

144

**A**

**Russian**

**Kind**

**of**

**Democrat**



Russian  
Federation  
President  
Boris Yeltsin

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**THE MILLERS'  
SPORTS DYNASTY**

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**HOW DOCTORS  
REMADE  
JAMES JONES**

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# Los Angeles Times Magazine

OCTOBER 6, 1991

## FEATURES

### THE BOLSHEVIK WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD

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In the disintegrating, post-coup Soviet Union, it is clear that although Soviet President Mikhail S. Gorbachev reigns, Russian President Boris Yeltsin rules. Yeltsin has already moved quickly to amass power by decree, to forge a new foreign policy and to negotiate with the state republics. But some still wonder if Yeltsin, who looks and acts like the prototypical Bolshevik, is a true democrat or just another demagogue.

BY JOHN MORRISON

### TEAM MILLER

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When Carrie and Saul Miller got married in 1956, they knew they wanted a family. But with all their talented children—including Darrell, a former catcher for the California Angels, Reggie, the Indiana Pacers' \$3-million-a-year all-star, and Cheryl, the best female basketball player ever—the Millers aren't just a family, they're a dynasty.

BY KEVIN COOK

### REMAKING MR. JONES

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The name he hated most was "Wolfman." James Jones is mentally retarded, and his ferocious appearance set him apart as much as his mental abilities. Then, with dental surgery and the help of a modern-day Henry Higgins, Jones' appearance and speech underwent an extraordinary transformation.

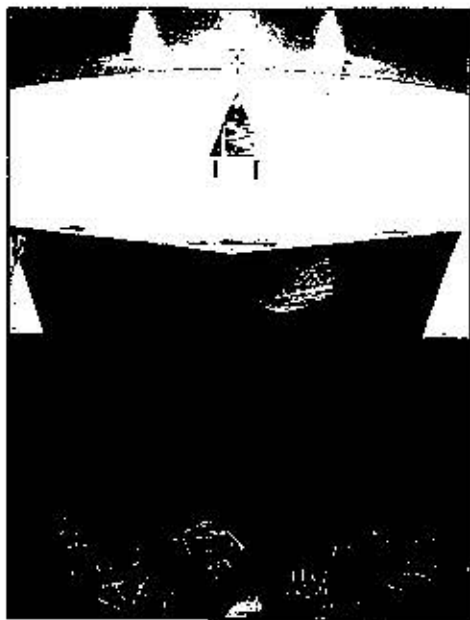
BY ANNE C. ROARK



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COVER: Boris Yeltsin, President of Russia, after the failed coup. Photographed by Georges Merillon/Gamma Liaison. Story on Page 10.

## AGNES NIXON

After learning of Agnes Nixon's devout Catholic faith ("The Mother of All Soaps," by Linda Grant, Aug. 25), I sadly conclude that she has blinded herself to the rest of the country. I have always wondered why on "All My Children" every character is Christian and



the name of Jesus Christ is always included while the only mention of a Jewish person was a one-time, never-seen acquaintance of Daisy Cordandt.

In the '70s, "All My Children" introduced black characters with positive images, and it now features a story line with an Asian family. I consider it a slap in the face to omit any reference for more than two decades to the existence of nice Jewish families mainstreaming alongside the Martins, Tylers and other resident WASPs.

LINDA RUBIN  
Los Angeles

I couldn't help but wonder if Linda Grant has been watching "All My Children" recently. She would realize that Nixon has fallen asleep while writing. She had poor Natalie in the well for about a month, and no one, not Natalie's lover, son or best friend, realizes that it is Natalie's sister who actually married Natalie's fiance, etc.

Many of us continue watching because we like the stars—not always the story line.

RUTH BAKUNAS  
Oceanside

## NEWT GINGRICH

Saying that Newt Gingrich is amoral is redundant; he is a career politician ("A Capitol Chameleon," by Peter Osterlund, Aug. 25). His "pragmatism" is a thinly disguised arrogance that has become all too common in Washington and most state capitals.

Our elected officials care little for the constituents they have been sent to represent. It happens on both sides of the aisle, and right now Gingrich is getting more than his share of the ink. We are at risk from men like Newt Gingrich, and characterizing him as a "capitol

chameleon" is not entirely accurate. Men like that are reptiles, but of a species without limbs.

DONALD J. HUNT  
Simi Valley

Newt Gingrich is the quintessential conservative Republican—self-centered, greedy, conniving, opportunistic, backstabbing, morally corrupt; he'll change his values at the reading of a poll and says what he thinks people want to hear.

These traits seem to be favored by the current occupants of the White House, but is this the type of leadership the American people really want? If so, we are, indeed, a very sick society.

GERALDINE M. MCCOLLY  
West Hills

Gingrich exemplifies the generation of professional middle-class trash—mostly white, by no means all Republican—that the '80s have deposited in substantial dominance of American government and business, at a frightful cost to the non-middle classes below them in America and in the Third World.

I used to say to friends, "I'd like five minutes in an alley with Lee Atwater," but with Atwater gone, Newt Gingrich would do just fine.

LEE HANSON  
Seal Beach

## REAL BAD

With regard to Paul Fussell's article "Real BAD" (Aug. 25), it seems that he omitted one of the biggest BADs of all: that is, being pretentious enough to consider oneself an authority on what is truly BAD and going so far as to write a book on the subject. Fussell, heal thyself.

JULIE S. ROBERTSON  
Van Nuys

My cat's (not my dog's) name was Sir Toby Belch II. I didn't name him that to be pretentious or "to show off my costly education," rather to exercise a sense of humor, as Shakespeare had. All of my friends called him Toby; nothing pretentious about that. However, he did always sign his cards and letters "Sir Toby Belch II."

RODNEY WAYNE LEININGER  
Sherman Oaks

Thank you for running Fussell's "Real BAD." Coming as it did on Page 45, it helped me grapple with a dilemma I often encounter around Page 5, namely the full-page Chanel ad.

That week, the featured suit put me over the edge. The God-awful gaudy, garish and ghoulish rust and blue suit with an orange and green feathery neck scarf was an affront to my senses. And all this with black fishnet stockings!

The darned thing would probably cost me six months' rent, but Fussell has given me the courage to say the

truth: In my opinion, Chanel clothes are BAD—real, real BAD.

KATHY PRICE  
Santa Barbara

Is it just my cynicism or is there something richly bad about putting an essay defining BAD just after stories about a soap opera queen and a Southern demagogue and just before a photo illustration depicting a young woman with no visible means of support wearing sparse clothing valued at one month's mortgage payment?

DANIEL O'DONNELL  
Los Angeles

Fads, usually based on nebulous, arcane rules, which declare certain people, clothes, places, foods, verbal expressions, activities, etc., as being in/out, cool/uncool, are bad. Articles about such fads, whether in relentlessly banal weekly magazines devoted to celebrity watching or in large city newspapers with cultural pretensions, are BAD.

JERRY D. KUHN  
Long Beach

## PALM LATITUDES

On Aug. 25, you ran a piece by Kathleen Maloney about James Sniecowski and the wild-man retreats ("Cliques").

I am writing to commend you for giving coverage to the men's work that is going on across the country today.

But why does Maloney disparage the powerful work of these men by her snide comments about "dirty bandannas" and "banging on drums?" It appears that Maloney is either threatened by the men's movement or her "male bashing" is leaking through her attempt at witty journalism.

ANNE LORRING  
Encino

**Editor's note:** The byline for this story should have included Monica Cullon.

## MORE ON PAI GOW

I am an Asian-American who is concerned about the tone and insinuations of the article "The Hottest Game in Town" (by Michael Goodman, July 28).

The first insinuation is that the Asian culture approves of gambling more than any Western culture. In general, it's regarded in the same light as in mainstream America.

The second insinuation is that all Asians are potential gamblers and that most are addicts. Since these casinos are not restricted to nor run exclusively by Asians, everyone who has access is a potential gambler, not just Asians.

Asians should be presented simply as real people who have their share of gamblers, addicts, hustlers and victims, as well as humanitarians.

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Donney

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CHARLES ARNOLDI, artist,  
with son RYLAND in GapKids jeans, \$26.  
Photographed by Herb Ritts.



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## YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN

I'm still not sure whether Jimmy Connors fever ever afflicted anyone except the middle-aged media operatives in New York who kept running with the story last month. But, spurious or not, the premise that much of America was spellbound by Jimbo led to a breakthrough television moment.

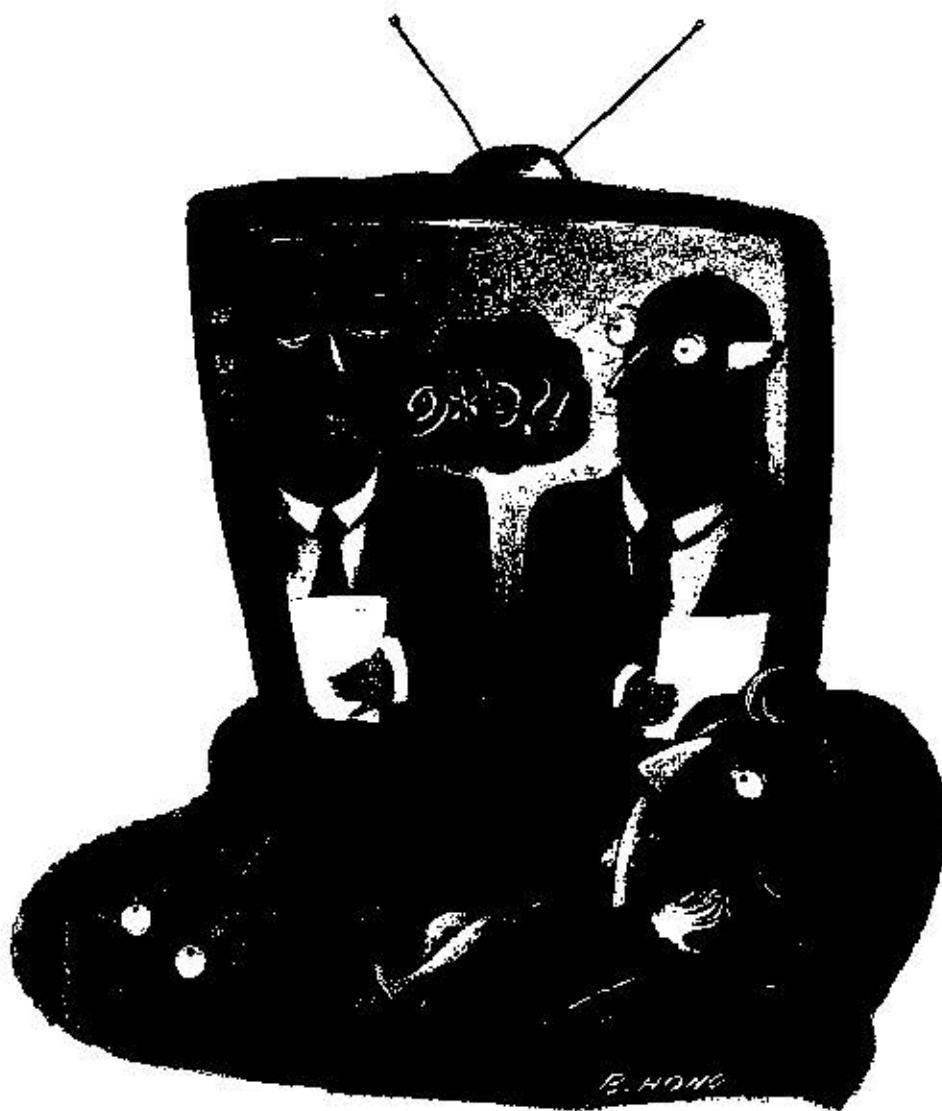
It was a Friday night, and Ted Koppel just couldn't shake the sense that the country's sudden love affair with the aging tennis brat had profound sociological implications. He found four or five different ways of saying that Connors was unusually old to be playing top-level tennis. And then, to hammer the point home, he observed that it brought hope to "every old fart in the country." I thought I might be the only person who heard him say it. But, soon enough, after four commercials and one promo, Ted asked a question of Roger Rosenblatt, a journalist of some repute who was one of the evening's guests, and before Rosenblatt answered, he said, "You did use the phrase 'old fart,' didn't you, Ted?" If a man can look proud and embarrassed simultaneously, that's how Koppel looked.

With the exception of Arthur Ashe, who retained his poise throughout the proceedings, everybody on the program took advantage of the newly opened door. The phrase was repeated at least four times during the rest of the show. Trying to regain control at the end of the broadcast, Koppel said he hoped that "we succeeded in saying Jimmy Connors' name more often than we said *old fart*."

It was breakthrough network television, and, like so much breakthrough network television, it was cute. It was a throwback to the era when the word *pregnant* couldn't be said on the air. And yet, the age we really live in is full of movies and records with stuff that would make Jimmy Connors blush.

What this incident tells us is that television is not just far removed from "real life," it's equally distant from the rest of popular culture. The people in network television are giggly about their momentary freedom to use the world's tamest f-word. Meanwhile, the rest of us cringe as megawatt car stereos blast the m-f-word with the studied repetition usually reserved for the name of a line of jeanswear.

Connors won the week in terms of pushing the envelope, but he



*On Network  
Television, Some  
Words Speak  
Louder Than  
Other Words*

By  
**Harry Shearer**

didn't even come close to the champ in breaking down the censorship of language in mainstream media. Richard Nixon—who also knows a thing or two about foreign policy, bub—was the only reason that a still-amazing array of profanities was printed and broadcast. His press secretary, Ronald Ziegler, for example, once compared the feeling of contrition to the slang word for male bovine solid waste. That quote made it into many newspapers, including this one. And yet this publication's entertainment section remains so prim that a local band can be referred to only as the B.H. Surfers (they're not from Beverly Hills).

The Federal Communications Commission years ago abandoned any requirement that broadcasters, licensed to use the "public airwaves," put on anything informative at any time. Now the FCC trains its regulatory guns on seven naughty words. You probably can't

lose your license anymore for evading limits on commercial time, but you probably can lose your license for airing one f-word (or two s-words, or a combination of two c-words and one s-word). Network TV, facing competition from unlicensed cable libertines, has begun flirting with the less-blatant vulgarities. Last season, the breakthrough word was *sucks*. This year, oddsmakers favor *butt*. It's already the most-mentioned body part on Fox.

Grown-ups occasionally find blunt language useful, usually when a lover or boss acts like a perfect f-word-head. But the hypocritical hypercleanliness imposed on our media (the movies just succeeded in throwing off the yoke before TV has) tempts adolescents to react by using profanity more often than Walter Keane used big eyes. And a lot of our culture is adolescent. The FCC's mentality is a direct lift from the people who think television is governed not by greed and fear but by Satan. But it's not particularly inspiring that immediate repeal of those restrictions would just guarantee us an extremely salty season of "American Gladiators."

Ted Koppel and his middle-aged guests could only marvel at Jimmy Connors' temporary retrieval of youth. But for a half-hour, they could relive at least that part of their own youths when they discovered how much fun it is to swear. The moral guardians of the airwaves are just lucky that Richard Nixon never played pro tennis. ■

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# PALM LATITUDES

## MELTING POT

Aside from the time he was stationed in Germany, Elvis Presley never left the United States, so his overseas fans have had to settle for impersonators, Elvii who rock for audiences that often don't speak English. But that's OK; Elvis is a second language.

"When I first heard his music in Bangkok, I knew that I was going to be Elvis for the rest of my life," says Kavee (Kevin) Thongpricha, 52, Los Angeles' only Thai Elvis. Thongpricha has been convincingly singing and swinging through the Presley songbook for 30 years. In Bangkok, he was the undisputed "King" of Siam; then he moved to Los Angeles in 1973. Here, as Elvis, he worked the local Thai restaurant and wedding circuit. He retired two years ago, then resurfaced at Santa

Monica's Pataya Thai Cafe in August. Now, every weekend evening, armed with musical backup tapes, Thongpricha shakes it on Pataya's tiny stage before an audience of Westsiders. Decked out in an open-to-the-waist, marine-blue ruffled shirt, black velvet vest, black polyester bell bottoms, a belt with an enormous gold eagle buckle and rhinestone-framed aviator shades, he sings in a warm baritone. An immense illuminated organ changes hues as he flawlessly croons Elvis standards and schmaltzy ballads like "Tiny Bubbles," sounding like a cross between the King and Don Ho.

Thongpricha hardly takes a break during his three-hour set and rarely engages in between-song patter—after all these years he's still self-conscious about his English. "But when I sing," he says, "I feel like there is no language anymore—there is only Elvis."

—Jac Zinder

## THE FAMILY WAY

After filming train wrecks, toxic-waste spills, volcanoes and celebrity bios, free-lancer Liz Bailey thought that she had shot the most volatile, emotional events around. Then the Louisiana-born documentary maker started filming childbirth.

It began in the let-it-all-hang-out '70s; several of her friends asked her to film the births of their babies.

"I had shot from helicopters, F-16s and speeding trains," says Bailey, who's in her 30s. "So I know how to maneuver around doctors. I'm no milque-toast."

She made the nouveau-natal videos gratis, but the delivery-room experience led to a CBS documentary on midwifery in 1978 and a special on Odent-method (underwater) births for Japan's NHK TV. Then, two years ago, during a lull in her free-lance work, Bailey decided to go the whole nine months, er, yards. She founded VideoBirths, which has since captured the pathos and joy of 40 births.

