LA Weekly*. Until then, it's a rough-edged picture that has "a pretty good handle on urban loneliness of the knowing, virulent New York City variety."

Frida

(R)
2 hrs. 7 mins.

A portrait of the Mexican artist as a trendsetting bohemian

★★

Painter Frida Kahlo spent the last three decades of her life in pain. But she bore with wicked humor the infirmities that resulted from a 1925 bus accident, while knocking out dozens of searing self-portraits and carrying on torrid affairs with Leon Trotsky, Josephine Baker, her sometime husband Diego Rivera, and various of his girlfriends. In a biopic that takes all of this on, it is, appropriately enough, "the art



Molina, Hayek: Mildly spicy

we remember" when the lights come up, said Glenn Whipp in the *Los Angeles Daily News*. "*Frida* may follow the rhythms of a conventional movie biography," but when

its visually inventive director makes Kahlo's paintings "unfold before your eyes, you understand why the school is called magic realism." The lead actors can't be blamed for what's unconvincing about everything else, said Lisa Schwarzbaum in *Entertainment Weekly*. Salma Hayek, wearing the requisite unibrow, "makes a reasonable, mildly spiced Kahlo," while Alfred Molina "serves stolidly" in Rivera's shoes. But with its "movie-speak" dialogue and its "glossy presentation of clothes, earrings, housewares," and politics, this biography of an iconoclast feels nothing if not bourgeois. The cast gambols through it "like suburban revelers at a bohemian costume party," said Manohla Dargis in the *Los Angeles Times*. "It's incredibly phony," and it fails utterly "to get at the ferocity of the artist and her artifice."

All or Nothing

(R)
2 hrs. 8 mins.

Everyday struggles drain the life out of a working-class London family.

★★★★

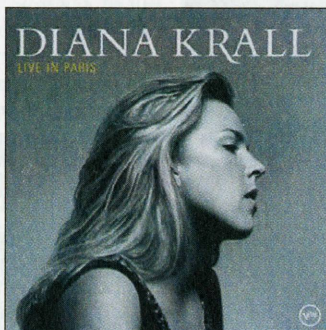
Phil and Penny lead a dreary life together. The South London couple both work dull, low-wage jobs, while their only daughter

barely speaks and their sullen, obese adult son rarely vacates the family sofa. "Even Dickens would turn away at the sight of these people," said Glenn Whipp in the *Los Angeles Daily News*. So you have to admire filmmaker Mike Leigh for the authenticity he achieves in each of his working-class dramas by developing the script only after long improvisational rehearsals with his actors. This time, "a moment of hard-earned redemption" awaits the main characters on the other side of a family medical crisis. What's new

is that the parents and their neighbors are the opposite of chatty, said John Anderson in *Newsday*. They're "a nonverbal generation" whose angry silences have bred into the next generation a complete "inability to articulate its rage." The cast, led by Leigh regulars Lesley Manville and Timothy Spall, is "uniformly excellent," said Megan Turner in the *New York Post*. And though "flashes of humor" do little to lighten the overall mood, the director's "uncanny ability to mine emotional truths packs the usual punch."

Diana Krall*Live in Paris*
(Verve)

Diana Krall's latest offering "reminds the world why she is its favorite jazz singer," said Steve Greenlee in *The Boston Globe*. It captures the "energy of her concerts and puts her vocal and piano skills on full display." Many jazz critics were turned off by the pop and easy



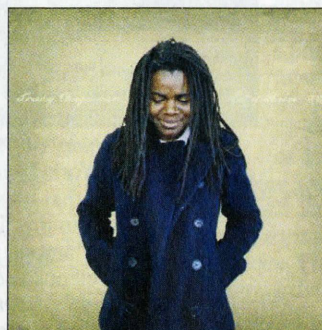
listening of her last two releases, 2001's *The Look of Love* and 1998's *When I Look in Your Eyes*. While those two discs were "hopelessly overarranged, with sweeping orchestral interruptions featuring a serious excess of strings," this live release is "firmly in jazz territory," said Geoff Chapman in the *Toronto Star*. Backed mostly by guitars, bass, and drums, Krall sings jazz standards with an "attractively low-pitched voice that's impeccably timed, dense in texture, and tailor-

made for moments of drama." Krall accompanies herself on the piano, and her "hard-hitting approach" on two-handed solos proves she's no slouch in that department either. Even on well-known fare like "I've Got You Under My Skin," she performs with an "engaging straightforwardness that is wholly her own," said Terry Teachout in *The Washington Post*. The only misstep is the last number, a cover of Billy Joel's "Just the Way You Are," which is "uneventful, inoffensive, and eminently skippable." So listeners should skip it and "revel in an otherwise superior album by an unlikely superstar who's earned every bit of her renown, and then some."

Tracy Chapman*Let It Rain*
(Elektra)

Tracy Chapman's avid fans "will be delighted with her new disc of story songs," said Dan Aquilante in the *New York Post*. That's because it's so much like "everything else this folk rocker has ever recorded" that it could've been "gleaned from outtakes" from her previous releases. *Let It Rain*—her sixth album—was produced by longtime PJ Harvey collaborator

John Parrish. His "lean production provides an ideal finish for Chapman's gently soulful sound," said Elysa Gardner in *USA Today*. Both vocally and on guitar, Chapman delivers solid performances "full of graceful beauty and integrity." High points include the "driving" gospel of "Say Hallelujah" and the "sinuous, rhythmically skittish" sound of "Hard Wired." The CD does have fleeting moments of inspiration, said Ben Wener in the *Orange*



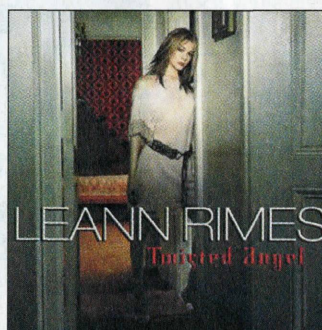
County, Calif., *Register*, but this "neo-folkie's patented introspection could do with some modernizing." Here, though, she takes the wrong approach. Parrish's production trickery is mostly welcome, but the "stark and harrowing" music itself only exaggerates Chapman's "already bleating vibrato." What's

worse, the lyrics are "slight and vague, ideal for indie-flick montage," but less satisfying when you actually listen to them.

LeAnn Rimes*Twisted Angel*
(Curb)

One-time country wunderkind LeAnn Rimes has "morphed from a miniature Patsy Cline to a cheap imitation of Christina Aguilera," said Mario Tarradell in *The Dallas Morning News*. On her first album since breaking free from her manager father, the 20-year-old Texan sounds like "any other pop tart of the day." She dabbles in "a bit of processed R&B, a tad

of that Creed-like pop-rock," and "syrupy balladry that even Celine Dione doesn't do anymore." It's a travesty. "Not since Michael Jordan decided to play baseball has there been such a misguided career choice," said Ralph Novak in *People*. Mind you, "with her rich timbre and precise pitch, Rimes could be a first-rate pop singer." But her attempts to convey a grown-up sensuality are laughable, and her over-the-top phrasing suggests she's "watched too many VH1



Divas shows" to ever recover. This isn't her crossover disc, said Robert Wilonsky in the *Dallas Observer*. This is "her Britney breakdown." The "girl with the astounding voice, that broken and blue yodel," has for no godly reason become desperate to keep pace with pop's sleazy sirens. And all she has to show for her effort is 13

"teen-pop retreads so bland and unremarkable" that "hearing them a dozen times is like never hearing them at all."

VH1's jailhouse rock angers victims' families

The cable music channel VH1 is "one of the most morally bankrupt outfits in the history of American television," said Bill O'Reilly, syndicated columnist and host of the Fox News show *The O'Reilly Factor*. Proof? The first episode of *Music Behind Bars* featured Dark Mischief, a heavy-metal band formed by inmates at the State Correctional Institution near Philadelphia. Band member Christopher Bissey is serving time for killing two young girls. Yet every day he and "his

merry men" get together to "jam with instruments provided by the taxpayers." Worse, along comes VH1 to broadcast Dark Mischief in concert. "This is inflicting direct pain on the grieving families" of the two victims just to make money. "Does it get any worse than that?" Sorry, but these rockers "are anything but glamorous," said Jonathan Storm in *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. "The show is not entertaining. It is enlightening." Most of the featured band members are "scraggly,

tattooed, and snaggletoothed." As prison superintendent Donald Vaughn explained, music is just another diversion for inmates to keep them from becoming bored. If they have too much time on their hands, he said, "negative things go through their minds. They become violent." What *Music Behind Bars* shows is "fact, not fiction, depicting, at least a little, what life is like in prison. Maybe viewers will feel sympathy when they see that inmates are people too."