She advertises in the Wet Set Gazette (the Dydeo Diaper Service newsletter) but clients, many of them celebrities who prefer to remain

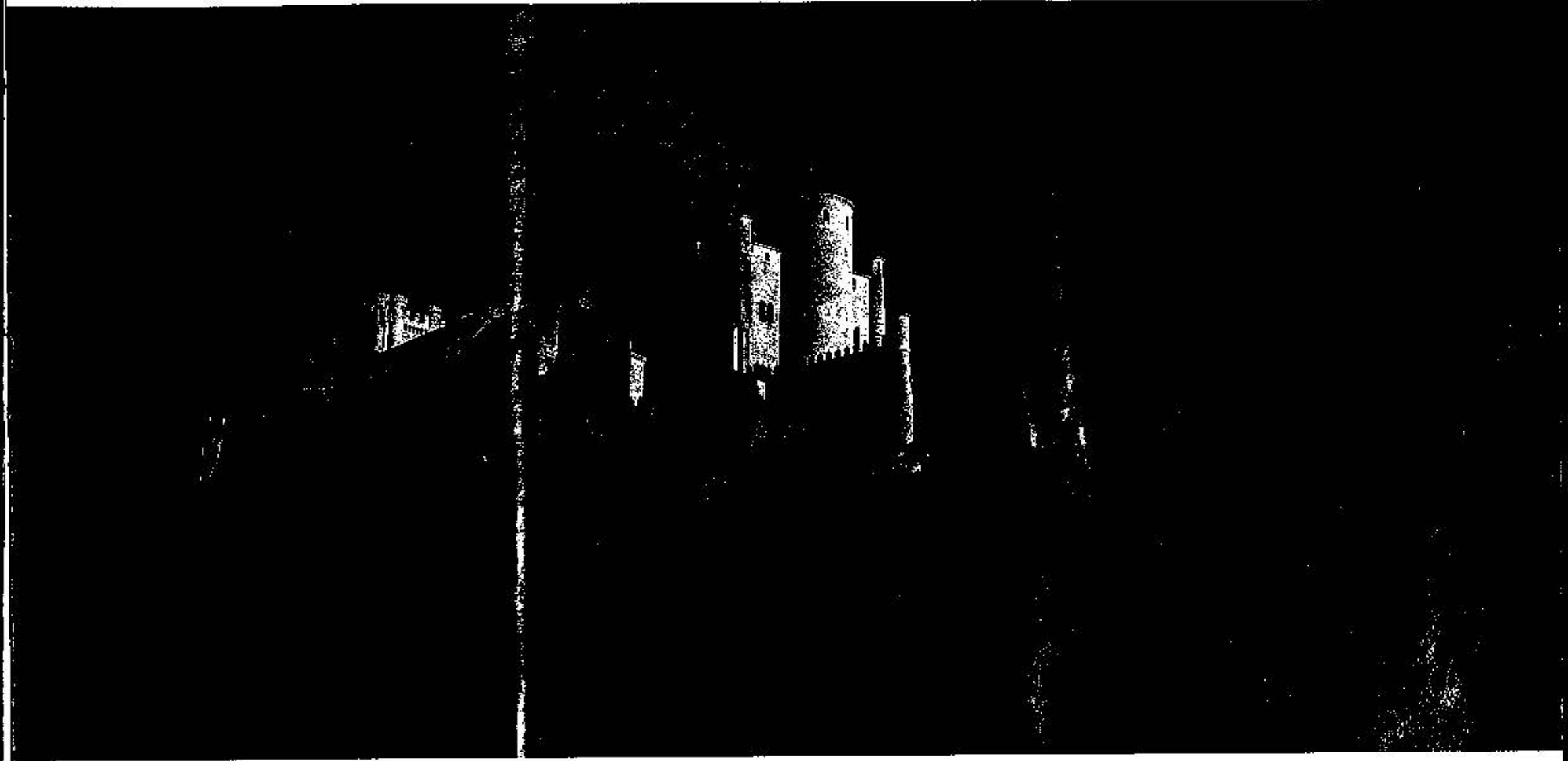
nameless, say her short films could make it to Cannes. Shots often include a close-up of the mother's hand gripping the side rail, a father's changing moods, the first caress and nursing. "Some people even want a close-up of the afterbirth," Bailey says. "Hey, it's their party."

Bailey films a before-birth segment (breathing exercises, renovating the nursery, etc.) and 45 minutes of the birth for \$400. On the big day, a family member calls her when the mother-to-be has dilated 6 centimeters to 8 centimeters. But babies have a habit of not arriving on cue—she's had to wait as long as 15 hours for the kid to make the scene.

Bailey, who can be seen as an on-camera video operator on "Murphy Brown," has a toddler of her own (whose birth went unfiled) and tries to be more than a camera. She remembers one baby who was born with an easily removable growth next to its little finger. "The mother started to freak," Bailey says. "She said, 'Oh God! My baby is handicapped!' I just said, 'That's a little something extra—a little *lagnappe*, as we would say back in Baton Rouge.'"

—R. Daniel Foster





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## FEUDIN'

You don't need to fly to Estonia to witness secessionist fever—just take I-5 about 600 miles north to Yreka, Calif. In that small city, hundreds of people want to shake off the political shackles of Los Angeles via Sacramento and combine seven counties in Northern California and southern Oregon to create the state of Jefferson.

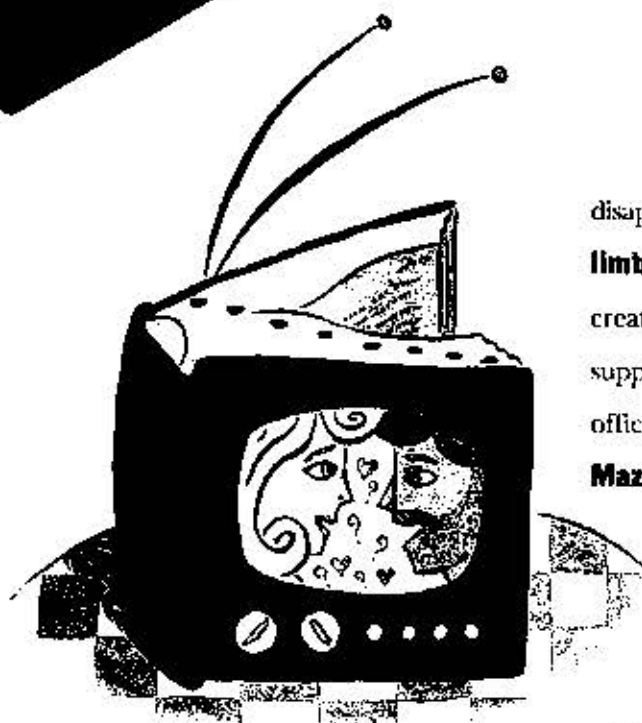
"We're outnumbered by Southern Californians," says Tom Higgs, a 40-year-old logger. "Those people down there don't have an understanding of our way of life. They're legislating us out of existence."

For example, "Jeffersonians" are deeply opposed to gun-control legislation that passed last year. And Southern Californians, Higgs complains, care more about the spotted owl than the ailing timber industry—in Yreka and neighboring cities, unemployment hovers around 25%.

It's not a new fight. This month marks the 50th anniversary of the Jefferson rebellion, which began as a protest over a lack of roads in the area. The people organized, made Yreka the capital of Jefferson—named after Thomas Jefferson—and "elected" a governor. The media took the rebellion seriously, and the state Legislature came through with money for a network of new roads. The victory catalyzed the building of California's freeway system and interstate freeways across the country.

Since then, the issues may have changed, but the discontent has not.

"More and more people feel Jefferson might not be a bad idea," says Johnie Wineland, co-owner of Yreka's Minor Street Deli. But secession is never easy. The 350,000 voters in the counties that would form Jefferson would have to approve the secession, it would go on the California and Oregon ballots and, if approved, it would move to Congress—all of which is highly unlikely. For now, rebels can buy bumper stickers that say, "I live in the State of Jefferson," or T-shirts that proclaim, "Native Jeffersonian," listen to "Jefferson Public Radio" and attend the annual Jefferson Days fair on July 4th. Says George Wacker, 79, mayor of Yreka and one of the original secessionists: "It's more advertising gimmicks than anything now." —Jonathan Curriel



disappears.

**limbo**—*n.* A close-up without a set to create an illusion. [Take Tom in *limbo*, supposedly talking on the phone in his office.]

**Mazda**—*n.* A sudden idea, named for an old make of light bulb. [Hayley is wondering how she will get the money she needs, then has a *Mazda* and runs to the phone.]

**NWT**—*adj.* Nice, warm, tender. [Play an *NWT* beat between mother and daughter.]

**play or pay**—*adj.* Every contract actor is guaranteed a certain number of performances in a time period. If his character does not appear in an episode, he is paid anyway.

**snarky**—*adj.* Sarcastic, snide. [In this scene, Erica makes a *snarky* remark to Brooke.]

**talk-to**—*n.* A confidante through which a character reveals inner thoughts and motivations. [Opal is Erica's *talk-to* about getting married again.]

## L.A. SPEAK

A list of slang used in the creation of soap operas, from the writers of "All My Children."

**backstory**—*n.* Past events that shape a character. [Erica's *backstory* is that her father deserted her when she was 9; hence her insatiable need to attract men.]

**hit and run**—*n.* When a character does or says something provocative, then quickly

## CLIQUEES

In Los Angeles, water conservation is found in the most unexpected places, including the induction ceremony of the 20-year-old Brotherhood of the Knights of the Vine. The medieval hierarchy of knights, ladies and assorted scribes and provosts meets six times a year for wine tastings and guest speakers, but their devotion to the grape is most apparent at the "Grand Assemblage." First, the commander invokes a few wine deities, rallying defense against

wine's "sworn enemies"—prohibitionists, drinkers of designer water and those with liver ailments. Then he lists wine's attributes: "perpetual source of inspiration," "educator of the mind" and "hope of humanity." Then the provost general pours tap water (1991) into a goblet and barks:

"While facing this limpid water,

insipid water, sir, what are your thoughts? It is a vulgar product, damp and crawling with microbes. Pah! We call it frog juice. Do you promise nevermore to mix this with the sweet juice of the grape?"

"I promise," says inductee Robert Stashak, a champagne master at Kor-



bel winery.

"Ah! We declare that the candidate has met the cruel test of water!"

Next is the not-so-cruel test of imbibing ample amounts of wine from an oversized vat. After shouts of "Per Vitem! Ad Vitam!" the rite is over.

Can an end to our drought be far away? —R. Daniel Foster

ART DIR: PAUL MARCIANO PH: ELLEN VON UNWERTH GUESS/STB

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# THE MAN WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD

**Boris Yeltsin Staved Off the Coup and Toppled the  
Communists. But Is He a True Democrat  
or a New Kind of Demagogue?**

**A**S MIKHAIL S. GORBACHEV, LOOKING A LITTLE WAN FROM HIS HOUSE arrest, approached the lectern of the Russian Federation Parliament Hall, the imposing, presiding figure urged his colleagues to keep quiet. But Boris Yeltsin's show of courtesy soon evaporated as he barked instructions and jabbed his index finger in Gorbachev's face. Interrupting Gorbachev, Yeltsin insisted that he read aloud the minutes of the cabinet meeting at which his own ministers had plotted his demise. As the session continued, Yeltsin issued more orders, flashing signs of his superiority.

When Gorbachev hesitated a moment before validating all of Yeltsin's actions during the emergency, the white-haired president boomed out, "This is serious." Gorbachev balked briefly in announcing a new appointment, and Yeltsin explained who the man was. "I am supplementing because Mikhail Sergeyevich simply forgets at times," he snapped. After Gorbachev complained, Yeltsin lectured, with an air of smugness, "Don't get upset now." And then, in the climactic moment of this electric political theater, Yeltsin proclaimed, "Comrades, as a diversion, allow me to sign a decree halting the activity of the Russian Communist Party."

A short flourish of Yeltsin's pen, and an *ukaz* was in force, proclaiming a new national era. So it became manifestly, brutally clear that the era of Gorbachev as the Orson Welles of Soviet *perestroika*—writing the script, directing and playing the leading part—was over.

When Yeltsin started to order Gorbachev around at that meeting of the Russian Parliament, two days after the collapse of the August coup, the scene was rich in historical irony. Less than four years earlier, Yeltsin had suffered far worse treatment at Gorbachev's hands. It was Gorbachev who had orchestrated his rival's public condemnation in 1987, in an echo of the Stalinist show trials, and spurred Yeltsin to resign from the Politburo. It was Gorbachev who had described Yeltsin as a "political illiterate." It was Gorbachev who had summoned Yeltsin from his hospital bed, pumped full of medication, for a second round of public condemnation by the Moscow party committee in which he was stripped of his post as party first secretary of the city.

Now Yeltsin, the supposed "political corpse," had, by his courageous defiance of the *putsch*, rescued Gorbachev from oblivion. The chance to give Gorbachev a small taste of the his own medicine must have been irresistible. By comparison with what Yeltsin had gone through, the treatment he meted out to Gorbachev, though it reportedly shocked President Bush and renewed

**BY JOHN MORRISON**



Yeltsin with parents, Klaudia and Nikolai, and younger brother (above); with his mother (right), and on an outing with his wife and two daughters.



his doubts about Yeltsin, was relatively mild.

Since that moment, Yeltsin has moved fast—too fast for some—to reinforce his power. A mountain of decrees from the Russian president asserted his authority over large areas of the Soviet bureaucracy, effectively crippled by the involvement of virtually all its leading organs in the coup. He declared that he was commander in chief of all troops on Russian soil. He decreed all party property and real estate to be state property. He seized control of newspapers and banned activities by the nation's big planning agencies. By decree, he recognized the independence of the Baltics. And he subordinated the Russian Councils of Ministers to himself, in yet another decree. Within days, Gorbachev had been forced to shut down the Communist Party, hand over what was left of his government to a caretaker committee and agree to a new transitional power structure dominated by the republics.

For the ascendant Russian Federation president, the real bargaining from now on would not be with Gorbachev but with the other republican leaders. Yeltsin's biggest problem was that the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, instead of being transformed into a loose confederation that would suit the interests of the Russian Federation, was threatening to disappear altogether as one republic after another declared independence.

Yeltsin's post-coup attack on the old Communist-dominated power structure and his suspension of some newspapers because of his suspicions that they had supported the coup led some to question his democratic credentials. "Yeltsin appears to want to take complete control," complained Marxist historian and longtime dissident Roy Medvedev. "He is like Bonaparte; there is no room for anyone else." In fact, some newspapers were quickly reopened, Yeltsin beat a tactical retreat from his attempted takeover of some institutions, such as the State Bank, and Russian liberals moved to clearly define the executive's authority.

More troubling to some was his attempt to halt the headlong flight to total independence by other republics, by warning them that Russia might insist on revising borders if they refused to join even a watered-down union. In this febrile atmosphere, Yeltsin quickly had to dispatch emissaries to Kiev to mend fences with the Ukrainian leadership, which was warning of a return to a "czarist empire" by Yeltsin and the Russians.

The collapse of the last European multinational empire is probably unstoppable, though it may be prolonged through some kind of unstable transitional period. Whatever the final outcome, Yeltsin's role as leader of Russia, by far the biggest of the republics, will be dominant. In trying to preserve some kind of economic community and security alliance from the wreckage of the Soviet Union, Gorbachev and Yeltsin are acting as partners. But Gorbachev, as president of a state that is fast decomposing, will likely reign rather than rule. Like a weak czar in old Muscovy, he will still receive foreign ambassadors, but he will be the hostage of an oligarchy of republican leaders, led by Yeltsin, acting like the head of a clan of boyars or

noblemen. In fact, the Yeltsin agenda in foreign policy—independence for the Baltics, military withdrawal from Cuba, a cutoff in aid for Afghanistan, deep cuts in defense spending—is already emerging.

Yeltsin has amassed this immense power and personal prestige after a unique political trajectory, a vastly different one from that of Gorbachev. Yeltsin's rise, fall and stunning rebirth began in poverty in the Urals, where his first passion was volleyball, not politics. A construction engineer and a latecomer as a Communist Party official, he rose on the strength of his personal flair. Summoned to Moscow in 1985, soon after Gorbachev became party leader, he resigned two years later in a spectacular row. Campaigning in a political wilderness from which none had ever returned, he won a smashing victory in 1989 in the Soviet Union's first-ever free legislative elections. A year later, he narrowly won election as chairman of the Russian parliament, in the teeth of opposition from Gorbachev. Soon afterward, he dramatically quit the

Communist Party altogether, concluding that it could not be reformed. In June, after a year of extraordinary ups and downs, he won a landslide victory as Russia's first freely elected president, going on to save both Gorbachev and the fledgling democracy.

Opinions are divided on where Yeltsin, now that he effectively is in charge, will take Russia. Is he a democrat at all or just a demagogue? Will he install gallows in the streets, as a former prime minister once predicted? Will he lead Russia into a happy future of Western multiparty democracy and market-driven prosperity? Or will he head it backward into Great Russian chauvinism and czarist autocracy? Now that he has emerged victorious after a career as a rebel, how will he use his power?

**F**OR A MAN WHO HAS BEEN AT THE LEADING EDGE OF political change in the Soviet Union, there is something rather old-fashioned about Boris Yeltsin. Standing next to Gorbachev, who is just one month younger, Yeltsin looks like an old-school party apparatchik, accustomed to getting his way by thumping the table. He exudes an overwhelming impression of brawn rather than brain. This is what Gorbachev meant when in March he called Yeltsin a "neo-Bolshevik"—a calculated insult.

Vladimir Bukovsky, who was jailed repeatedly for his dissident views, is now a

Yeltsin supporter. But his first glimpse of Yeltsin on television astonished him: "I could not believe my eyes. For looking straight into the camera was a typical Bolshevik, a Bolshevik straight out of central casting. Stubborn, overbearing, self-assured, honest, irresistible, a human engine without brakes—he must have jumped from an armored car just a few minutes ago. We have all seen such faces in old photographs, except that they were usually dressed in leather jackets, they usually dangled a huge Mauser from their belts, and they were usually executed by Stalin. Where did they find this man?"

Bukovsky's description captures perfectly the impression Yeltsin sometimes gives of having been preserved like a coelacanth, a fossil from an earlier, more heroic age of history. In fact, Yeltsin was born in 1931, about the time of the first Five-Year Plan, when Stalin proclaimed, "There are no fortresses the Bolsheviks cannot storm," and his shock workers built dams and factories with their bare hands.

The first visual impression is not entirely false. For nine years, Yeltsin was one of a breed of Soviet politicians now all but extinct—a provincial party baron with the title of *Obkom* (Provincial Committee) First Secretary. As the party boss of the key industrial center of Sverdlovsk, he ruled with almost unquestioned authority, even building the country's tallest *Obkom* headquarters. Virtually all those who were his contemporaries are now in obscurity, swept away by the winds of change.

But Yeltsin, like the coelacanth, survived. And not by following the traditional rules of Kremlin politics, but by breaking them, by taking risks and defying the leadership. In the process—painfully, slowly—he became a different sort of politician.

Before his election as Russian president, I watched him chair the parliament, in ultrademocratic style. Shunning the tone of Gorbachev, Yeltsin was at pains to appear at that we restrict speakers to five minutes on this subject. But, of course, the final decision is yours." Fumbling, Yeltsin managed to get the rules of parliamentary procedure. A man known for his temper, he was determined not to let it show: Democracy was a new script that had to be learned by heart.

This ambivalence in Yeltsin between old and new has made some Russians, mostly intellectuals, distrust him. They suspect that he is an opportunistic streak, one who lacks the intellectual equipment to make the shift to democratic politics. Others have been instinctively suspicious of his popularity among the working class. Nationalistic Russians have dismissed him as a "Russophobe" prepared to sell out his fellow Russians to other republics for his own political ambitions.

Yet, for his supporters, it was the same awkward quality that proved that his conversion to democratic politics was sincere. To them, Yeltsin was a man who had wielded power close to the summit of the old regime, then turned his back on it in disgust. He often seemed to be ambivalent about power, both seeking it avidly and mistrusting its corrupting effects under the communist system. He made a show of shunning the trappings of power, and his wife Naya used to stand in lines along with the Muscovites. He has built a second political career partly on the basis of the spectacular failure of his first. From being a party insider, he became an outsider; but unlike most outsiders, he knew what it is like inside the charmed circle of power. Yeltsin's credibility was largely based on where he had come from.

As an entire country renounced Communism with the fervor of former drinkers forswearing vodka, Yeltsin was ahead of the pack and in the front rank of what often appeared to be a nationwide meeting of Communists Anonymous. Among reformed drinkers, the man who once knocked back two bottles a day has greater credibility than the man who put away only half a bottle. So it was with Yeltsin's ex-communism—all the more persuasive because of his Politburo past.

Sergei Shakhrai, a close Yeltsin associate who is little more than half Yeltsin's age, says he retains some autocratic tendencies but is basically easy to work with. "He has one good quality in that he is open to criticism and argument. And he stands by people, irrespective of whether they are party members or not. To go from being an *Obkom* first secretary to where he is now is a big achievement. There are some things about him that are still the same—the expressions he uses and a certain reserve with people. One of his old habits is that he makes decisions too quickly without hearing all the arguments. He is consistent on the general strategy of

Yeltsin after a dip with Secretary of State

Geenadim Barbulis last July, and claiming the

kill after a successful boar hunt.



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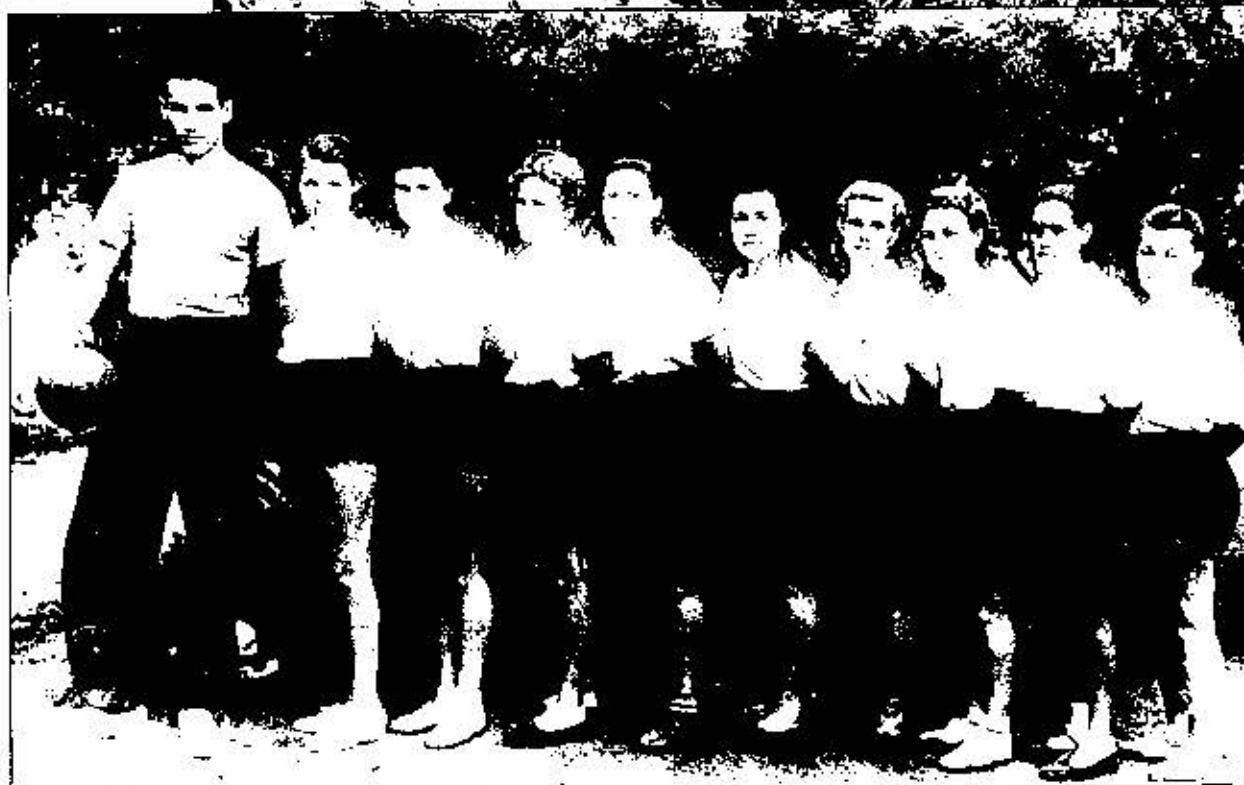
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His first love is volleyball. Yeltsin was

a star player and coached

a Sverdlovsk women's volleyball team.



John Morrison, currently an editor for Reuters in London, covered the Soviet Union between 1978 and 1983 and was a fellow of the Russian Research Center at Harvard this year. This article is adapted from his book, "Boris Yeltsin: From Bolshevik to Democrat," published this month by Dutton.



At his 60th-birthday celebration on Feb. 1 this year, Yeltsin danced with his daughter Tania and sang folk songs with high school buddies.



democratization and the market, but he makes mistakes in details."

Millions of ordinary Russians are less critical; in a recent poll, Yeltsin scored a 78% approval rating compared to 56% for Gorbachev. Like Ronald Reagan, he has an ability to make Russians feel good about themselves. But his skill as a communicator owes nothing to TV. Yeltsin is never happier than when he is in the thick of the crowd, pressing the flesh with reckless abandon, amid a chorus of "Yeltsin, Yeltsin." He inspires feelings of idolatry in middle-aged Russian women, his most fanatical supporters.

Others have judged him more harshly. Historian Medvedev, now a prominent Gorbachev supporter, has compared Yeltsin to Trotsky and Mussolini. "In my view, Yeltsin is not a radical; he is just a political adventurer. He has changed his viewpoint several times, and he is not a man who is capable of stabilizing the situation and finding new paths for the country." Even after the coup, Medvedev accused both Yeltsin and Gorbachev of "illegitimate and arbitrary" attempts to banish the Communist Party.

Nikolai I. Ryzhkov, the former Soviet prime minister and Yeltsin's main rival in the election for the Russian presidency, like Yeltsin, worked in Sverdlovsk, but has no time for Yeltsin. "Boris Yeltsin is an awesome man. If, God forbid, he ever succeeds in gaining supreme power, he will stop at nothing. There will be gallows in the streets," Ryzhkov said in April.

Outside the Soviet Union, too, the world has had problems coming to grips with the Yeltsin phenomenon. One leading American political scientist, Prof. Jerry Hough of Duke University, told a congressional committee in March that Yeltsin was of no more importance than the late Abbie Hoffman. And after the coup, Hough contended that Gorbachev's powers were still dominant and Yeltsin's overrated. "Yeltsin," he said, "has always had a democratic side and a fascist side, and he's really been showing more the latter in recent days."

Until August, when they heaped praise on him for his role in standing down the plotters, many politicians, including President Bush and British Prime Minister John Major, treated Yeltsin gingerly, out of fear of undermining Gorbachev. When Yeltsin visited Strasbourg, headquarters of the European Parliament, in 1990, he was treated to an astonishing insult. In what was supposed to be a speech of welcome, Jean-Pierre Cot, a minor French socialist politician, accused Yeltsin to his

face of being a "demagogic personality who surrounded himself with a few social democrats and liberals, and above all with many right-wing extremists." When Yeltsin tried to interrupt him, Cot replied: "We are in a democratically elected parliament here: If you do not want to listen to me, you may leave." Yeltsin was not amused and canceled a trip to Grenoble.

When Yeltsin journeyed to the United States in June as president-elect of the Russian Federation, nobody insulted him anymore. But he was still dogged by his reputation as the Kremlin bad boy who made life difficult for Gorbachev. President Bush, who had declined to shake his hand before the cameras in September, 1989, welcomed him in the White House Rose Garden, but in his speech, Bush concentrated on praising Gorbachev for his "courageous policies of *glasnost* and *perestroika*."

Despite their doubts, some foreign and domestic observers began warming to Yeltsin the democrat even before he put down the coup attempt. After all, his 1991 election campaign was the third he had fought in three years, and it showed him skillfully adjusting his appeal to different audiences. In the heat of politicking, he gave signs of becoming the Soviet Union's first consummate Western-style politician.

For instance, during the last campaign, *Izvestia* asked him about his attitude

toward the church. Yeltsin reminded Christian voters that he had been baptized. "My father and mother were believers until we left the village for the town. . . . I have the greatest respect for the Orthodox church, for its history, for its contribution to Russian spirituality, morality, in the tradition of charity and good works—now the church's role in this is being restored. . . . In church I light a candle, and the four-hour service doesn't bother me. Neither me nor my wife. And, in general, when I come out of the church, I feel something new, something light has entered me. . . ."

A cynic would recognize this as pure electoral hot air. But it shows Yeltsin wrestling publicly with his own spiritual and intellectual development, his heart permanently on his sleeve. The battle between old and new beliefs that is going on in Russia is also going on inside its elected leader.

Yeltsin's intellectual convictions, as expressed in his speeches, place him squarely among the Westernizers, rather than the Slavophiles, in the Russian political tradition. In his speech to the European Parliament in April, he stressed that Russia's return to Europe after centuries of separation was a return to normal existence. Yeltsin said, "I am convinced that Russia must return to Europe not as a totalitarian monolith but as a renewed democratic state with its diverse way of life, its renewed traditions and spirituality."

Such a wholehearted embrace of Western values is controversial in a Russian political context, because it rejects the cherished ideal of a "special path" for Russia outside the European mainstream. For 19th-Century Slavophiles, as for their spiritual descendants among 20th-Century Russian nationalists, such sentiments are anathema. For the Slavophiles, the villain of Russian history was Peter the Great, whose determination to make Russia part of Europe they saw as a fatal blow to Russian culture and the spiritual traditions of Orthodoxy.

If Yeltsin often seems to lack the intellectual sparkle of Gorbachev in impromptu speeches, he is more direct and less verbose. When he speaks without notes, he sometimes lapses into a crude, almost Stalinist vocabulary. When he reads a set text before TV cameras, he often sounds wooden. Though he sometimes lacks Gorbachev's short-term tactical sense, Yeltsin seems to display a greater consistency over the long term.

Thus, Barbara Amiel, in the *Times* of London, compared him to the slow-moving General Kutuzov in Tolstoy's "War and Peace," whose solid Russian qualities in the end overcome the wily Napoleon. "Of course, Napoleon is the more brilliant general. Kutuzov seems to be the worse for wear and drink and with no great strategic muscle. But he is so much at one with the land and the people and their pain that it does not matter so long as he does not give up."

## HOW DID BORIS YELTSIN PASS FROM ORTHODOXY TO heresy?

No Soviet politician, with the possible exception of Nikita Khrushchev, has given us quite so vivid an account of his childhood and early years as Yeltsin, in his 1989 autobiography "Against the Grain." The book is by turns bombastic, funny and self-serving; the old Yeltsin and the new Yeltsin battle each other on every page.

It is a Horatio Alger story of self-improvement, Soviet-style, of a rise that began—literally—in a log cabin in the Ural Mountains of eastern Russia. The picture Yeltsin paints rings true: a maverick with a compulsion to succeed, an

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overachiever with an un-Russian love of taking risks, a thin-skinned and vulnerable man with a streak of self-discipline, a born leader who hates to be second in command but who is sometimes his own fiercest critic.

Yeltsin's story begins with a Gogolesque tale of how he was nearly drowned in the baptismal tub by a drunken Orthodox priest, only to be rescued by his screaming mother. "The priest was not particularly worried. He said, 'Well, if he can survive such an ordeal, it means he's a good tough lad . . . and I name him Boris.'"

When Yeltsin describes his childhood as hard and says there were "very bad harvests and no food," he is referring to something far worse than just the usual rough existence of the Russian countryside. Stalin's collectivization was accompanied by ruthless requisition of grain from the peasantry, who were often left to starve. While the Ukraine suffered most, areas of Russia such as the Urals also witnessed great suffering and violent peasant resistance. Yeltsin refers to "gangs of outlaws" and adds, "Almost every day there were shootouts, murders and robberies."

He continues: "We lived in poverty, in a small house with one cow. We had a horse, but it died, so there was nothing to plow with." For four more years the Yeltsin family survived on the collective farm, thanks to their single cow, but in 1935, "the situation became unbearable—even our cow died."

The Yeltsin family abandoned their native village, harnessing themselves to the cart for the 20-mile journey to the nearest railroad station. Nikolai Ignatievich, Yeltsin's father, signed on as a laborer at the site of a new potash plant, joining the expanding proletariat. Home for 10 years was a single room in a drafty communal barracks with no plumbing, where the Yeltsins—grandfather, parents and three small children—slept on the floor.

"Perhaps it is because to this day I can remember how hard our life was that I so hate those communal huts. Worst of all was winter, when there was nowhere to hide from the cold. As we had no warm clothes, it was the nanny goat that saved us. I remember huddling up to the animal, warm as a stove."

Yeltsin describes his mother as kind and gentle but his father as a quick-tempered man who frequently beat him. "I always clenched my teeth and did not make a sound, which infuriated him." And he ascribed his hatred of Stalin to a childhood experience: "I remember only too well when my father was taken away in the middle of the night, even though I was just 6 years old." It is not clear why or for how long his father was arrested, but 1937 marked the high point of Stalin's purges.

At school, Yeltsin "was always the ringleader, always devising some prank." His grades were excellent, his conduct atrocious. It is not hard to see a parallel between the Yeltsin of 1990, scandalizing the party with his resignation speech, and the young rebel who stood up at his primary-school graduation to denounce his teacher for cruelty. The result of the scandal was the same in both cases—expulsion followed by a triumphant comeback.

Young Boris seems to have caused his mother a few sleepless nights. He lost two fingers trying to take apart a stolen army grenade. His nose was broken by the shaft of a cart in a mass fight. He would have made an ideal playmate for another towering giant: Peter the Great, who as a teen-ager showed a similar taste for battles, scandals and rude pranks.

Yeltsin's final triumph as a schoolboy was to pass his exams and enter the Urals Polytechnical Institute despite missing most of his final year because of typhoid, caught on a disastrous summer expedition into the forest. In his story, like all the others, young Boris triumphs, turning defeat into victory like the protagonist of a socialist-realist novel. When he decided to study civil engineering, his grandfather insisted he prove his talents by building a wooden bathhouse single-handedly. He passed the test, as always, with flying colors.

It may be useful to draw some parallels with the career of another ambitious young provincial, Mikhail Gorbachev. Like Yeltsin, Gorbachev came from humble peasant beginnings, though in the rich North Caucasus it is doubtful whether he suffered the same level of privation. But there was a crucial difference: Gorbachev was a third-generation Communist from a family whose commitment to the Bolsheviks dated back to the early 1920s; his maternal grandfather was a pioneer of the collective farm system. Yeltsin's family appears to have had no such links to the party.

The real divergence in their careers began with their student years. Gorbachev won a Red Banner of Labor award, thanks to his prowess helping his father on the combine harvester. This helped him secure entry into Moscow State University, the country's elite educational institution, where he pursued the highly political subject of law and seems to have spent most of his leisure time as an activist in the Communist Youth League, becoming a party member at the tender age of 20.

Meanwhile, Yeltsin's energy and drive were finding an outlet elsewhere: on the volleyball court. Not only did he sleep with a volleyball on his pillow, he tells us that as a student he spent at least six hours a day playing volleyball, not just at the student level but for Sverdlovsk city in the Soviet senior league, traveling all around the country. He also describes a summer holiday spent traveling penniless around the country, hitching rides like a hobo on the roof of passing trains. It is hard to imagine Gorbachev risking his Komsomol career by doing likewise.

While the bookish Gorbachev returned to Stavropol with his wife Raisa to be a

full-time propagandist after graduating, Yeltsin switched from jock to hard hat, laying bricks on construction sites. He advanced from site foreman to chief engineer and, despite conflicts with his bosses, acquired a reputation as a man who got things done. It was a rough environment—Yeltsin recounts how he faced down the ax-wielding leader of a gang of convict workers, using only his booming voice.

It was at this point, in the early '60s, that he was admitted to party membership, a decade behind Gorbachev. It was probably less a sign of a consuming interest in politics than of professional ambition. As a rising manager, to refuse to join would have been a black mark serious enough to block promotion. But Yeltsin denies that this was just the reflex of a conformist. "I believed sincerely in the ideals of justice which the party espoused," he wrote.



Soviet President Gorbachev greets the new president of Russia.

**T**HE STORY OF HIS GROWING disillusionment with the party may not be quite as dramatic as his boyhood pranks, but it is all important to Yeltsin's enormous esteem among his countrymen.

Tramping the mud of Urals construction sites, Yeltsin worked around the clock, driving his subordinates hard and himself harder. He built up a fearsome reputation as a tough manager who met his deadlines. In 1969 he accepted, "without great enthusiasm," a job as a senior full-time Communist Party official, responsible for all construction in Sverdlovsk province, and moved up another notch in 1975 to be a secretary of the provincial party. In 1976 he was ushered into Leonid Brezhnev's office and told, to his surprise, that he was being promoted to the position of Sverdlovsk's party first secretary. His was an exceptionally fast rise.

Yeltsin held this key job for nine years, and all the indications are that he was regarded in Moscow as a success. How could such an obvious rebel have succeeded in being popular, with both the rulers and the ruled, amid the toadying conformity of the Brezhnev era? As he makes clear in his

autobiography, Moscow left him largely in peace, supervising from a safe distance. Provincial party bosses were judged principally on their records as economic managers, and Yeltsin fitted the Brezhnev-era model of a vigorous *delovoy rukovoditel* (businesslike leader). In a system without real economic incentives, it was only the initiative of the first secretary that determined whether milk appeared in the shops, housing was built on schedule and factories fulfilled their plans. Yeltsin's style was to get out and about to towns and districts.