This week: Homes with indoor pools

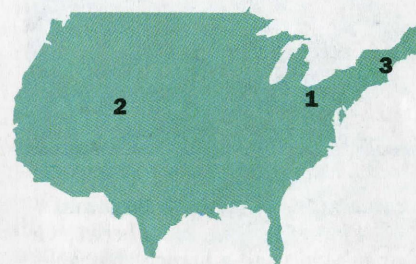


1 Where: Aurora, Ohio

What: Beautifully constructed of brick, stone, and cedar, and set on the 13th and 14th fairways of a Jack Nicklaus-designed golf course, this home exhibits attention to detail throughout. The heated indoor pool area features a waterfall, hot tub, sauna, steam room, changing room, full bath, and sound system. The two-story master suite includes a see-through fireplace, spa bath, and balcony overlooking the pool. Further highlights include a library with suede walls, three kitchens, dining room with wrought-iron chandelier, au pair suite with private entrance, and 2 additional guest suites.

How much: \$7,250,000

Contact: Marilyn LaMarco; Smythe, Cramer Co. Realtors; (330) 562-6188

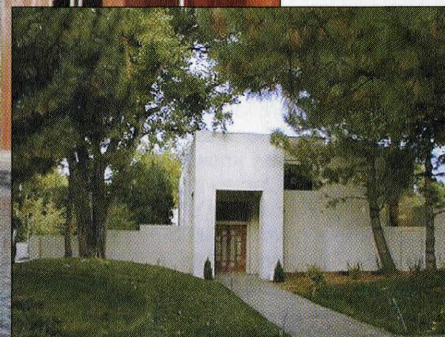


2 Where: Cherry Hills Village, Colo.

What: A gated entry leads to this contemporary home, which has walls of glass designed to integrate indoor and outdoor spaces. The indoor pool and exercise area features a dehumidification system, while the outdoor pool area offers a hot tub and views of the lush grounds. The home includes an art gallery, dark room, 53-foot-high skylit foyer, rotunda/library, roof deck, gourmet kitchen, 2 master suites, and 3 additional bedrooms.

How much: \$3,750,000

Contact: Edie Marks, the Kentwood Company, (800) 723-7653



Steal of the week

3 Where: Lisbon, N.H.

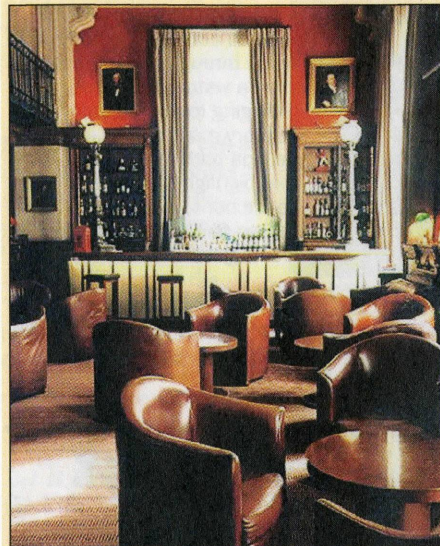
What: This 1860s farmhouse is nestled on 18.75 acres in the White Mountains and overlooks the Ammonoosuc River. The property includes a 2-story barn, 6 summer cottages, carriage house, and additional outbuildings. Just a short distance from 3 ski facilities and snowmobile and hiking trails.

How much: \$189,900

Contact: Donna Rooney, Reinhold Associates, (603) 444-1177



A roundup of the best hotels in Paris ...



Saint James Paris: Dogs are welcome.

Saint James Paris, Avenue Bugeaud

The Saint James is like a cross between a gentleman's club and a French château, says George Bridges in the London *Times*. Although imposing, it has "the air of a private home." Portraits of "stern, mustachioed men" stare down at guests in the grand hall. A Labrador lounges at the entrance. Guests are invited to bring *gentils chiens* ("good dogs") with them if they wish. *Doubles from \$475.* Contact: *saint-james-paris.com*

Pavillon de la Reine, Le Marais

For real Parisian charm, look no further than the Pavillon de la Reine, says Bridges. This family-run hotel is tucked behind the pink stone facade of the Place des Vosges, built by Henry VI. With its flagstone floors, beams, and paneling, it has the feel of a country house dropped into the heart of Paris. All the rooms are unique, with views of the courtyard or patio. *Doubles from \$345.* Contact: *pavillon-de-la-reine.com*

Hotel de Nice, Rue de Rivoli

In Paris, it is all too often the case that an enticing reception gives way to disappointing bedrooms. Not so at the Hotel de Nice, says Adriaane Pielou in the London *Daily Telegraph*. This two-star B&B on the Rue de Rivoli is the "quirkily perfect" little Parisian hotel that we've all longed to find. Book an attic room: The rooftop view across Paris is to die for. *Doubles from \$93.* Contact: (33-1) 43 54 03 46

Le Bateau Jolia, Quai St. Bernard

Le Bateau Jolia is a hotel with a difference, says Pielou. A barge with room for two, moored in the Latin Quarter, it has all the amenities of a five-star hotel. The traditional cargo barge has been converted to provide a glass-walled sitting room and a roof terrace with views down the Seine.

From \$650 a night (three-night minimum). Contact: *la-vie-en-rose.com*

Four Seasons Hotel George V Paris, Avenue George V

The George V is the stuff of legend, says John Litchfield in the London *Independent*. Built in 1928, it was the first hotel in Europe to offer bathrooms in every room. In its heyday, guests included Greta Garbo and Gen. Dwight Eisenhower, and the hotel operated an air-taxi service. The renovated hotel, opened in 1999, retains all the old art-deco features as well as the first-class service that its '30s guests so appreciated. *Doubles from \$653.* Contact: *fourseasons.com/paris*



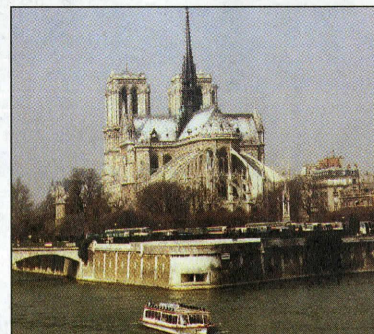
Four Seasons: Garbo ate here.

Sunday in the park with Georges

Most art lovers are familiar with Paris' 17th arrondissement "whether they know it or not," says Susan James in the *Los Angeles Times*. That's because this is where Claude Monet and his contemporaries painted some of the greatest impressionist and post-impressionist masterpieces. The city's 20 numbered districts start in the city's geographic center and spiral out clockwise, so that "the 17th hardly ranks as a top draw." On the other hand, it's here that Monet painted "the great steam engines that puffed through the 17th arrondissement on their way to Gare Saint Lazare." Edouard Vuillard painted his mother's portrait "in her apartment on the 17th's trendy Boulevard des Batignolles." And Parisians at play "on a Sunday afternoon on Ile de la Grande Jatte" were immortalized by pointillist Georges Seurat.

This week's dream: The City of Light in the off-season

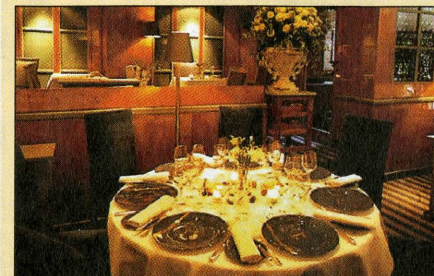
Paris sizzles even in the fall, says Mike Kelly in the Charleston, S.C., *Sunday Gazette-Mail*. After all, "it's Paris, man! The City of Light. The capital of romance. The history. The art. The cafes. The haute cuisine (that's French for 'real good food')." And if you don't mind the slight chill in the air, consider these other advantages: lower round-trip airfares, bargain hotel rates, and smaller crowds. If you only have five or seven days to explore, though, you need a plan that will include all the must-sees and still give you plenty of time "to simply walk the streets and delight in the people, smells, tastes, look, and feel of this exciting world city." Not to be missed, of course, is Notre Dame cathedral, the Gothic masterpiece on the Ile de la Cité and the birthplace of Paris more than 2,000 years ago. "The 400-step climb up the towers is rewarded with close-up looks at the legendary gargoyles and a glorious view of the city." Just behind the church is the Deportation Memorial, "a poignant remembrance of the 200,000 French victims of Nazi death camps." At night, be sure to stroll down



Notre Dame: The birthplace of Paris

the Champs Elysées, "the Broadway of Paris." The Arc de Triomphe, at the end of this grand boulevard, is now the site of France's Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The Louvre, another must-see and one of the world's top three museums, can be intimidating, with its "30,000 works of art from ancient times to the 1840s," so it's wise to seek out a favorite work or area of interest. The most popular pieces are da Vinci's Mona Lisa and the ancient Greek sculpture Venus de Milo. Paris' list of attractions goes on and on: Sacré Coeur cathedral in the Montmartre section of the city, the Musée d'Orsay ("a converted railway station that now houses arguably the greatest collection of impressionist and post-impressionist art anywhere"), and, not least, that "undisputed symbol of Paris," the Eiffel Tower. Also worth a day trip is the royal palace at Versailles, "considered by many the grandest palace in Europe." "There is a downside" to going to Paris in the off-season, though. "You will not see the city's renowned gardens in full bloom. But isn't that reason enough to go back?"

... and some of the best places to eat



Pierre Gagnaire: Complacent? Mais non!

Pierre Gagnaire

6 Rue Balzac, (33-1) 58 36 12 50
Fasten your seat belts when you try chef Pierre Gagnaire's food, says Patricia Wells in *The New York Times*. The menu forces diners "out of a cozy, complacent restaurant mode" and challenges us to "think a lot about what is on our plates, and that's not a bad thing." For example, try this menu item on for size: "a bouillabaisse paired with Mediterranean red mullet perfumed with Japanese pepper, cooked whole with Gagnaire's special seasoned salt, accompanied by fish liver coated with finely ground dried cèpe mushrooms, a creamy potato puree, and crunchy spaghetti." *Dinner for two with tip: about \$400*

Le Salon d'Helene

4 Rue d'Assas, (33-1) 42 22 00 11
Last year, rising star Helene Darroze won a Michelin star for her eponymous restau-

rant. Now she's opened a low-priced, casual bistro on the ground floor, says Paul Richardson in *Condé Nast Traveler*. It has the feel of a contemporary salon: a "fine place to eat, drink, and doze off," with cool music and big comfy cushions. The menu features a range of "carefully presented" tapas, such as mussels stuffed with garlic and parsley, and braised red-mullet fillets with saffron-spiced fondant potato. *Three courses without wine: about \$62*

Ze Kitchen Galerie

4 Rue des Grands Augustins (33-1) 44 32 00 32
This "clean, ultramodern, and agreeably casual restaurant" turns out French-style food "influenced by Greece, Spain, Japan, Italy, and Morocco," says Wells. Despite its "wacky, modern, low-budget minimalist look," you'll find here such dishes as "soul-satisfying macaroni bathed in pesto and tossed with toasted pine nuts and spicy grilled chorizo sausage," and steamed mussel soup "rich with the essence of coconut milk and woodsy mushrooms." *Dinner for two with tip: about \$70*

Passiflore

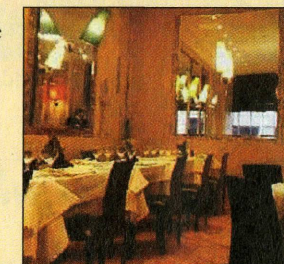
33 Rue de Longchamp, (33-1) 47 04 96 81
Despite its location in "the most classic and conservative of Right Bank neighborhoods," this restaurant, named for the passion flower, features a "daring menu, style,

and decor," says Wells. If you sit down and sample chef Roland Durand's menu with your eyes closed, "there will be no question that what you are savoring is 100 percent French." Yet non-French words like 'mulligatawny,' 'satay,' 'Thai herbs,' and 'tamarind' show up frequently on the menu. "I love his fresh beet soup," as well as his "sweet potato soup laced with star anise and poured over a healthy portion of fresh crab meat." *Dinner for two with tip: about \$55*

Les Bookinistes

53 Quai de Grands Augustins, (33-1) 43 25 45 94

Opened three years ago by Michelin-starred chef Guy Savoy, Les Bookinistes was one of the first baby bistros—and it's still one of the best. The decor is a mix of "urban cool and bourgeois comfort," and the cooking is "quietly inventive," says Richardson. Dishes such as skate wing with dried fruits, and pork mignons with spinach and pears reflect the current Parisian vogue for sweet-and-savory combinations. *Three courses without wine: about \$39*



Les Bookinistes: Baby bistro

Recipe of the week

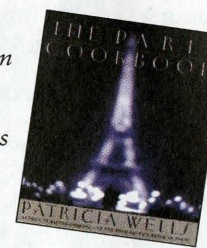
Boulevard Raspail Cream of Mushroom Soup

This elegant dish is a favorite autumn classic, says Patricia Wells in The Paris Cookbook. "While the French revere the variety of wild mushrooms found all over the nation's woods and forests, one should not underestimate the flavor and value of the common cultivated mushrooms."

2 leeks
3 tbs unsalted butter
1½ lbs mushrooms, trimmed, washed, and thinly sliced
Sea salt
1½ quarts homemade chicken or vegetable stock
3 cups heavy cream (or a mix of heavy cream and whole milk)
Freshly ground white pepper

Trim the leeks at the root and split lengthwise. Rinse well under cold running water. Soak in a bowl of cold water for 5 minutes to get rid of any excess dirt. Remove the leeks, dry thoroughly, and chop coarsely.

In a large soup pot, combine the leeks, butter, and a pinch of salt. Sweat, covered, over low heat for about 3 minutes. The leeks should be soft but not brown.



Add the mushrooms and cook, stirring often, for another 5 minutes. Add the chicken or vegetable stock. Cover and simmer gently for about 35 minutes. Taste for seasoning.

Blend the liquid in a food processor or with a hand-held immersion blender until emulsified into a smooth-textured mixture. The soup may be prepared ahead of time up to this point. Reheat at serving time.

At serving time, add the cream (or milk and cream mixture) and simmer gently, uncovered, over low heat until thickened (about 5 minutes). To serve, ladle the soup into warmed soup bowls. Serves 6.

From *The Paris Cookbook*, by Patricia Wells. ©2001 by Patricia Wells. Reprinted by permission of HarperCollins Publishers.

It's cocktail time, again

The history of the cocktail is as old as America, says Giles McDonagh in the *Financial Times*. The first people to mix cocktails were Southern plantation owners, who concocted a powerful form of punch made from rum, water, fruit juices, and bitters. It wasn't until the 19th century, when improved distillation methods meant that gin, rum, and whiskey could be cleanly produced, that the cocktail moved from the saloon bar to the drawing room. The golden age of the cocktail lasted from 1880 to 1912, and it was during this time that most of the classics (martinis, margaritas, Manhattans, fizzes, and Collinses) were invented. Prohibition put an end to all that, and it's only in the last couple of decades that cocktails have become fashionable again. If you want to know how to mix your own, learn from the master: New York's famous "King of Cocktails," Dale DeGroff. For recipes and tips, visit DeGroff's Web site: kingcocktail.com.



Best books ... chosen by Christopher Buckley

Novelist, editor, and humorist Christopher Buckley's most recent novel is *No Way to Treat a First Lady*, published this October by Random House (\$25).

One-Upmanship: How to Win Life's Little Games Without Appearing to Try by Stephen Potter (out of print). I keep this slim paperback compendium with me at all times, to cheer me up when they announce either that my flight has been delayed or hijacked.

Moby Dick by Herman Melville (Bantam Books, \$5). I know, I know: It's way over-written, and why should we care about some nutball amputee captain, and the whale parts are so much yadda blubber yadda, but it never fails to raise the hairs on my

arm and even make me chuckle or say, Wow.

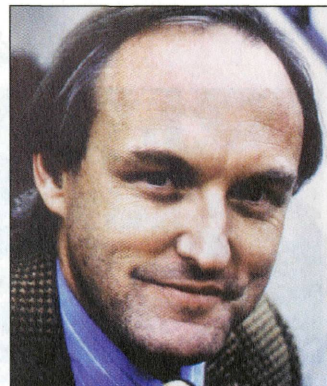
Music for Chameleons by Truman Capote (Vintage Books, \$13). Norman Mailer said somewhere that Capote was, "sentence for sentence, the best writer of my generation," and for once I agree with him. This is perfect writing and exhilarating storytelling.

Brideshead Revisited by Evelyn Waugh (Little, Brown & Co., \$14). Probably the only book I've read a half dozen times and hope to another half dozen before my

time is up. A very great masterpiece of style, wit, satire, manners, and meaning, to say nothing of a godsend, since 1981, to the Yorkshire tourist economy. (It was filmed at Castle Howard.)

Lost Illusions by Honoré de Balzac (Viking, \$14). *Bonfire of the Vanities* set in early-19th-century Paris. Country boy Lucien de Rubempré tries to make it socially in Paris and sells his soul in the process.

Living Well Is the Best Revenge by Calvin Tomkins (Random House, \$17). The



Buckley

story of American expatriates Gerald and Sara Murphy, who live in Paris and the south of France in the 1920s and '30s and who knew *le tout* when *le tout* was worth knowing. So good you should read it aloud.