Interviewed in 1990 about his party background, Yeltsin said: "I am neither an official nor an apparatchik. I started as a worker and worked my way up step by step. . . . I am primarily a man from the production sector. I understand the people and the common man." Gorbachev, by contrast, never managed a farm, a factory or a construction site, specializing instead in party organization, agitation and propaganda.

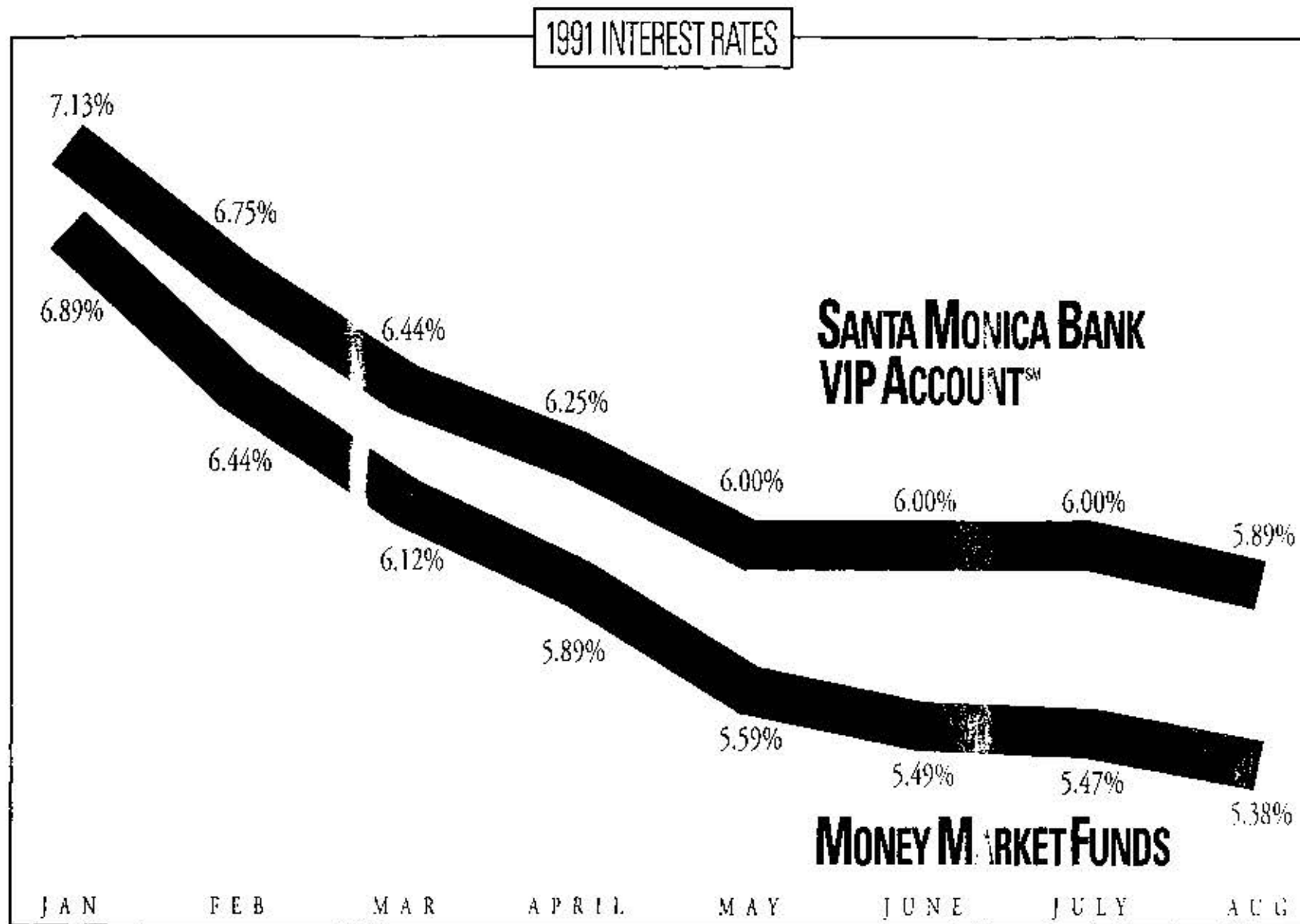
There were occasional unwelcome brushes in Moscow, however. One day Yeltsin found himself forced to comply with what he later described as a "senseless" decision by the Politburo to demolish within three days the house in Sverdlovsk where Czar Nicholas II and his family had been murdered in 1918. "I asked the people who had sent the paper to Sverdlovsk, 'How am I to explain this to the people?' At that time I was the youngest province first secretary, and though I had teeth, they had not yet been sharpened." Yeltsin's role in demolishing the house was to be held against him by Russian nationalists, years later.

During the heyday of Brezhnev's absurd personality cult, Yeltsin was pressured to install a museum at a house where the benedict general secretary had briefly worked as a land surveyor. "I asked: 'And the baptismal font in the town where he was born—did you line that with gold?' That was perhaps the first time I showed my disobedience—I did not submit to the decision of the Central Committee. They called me to Moscow and put me through the wringer."

Generally, Yeltsin's political power was unlimited, and the power of the party ensured that his every command was obeyed. Persuasion and political skills were hardly needed, only the ability to give orders. "Everything was steeped in the methods of the 'command' system, and I, too, acted accordingly. Whether I was chairing a meeting, running my office or delivering a report to a plenum—everything that one did was expressed in terms of pressure, threats and coercion."

Still, the record of Yeltsin's Sverdlovsk period and his popularity there serve as evidence against the charge that he was no more than a typical Brezhnev-era apparatchik. L. Pikhoya, a staffer in Yeltsin's 1989 election campaign for a parliament seat, recalled: "Back in the 1970s, he was one of the few leaders unafraid of meeting the people and, indeed, actively sought out various encounters. He met with us sociologists at the beginning of each school year, presenting the party's plans and listening to our suggestions and grievances in a get-together which would last

Continued on Page 38



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# T

# TEAM MILLER

CARRIE TURNER HAD A DATE. SHE WAS GOING TO THE FLAMINGO, the best nightclub that admitted black people in Memphis, Tenn., in 1955. Giddy with anticipation, Carrie primped in the glow of the neon flamingo over the club's door. She climbed rickety stairs to a ballroom that shook to the jazz of Phineas Newborn Jr. and his orchestra.

Newborn's saxophonist was a tall, bespectacled young man. Utterly cool in black pants and an emerald jacket, Saul Miller blew a hot tenor sax. More important to Carrie, "He was a handsome thing. All the girls had their eyes on Saul." But it was Carrie he had invited to the show, and when the band took a break, he asked her to dance to "Stardust," playing on the club's phonograph. Carrie, slow dancing with the best-looking man in the room, thought: "This could be the start of something good."

Today Carrie Turner Miller, 61, stands in the den of the Miller home in Riverside, Calif. She nearly swoons remembering that dance. "My friends were so jealous!" Saul, 60, still thin as a reed, sits on the sofa with his long legs crossed. "Yes," he says. He and his wife are surrounded by trophies, plaques and framed certificates, 315 gleaming reminders of their children's many dates with destiny.

Thirty-six years ago in Memphis, a jazzman and a nurse fell in love. And while Saul and Carrie Miller are not the most famous couple in America, they have raised one of America's best-known families.

Saul Miller Jr., 34, blows his horn for the President of the United States as a saxophonist for the elite Air Force band, the Airmen of Note.

Darrell Miller, 33, played five major-league seasons for the California Angels before moving to the front office as the team's director of community relations.

Cheryl Miller, 27, the only eight-time All-American in basketball history—male or female—was the best female player ever. After draping herself in stars and stripes as the heroine of the 1984 U.S. Olympic team,

"Miss Magic" became a sports commentator for ABC and ESPN.

Reggie Miller, 25, is the Indiana Pacers' \$3-million-a-year all-star.

Tammy Miller, 23, attended Cal State Fullerton on a volleyball scholarship and earned her degree in criminal justice last May; she is currently applying to law school.

Showing off a photo of Cheryl schinoozing with Ronald and Nancy Reagan, Saul winks at his wife. "Guess we did OK," he says.

Says Carrie: "It wasn't easy, baby."

A BASKETBALL PLAYER AT MEMPHIS' ALL-BLACK HAMILTON high in the 1940s, Saul Miller moonlighted as a radio musician, jamming with B.B. King on WDIA during his lunch hours. After starring on Le-moyne College's basketball team, he backed Lionel Hampton, John Coltrane and Ike Turner. "He was hot," says Saul Jr., who played a club gig with his father decades later. "I was cool," Saul admits. But splitting weekend cash with the jazz-blues greats was no way to build a future. Saul had joined the Air Force in 1951; he re-enlisted in '56, after he got married, trading his dreams of musical immortality for a regular paycheck.

In barracks all over the Great Plains states, he took his horn to the latrine and practiced in midnight silence, fingering the keys, imagining the music he'd make if he could cut loose and wake his buddies with a blues reveille. Saul was smart—a computer-systems superintendent who operated the Strategic Air Command's mainframe in Omaha—but he was still a sax

**Plenty of Discipline,**

**a Basketball Hoop**

**in the Driveway**

**and Oatmeal Every**

**Morning—That's**

**the Millers' Recipe**

**for Success**

fiend. On weekend passes, he played "town tamer," introducing his visiting musical friends to new territory. Saul would stroll into a club and uncork his sax, "styling" by holding the horn behind his back and playing it over his shoulder, showing off to the locals.

Carrie, a registered nurse, was often the only black woman in the hospitals where she worked. She felt the hate in some of her patients, heard "nigger" spat behind her back. Carrie bit her lip. She went home, slept a few hours, woke early and made sure her kids had hot meals every single morning for 20 years: 7,305 mornings in a row.

Saul was transferred to March Air Force Base in 1963, and the family settled in Riverside. Blessed by good genes and Carrie's oatmeal, the kids grew tall and strong. Each found a way to emulate dad, the 6-foot-5 giant who expected perfection from his brood. Saul Jr., who quickly tired of team sports—"running laps, being a number"—took up the sax. Darrell,

**BY KEVIN COOK**



Clockwise from top left:  
 Saul and Carrie on their  
 wedding day, 1956;  
 Darrell, left, and Saul Jr.,  
 1960; Cheryl at Riverside  
 Poly High School, 1981;  
 Tammy at Castleview  
 Elementary School, 1976;  
 Darrell's 1976 Ramona  
 High School mementos.

the studious jock with the best Miller grades in high school (as an Angels catcher, he would computerize opposing players' stats and tendencies), helped Junior play deputy dad when their father worked late. But it was Cheryl, daddy's tomboy princess, who made the Millers famous.

"You love them all, all the same," Carrie says, "but Cheryl just shined." She was Carrie's most difficult birth, a blue baby born with her umbilical cord pulled tight around her neck. But once she got her breath, Cheryl turned golden. Even now she is the startling one, a 6-foot-3 tower of grace and quick wit, her eyes light brown with green rims around the irises.

Cheryl was 5 when she joined her big brothers around the hoop in the driveway. They were 11 and 12. They knocked her down. They swatted her shots out onto Colorado Avenue, but she wouldn't cry. Tears were for sissies. Cheryl dusted herself off and demanded the ball.

One day when she was 9, burying shot after shot in the driveway, her father came out of the house. "He looked 10 feet tall," she says. "He said, 'There's something special about you, Cheryl.' Then he went back in. That was it."

Not quite it. Dad also spoke to Saul Jr. and Darrell that summer. "I want you two



to keep an eye on Cheryl. Protect her. It's important," he said.

The boys nodded and said "Yessir!" So one day when a bunch of schoolyard bullies bloodied Cheryl, her brothers drove to Adams Elementary after their high school classes and laid down the Miller law. "We found those guys. We lined them up," Saul Jr. recalls. "'Don't move,' we said. And Cheryl went down the line, punching them. I said, 'That hurts, doesn't it? And that's a girl hitting you. Imagine how it'll feel if Darrell and I hit you.'" After that, Cheryl was safe. She was daddy's jewel, protected by a retinue of Miller muscle.

At home, though, her guardians weren't so supportive. Saul Jr., in particular, enjoyed pulling rank on his siblings. When the kids were home alone, they watched his favorite show, "The Rifleman." If Cheryl cried "Pow, pow!" during a gunfight, she had to do 100 pushups. If she persisted in talking out of turn, Saul Jr. played a game he called Houdini, tying Cheryl and kid brother Reggie together and stuffing them in a closet.

Dad, too, was a taskmaster. When Cheryl scored a shocking 105 points in a game for Riverside Poly High School, he quibbled about her shooting form or, worse, her grades. In her junior year, she brought home a report card with too many C's, good enough to maintain her eligibility but not good enough for Saul. "That's it," he said. "You're through for the season."

"But Daddy, I'm an All-American."

"You could be All-World. I wouldn't care. Your mother and I want you to be All-Books."

Cheryl pleaded. She swore she would improve her grades, and Saul Miller surrendered. He let her play ball.

Bad parenting? "No," he says with the force of a man who has often been proved right. "She gave me her word. I believed her."

Saul Miller expected his daughter to be a star. He told Carrie that their daughter would be the first four-time high school All-American to repeat the feat in college, that Cheryl would make the Olympic team, win a gold medal and become a celebrity. He also knew that basketball was a dead end for a girl. There was no women's National Basketball Assn. "But your basketball will get you into college," he told Cheryl. "The 'system' of college sports, Saul said, 'will use you to sell tickets. You have to use it to get educated.'"

In 1984, with Cheryl Miller flying higher than any woman before, the University of Southern California broke attendance records for women's basketball games at home and on the road. Some of the Women of Troy's home games were moved from a cramped campus gym to the L.A. Sports Arena to accommodate her fans. The team won two straight national titles, with Cheryl breaking National

Collegiate Athletic Assn. scoring and rebounding records and passing out assists like Magic Johnson.

At the '84 Olympic Games in Los Angeles, where her performance led Newsweek to call her "a heroine who plays the game like a man," Cheryl became more than a local star. She was leader of the greatest team in women's basketball history, a gold-medal nova whose photo graced magazine covers from Newport Beach to New York and New Delhi. It was a bit anticlimactic when, as a USC senior, she topped Paula McGee's collegiate scoring mark by a resounding 613 points. She also broke the NCAA's women's career records for free throws and steals—both already held by Cheryl Miller.

Cheryl was the best female basketball player since James Naismith invented the game 100 years ago. She was, for one brief moment, the most famous player on Earth. Thousands of young women asked their beauticians for the "Cheryl cut," a stack of shiny curls that reflected glory. So stellar was she that Sports Illustrated, to the widespread disgust of chauvinist prigs, named her National Player of the Year in 1985.

That was also the year her dad hung a new plaque on the wall in Riverside: "Cheryl Miller, Academic All-American"—the NCAA's annual choice of six male and six fe-

male athletes who also excel in the classroom. Smiling, Saul points at the plaque and says, "All-Books."

Two women's professional basketball leagues had folded while Cheryl was earning her communications degree at USC. She got offers from the Harlem Globetrotters and a European women's league. The former asked her to be a part-time clown; the latter would have forced America's best to play overseas in what amounted to a minor league.

"In her sport, Cheryl was as good as Michael Jordan," says brother Darrell. But she was a Jordan with no NBA—a painter with no canvas. A young man with Cheryl's skills would have made millions playing Madison Square Garden and the Forum. Instead, she played pickup games in the USC gym, where in 1987 a less skillful player accidentally tripped her. Cheryl's right knee popped like a punctured balloon.

Waking in the hospital after surgery, staring at the cast on her leg, she burst into tears. She would walk again, but her top-speed basketball days were

**Saul and Carrie Miller, left, in their den, "the synopsis room." Right: NBA guard Reggie, 1984 Olympic gold-medal basketball player Cheryl and former Angels catcher Darrell at Venice Beach, 1989.**

over. Cheryl hobbled home to Riverside. Looking up at the jersey she had worn in the Olympics, she recuperated in the bed she had slept in as a child, where Carrie had talked her to sleep after schoolgirl games. "I was crying one night when Dad came in," Cheryl says. "He was crying, too. I'd never seen that. It scared me. I loved my dad, but I was always afraid of him, of failing him, and now I wasn't special anymore." Saul gripped his daughter's hand, consoling her for hours. "Our relationship changed that night," she says. Fighting a case of the sniffles, Cheryl Miller smiles. "He became my friend."

The women's basketball record-holder—who moved into a Culver City apartment when her knee healed—now holds a microphone during ABC telecasts of NCAA basketball and football games. Last year, after earning a promotion—to men's games—she heard pre-game grumblings: "What makes that girl such an expert?" Cheryl tamed such talk by stripping off her blazer, grabbing a ball and swishing a few three-pointers. She loved it when former North Carolina State Coach Jim Valvano, now a fellow commentator, shouted, "Miller, you've still got the touch!"

It burns a bit, she says—taking a sport to new heights and not making a cent for it. "When you look at what I accomplished, it isn't fair. But, hey, that's life. Now I root for Reggie."

**CARRIE WENT WHEN REGGIE MILLER WAS BORN: HER FOURTH BABY** was warped, his hips pronated, his leg bones forcing his ankles inward. From his third month until he was 4 years old, he slept with steel braces on his legs. Doctors said he might never walk normally. He would certainly not play basketball. "Yes he will," Carrie said. "I say he will."

No one predicted glory for Reggie. He was Carrie's little bulldog, the one who joined the driveway action—when his braces came off—only to have his shots blocked in quick succession by Saul Jr., Darrell and Cheryl. "How do you think he got that high arc on his shot?" Darrell says of the player who would one day break Larry Bird's NBA rookie record for three-pointers. "He had to shoot that way, or we'd block it."