Television: The Week's guide to what's worth watching**A History of Britain**

Simon Schama's highly personal, highly entertaining 12-part history of Britain concludes. The final four installments are shown over two nights, beginning with 1780, just after the American Revolution and the events of 1776. The Victorian era, the world wars, colonialism—all are covered passionately and perceptively, and with occasionally surprising stops along the way. For example: a lot of emphasis on George Orwell, compared directly and cleverly to Winston Churchill. *Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 4-5, at 9 p.m. ET, History Channel*



Parker: Married to a traitor

American Icons: "Vietnam Veterans Memorial—Wall of Courage"

Airing one week before Veterans Day, this special is pegged to the 20th anniversary of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial. It finds a way to give the story a fresh, human face by accompanying Vietnam veteran Glenn Teague, a Californian, on his very first visit to the memorial. *Monday, Nov. 4, at 9 p.m. ET, Travel Channel*

Journeys With George

NBC News producer Alexandra Pelosi and her video camera spent 18 months on the George W. Bush campaign trail; she came back with the video equivalent of *The Boys on the Bus*. "We're just lem-

nings," grouses one reporter. "We just follow them and do exactly what they say." Pelosi's access to Bush gets to the point where he provides playful answers to her playful questions ("If you were a tree, what tree would you be?" "I'm not a tree—I'm a Bush"), and he even suggests the title for her documentary—which she indeed ended up using. *Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 9:30 p.m. ET, HBO*

Master Spy: The Robert Hanssen Story Oscar winner William Hurt stars as Robert Hanssen, the FBI agent convicted of being one of America's most damaging master spies. Mary-Louise Parker, Peter Boyle,

Ron Silver, and David Strathairn co-star in this four-hour miniseries, which concludes the following Sunday. Hanssen was convicted of spying for the Soviet Union and Russia, delivering thousands of pages of sensitive documents over a 15-year period, in exchange for some \$600,000 in cash. He was finally caught in 2001. *Sunday, Nov. 10 and Nov. 17, at 9 p.m. ET, CBS*

Masterpiece Theatre: 'The Forsyte Saga'

The penultimate episode of this first wave of *Forsyte Saga* narratives is shown this week, and it is the best so far. Irene Forsyte (Gina McKee) runs to Paris to flee from her possessive, abusive husband, Soames (Damian Lewis), and finds more than one surprise when she gets there. *Sunday, Nov. 10, at 9 p.m. ET, PBS; check local listings*

Inside TV Land:**TV's Top 40 Theme Songs**

Not as superficial as it sounds, this documentary actually takes a sociological look at why certain theme songs continue to resonate. There are also some entertaining tidbits, like, What's the most popular TV theme song of all time? According to a TV Land Web site poll, it's *Gilligan's Island*—which is a sociological revelation of a very frightening sort. *Sunday, Nov. 10, at 9 p.m. ET, TV Land*

New on DVD & video**Spider-Man (2002)**

★★★★
A geeky teenager develops super-hero powers and attracts a potential mate. Tobey Maguire and Kirsten Dunst make the romance more memorable than the action sequences. More power to them. (Rated PG-13; DVD \$29)

The Sum of All Fears (2002)

★★★★
Ben Affleck plays young CIA analyst Jack Ryan, who's called upon to head off World War III after an atomic bomb explodes in Baltimore. A solid political thriller, but not clear-headed enough to be playing with nuclear devices. (Rated PG-13; DVD \$30)

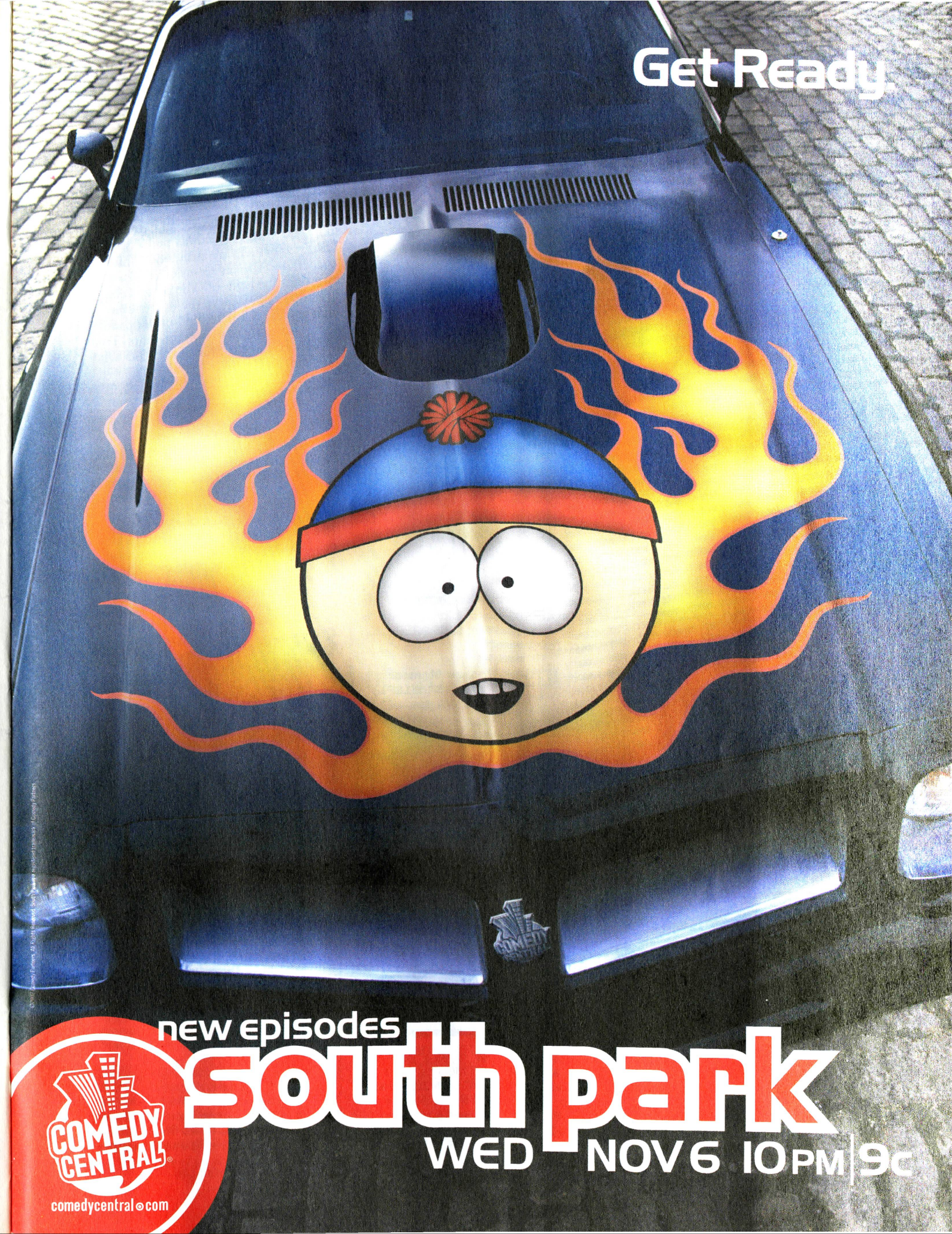
Keep the River on Your Right: A Modern Cannibal Tale (2000)

★★★★
A documentary about Tobias Schneebaum, a gay anthropologist and aesthete who wandered into a Peruvian jungle in the 1950s and emerged one year later with painful memories of crossing a culinary line. A one-man show, but a good one. (Rated R; DVD \$25)

The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp (1943)

★★★★
A flashback look at the life of a British soldier who survives three wars and three major romances. Churchill tried to ban the movie, and no wonder. The storytelling and performances still look fresh. (Not rated; DVD \$40)

Get Ready



new episodes



comedycentral.com

south park

WED NOV 6 10PM/9c

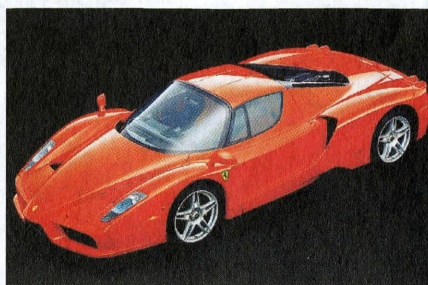
New cars: What the critics say

Automobile

The Formula 1 styling of the mid-engine Enzo comes through in force. The body is "exotic and striking," but built for speed rather than beauty. After navigating the gull-wing doors, you "have to drop yourself into the firm racing-style seat." Inside, you'll find a flat-topped wheel with tiny warning lights, no automatic mode, quick shifts, and other F1 accoutrements.

AutoWeek

Named for Ferrari's founder, the Enzo is a track racer for the streets. Its 6.0-liter, 4-valve-per-cylinder DOHC V12 combines



Enzo Ferrari

Price: \$670,000

"a bulging muscle-car low-rpm torque curve with genuine howling-race-car character at the high end." The entire power plant weighs less than 500 pounds, allowing room for the "wide, down-force-generating underbody tunnels to run alongside."

Road & Track

This two-seater is "clearly an extreme sports car with stupendous performance." The Enzo handles by intuition: "Think 'corner' and the car seems to magically turn right through it." The carbo-ceramic Brembo brakes rein in the horses even at high speeds. A "mere flip" of the paddle shifter takes you through the gears. Try to become one of the "fortunate" 349 who will own an Enzo.