Trained to play hard when family bragging rights were at stake, which meant always, Reggie was treated by his siblings the way dad treated everyone: without mercy. Hundreds of blocked shots taught young Reggie that distance was the better part

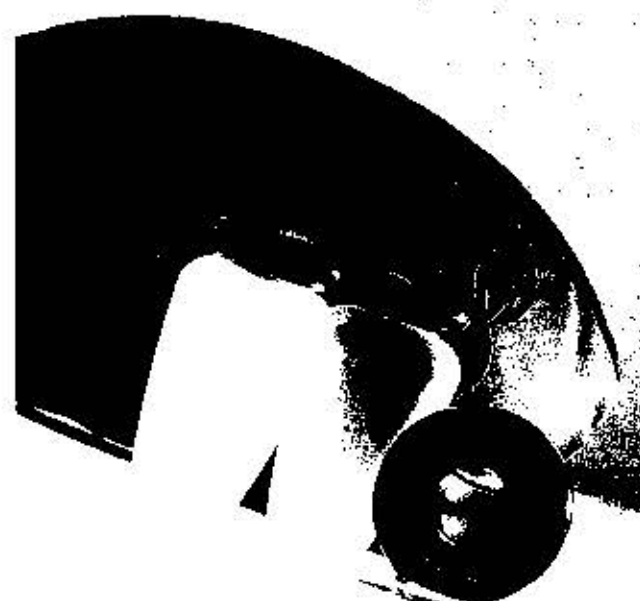
*Continued on Page 47*

# P A L O M A P I C A S S O <sup>185</sup>

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**Jones examines his new teeth. The implants took more than seven months to complete.**

# Remaking Mr. Jones

THE FIRST THINGS PEOPLE NOTICED WHEN THEY saw James Jones were his menacing walk, his thick, dirty beard, his long mane of black hair—and his teeth.

The front teeth, on top and bottom, were missing altogether, and next to the gaping holes were canine teeth that protruded from his mouth, almost like fangs.

When he was sitting on a bus reading the Bible or swaggering down a street muttering to himself, people either stared or turned away. A few of them called him names.

"Wolfman" was the name he hated most—hated so much he couldn't even talk about it.

"What I want," Jones said shortly before his 31st birthday last February, "is to look regular. What I want is to be a grown man and have a desk job."

It was not much of a dream by ordinary standards. But Jones is not an ordinary man. He was born mentally retarded. At the age of 7, he was abandoned by his mother, separated from his brothers and sisters and made a ward of the state by his father. He spent most of his childhood in foster homes, and all of his adult years in government-subsidized group homes. He doesn't remember how many.

Whatever fantasies he may have had for himself, no one who knew Jones over the years imagined that

his lot in life could be any different—that he would ever be anything but a friendless day worker in a facility for the developmentally disabled.

Until Robert D. Shushan took an interest in him several years ago.

For more than three decades, Shushan has been executive director of the Exceptional Children's Foundation, a private agency for the developmental-



**Before his teeth were replaced, James Jones was called "the Wolfman," a name he despised.**

ly disabled, which has branches throughout Los Angeles. He had been looking for a person like James Jones to prove one of his long-held convictions: If you change the *appearance* of an individual, you can change the quality of his life.

It was not all that unorthodox a theory. Right or wrong, American society has long assumed that if you look better, you are treated better. Yet, little thought had been given to the appearance of the developmentally disabled. It was clear that they could be taught to read and write, hold jobs and even live on their own. But Shushan knew all too well that even when retarded people could do all those things, most people still regarded them as abnormal. They had odd expressions; they had peculiar ways of walking and talking; they wore out-of-date hair styles and ill-fitting clothes. They looked like society's misfits—and were treated as such.

Shushan was convinced that it was possible to reduce or even eliminate the visual cues that call attention to mental retardation. He had tried with some success to explain his thinking to the families of the develop-

Robert Shushan Had a Theory: Changing the Appearance of the Developmentally Disabled Could Transform Their Lives. And With James Jones, Who Was Ridiculed as 'the Wolfman,' Shushan Put His Theory to the Test.

**By Anne C. Roark**

**Jones often received stares as he read the Bible while riding the bus to and from work.**

mentally disabled and to colleagues at other institutions, but over the years he had come to realize that talking wasn't enough. He wanted to demonstrate his ideas. He was determined to find a suitable candidate, hire a film crew and make a documentary of a real-life "make-over." The documentary would be tangible proof of his theories, a legacy he could leave behind when he retires five years from now.

But it was not until the spring of 1990, when a member of the Exceptional Children's Foundation board took Shushan to lunch, that all the pieces began to fall into place. The board member told Shushan that the foundation had received a remarkable offer: As part of its ongoing charitable work, a group of dental surgeons wanted to perform radical new restorative dental work, materials and time donated, on a retarded person. Shushan immediately thought of James Jones.

Was Jones interested? Shushan asked. The dental work could be painful. It would require time in a hospital and take six to nine months to complete. The other aspects of the make-over—teaching Jones how to dress differently, how to walk and talk in entirely new ways—would take even longer, and might never work. Was Jones willing to try?

Jones did not have to answer. A wide grin had spread across his face, revealing not only the gaping hole in his mouth but a hollow space in a soul



hungry for attention.

"What I want, I tell you, is to look regular," Jones said. "What I want is to be a grown man."

With that, Robert Shushan and James Jones set to work. For the next nine months, specialists in maxillofacial surgery, prosthodontics, cosmetology, special education and psychiatry would put Shushan's thesis to the test. The task would prove to be difficult. Mental retardation, after all, is not something that can be cured by cosmetics, anymore than a lifetime of

psychological scars can be erased by surgery.

IT IS EARLY ON A SUMMER MORNING, AND JONES IS standing, as usual, in the front office of the Cadet City Branch of the Exceptional Children's Foundation, telling counselors, secretaries—anyone who will listen—how to do their jobs. He has a broom in his hand and a Bible in his pocket. His shirttail hangs out of a pair of jeans that are too big for his reed-thin 5-foot, 11-inch, 137-pound frame. Around his head is stretched a sweatband. It reminds Shushan of an Indian headdress.

"I'm 100% Indian, you know," Jones explains in a low, guttural voice that carries throughout the office.

"Me and my father got the same kind of blood: Cherokee. The doctors take my blood and they look at it and see it's 100% Cherokee. You know about the Cherokee holocaust?" Jones asks, not looking to see if anyone is listening. He has a way of staring at strangers but always looking away from the people he is talking to.

No one at the foundation knows whether Jones has Indian blood. Some days he lapses into a perfect Bruce Lee kung fu imitation. Other days he wears a leather jacket and frowns, pretending to be a police detective looking for "suspicious characters."

Shushan carefully observes the odd portrayals and patiently listens to the curious stories. A portly man in his early 60s, Shushan is as attentive and self-controlled as Jones is oblivious and intemperate. Shushan's dapper gray suits are pressed. His gray beard is trimmed. His gray hair is patted and smoothed into place.



**Jones enjoys a haircut, a manicure and a light moment with Jo Lopez, back, and Sydel Crossen at Lou Rossi Hair Salon in Studio City.**





Jones is fitted for his new suit by tailor Victor Morales.

Shushan's sharp eyes focus intently on every one of Jones' flaws. But he also sees the strengths.

Except for his Bible, which he often misplaces, Jones rarely reads. Yet during the state's 1990 election, he knew who was running for office on what platform and could tick off, faster than most voters, the unwieldy list of ballot initiatives. He knows the city's bus system like the back of his hand. He has an almost photographic memory for dates and places. And he has an ear for language. Simply by listening to the conversations of fellow workers, he has become nearly fluent in Spanish.

Shushan is convinced that it will be possible someday to harness some of these talents. But for now, he'll concentrate on the basics.

"When you come to work, James, you have to put on a clean shirt," Shushan explains in one of their first conversations on the subject. "And tuck your shirttail in. You need to wash your hair and make sure your fingernails are clean. We also need to get you a

session.

As they leave, a few of the workers mumble hellos and reach out to Shushan. He warmly shakes their hands and nods and smiles. Jones follows, bestowing his own greetings. "You need to work harder," he says to one older man who is staring into space. He stops to help another man pick up a stack of cardboard.

"That's it. You're doing beautifully. Keep up the good work," Jones calls out to no one in particular.

IT WAS A MEMBER OF SHUSHAN'S FAMILY WHO DREW HIM INTO THE WORLD OF the mentally retarded. The year was 1948. He was an undergraduate at UCLA when his oldest sister gave birth to a profoundly retarded son. She named the boy Robert after her beloved brother. For the 12½ years that the boy was alive, the Exceptional Children's Foundation, then a fledgling self-help group for parents, provided guidance and moral support to the family. When the organization grew to the point where it needed a full-time executive director, Shushan's sister urged Shushan to apply. He took the job in 1958, giving up dreams of becoming a teacher and administrator in the public schools.

Shushan's parents were Jewish immigrants who had fled Russia and the religious oppression prevalent there. They had settled in Brooklyn shortly after the turn of the century. Robert was the youngest of six children. In 1939, when he was almost 10, the family moved to South-Central Los Angeles, where his father set up a paint-contracting business.

Because appearances were very important to Shushan's mother, she took great pains to see that everyone in the family was immaculately groomed. She was also fearful of wasting food, a concern that may account for Robert Shushan's lifelong struggle with his weight. By the time he met Jones, Shushan had tried liquid protein diets, seven-day fast diets, vitamin and water diets. Nothing worked for long. Shushan was also concerned about his hair—or lack of it—and, at 42, started wearing a hairpiece.

But it was his own children who first convinced Shushan of the importance of appearance for the developmentally disabled.

One day in 1971, he was sitting with his wife and youngest child in the drive-in lot of a Bob's Big Boy restaurant in Van Nuys when a car pulled into the space next to theirs. Noticing a child in the back seat of the other car, his daughter, who was 5 at

## When Jones is asked if he'd consider shaving his beard, his grin disappears. 'No,' he shouts. 'People back in biblical days all had beards.'

haircut." Jones stares at the floor and picks at unseen objects on his arms and hands.

"Do you understand?" Shushan asks. Jones nods without looking up and laughs out loud for no apparent reason. He wants to please but doesn't always know how—and hates to admit to any limitations. But he does have his opinions.

When Shushan asks if he would consider shaving his beard, Jones' grin disappears.

"No," he shouts. He will *not* shave his beard. "People back in biblical days all had beards—Moses, Aaron, Joshua, Jeremiah, Jesus, Peter, James."

For a moment, Jones looks Shushan straight in the eye. "I don't know if I ever told you this, but I've been called to preach the word of God. God almighty. . . ."

"That's fine, James," Shushan interrupts, opening the door and ushering his pupil down a long hallway. They come to a huge, cheerful workroom.

Some of the more than 200 retarded workers who are assembling cardboard file organizers and other products turn to stare as the two men make their way to a far corner of the room.

"Now, James, what we are going to do now is to teach you how to walk. Not like a tough guy, leaning from side to side, but straight and tall, like a man with a desk job might walk."

Shushan demonstrates. His own posture is perfectly erect, although a bad hip makes him tilt forward with a slight limp.

"Now you try it," he tells Jones.

Jones lukes up his shoulders, tucks his chin to his chest and swaggers across the room.

When he returns, Shushan offers Jones a prop. "Here," Shushan says, handing over a long wooden handle from one of Jones' industrial brooms. "Hold this pole straight in front of you and don't move it. Now try walking."

As Jones walks, Shushan calls out instructions. Pull your shoulders down. Don't lean. Relax. Keep your head up.

It is a bizarre version of modeling school. With his outstretched hands grasping the broomstick and his spine straight as an arrow, Jones looks like an altar boy who has just been promoted to crucifer.

"You're doing beautifully, James," Shushan says. "It will take time. You have to practice. I can't be here every day or even every week to work with you, so in between times you're going to have to work on your own. Can you remember to do that, James?"

At the end of the lesson, Shushan promises to work on Jones' voice in the next

the time, remarked: "He's retarded, isn't he, Daddy?"

At first, Shushan thought nothing of the question. After all, the child had the obvious facial characteristics of someone born with Down syndrome—slanted eyes, a flattened nose bridge, an oddly shaped head. Yet Shushan recalled that when his two older sons were almost as young, they, too, had been able to pick out retarded people from a crowd, even when they had no such physical characteristics. Shushan began to wonder: What was it that his children saw?

He decided that it was the way retarded people dressed; the way their hair was cut; the way they moved their heads, the looks on their faces. Long before they had had a chance to say who they were or show what they might be capable of, their appearances betrayed them.

Shushan quickly set up a study as part of a doctoral program he had been pursuing in special education and administrative studies at UCLA. He took "before" pictures of retarded people as they ordinarily appeared and "after" pictures showing them with stylish eyeglasses, becoming haircuts and touches of makeup. He then gave the pictures to separate groups of volunteers. The results were startling. The volunteers who saw the "before" pictures quickly identified the subjects as retarded. The volunteers who saw the "after" pictures didn't recognize as many of the telltale signs of retardation, even in subjects who had Down syndrome.

Shushan was ecstatic. He set out to tell the world about his findings. When he wasn't raising money and tending to his other administrative duties at the foundation, he was on the road, delivering nearly 100 lectures during the next 10 years.

At first, people were skeptical. "Bob, you know we don't give a degree in cosmetology," chided his dissertation adviser at UCLA.

But UCLA accepted the study and awarded Shushan his doctorate. Letters and calls soon began to pour in from around the world. Experts in special education called Shushan's work "pioneering" and "compelling." His study, they predicted, would be "a watershed" in the field of special education.

By the late 1970s, medical researchers in Israel and Germany went even further. They began to perform plastic surgery on children with Down syndrome. The preliminary studies on the impact of those operations confirmed what Shushan had predicted: Children who underwent transformations in their physical appearance were judged by both peers and teachers to be "smarter," "nicer" and "less dangerous" than those who had not. With fewer physical stigmas, they could fit in more easily, which presumably made them happier, although that was not something anyone really knew how to measure.

Many of the parents of retarded children were not so impressed. Indeed, the

whole idea of tinkering with appearance was abhorrent to them.

"I resent what you are doing," one father in Washington told Shushan after one of his lectures. "I want the world to accept my son as he is. I don't want to let you or anyone else make him over to be something he is not."

Shushan had an answer. Gently but firmly he took note of what the father himself had chosen to wear that day: a three-piece suit, a neatly pressed white shirt, a handsome, red striped tie. Was he, by any chance, a lawyer? Shushan inquired politely.

He was, but what did that have to do with his son?

"Each of us tries to fit into our own world as best we can," Shushan said. "Sometimes we try, almost without thinking, to look the parts we are asked to play. Sometimes, we rebel against those roles and dress or act in a way that makes us stand out, as hippies did in the '60s. But those are conscious decisions that we come by freely and for which we reap the benefits or pay the consequences. The problem with retarded people is that they rarely have such choices. They have to be taught."

"OY, IT'S HENRY HIGGINS AND ELIZA DOOLITTLE. IF'S THE GOOD FAIRY TELLING Pinocchio if he works hard and is good, he can become a *real* boy."

Don Brown, gray-haired and grinning, is sitting in his office in the late summer, trying to fend off telephone calls, catch up on paperwork and think about what Shushan is trying to do for Jones.

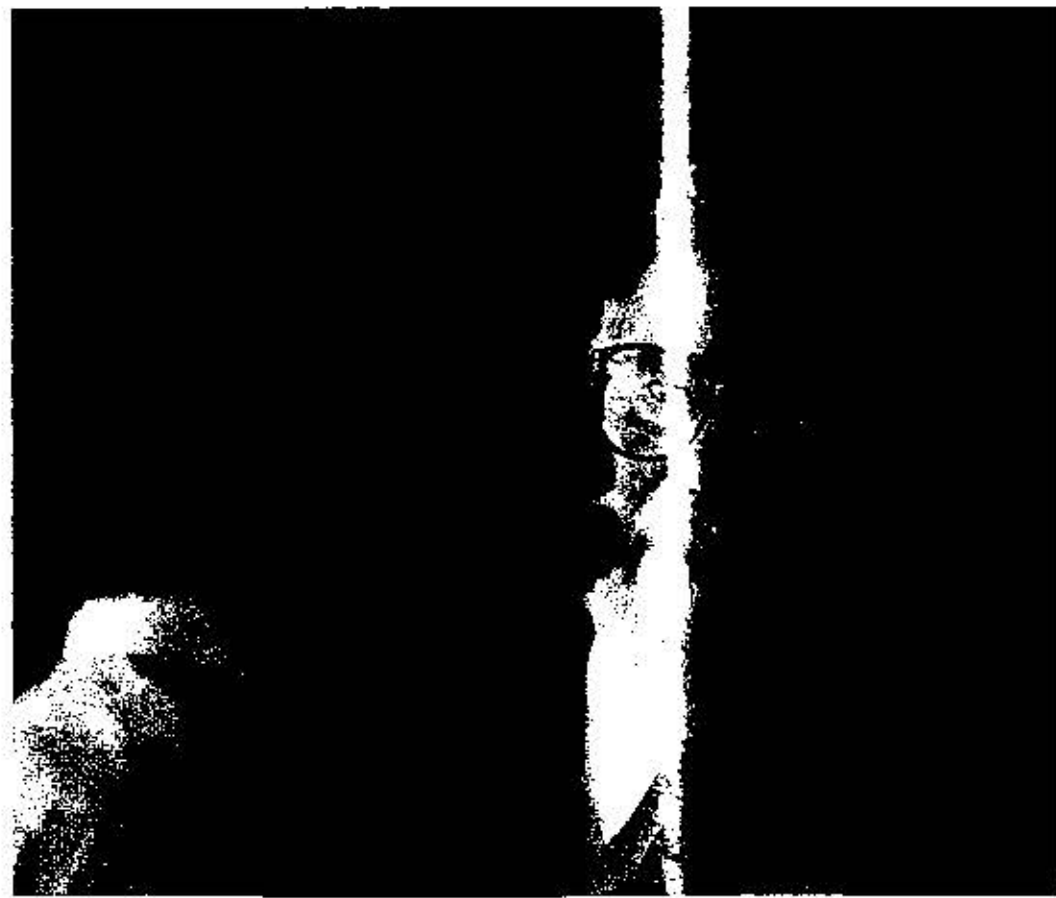
If Jones is becoming Pinocchio, Brown is his Jimin Cricket, his conscience.

A quick-witted, 60-year-old former New York public school administrator, Brown, who looks 10 years younger than his age, has been counseling the developmentally disabled at the job-training centers of the Exceptional Children's Foundation for more than seven years.

It is Brown who helps Jones keep track of the \$200 or so he makes every two weeks sweeping floors and clearing toilets at the foundation. It is Brown who makes certain that Jones is reasonably clean and well cared for in the group home in Inglewood where he lives. It is Brown who reminds him to take medicine to control his epilepsy.