The best ... rice cookers

Steam up platefuls of fluffy rice, crunchy veggies, and creamy custards with these top rice cookers, said the *New York Daily News*. All models come with steamer baskets, measuring cups, and spatulas:

Zojirushi Six-Cup Rice Cooker and Steamer (NHS-10)

The best of the bunch, this "great value" covers the gamut of the cooker/steamer menu: rice, vegetables, soft-boiled eggs, and custards. "The rice was fluffy, not gooey or sticky, and just as good three hours later." Price: \$59.99. Contact: Zojirushi.com



Zojirushi Neurofuzzy Rice Cooker/Warmer (NS-ZAC10)

Select a setting for your food on this unit's

high-tech read-out. When it's done, a melody sounds. "But keep in mind that this is for people who are truly serious about rice." You may not want to pay a premium for special "sushi" and "porridge" settings. Price: \$169.99. Contact: Zojirushi.com



Panasonic 10-Cup Cooker/Steamer (SR-W18PB)

"A good unit for superbusy people who have little time to cook," the Panasonic can keep up to 20 cups of rice



warm for up to four hours. As a bonus, the cookbook includes tasty recipes for chicken and vegetable stir-fry and seafood vegetable pilaf. Price: \$34.95. Contact: Panasonic.com

T-FAL Automatic Rice Cooker ER

This stainless-steel cooker should be labeled mostly automatic; you have to manually adjust the settings for pasta and potatoes. Still, the 20-cup model makes "perfectly satisfactory" white rice and "nicely cooked" vegetables. Price: \$69.99. Contact: T-FAL.com

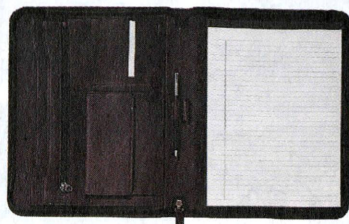


Tip of the week ... how to interview executive candidates

- **Do your homework.** Read the candidate's résumé, and interview co-workers and others who know him.
- **Build a bridge.** Begin the interview with chit-chat—"Do you know so-and-so?"—to build rapport.
- **Inquire about the candidate's early background.** Childhood memories can shed light on a person's suitability. "Is he the first-born, with a natural leadership instinct, or is he the more rebellious third child?"
- **Assess suitability for the job.** Look for quantifiable accomplishments, such as "success leading a P&L larger than \$500 million."
- **Sell the company.** If the candidate sails through the interview, positively frame the position's challenges. "Find linkages between the challenges and what the individual has successfully done in the past."

Source: *Business 2.0*

And for those who have everything ...



A "good-looking portfolio" beats a "dog-eared notepad" at any business meeting. For a "smart" look, opt for the **Coach Zippered Portfolio**. This "portable mini-office" houses a PDA, a letter-sized pad, and pockets for a pen, credit cards, or business cards. In glove-tanned leather. Price: \$298. Contact: Coach.com
Source: *Bloomberg Personal Finance*

The Internet ... the best Elvis sites

- Commemorate the 25th anniversary of Elvis' death at these Web sites:
- **Elvis.com/graceland** takes you on a guided tour of the King's Memphis mansion. "Gaze at the red sofas and the splendiferous pink Caddy, marvel at the tacky peacock stained glass, and then send your Elvis-lovin' pals a hip-shakin' animated e-card."
- **Soultones.com/elvis.html** features photos of the "sacred spot" where Elvis and his friends practiced target shooting.
- **Elvispecialties.com** sells everything from "cheesy" Christmas ornaments to rare 45s.
- **Elvisempire.com** shows off what host Jim Curtin calls the largest collection of Elvis memorabilia in the world. Check out E's Navy jumpsuit, complete with an inside pocket for a handgun.

Source: *Yahoo Internet Life*

BUSINESS

Making money

What the experts think

Insure Junior's PC

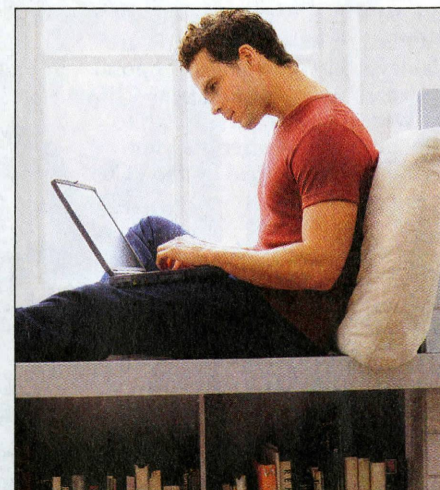
If your college kid's computer gets stolen, said James Schembari in *The New York Times*, your insurance premium might pay the price. Keep the claim off your record with coverage through the college. "This can be very inexpensive." For an annual premium of \$80, students receive \$5,000 of coverage with a \$100 deductible. With 35,500 property crimes committed on campuses in 2000, "that is a good strategy."

'Go-anywhere' funds

Why limit your fund managers? said Lewis Braham in *BusinessWeek*. "Go-anywhere" funds reject rigid capitalization niches and investment styles to "find the greatest values." And most of these so-called domestic hybrids have generated positive returns while the Standard & Poor's 500 stock index has lost ground. The best—First Eagle Sogen Global, T. Rowe Price Capital Appreciation, and UAM FPA Crescent—invest in all kinds of stocks, commodities, private equity, and even cash.

Stocks 'make the bear pay you'

The three-year bear market presents an unprecedented buying opportunity, said James K. Glassman in *The Washington*



Low-cost policies protect campus computers.

Post. For the first time in a long time, investors can buy "great, established companies when they are cheap." Sticking with large-cap corporations, consider those with "attractive" dividend yields, such as Citigroup, ChevronTexaco, 3M, and Wyeth. Or go with big caps with low price-earnings ratios like Home Depot, Bank One, General Electric, and Philip Morris. Just buy and hold for the long term.

Nanny tax fugitives

Fess up, said Ronaleen R. Roha in *Kiplinger's Personal Finance*. You're one of the "several million" Americans who do not pay taxes for a nanny or part-time home health-care aide. If the IRS finds out, you could owe back taxes, interest, and penalties—and could head to jail for perjury. To become legal, figure out Social Security and Medicare taxes, federal unemployment tax, federal income tax, and state taxes. Or call payroll service Breedlove & Associates at (888) 273-3356 and have them do the figuring for you.

Sidestep home-insurance hikes

Expect your homeowners-insurance rates to jump by 50 percent this year, said Kathy M. Kristof in the *Los Angeles Times*. Keep your premiums down by raising your deductible from \$250 to \$1,000, a move that can "shave as much as 40 percent off the annual premium." Then ask your agent for discounts on dual auto-homeowners policies. Deadbolts and a security system, a fire-suppression system and a tile roof, and a pet-free household can also get you a cut rate. "It's also important to go rate shopping every few years" to get the best deals.

Retirement: First aid for your 401(k)

"Choke back the tears, pour yourself a stiff drink," and read your 401(k) statements, said David Stires in *Fortune*. Chances are, your asset allocation is "out of whack." Thirty-year-olds should divvy up their holdings into U.S. large-cap stocks (25 percent), U.S. mid-cap stocks (20 percent), U.S. small-cap stocks (20 percent), foreign stocks (20 percent), and bonds (15 percent). Forty-year-olds should split their money between U.S. large caps (20 percent), U.S. mid caps (20 percent), U.S. small caps (15 percent), foreign stocks (15 percent), and bonds (30 percent). And sixty-year-olds should divide their portfolio among U.S. large caps (20 percent), U.S. mid caps (20 percent), U.S. small caps (10 percent), foreign stocks (10 percent), and bonds (40 percent).

Proper asset allocation is only the first step to a healthy 401(k), said Eleanor Laise in *SmartMoney*. You also probably need to boost your savings to maintain your current standard of living in retirement. Some experts suggest laying aside 105 percent of pre-retirement

income—not the 70 percent to 80 percent estimates of yesteryear. "So you'll just max out your 401(k), right? Wrong." Try to include a Roth IRA in your plans. The more your adjusted gross income rises above \$95,000 if you're single or \$150,000 if you're married, the less you can put toward the \$3,000 maximum annual Roth contribution. The best strategy: Fund your 401(k) enough to get the full company match, dump the next \$3,000 into the Roth, then go back to the 401(k) and "sock away as much as you can."

Maybe you should sock your company's retirement plan coordinator, said Janet Bamford in *Bloomberg Personal Finance*. Many of them run lackluster programs. The worst offenses include high-cost funds, no to low employer match, complicated account statements, a dearth of independent investment advice, and a limited investment menu. "If your employer isn't keeping pace" with these basic standards, "it may be time to speak up." All you have to lose is your money.

Recovery report

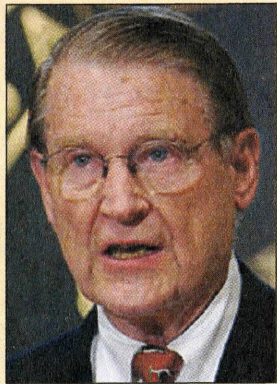
Consumer confidence plunged to its lowest level in nine years. The October consumer-confidence index dropped to 79.4, down

from 93.7 in September. "The outlook for the holiday retail season is now fairly bleak," said Lynn Franco of the Conference Board, the organization that compiles the index. "Without the likelihood of a pickup in consumer spending, an already weak economic recovery could weaken further." Yet improving unemployment data suggested a more positive outlook. New claims for jobless benefits dropped by a seasonally adjusted 25,000 to 389,000 last week.

Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan seconded this uncertain assessment of the economy. Though he expects the 1990s productivity boom to continue strengthening American businesses, he noted the ongoing lag in retail sales, manufacturing, and the job market. Fed watchers said Greenspan's on-the-one-hand, on-the-other-hand economic reading increases the chance of an interest-rate cut at the next Fed meeting on Nov. 6.



Spotlight



William Webster

The new head of the Securities and Exchange Commission's accounting oversight board was a political choice, said Lou Dobbs in *CNNmoney.com*. "So what?" While many of us wanted reform-minded John Biggs to head the board, a party-line GOP vote on the commission handed the job to Webster, a former federal judge and head of the FBI. Still, no one doubts Webster's credentials. "His integrity is beyond doubt, his public service distinguished throughout his career, and he will do an excellent job." Charges of playing politics also run both ways. What else can you call the unseemly lobbying by Biggs by Democrats like Sen. Tom Daschle, Rep. Richard Gephardt, and former SEC chairman Arthur Levitt? Let Webster get to work.

Sanford Weill

For the chairman and CEO of Citigroup, "a conflict of interests has emerged between the conflicts of interest," said Dan Ackman in *Forbes.com*. Sources suggest the New York Attorney General's Office wants to know if Weill's former membership on the AT&T board affected Citigroup's treatment of AT&T. Weill denies any conflicts of interest between himself and Citigroup, and between Citigroup and AT&T. These incestuous relationships are "rather open and notorious," yet a subtler version comes in the form of Weill's attorney, Martin Lipton. He not only represents Weill but also Citigroup. And Lipton's firm represents AT&T. "Is this another conflict? Or have we heard a little too much about conflicts?"

EchoStar-DirecTV: 'Last-ditch' deal

A Federal Communications Commission veto did not kill a merger of nationwide satellite-television providers, said Tim Arango in the *New York Post*. To save a deal with DirecTV, EchoStar has agreed to sell more than 40 frequencies to Cablevision. The spinoff proposal marks a "180-degree turn" for EchoStar CEO Charlie Ergen. With the frequencies dealt to Cablevision, the proposed merger may not qualify as a monopoly as defined by the FCC or the Justice Department.

Drug giant to restate earnings

Bristol-Myers Squibb claimed a sales tactic skewed its earnings for the past three years, said Julie Appleby in *USA Today*. The pharmaceutical company announced that an incentive plan encouraged wholesalers to overstock inventory, altering its revenues by \$2 billion. The Securities and Exchange Commission and the U.S. Attorney's Office in New Jersey have launched probes to determine if the company "misrepresented earnings to investors as a result of those marketing efforts."

New panel targets conflicted analysts

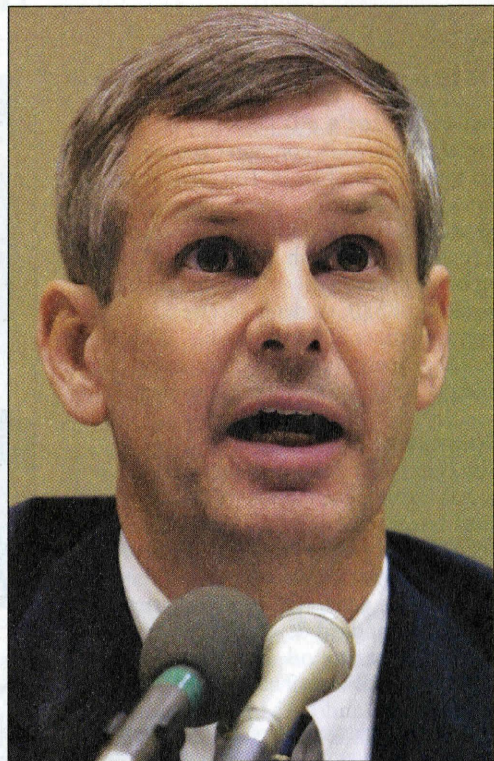
Reform may still come to Wall Street, said Charles Gasparino and Randall Smith in *The Wall Street Journal*. Federal securities regulators and New York Attorney General Eliot Spitzer want to create an industry-bankrolled panel that would "fund independent stock research for brokerage firms to provide to individual investors." The proposal aims to reduce conflicts of interest between research and investment-banking divisions of securities firms. If Wall Street approves the plan, "investors would have access to both their brokerage firm's research and that of these independent research outfits."

AOL revision small but suspicious

It's not the money, said Peter Thal Larsen and Christopher Grimes in the *Financial Times*, it's the timing. America Online admitted overstating revenues by a "tiny" \$190 million over a two-year period, but the numbers were entered just prior to the merger with Time Warner.

Workforce: Dispatches from the mommy wars

Mothers work, said working mother Catherine Arnst in *BusinessWeek*. "The support system doesn't." Though 72 percent of mothers worked in 2001, the infrastructure to keep them sane—"affordable, high-quality child care, husbands who assume more of the child-rearing burden, and family-friendly work policies"—falls short. Nonetheless, guilt about not staying home with children might shortly fade away. The success of pro-working-mom books like Allison Pearson's *I Don't Know How She Does It* and TV shows like ABC's *Life With Bonnie* signal an overdue show of approval by the media. Is America "finally ready to lift the guilt from the shoulders of the working mom?"



Ergen: Makes 180-degree turn to save merger

Though AOL said it would trace the error as far back as the third quarter of 1999, Tom Wolzien of Sanford Bernstein said "you can't understand what went on unless you fully understand the high growth period from 1998 to 2000."

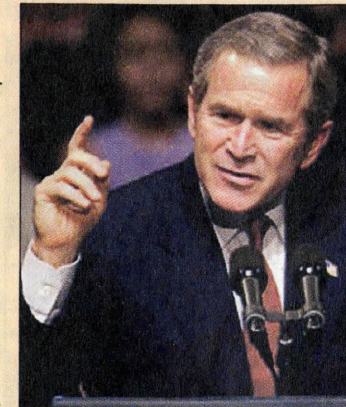
GE's dim prospects

Jeff Immelt is no Jack Welch, said Melanie Warner in *Fortune*. The CEO of GE probably can't "consistently outperform the pack" like his predecessor did. Underperforming appliance and light-bulb units currently drain the company's profits. Besides, investors now fear what "lurks beneath" the earnings-by-acquisition approach of the Welch era. Unless Immelt can allay these fears and shed lagging divisions, GE's once-lofty price-earnings ratio may stay down around 16.

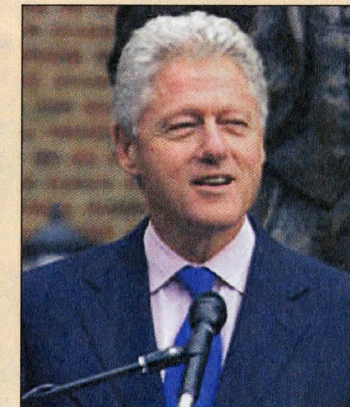
Let's hope not, said syndicated columnist and family psychologist John Rosemond. It's a feminist "fantasy" that children don't suffer for their mothers' careerism. A recent study by the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development found that toddlers in full-time day care "tended to be more aggressive toward other children and defiant toward adults." Moreover, the media downplays these painful truths to placate working mothers on their staffs and in their audiences. The industry helps these moms believe that "if they can manage to hear no evil, see no evil, and speak no evil, that evil doesn't exist." Their children know better.

Issue of the week: Bushonomics vs. Clintonomics

Economics doesn't come naturally to "clueless" George W. Bush, said Jeff Madrick in *Salon.com*. After he took office in early 2001, gross domestic product started dropping, rallied a bit this spring, but now seems headed south once again. Moreover, "the number of employed has fallen as a proportion of the population for well more than two years, the longest such decline in the past 50 years." And Bush's signature economic achievement—last year's \$1.35 trillion tax cut—promises to widen the gap between rich and poor. No wonder Americans long for the halcyon days of the Clinton administration. Though some "energetic" Republicans want to shift the blame for Bush's economic missteps to his predecessor, no one can point the finger at Clintonomics.



Bush: Clueless?



Clinton: Lucky?

trate, this was a mistake." Other economic fiascos included bubble-inflating deregulation gambits and "misguided" globalization policies. Dumb luck saved Clinton from the consequences of his laissez-faire strategies. If Bush continues to pursue them, "we may not be so lucky next time."

I'll be the judge of that, said Joseph Stiglitz, former chairman of Clinton's Council of Economic Advisers, in *The Atlantic Monthly*. Though Bush has made the situation worse, "the economy was slipping into a recession even before Bush took office." Clinton-era policies started the downward spiral. In 1993 and 1994, the administration refused to force auditors to set more realistic valuations on executive stock options. "As the events of the past few months illus-

Who needs luck when the economy remains strong? said Fred Barnes in *The Weekly Standard*. "The economy is expected to have grown by 3 percent in the third quarter of 2002, and may grow at a slightly faster clip this quarter." Democrats downplay these positives to shore up their election campaigns. Americans know better. Dems babble about a "deep recession," but voters see GDP growth, a low 5.6 percent unemployment rate, and "all-but-nonexistent"

inflation. Since the effectiveness of Bushonomics is self-evident, Democratic scare tactics won't gain traction at the polls.