It is Brown who has tried to teach Jones to stop growing typewriters when he is

**Robert Shushan of the Exceptional Children's Foundation works with Jones on his voice and appearance. "What I want," Jones says, "is to look regular."**



tience. It takes one-on-one work, day in and day out, year in and year out. Who can do that? A parent, maybe. But a lot of these people are like James; they don't have parents who are willing or able to take care of them. They have plenty of caretakers but no one who cares."

Brown knows the statistics all too well. It has been estimated that as many as one of every 35 babies in the United States is born developmentally disabled, the results of accidents of birth or genetic disorders. The vast majority of these, like Jones, are only mildly mentally delayed, which means they can live and work on their own. But to do so, they need help and special training. Many of them never get it, or at least not enough to make a difference.

There had been a time when Brown had been optimistic that, with the advent of new genetic tests and liberal abortion policies, the number of retarded children would start to decline. But experts in the field say the numbers probably have not changed all that much. There are still people who do not believe in abortions and, increasingly, those who have trouble obtaining them. There are still expectant mothers who, despite all the warnings, drink excessive amounts of alcohol, and a growing number of women who take drugs.

Just what caused Jones' problems is not clear. For unknown reasons, he was born with an excessive amount of cerebrospinal fluid inside his skull. Doctors call the condition hydrocephalus, popularly known as "water on the brain." Whether it was that physical trauma alone or some genetic abnormality as well, portions of Jones' brain have clearly been affected.

Intellectually, Jones belongs with the foundation's higher-functioning clients who work on special crews, mowing lawns on government property or cleaning office buildings in downtown Los Angeles. For some months several years ago, Jones was part of a gardening crew that worked at the federal building in Westwood. But, socially and emotionally, he didn't fit in there. He talked too much and sometimes got into fights. The foundation's counselors decided to bring him back to the Culver City facility, where they could keep a closer eye on him.

Here, largely on his own initiative, he has become the building's daytime custodian, faithfully doing jobs that cannot wait for the overnight cleaning crew: changing light bulbs, restocking paper towel dispensers, throwing out trash, cleaning up spilled lunches, fishing out shoes and whatever else the less manageable clients manage to jam into the toilets.

Jones loves his job. That he would want another—a desk job—probably is nothing more than an indication of his desire for a normal life, something he has never had.

"My mother gave me away," he explains in an oddly offhanded manner when asked about his past. He was born in Texas on an Air Force base but has spent most of his life in Southern California.

"My father was drunk. My mother was drunk . . . That's what hurted me so much. My father and mother couldn't have no work. We had no place to go. So we all got slipped into foster homes."

His parents also divorced, but the worst part for Jones was that his two brothers and two sisters eventually went back home to live with their mother. Jones never did. Until she died in the late '70s "of drinking and smoking and cancer, I only got to visit my mother on Christmas and Thanksgiving," he says.

It was in one of the foster homes that he lost his teeth. He was 12 at the time and suffering from an epileptic seizure. He fell; his face hit something, perhaps a piece of furniture or the floor. When he woke up, eight of his front teeth were gone.

When he was old enough, he grew a beard, perhaps on someone's advice that it would hide the missing teeth. But the beard only made his appearance more off-putting. People started taunting him, calling him by the name he grew to hate so much.

"Hey, Wolfman, Wolfman," they said.

Twice, Medi-Cal paid for him to get dentures, but, for one reason or another, he wouldn't wear them. He took them out and lost them or threw them away. Brown never understood why.

"Maybe they didn't feel good. I don't know," Brown says. "James has a way of being very self-destructive sometimes. Very self-destructive. He's never been violent. He's never hurt anyone. James never would hurt anyone—except James."

## Some parents of retarded children hated the idea of tinkering with appearance. One father told Shushan: 'I want the world to accept my son as he is.'

frustrated and putting his fist through walls when he is angry. It is Brown who reminds Jones not to talk to strangers or to curse. It is Brown who reminds Jones that most people prefer not to hear Bible readings on the bus.

Yet with 40 other developmentally disabled clients, there had been only so much that Brown, or any of the other counselors and state social workers who see Jones several times a year, could do for him.

Brown often wonders what would happen to Jones if Brown were to leave. "Jaime" (the Spanish nickname Brown sometimes uses for Jones) would certainly survive. Yet Brown doesn't relish the thought of becoming yet another name on a long list of people who have come and gone from this young man's life.

"The problem is," Brown says, "these people need so much help. It takes pa-

ON AUG. 23, 1990, AT 5 A.M., JAMES JONES WAS ADMITTED TO VALLEY PRESBYTERIAN Hospital in Van Nuys, where he underwent the first phase of what would be more than seven months of dental restoration. The estimated cost: \$15,000.

The first step was a 2½-hour operation in which his upper and lower gums were cut open and separated from the jawbone. Inside the bone were placed eight tiny screws, one for every tooth that had been missing for 18 years. The gums were sutured closed. In a second and somewhat shorter operation several months later, the gums were reopened and posts were screwed into each implant. And in the final stage, artificial teeth would be permanently implanted into the hardware. The particular operation performed on Jones, the Branemark System, was developed in Sweden nearly three decades ago but has been licensed for human use in the United



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States for only a few years. Among the first U.S. dentists to attempt the surgery were Dr. Robert Shuken and his co-directors, Drs. Stanton Canter and Jeffrey Foltz, at the Restorative Oral Surgery Center at Valley Presbyterian. The doctors also have a private practice in Reseda.

Shuken operated on Jones, Canter assisted, and Dr. Guillermo A. Roman, an Encino prosthodontist, would design and fit Jones' artificial teeth when the time came. They had all agreed, before they even met Jones, to work for free. They do *pro bono* work every year for at least one needy patient. It is, among other things, a way to publicize the advantages of dental implants.

Before the year was over, Jones would make more than a dozen trips to the den-

**Hairstylist Jo Lopez wishes Jones luck as he gets set to step out with his new, complete look.**



tal. Shushan did not go with him. In fact, Shushan never even met the dentists, focusing instead on his end of the experiment.

Considering everything, Jones was doing quite nicely. He was remembering to put on a fresh shirt most mornings and wash his hair at night. He didn't have to be reminded as often to tuck in his shirttail. And he was working hard on his posture and voice. He still swaggered, and he hadn't made much progress with his voice, but Shushan had some thoughts about what to do about that.

Meanwhile, Shushan wanted to get Jones a suit. His idea, he told Brown, was to have Jones pay for it. With prodding from both counselor and mentor, Jones managed to put away nearly \$300 between October and December.

demands increasingly difficult to take. Still, most of them love him and all of them care about his welfare. And the boss seems thrilled, so it must be a good sign.

"I don't want him to be obnoxious, of course," Shushan explains. "But I do want him to become a self advocate. After all, if a person doesn't fight for himself, who will? A teacher, a parent, a mentor perhaps. But in the end, we're on our own. Most of us have learned that lesson by the time we are adults. James is just now learning it. If it takes him a while to learn *how* to do it, well, that's certainly understandable."

Shushan decides to buy Jones the desk and chair. And he begins to talk to the counselors about a new title, trying to address both Jones' need for more prestige and his supervisors' belief that he should not be given more power and responsibility than he can handle.

"Maintenance monitor" is the title Shushan settles on for the time being. Jones isn't thrilled, but, he agrees, it's a lot better than his present title of "janitor trainee."

There is something else Jones wants, he says. He is ready, he tells Shushan, to see his family again.

"Since I'm starting to look good," he says, "it's time to see my nieces and nephews. 'Now,' he says, 'they'll think I'm a good uncle.'"

IN FACT, JAMES JONES DOESN'T LOOK ALL THAT DIFFERENT DESPITE THE months of work. His hair may be a bit shorter, his clothes a little neater. But there is still a gaping hole in his mouth. All that has clearly happened is that a lot of metal has been implanted inside the bones of his jaw. Jones is growing impatient. Despite the periodic lessons with Shushan and the occasional trips for checkups with Shuken, the bulk of Jones' life continues just as before: a succession of lonely, tedious days.

On weekdays, he gets up at 5 a.m. and helps make breakfast and lunch for himself and the six other retarded people who live in his group home. He rides two hours on the bus to work and two hours home, usually reading the Bible along the way. At 5:30 or 6 p.m. he eats dinner, does some chores and watches a little television. His favorite shows are the nightly news, "Star Trek: The Next Generation," "Adam 12," "Dragnet" and "Police Story."

At 9 p.m., he goes into the room he shares with another retarded man and meditates about God until it is time to sleep. The next day, he does the same things.

Weekends are different. Weekends are when he can do something for God, not just read about Him in a book or think about Him in bed. Toward this end, Jones has been a member of a series of churches. Because the state pays for his room and board and medical expenses, he can, when he wants, turn over the \$4.25 an hour he makes as a janitor to the Lord. He often does.

At first, the older members of whatever church he happens to be attending fuss over him. They might see him as one of God's innocents, a man whose mind and body may have been afflicted but whose heart and soul are pure and untouched. But then Jones will do something that doesn't seem so innocent. He speaks in tongues,

## Shushan can hardly believe his eyes. Here is James Jones walking around a beauty shop as gracefully as a model, without a trace of the old swagger.

It took visits to three different stores, but finally Shushan spotted the perfect suit: navy blue, single breasted and on sale for \$275. Shushan also picked out a white Pierre Cardin shirt and a red silk tie—all of which he took, along with Jones, to a tailor on Ventura Boulevard in Sherman Oaks.

EARLY ON A WINTER AFTERNOON, JONES AND SHUSHAN ARE SITTING IN A hair salon in Studio City. They have been waiting for only a few minutes, but Jones is already fidgety. He leafs through an issue of *Gentlemen's Quarterly*. Suddenly he pokes Shushan in the arm.

"Look," Jones says, "all the male models in the magazine have their hands in their pockets."

Shushan nods absently.

But then Jones stands up and throws the magazine on the couch. He sticks his hand in his pocket and tries to strike a pose similar to the ones he saw in the magazine. He looks in the mirror and smiles. Without removing his hand from his pocket, he walks slowly across the room. As his confidence rises, his pace picks up.

Shushan can hardly believe his eyes. Here is James Jones walking around a beauty shop as gracefully as a model. There is not a trace of the old swagger.

"I'm becoming a grown man, right, Dr. Shushan?" Jones giggles.

Shushan does not have to answer. This time, he's the one with a wide grin on his face.

EVERY TIME JONES MAKES A LEAP FORWARD, HE FEELS BETTER ABOUT HIMSELF. Yet, as he feels better about himself, he also begins to make more demands.

Dr. Shushan, it's time I get a promotion, don't you think?

Dr. Shushan, I don't want to be a janitor. I want to be a supervisor.

Dr. Shushan, I found this desk at a used-furniture store. Will you get it for me? And a chair, too?

The staff members at the center who work with Jones every day are finding his

but even by evangelical standards, there is something extreme about Jones' rantings and ravings in the name of Jesus. Sometimes he stands up in the middle of a service and loudly accuses one of the congregants of being a sinner. It's usually at that point that the church elders ask him to leave—and not come back.

Fortunately there are plenty of churches in Jones' neighborhood: old cathedrals, new evangelistic tabernacles, makeshift storefront gospel centers—all catering to black families.

Jones attends black churches because he lives in a black neighborhood. It doesn't bother him that he often is the only white person in the congregation. What matters to him is that he is doing the Lord's work.

One Saturday afternoon, Jones joins an event called the Christian Unity Rally, sponsored by a group of evangelists and their followers, many of them ex-convicts and former drug addicts. They intend to march through the intersection of two rival gang territories in search of converts. Jones is among the first marchers to show up.

Before the march begins, he spots a likely looking candidate for conversion in the parking lot of a doughnut shop. He is a young man, about Jones' age, who is wearing a leather vest and no shirt. He has tattoos running across his arms and chest, a dozen rings piercing his ears, and the left side of his head has been shaved. Jones does not seem to notice any of the physical trappings. He is looking for souls.

"Over one soul, all the angels in heaven will rejoice," Jones says, approaching the young man. "Give your soul to Jesus. Give your soul . . ."

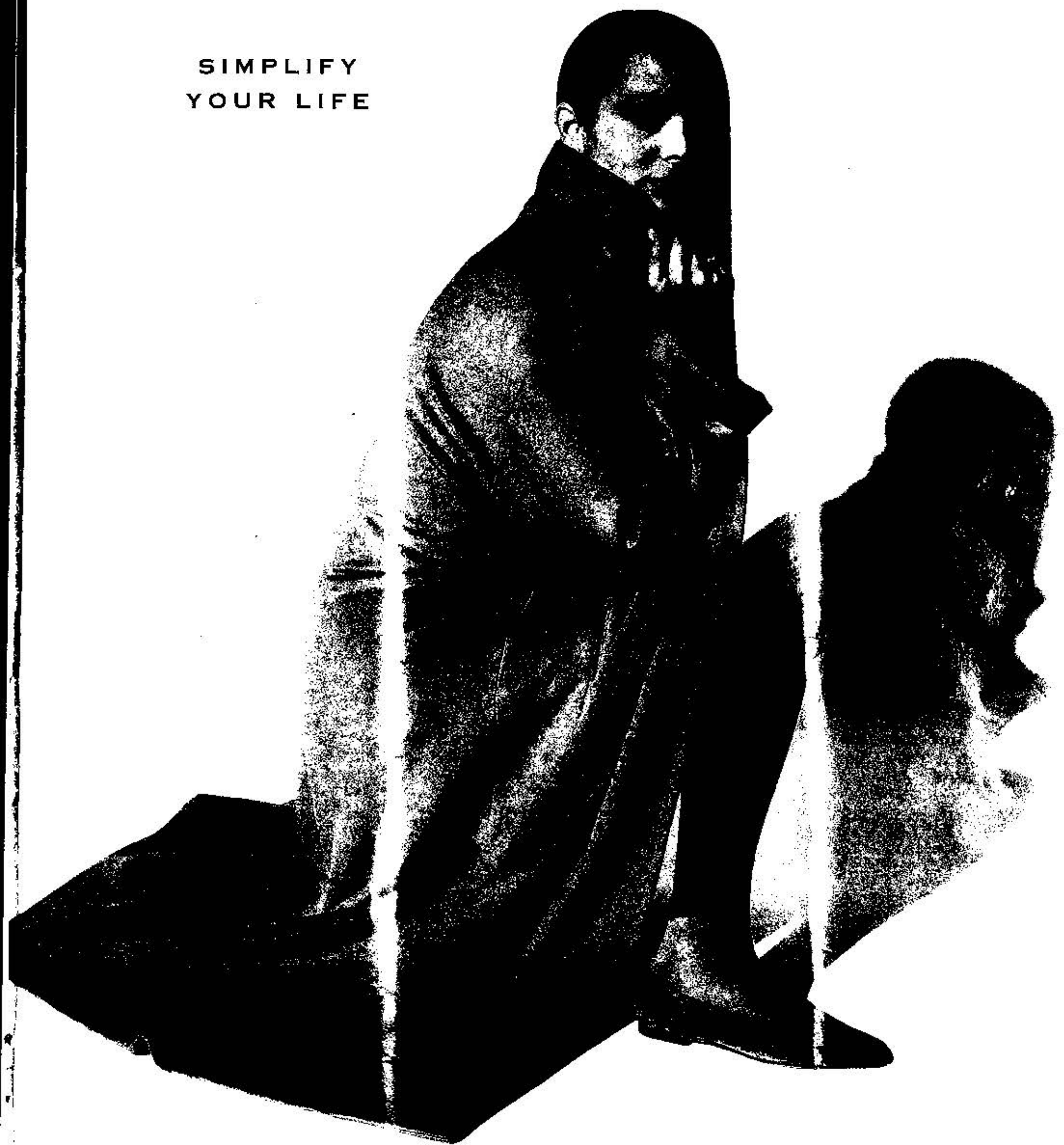
The would-be convert puts up his hand up for silence. "I'm from the Christian Motorcycle Assn.," he explains.

"Praise the Lord," Jones says, moving on.

He spots an elderly black man who has wandered by to beg a couple of quarters for a cup of coffee. "Bless you," Jones calls out. "Turn your life over to Jesus." The old man looks up helplessly. "It's time to surrender," Jones tells him. "It's time to make a change. Repent. Repent, while you have a chance."

Jones lays his hands on the man's head and begins to chant: "We command you in

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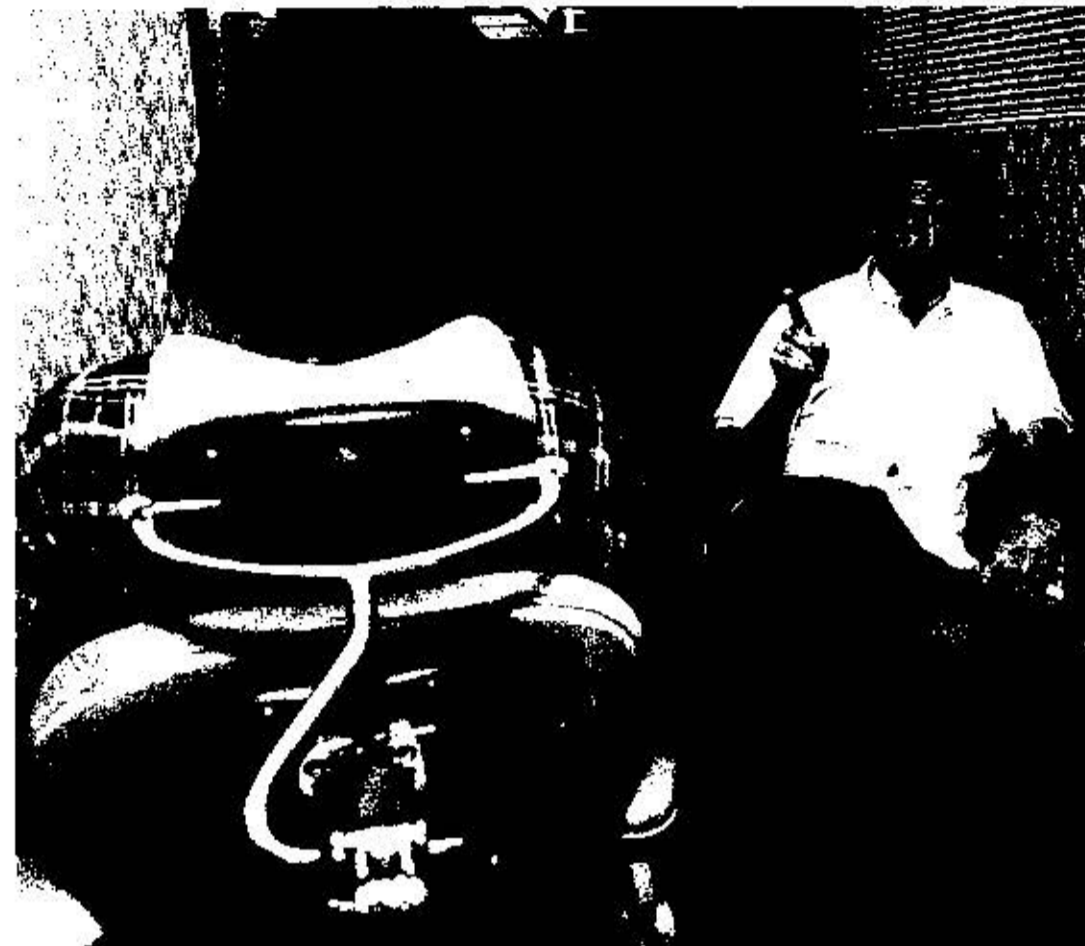
the name of Jesus, in the name of Jesus, in the name of Jesus. Use this man in the name of Jesus. . . . In the blood of Jesus, take this man. . . ."

Gone is the unintelligible guttural voice, the nasal twang. Jones' voice resounds through the street like that of a Southern Baptist preacher.

"I WANT TO CAPTURE THAT VOICE," SHUSHAN SAYS, SITTING IN A MARIE CALLENDER'S restaurant a few days later.

It is mid-October of 1990. Jones and Shushan have just finished a voice lesson. At

**Dr. Robert Shuken explains the dental-restoration procedure to Jones.**



**Every time** Jones makes a leap forward, he feels better about himself. And as he starts to feel better, he begins to make more demands.

Shushan's direction, Jones has been trying to hold his fingers in front of his mouth to feel if enough air is getting through. The idea is to improve the resonance of his voice by forcing as much air as he can out through his vocal cords, rather than letting it sit in the back of his throat or slip past his mouth into his nose.

Jones has not exactly grasped the concept. Nor can he understand why Shushan keeps insisting that he talk during the week the way he does on weekends, when he is attending to his ministerial duties. Don't you understand? It's not me talking, Jones explains. It's Jesus. It's Jesus in me. It's Jesus who saves souls, not James.

"I don't think I have ever told you I have been called to preach the word of the Lord. . . ."

As Jones talks, he puts his sixth package of sugar into a mug of coffee and stirs it with a knife. With his other hand, he tries to unhinge a wad of lasagna from the roof of his mouth. Some of it falls on his beard.

Shushan hands him a napkin. "Next time," he says in a stern whisper, "you should excuse yourself and go to the restroom." In a louder, cheerful voice, Shushan compliments Jones on having said "please" and "thank you kindly" to the waitress.

When they get up to leave, Jones stops Shushan before he reaches the door.

"You know something, Dr. Shushan? You walk kind of funny. You should work on your walk.

"You know something else, Dr. Shushan?" Jones says, glancing briefly at Shushan's face. "You have a beard and I have a beard. You could be my father."

IN EARLY NOVEMBER, SHUSHAN HAS TO FLY TO TAMPA FOR A MEETING. AS IT happens, that's where Jones' father had moved some years ago. It has been years since Jones has heard from any member of his family. But his father's number and address are in the Tampa telephone directory. Shushan thinks of taking Jones with him. He calls a psychiatrist friend, who cautions Shushan to move slowly. Who knows what scars remain, what fantasies Jones has about his father, the psychiatrist says.

Some of the people who work for Shushan at the foundation wonder among themselves whether Shushan is giving Jones unrealistic expectations, setting him up for a big letdown. Shushan worries, too, about the obstacles facing Jones. He even briefly considered having Jones move into the Shushan home, but he and his wife decided they already had too many responsibilities.

What worries Shushan more than moving too fast is a tendency he so often sees in people who try to help the mentally disabled: Whether they are professionals or parents, they almost always move too slowly. They become frightened and overly protective. It's one of the reasons, Shushan is convinced, retarded people are often dressed in clothing that is too youthful. No one will let them grow up.

Shushan is determined not to fall into that trap. He picks up the phone to call Jones' father.

JONES' MOUTH HAS BEEN HEALING JUST AS IT SHOULD. HE TELLS EVERYONE HE sees about his implants. And then, on Nov. 21, the day before Thanksgiving, he gets a chance to tell the person he most wants to know.

It's the middle of the afternoon on the West Coast, nearly dinner time on the East Coast. Brown has driven Jones from the Culver City work center to Shushan's office at the Exceptional Children's Foundation headquarters in South-Central Los Angeles. As soon as Jones walks through the door, Shushan hands him a photograph, a snapshot of a small, thin, bald man with a dark mustache.

A huge grin spreads across Jones' face. A giggle erupts from the back of his throat. "That's my daddy, all right. Hey, Pop," he says, putting his hand to his face, confused, embarrassed, proud—all at the same time. "There's my father," he says, showing the picture to Brown. "He always believe in work."

Shushan sits Jones down and explains that he met with Jones' father at his apartment in Tampa. His father is remarried, which Jones already knows, and is working as a dishwasher in the city's convention center. Shushan has arranged for the father to be at home now to receive a call from his son.

Shushan spends a few minutes rehearsing with Jones what he will say to his father. Shushan then turns on the speaker of his phone and dials. The father answers.

"Hey, Dad, how you doing?" Jones says, a laugh bursting from deep in his throat. "How you keep yourself? You know I'm an uncle now. I have six nephews and nieces."

His father corrects him. No, he has seven nephews and nieces. The wife of his brother Mike had a baby girl named Rebecca, about a year ago. His father starts to tell Jones about his new wife and her sons, one of whom is serving time in federal prison in Kentucky.

"It's good you pay for what you do wrong," Jones says. But what he really wants to talk about is his Indian ancestry. "We're 100% Indian, right, Pop? You and me?"

Well, not exactly, his father says. It seems Jones' great-grandmother was Danish. His father didn't know about Jones' mother's side of the family. But it was true, his own mother, Jones' grandmother, was half Indian. That made Jones about one-eighth Indian, his father calculated.

"You know how tall I am, Dad? . . . I getting to be a grown man. Dr. Shushan is helping me. But, I'm still your son, right, Pop? Did you know about my promotion, Dad? I'm a maintenance monitor. You know how much I'm making right now—\$4.25 an hour. I never told you about my implants. I had this surgery done. . . . I don't think I have told you, I was called to preach the word of the Lord."

A few minutes later, they have run out of things to say. Shushan motions to Jones. Isn't there something else Jones wants to tell his father?

"Oh, yeah, Dad. I love you."

AFTER A FINAL CHECKUP WITH THE SURGEONS IN FEBRUARY, JONES IS RE-admitted to Valley Presbyterian for the second stage of the dental restoration. Once again, his gums are cut open, and the remainder of the hardware is installed.

Less than a month later, on March 4, Jones is ready to see Roman, the prosthodontist. Roman's first step is to install a temporary set of artificial teeth to see how they look in Jones' mouth and to determine how Jones will react to them.

Within a week of the visit, Jones manages to wiggle the screws loose and pull a tooth out of his mouth. He just wanted to see how they worked, he explains.

When Brown notices the detached tooth sitting in Jones' hand, he is furious and yells at Jones as if he were an irresponsible teen-ager who had just wrecked the family car. Then, remembering that Jones is a grown man with the heart and mind of a curious child, he stops and gives Jones a sympathetic shrug and sigh.

"All right, Jaime, I'm sorry. Let's call Dr. Roman and see what we can do."

But Roman is not in his office. For days, he has been in a hospital intensive-care unit, where his fiancée lies near death from a rare case of meningitis. But when word gets to him about Jones, Roman returns briefly to his office. Unshaven and exhausted, he replaces the temporary tooth.

"It's like promising to give a little kid a bike," Roman says wearily. "You can't tell them that something more important came up. You have to do what you said you would do."

ORDINARILY, BROWN WEARS KNIT SHIRTS AND CASUAL PANTS TO THE OFFICE. But today is April 16, and he has on a coat and tie. "Look at him in that Richard

*Continued on Page 46*

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On him: Fred Segal unbleached-cotton T-shirt, \$28, Fred Segal jeans, \$110, and Fred Segal Jeans cotton pullover sweater, \$38. On her: Fred Segal unbleached-cotton sweater, \$78, and Mix cotton romper, \$45, all at Fred Segal for a Better Ecology, Santa Monica. On the kids: Maphisto unbleached-cotton dress, \$28, at Auntie Barbara's Kids, Beverly Hills; Green Cotton Environment unbleached-cotton T-shirt, \$19, and shorts, \$10, all at Fred Segal for a Better Ecology.

Far right: On her: Jackie Spicer dress of recycled fabric, \$180, at Freehand, Los Angeles; Mephisto sandals, \$110, Mephisto, Beverly Hills. On him: P&P denim jeans and Fred Segal Jeans cotton cardigan, \$38, at Fred Segal for a Better Ecology. On the kids: Jackie Spicer dress made from a recycled towel, \$68, and Flapdoodles corduroy cowboy shirt, \$34; and pants, \$32, all at Auntie Barbara's Kids.

Photographed by Dustin Pittman; hair and makeup, Kathleen McGarry/Cloutier; models: P&P Models, Claude Gautier/OMAR's Men, Raquel Prunai and Skyler Gordy/IT Kids

### World-Wise

Style is becoming as much about function as fad, which is why the environmental and ways to save it are foremost in the minds of designers and retailers.

"We not only consider the importance of natural fabrics and dyes, but how merchandise is shipped and sold," says Michael Segal, who runs father and son's new environmentally conscious store in Santa Monica. All items and store policies are designed to be ecologically sound. "We wrap purchases with twine instead of a plastic paper bag, and we specify that manufacturers ship merchandise without the wasteful, harmful packing materials. It's a concern on all levels," Segal says.

Other stores (Cottonway in Santa Monica, Tender Treasures in Montrose and Cotton & Cloth in Beverly Hills, for example) have been specializing in cotton apparel for some time, but Fred Segal for a Better Ecology is one of the first retailers to embrace "natural" as a way of life. It sells everything from clothing and bed linens to cosmetics and home-renovation materials such as paint and floor coverings.

To become world-wise, fashion-wise, look for unbleached natural fibers, organic dyes and recycled fabrics. And to save landfill space, skip the fancy packaging. —BARBARA FOLEY



# STYLE

## A Delicate Balance

**W**hat's that huge pyramid of polished and sandblasted marble doing on DeSoto Avenue?

The imposing—

not to mention enigmatic—Woodland Hills landmark has been a mystery to passersby for slightly more than a year now.

Once a single-story warehouse, the building was transformed by Santa Monica architect Johannes Van Tilburg into the multi-purpose headquarters of hair-care and cosmetics company Sebastian International. The firm's commitment to the environment (it donated \$250,000 to help preserve the Amazon rain forest last year) is evident in its products—and now in the design of its corporate offices, C.E.N.T.R.E. hair salon, educational facilities and retail store.

The whole place is meant to reflect today's ecological concerns, says president John Sebastian, who also wanted "a stimulating work environment where people would feel good." So designer Enrico Bressan and his architectural studio, Artecnic, created interior spaces and furniture that combine intriguing geometric shapes and organic forms. The message, Bressan says, is that "man-made and natural objects *can* coexist."

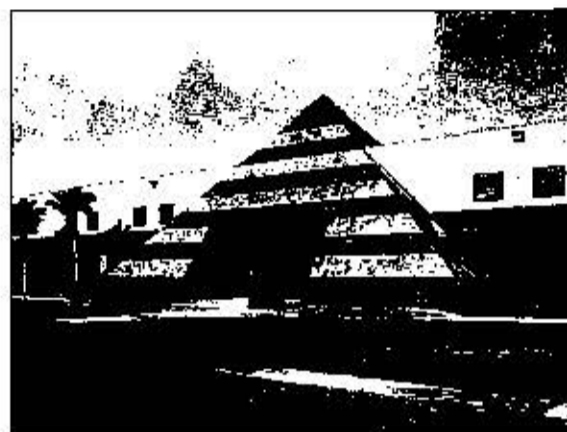
In the corporate lobby is a triangular reception desk made of richly stained domestic oak and walnut, both unendangered woods. Bressan's wife, artist Tahmineh Javanbakht, fashioned a bench out of sinuous walnut and an upholstered roll. Nestled in two waiting rooms are snail-shaped couches that seem to spiral from a gray concrete floor imbedded with seashells.

In the salon, a philosophy of energy conservation dictates that the incandescent and fluorescent lights be triggered by motion detectors; heating coils heat water instantly. The floor consists of recycled wood chips, and movable work stations are constructed of birch plywood.

But perhaps the best example of Sebastian's Earth-first attitude is the company's very own miniature rain forest, created by designer Bernhard Meck. The two-story biotope holds catfish, perch and caimans from the Amazon, blooming bromeliads and orchids, and a waterfall. It also features artist Liz Young's steel tree hung with wax fruit and her tornado-shaped bird cage.

The idea of saving the planet is clearly alive and well here. No mystery in that.

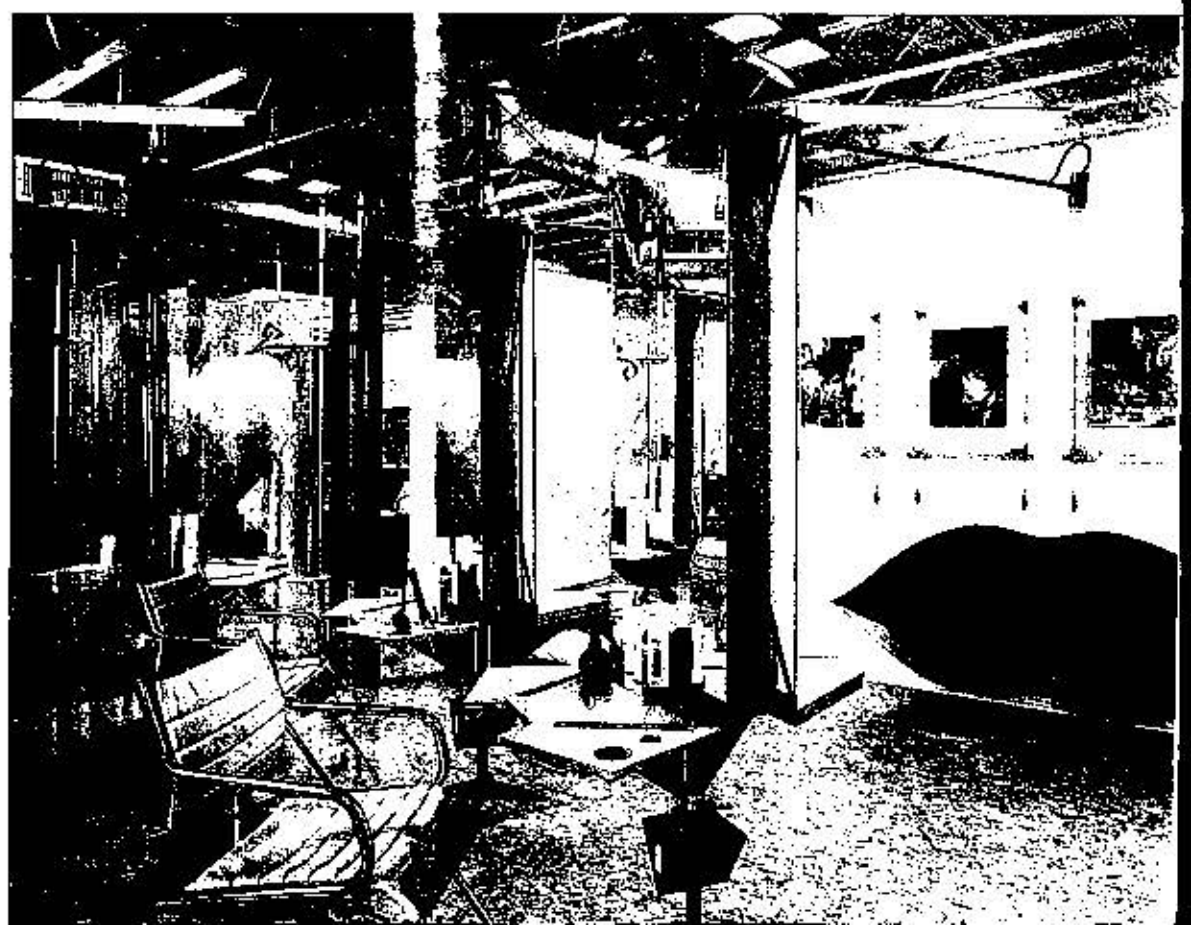
—BARBARA THORNBURG



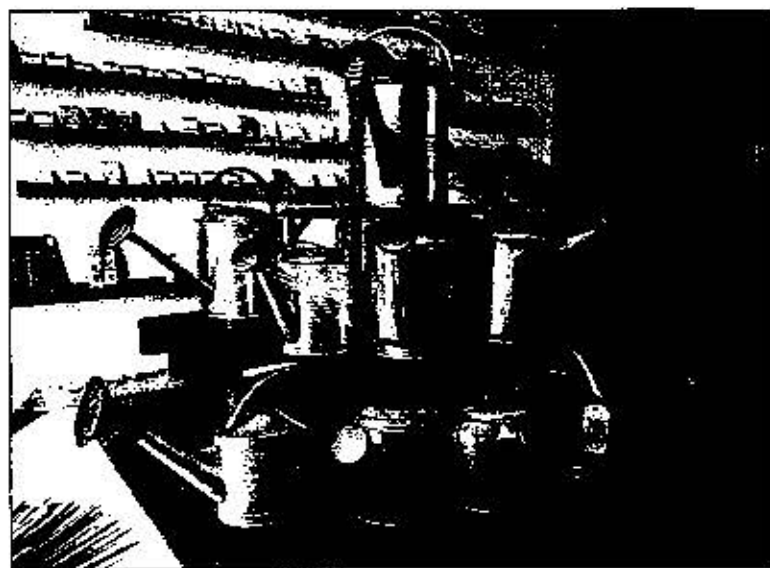
Above: Waiting rooms feature a snail-shaped couch on a floor studded with shells.  
Below: A bird cage and a steel tree with wax fruit complement the rain forest.



Above: Sebastian International's miniature rain forest contains fish and plants from the Amazon. It can be viewed from a bench made out of an oak log strung with rubber cord.  
Right: The corporate lobby features a boatlike reception desk and a granite etching by artist Mimi Policappelli.  
Far right: C.E.N.T.R.E. hair salon's flooring is made of recycled wood chips.