What's scary is the Bushies' blatant disregard for economic equity, said Paul Krugman in *The New York Times Magazine*. Supercapitalists like them have made the "fairly equal" middle-class America of my youth a faint memory. Income gaps between economic

classes remained static from the Great Depression through the 1970s. Since then, they have widened—"and the winners are the very, very rich." Let's restore a sane tax structure to revive America's "disappearing" middle class.

Krugman must love the present economic slowdown, said Bruce Bartlett in *National Review*, "since that undoubtedly is equalizing incomes." But more important, the comparison of Bushonomics and Clintonomics seems premature. The most complete data comes from 2001, and "any reasonable economist would say that virtually nothing that happens to the macroeconomy in the first year of a president's term can be the result of his policies." America should hold this debate *after* we get the facts.

Corporate America: The hard path to profits

The U.S. economy will not thrive unless companies turn to "painful actions" to restore earnings, said *BusinessWeek*. Boosting profits by 12 percent will require cutting as many as 900,000 jobs—4 percent of the labor force. "Outsized" executive pay also needs to go. For proof, consider the sad story of productivity and profits in the 1990s. From 1993 to 1997, rising produc-

tivity dumped massive profits on S&P 500 companies. Yet after 1997, productivity grew while profits fell 6 percent. "Where did the money go? To a large extent, compensation." Executives pocketed more than \$100 billion in net proceeds in 2000, gobbling up most of the run-up in operating earnings from 1997 to 2000. Shareholders probably won't let managers and workers

walk off with those profits again. Investors likely won't allow "anything-goes accounting" to supplant the current emphasis on quality earnings. And the government may extend federal unemployment insurance and tax credits for investment to bolster sagging corporate profits. Ultimately, though, CEOs must make hard choices to return to profitability. "There's no alternative."

Economics: What the rabble doesn't understand

Most people are "economic illiterates," said economist Diane Coyle in the *Financial Times*. They call the discipline "too mathematical," as if human behavior can't be understood through human analysis. They fear that applying the scientific method to society will yield the "wrong" answers, and find it easier to "attack the intellectual process that produced them than to change their minds." And the illiterates should

change their minds. For instance, most people think international trade is all about the "national strength" generated by exports. Wrong! Economists know exports merely fund imports, "just as work is what the individual has to do to pay for food and clothes." As a result, cutting import tariffs can make sense even if other countries leave them intact. Other profiles in illiteracy include anti-globalization protesters, who

disbelieve the evidence that trade reduces income inequality. Likewise, environmentalists ignore data demonstrating that multinationals improve environmental standards. Economists unmask these purblind doom-sayers by applying "basic logic and arithmetic" to life. Sure, we squabble about analytical details. But people ignorant of economics are not "entitled to think of themselves as well-educated."

Giving in to gambling's illusions

Brothers Frederick and Steven Barthelme lost \$250,000 in the casinos on Mississippi's gold coast before they stopped gambling. In the throes of winning and losing, the two acclaimed authors say, money didn't matter.

We had heard about gambling and addiction, about people who had lost their jobs, their houses, their cars, their families, their lives. We'd heard about people who got crosswise with a bookie or other unconventional lender. We had seen the gambling movies, Karel Reisz's *The Gambler*, Robert Altman's *California Split*. We had read Dostoevski's novella. We had read *Under the Volcano*, seen *The Lost Weekend* and *Days of Wine and Roses*. We wondered if that was us. Decided that it was.

We discussed addiction on those long drives down Highway 49. We were analytical about it, examined it in excruciating detail. We knew that your average psychologist would have said we were addicts in a minute. We knew the threatening jargon, that we were "enabling" each other, that we were a co-dependency case, and in the normal course of things, had we seen ourselves flying to the coast every four or five days for 18 hours of blackjack and slot machines, we might have said we were addicts. But in the car headed down there this characterization seemed insufficient.

There was a catch: So what? Being an addict didn't mean anything. One of the virtues of having gambling as your vice—as opposed to sex, drugs, or alcohol—was that the disadvantages were felt only at the bank. As long as you had the bankroll, these disadvantages were only superficial wounds. At worst, we were in an early stage of addiction, before the wounds amounted to much, and the customary assumption that the later, catastrophic stages were inevitable was something we didn't buy. We doubted it. We had been trained to doubt the omnipotent sway of psychology.

Ours was not a family brought up on psychology. In our father's view, the great seething life of feelings could be a damn nuisance. Being good sons of our father, we rode to the coast night after night, streaming through sweltering Mississippi heat, clouds of grasshoppers popping off the highway like a plague of sparks, humidity as thick as gravy, and when we said to each other that we were addicts, when we talked about being addicts, it was a joke—a joke with a nasty twist, but still a joke.

You're a gambling addict, so what? A



Betting \$1,000 a hand, the brothers figured, was what ordinary people do.

part of the pleasure was being able to go over the top, way over the top, without any of the mess or travail associated with doing drugs or becoming alcoholics or cheating on our wives, which is not to say the wives approved. They did not. But neither did they react the way they might have had we become enmeshed in other vices.

Sometimes, at first, they went with us. Later, not. But even then, during our long gambling nights, we would call in, advise our spouses how we were doing, how far ahead or behind we were, tell them that we loved them. And we did love them, somehow more fiercely when we were at the coast, when we were free to go to the coast. Something about the intensity of the experience of gambling, of risking the money, or risking loss, made the security and solidity of the home front much more important, much more sweet. More than that, it was a detachment, the anesthetic clarity with which you sometimes saw things in the middle of a drunk. Once Rick stood at the bank of telephones downstairs at the Grand, leaning his forehead against the chrome surface of a wall phone, standing there after hanging up from a conversation with Rie. They had exchanged I love you's, and suddenly, after the call, he felt that love with crippling intensity.

An addict is someone who "surrenders" to something, the dictionary will tell you, "habitually or obsessively." Most people are at least a little addicted to something—work, food, exercise, sex, watching sports on television, cooking, reading, the stock market. Some people are addicted to washing their hands. Some people trim their hedges from dawn to

dusk. Some people play too much golf. Almost anything can be the object of addiction.

Whatever his pleasure, an addict usually knows he is, or may be, an addict, but inside the warmth of his addiction, the label seems secondary, does not signify, as we like to say over at the college. It's like telling a horse he's a horse. We admitted having "addictive personalities," but we liked our addiction, the object of our addiction. It wasn't so different from all the other things, large and small, that we had intense attachments to—Diet Coke and Russian

writers, springer spaniels and computers, box wrenches and movies. From childhood we had been taught that the object of an addiction was secondary. It was the way in which you cared about something, the quality of your interest rather than its object, that mattered.

Now the important thing was gambling. The care and feeding of our addiction, the pleasure of our addiction. Gambling was a very cerebral, almost slow-motion activity, which made it easier to savor. Both doing it, we were each part performer and part audience. For us, there was always someone to tell, someone who knew in his blood what you were talking about. After a trip, our conversations went on for days, full of luring, taunting laughter. The kind that revealed just how completely we were hooked on risk, on gambling.

We weren't measuring ourselves against the real daredevils of the culture, we were measuring ourselves against other normal people, middle-class people, good solid stock, people with jobs, families, houses, cars, and responsibilities that they dispatched in a workmanlike way. People like us. We told ourselves that betting \$1,000 on a hand of blackjack might be stupid, but it wasn't as stupid as shooting yourself full of heroin or, as various members of our family had done for years, drinking yourself into oblivion by 5 o'clock in the afternoon—or better yet, doing it by noon, waking up at 3 and doing it again by 5, having dinner and doing it again by 9.

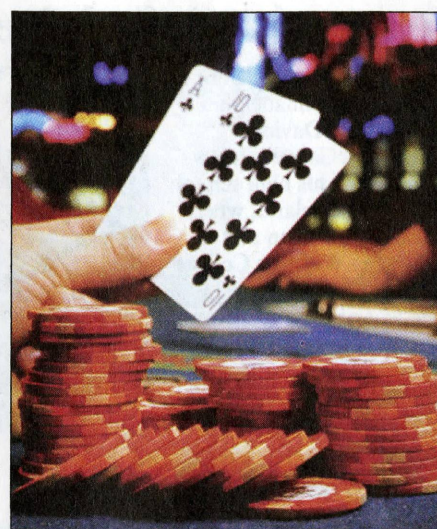
Gambling wasn't producing a downside for us. Gambling was only producing the release, the euphoria, and the opportunity to behave bizarrely, just like—we

imagined—ordinary, everyday people. We didn't think we were wild and crazy; we thought gambling made us regular guys. It was ordinariness that we were extending with our gambling, by being addicted to it, by doing it to excess, by risking more money than made any sense at all, by telling ourselves that we were going to win, or that we might win, when we knew as surely as anybody else that the likelihood of that was slim.

Still, you'd be surprised at how much positive thinking goes on on the highway at midnight.

You'd be surprised by how dearly the heart holds the idea that tonight you might actually win, that this \$2,000, the last \$2,000 you have in your bank account, will be the basis of your big comeback. Even in the heat of battle, down \$5,000 or \$15,000 in a night, the not particularly well-heeled but still liquid blackjack loser can imagine winning it all back in a flash.

And he would not imagine it had he not already done it once or twice or maybe more. Had he not experienced that thrill of the cards having run against him all night, run against him for five consecutive hours, and having in that time lost an enormous amount of money, gone to the cashier's cage again and again, new resources, the thrill that comes when the cards turn, when they become your cards, when they become his cards, not the casino's, when in the space of 45 minutes you recognize that you're going to win whatever you bet. And if you recognize it soon enough, and if you're secure enough in the recognition, you can turn around



When you win big, you feel immortal.

the whole night, turn around \$5,000 in 20 minutes. You can turn around \$15,000 in an hour.

It's a rare, even amazing experience. It almost makes gambling worthwhile. Everything you touch turns to gold. You bet \$500 and you bet a thousand. You double down and you win. Your stacks of chips grow. Pretty soon they are paying you in 100s, then 500s—the purple chips. You've got a stack of those in front of you. Then, if the going is really good, they start paying you in orange—the \$1,000 chips. The \$1,000 chips are slightly larger, a sixteenth of an inch larger in diameter than all the other chips. You stack them separately.

Your stack grows, and maybe you bet one of them or two of them on a hand.

Or you play two hands. And still you win. Sure, this isn't Monte Carlo, you're not some duke or some heiress, and so you're not betting hundreds of thousands of dollars a hand, but that fact makes your betting and your winning just that much sweeter, because you have no business in the world betting \$1,000 on a hand of blackjack, and you know it. You have no business in the world betting \$5,000 on a hand of blackjack, and you know it. So when you do, and when the cards are coming your way, and when your \$5,000 turns to \$10,000, your \$10,000 to \$20,000, it's mesmerizing. Suddenly that business they always say about feeling like you'll live forever becomes a little bit true, because you've crossed over some line, gone into some other territory, become somebody else.

You're part of the table, part of the machine that plays blackjack, part of the casino, part of the system. Only you're not the part that gives your money to them anymore, you're not the part you usually play: the mark, the bozo. You've skidded out onto the ice in the middle of the Olympics in a huge stadium filled with cheering people and swaying, lime-colored spotlights and, suddenly, inexplicably, you can skate like an angel.

This excerpt, taken from a forthcoming Modern Library anthology on the literature of addiction, originally appeared in the memoir Double Down by Frederick and Steven Barthelme. ©1999 by Frederick and Steven Barthelme. Reprinted by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company. All rights reserved.

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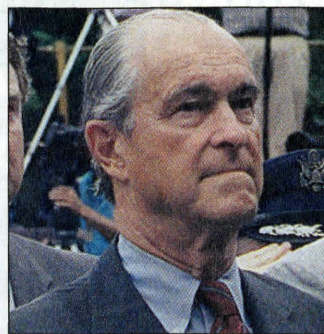
The top spy master who defied President Nixon

Richard Helms
1913-2002

In 1973, President Nixon's White House aide John Ehrlichman, who was deeply implicated in the Watergate affair, asked CIA Director Richard Helms to mislead the FBI. Tell the bureau that its Watergate probe will endanger CIA operations in Latin America, Ehrlichman urged. Helms refused. Nixon rewarded Helms for his honesty by forcing him to resign, and promptly dispatched him to Iran as U.S. ambassador. Three years later, the man widely regarded as the consummate agency professional saw his reputation further tarnished when he received a two-year suspended sentence and a \$2,000 fine for failing to answer "fully, completely, and accurately" congressional questions about the CIA's involvement in the 1973 overthrow of Chile's left-wing president, Salvador Allende. Only in 1983, with Ronald Reagan as president, did Helms feel exonerated, when he was awarded the National Security Medal.

Tall and lean as a long-distance runner, Helms was "the quintessential CIA man, an efficient bureaucrat who faded easily into the background," said Ronald Powers of

the Associated Press. Born in the exclusive Philadelphia suburb of St. Davids, Richard McGarrah Helms spent two of his high school years in Switzerland, where he learned German and French. At Williams College in Massachusetts, "he was president of his class, president of the senior honor society, editor of the school newspaper, and editor of the yearbook," said *The Boston Globe*. After graduating in 1935, he worked as a foreign correspondent for United Press, covering the Olympic Games in Germany, where "his greatest coup was interviewing Adolf Hitler." With the outbreak of World War II, he enlisted in the Navy, where his language skills earned him a place in "the Office of Strategic Services, the forerunner of the CIA." Stationed in New York, he plotted the position of German submarines in the western Atlantic. After the war, he remained in the OSS, and at age 33 was put in charge of intelligence and counterintelligence activities in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. In 1947 he joined the CIA, when it was established to replace the OSS.



Helms: Consummate professional

Helms worked in the spy agency's covert operations from the beginning, "and by the early 1950s he was serving as deputy to the head of clandestine services, Frank Wisner," said *The New York Times*. Among his accomplishments during this period was the supervision, in 1955, "of a 500-yard tunnel from West Berlin to East Berlin to tap the main Soviet telephone lines between Moscow and East Berlin." The tap went undetected for 11 months, allowing the U.S. "to eavesdrop on Moscow's conversations with its agents in the puppet governments of East Germany and Poland." Helms' rise through the ranks continued after the CIA's attempt to invade Cuba foundered in the Bay of Pigs. The fiasco proved to be the undoing of the CIA's head of covert operations, Frank M. Bissell Jr., and Helms replaced him in 1962. In 1965 he was named deputy director, and the following year President Johnson appointed him director, a post he would hold longer than anyone except Allen Dulles.

The prairie populist who was the Senate's outspoken liberal

Paul Wellstone
1944-2002

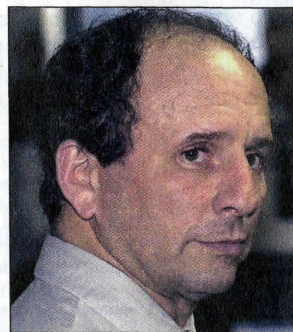
U.S. Sen. Paul Wellstone, "the fiery, fist-shaking liberal fighting for a third term," died Oct. 25 in a plane crash along with his wife, Sheila, daughter Marcia, and five others, said the *Saint Paul Pioneer Press*. His twin-engine Beechcraft King Air A100, "groping through snow and fog," plummeted into a bog while landing in northeastern Minnesota. A "diminutive battler who burst upon the state's political scene with his upset win in the 1990 Senate race," Wellstone was "a quintessential liberal whose zeal and fighting spirit inspired respect even among staunch conservatives."

Raised in Arlington, Va., Wellstone was the son of Russian-Jewish immigrants Leon and Minnie Wexelstein, who changed the family name at a time of rising anti-Semitism in the 1930s. At the University of North Carolina, Wellstone was at first "more interested in wrestling than politics," said *The New York Times*. "He was a conference champion at 126 pounds." Later, "galvanized by the civil-rights movement," he left the mat to write his doctoral thesis in political science on the roots of black militancy. Having married at 19 and become a father soon after, "he once said he did not have time to participate in the student uprisings of the 1960s."

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Only after "he began teaching political science at the small and liberal Carleton College in rural Northfield, Minn., did Wellstone make the acquaintance of what would become his native state," said the *London Independent*. "But in that land of German and Scandinavian immigrants, steeped in Nordic civic-mindedness and decency, he quickly felt at home." A believer in grass-roots politics, "he was determined to use his academic skills 'to empower people and to step forward with people in justice struggles,'" said *The Progressive*. "So he studied, and began organizing, the poor people of Rice County, Minn." After he was fired for his political activism, "the students rebelled and got him reinstated."

After running unsuccessfully for state auditor and managing Jesse Jackson's 1988 presidential campaign in Minnesota, Wellstone mounted an audacious challenge to Republican incumbent Rudy Boschwitz for the U.S. Senate. Traveling around the state in a battered green school bus, he ran quirky ads mocking his opponent's fat campaign coffers and refusal to debate. "I don't have \$6 million," his TV ads showed him



Wellstone: A fighter

saying, "so I have to talk fast." Political experts scoffed, but voters handed him the only political upset of 1990. "He was a prairie populist in the tradition" of fellow Minnesotan and former vice president Hubert H. Humphrey, said *The Washington Post*. "His causes were legion: universal health care, more federal spending for education, safeguards for human and civil rights, ethics in government, worker protections, and better mental-health care." In one of his last Senate fights, he opposed changes in bankruptcy laws, "arguing they would benefit banks and credit card companies at the expense of financially strapped consumers."

In recent years, Wellstone walked with a pronounced limp that his doctor attributed to an old wrestling injury. In February he was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis, and joked that it was only fitting that he had a "progressive" disease. In 1998 he briefly considered a run for the presidency but decided against it, telling an Associated Press reporter, in a winking aside, why he could never win: "I'm short, I'm Jewish, and I'm a liberal."

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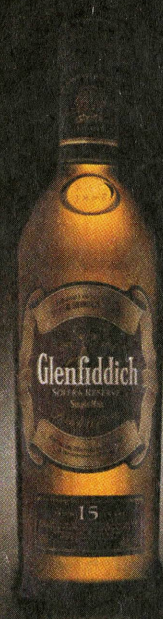
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