# Nature's Way



Natural gardening is taking root in Southern California. Described by one advocate as "simply using what might naturally occur in the garden," it rules out most man-made chemicals and is therefore similar to organic gardening. But while organic gardening may seem a bit like wizardry, with its often elaborate procedures and concoctions, natural gardening concentrates on simple, even obvious, solutions to garden problems: Does the soil lack nutrients? Add manure or compost. Is a particular bug becoming a pest? Sic another bug on it. That's how nature restores order.

The absence of chemical fertilizers and strong pesticides at the new La Brea Avenue store called Seeds is a sign of our gardening times. Partners Catherine Dyer and Kathy Kerr, who are committed to selling only natural and organic gardening supplies, started their business "to put our beliefs into practice." They don't stock the common man-made chemical fertilizer, ammonium nitrate, but they do carry an amazing selection of natural fertilizers—cricket droppings, bat guano and seaweed, to name a few.

Dyer and Kerr offer alternatives to chemical pest control as well. These range from naturally occurring botanical poisons such as pyrethrum, derived from chrysanthemums, to the ultimate bug killers: other creatures. Seeds is one of the few places where you can find predatory decollate snails and beneficial nematodes.

The owners even scrutinize garden tools before putting them on their shelves. There are no leaf blowers, not even a power mower, in sight. Instead, Seeds carries a manual lawn mower, rakes and other hand tools to cut grass, clip hedges and turn soil with no stinky exhaust and virtually no noise. It also has books on natural and organic gardening, open-pollinated and organically grown seed, and plans for classes on natural gardening. —ROBERT SMAUS



## LOOKS

# A Fresh Approach to Good Grooming

It isn't always easy to use cosmetics *and* advocate making the world a cleaner, healthier place. But the opening of the West Coast's first Aveda Esthetique this month at the Beverly Center offers one more one-stop shopping outlet for consumers who prefer to use makeup, hair-care, skin-care and aroma products developed without petroleum-based or animal-tested ingredients.

The airy store-salon stocks the entire line of Aveda products, formulated with the essences of plants and flowers from around the world. Lip Colour, \$11, is made of rose wax, beeswax, peppermint oil and basil. There's Colour Enhancing Shampoo, \$6 to \$17, which comes with chamomile for blond highlights and clove for brunet highlights. And Hydrotherapy Foundation, \$13, is a lightly tinted moisturizer containing the oil of evening primrose and vitamins A and E.

For those interested in spa treatments, facilities for hair styling, scalp massage, makeup and facials are in the back. Natch. —



# Government granting more freedom in 80th-anniversary year

The Republic of China on Taiwan is celebrating the anniversary of the government's founding eight decades ago. According to the government, the country has prepared for the anniversary by accelerating democratic reforms over the past year.

Since Lee Teng-hui took office as president on May 20, 1990, he has been working to create a new era of democracy and freedom for the Chinese people. Lee and Premier Hau Pei-tsun have promoted constitutional reform, economic development, active and pragmatic foreign relations, culture and education, and improved relations between Taiwan and mainland China.

The nation's constitution was promulgated on Dec. 25, 1947, but soon thereafter communist rebellion threatened the government. After Chiang Kai-shek's nationalist government moved to Taiwan, it formulated what are called the Temporary Provisions Effective During the Period of Communist Rebellion.

The provisional articles endowed the head of state with far more powers than originally pro-

## TAIWAN Republic of China

vided by the Republic of China constitution. Constitutional government in Taiwan was, for all intents and purposes, left in an incomplete state.

Over the past four decades, the provisional articles helped maintain social order, creating a base for development that made Taiwan economically strong. Return to constitutional rule and full democracy, however, remained a common desire of the citizens and the government.

Taiwan implemented constitutional reform in a National Affairs Conference that convened in June, 1990. It terminated what it called the Period of National Mobilization for Suppression of the Communist Rebellion last May 1.

In his inauguration speech, President Lee said that constitutional and parliamentary reforms were to be completed within two years. Soon thereafter, the ruling party formed a Constitutional Reform Planning Committee. After eight months of planning and more than 500 meetings in which a broad range of views were solicited, the committee recommended a two-phase constitutional reform program.

In early April this year an extraordinary session of the First National Assembly was held to carry out the first phase of constitutional reform. It abrogated the Provisional Articles and adopted the Additional Articles to the Constitution, which gave the

president emergency powers and stipulate how the next delegates to the three parliamentary bodies are to be elected.

At a press conference held on April 30, Lee announced that the Period for National Mobilization for Suppression of the Communist Rebellion would be terminated the following day, May 1. He also abolished the Temporary Provisions Effective During the Period of Communist Rebellion

Please see REFORMS, Page C



President Lee Teng-hui

# Cultural climate right for renaissance of traditional Chinese arts

One area that seems to be benefiting from the current period of social, political and intellectual ferment in Taiwan is culture.

This period of transition, as it is often termed, has meant adjustments in practically every aspect of Taiwan society, down to its very roots. But Chinese culture is blossoming, both by reaching out and looking inward, reviving tradition and being created anew.

In contrast to Taiwan's strong economic development over the past few decades, culture has not generally been a high government or popular priority. While many aspects of traditional Chinese culture were preserved, they were not actively developed or widely promoted. Western cultural standards dominated in such arts as music, dance and theater. Many people were familiar with



Peking-style opera is a traditional art that thrives in Taiwan.

Beethoven and ballet, but not with their Chinese counterparts.

Along with the greater social and political openness that be-

came most apparent five or so years ago, however, came a reexamination of almost everything that in the past was taken for

granted.

Increased contacts with the Chinese mainland have been a further catalyst in occasioning a new look at traditional Chinese culture. At the same time, a "Taiwan fever" and an interest in searching for one's roots is spreading to all areas of intellectual and artistic activity.

One of the results of these trends has been revivals of traditional arts that many had feared might die out, such as *nan-kuan* and *pei-kuan*, traditional instrumental and singing arts of Fukien and Taiwan provinces. Traditional Taiwanese opera and puppet art are further examples.

Folk arts are enjoying popular comebacks. Those arts include colorful handmade dough or syrup figures, as well as folk singing and traditional games.

# Economy on rebound, Taiwan opens investment opportunities

In 1990, Taiwan's economy hit its lowest ebb in nearly a decade, but it maintained its vigor even then. The downturn hit bottom early this year, before the resolution of the Persian Gulf crisis.

Accordingly, the government expanded public spending by 20% and formulated a large-scale Six-Year National Development Plan. The Central Bank unveiled a new credit policy to improve the economic climate. It began increasing the money supply and simultaneously lowered the reserve requirements of the banking system in order to avoid a credit crunch.

The Taiwan economy managed a real growth rate of 5.29% in 1990. Measured in growth of the gross national product, it was the lowest rate of growth since 1983. But compared with the GNPs of other countries, it was still a good performance. Taiwan outperformed some of the newly industrialized economies of Asia.



Taipei's World Trade Center is a symbol of Taiwan's new economic standing.

Exports rose steadily in the first six months of 1991.

Taiwan is working to improve its investment climate, encourage technological upgrading, strengthen research and development and revise investment regu-

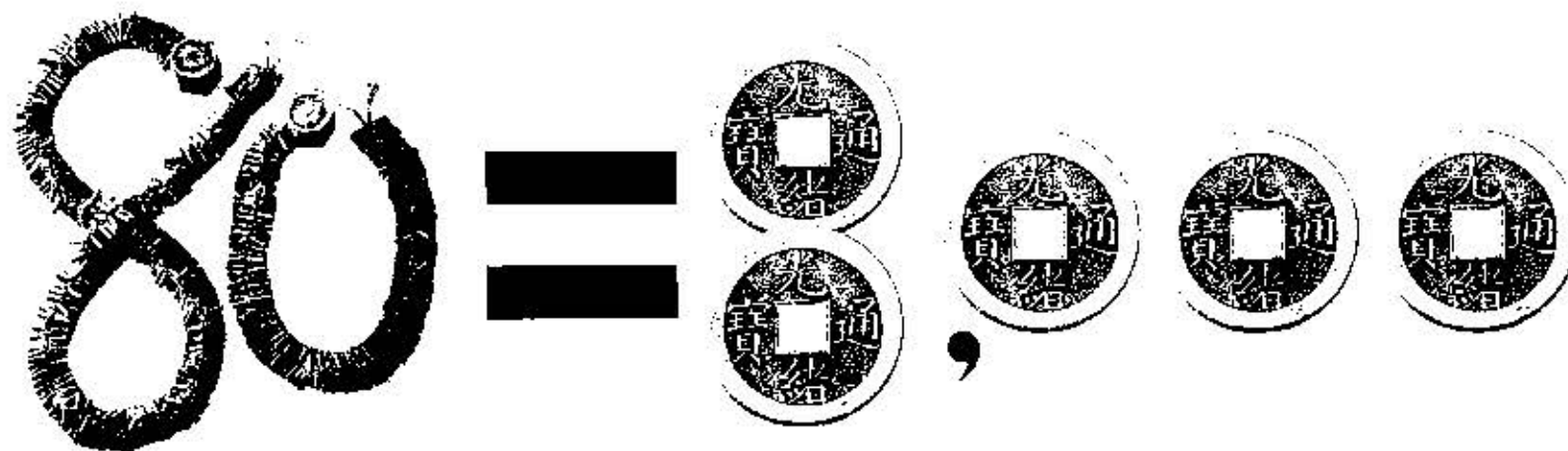
lations. The Six-Year National Development Plan calls for many large projects totaling \$300 billion that present numerous opportunities for public bidding.

One of the major goals of the Six Year National Development

Plan is to develop Taipei into a regional financial center for the Pacific Basin. The plan includes setting up rules and regulations governing the management of international money brokers, improving and expanding electronic communications equipment, reducing the cost of long-distance telephone and telegraph services, creating hospitable conditions for foreign dealers to work and trade in Taiwan, allowing gold transactions and issuance of gold deposit receipts, and liberalizing foreign futures transactions.

To liberalize and internationalize the economy, the government has adopted several measures concerning trade, investment and privatization of government-run corporations. The government has also simplified import and export screening procedures, lifted trade restrictions and removed outdated regulations to let importing and exporting proceed according to market demand.

## The Republic of China's 80th Year



To Chinese, the number "8" is a sign of good fortune. It so happens that in the Republic of China's 80th year, its per capita GNP broke the US\$8,000 mark. A sign of good fortune? Certainly.

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**TAIWAN REPUBLIC OF CHINA**

# Social welfare now a priority in changing Taiwan

Taiwan's society in the past 15 years has gone from a primarily rural, agricultural base to one that is increasingly urban.

At the same time, specialization in occupational fields has taken place as the economic structure shifts from agriculture and other labor-intensive employment to businesses, services and high-technology manufacturing. While economic development has continued at breakneck speed, it has resulted in extensive social mobility and a loosening of traditional bonds of social control.

Several social problems have already emerged that require prompt attention. Industrialization has brought a concentration of the labor force into the cities, and the resulting urbanization has created employment insecurity and the whole array of urban



Science class—Taiwan is moving toward a more high-tech economy.

issues faced by nations around the globe.

Among the new social policies, the principle one is a plan for nationwide health insurance. It is scheduled to broaden health insurance coverage in 1994 from the present 49% of the total population of Taiwan to more than 90%.

In addition to the planned nationwide health insurance program, the government has already

passed a wide range of welfare provisions for socially and economically deprived groups, including the poor, the elderly, the handicapped, dependent children and working mothers. Welfare laws for the elderly, the handicapped and children, established or revised over the past decade, have stipulated that the government is to be the key provider of welfare services.

# REFORMS

Continued from Page A

and promulgated the Additional Articles of the Constitution, in accordance with the resolutions adopted by the second extraordinary session of the First National Assembly.

These proclamations not only laid down the legal basis for the reelection of the parliamentary bodies in the future, but also paved the way for the second phase of the revision of the constitution, which will be carried out by the Second National Assembly.

Stories for this special advertising section were prepared by the Government Information Office in Taipei and edited by the special advertising sections staff of the Los Angeles Times Marketing Department.

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## The Republic of China's 80th Year



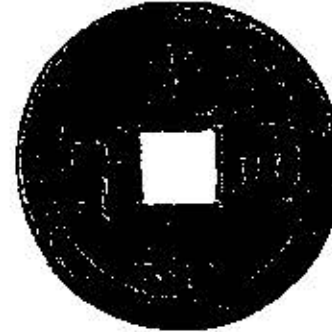
Calligraphic stroke style  
typical of the Oracle Bone carvings  
Shang Dynasty (1766-1111 B.C.)



Jade ornament  
Chow Dynasty (1122 B.C.-221 B.C.)



Hsuan Ten Plate  
Ming Dynasty (1368 A.D.-1644)



Bronze coin  
Ching Dynasty (1644-1911)



When most people think of Taiwan the first thing that usually comes to mind is the omnipresent "Made in Taiwan" label. Today, Taiwan is also gaining world renown as a hi-tech business and manufacturing center. Or as some call it, "Asia's Silicon Island."

But as visitors to Taiwan discover, there is much more to the prosperous island than world class trade and income statistics.

Now in its 80th year, the Republic of China, whose seat of government is temporarily located in China's island province of Taiwan, represents the finest hour in China's long cultural heritage. The republican era has brought not only unprecedented prosperity, freedom and democracy to a fortunate portion of

the Chinese people, but also cultural renaissance, backed by the wisdom and glory of more than 5,000 years of continuous cultural heritage, the best of which is still uniquely preserved and nurtured on Taiwan.

Whether you visit the National Palace Museum, which houses the world's finest collection of priceless Chinese antiquities, or sample world renown cuisine from all parts of China, you will discover the magnificence of China's past, uniquely blended with the modern comforts of today's Taiwan.

The Republic of China's 80th Year. Celebrating the finest hour of China's glorious, 5,000-year cultural heritage.

# TAIWAN REPUBLIC OF CHINA



# HERE'S LOOKIN' AT YOU

**I**n a week of serious Southern California eating, only three things thrilled my visiting 16-year-old niece. The first was Granita—less for the food (although she did say that the lemon *granita* was “the best dessert I’ve ever eaten”) than for the sight of Tom Hanks sitting at the next table. It was, she said, an important moment in her life.

The second thrill was strawberry ice cream from Häagen-Dazs; how this particular pleasure had managed to escape her for so long is a mystery to me, but she went home determined to stake out the nearest Häagen-Dazs emporium.

The third thrill was dinner at Typhoon. After I had treated her to what I thought was a superb meal in Monterey Park, she was relieved to get what she identified as “some real Chinese food.”

By real Chinese food, you understand, she means the stuff that’s served in suburban Kansas. If you’re old enough, you’ll recognize it right away by the sweet, sticky sauces that suffocate so many of the dishes. See that sauce sitting next to the vegetable spring rolls? That clear, gooey, pink puddle? “This,” said my niece eagerly, “is just like the food at home!”

She was happy with the shrimp chow mein, too—it tasted familiar, she said. A definite relief to hear after she had exclaimed, “Yuck, what’s *this*?” about the dish on the table. “This” was *kim chee*—garlicky, spicy, pickled cabbage that made me every bit as hopeful as it made my niece uncomfortable. There were other dishes that gave me hope—a plate of lightly fried squid served with a clear vinegar sauce, chicken satay that had been marinated in coconut milk, and a dish of barbecued Korean short ribs that were plain and meaty, charred on the outside, still pink at the bone.

I was eager to be pleased by Typhoon. It’s an entirely likable restaurant that sits perched above the runway at the Santa Monica airport. Looking down at the small old planes, it’s easy to imagine Ingrid Bergman and Humphrey Bogart out there lurking in the shadows. Although the restaurant itself is perfectly modern, even a little spare, it manages not to ruin the illusion. There is something



Typhoon restaurant looms through a fog over Santa Monica airport.

about the room—the big curved windows, the Pacific weather map that occupies one wall, the small red airport lights shedding a warm glow across the tables—that makes you feel that you are in a faraway airport, waiting for the next plane to Lisbon.

The service contributes to the effect; it has a sort of Rick’s Cafe quality. Refugees from everywhere seem to have washed up here. Our waitress one night was from Poland; “I really love these Thai noodles,” she said as she put down a heaping platter. Another night it was an Asian man, who praised the shrimp tempura. Everybody who works here is extraordinarily pleasant; the people all seem anxious to please and eager to praise the food. Ask any one of them which dishes are the best, and the answer will be encyclopedic.

But it will not necessarily be one you can trust. The Polish woman was enormously

enthusiastic about the Japanese eggplant—which turned out to be chunks of greasy eggplant with onions and bell peppers in a sweet and heavy sauce. My niece loved it; everybody else at the table watched in astonishment as she gobbled it up.

In fact, she gobbled up everything in sight. For, despite the pan-Asian emphasis of the menu (dishes from Japan, Korea, Thailand and the Philippines all put in appearances), most of the food is relentlessly middle-American. Order shrimp with spicy chili sauce, and what you get are overcooked curls of shrimp in a sauce that is a little sour and quite sweet, with just a touch of chili sauce thrown in for heat. Order *shiu mai*, and what you end up with are dumplings that bear as much resemblance to Swedish meatballs as they do to the airy offerings of a good dim-sum house.

And yet there’s something comforting about ordering dishes you remember from your childhood—crunchy spring rolls, bland won-ton soup, *kung pao* chicken that has more garlic than chiles—especially when you can do it in a room as wonderful as this one. Typhoon is a sort of new wave Trader Vic’s: hip, young, not very expensive. In the open kitchen, energetic chefs scrape away at woks. At the large bar, people in casual clothes sit sipping

*Spring Rolls,  
Won-Ton Soup,  
Chow Mein—  
Familiarity  
Breeds Teen-Age  
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**By  
Ruth Reichl**

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silly concoctions, surrounded by visual puns (hangars hanging on the wall). There are beautiful lamps over the cozy booths and nice graphics everywhere you look.

And so I find myself drifting back to Typhoon. I like the way the place feels. I find myself sitting at those big panoramic windows with a cherry-topped drink, watching planes from the past fly in. I order chicken satay or fried squid and follow it with a nostalgic dish of chow mein. Sometimes I order the Burma ribs, which can be very, very hot—and an excuse to order a second drink.

I like to imagine that I'm in some forgotten outpost, waiting for the mail plane to arrive. But most of all, I just like to sit at the window, participating in the drama of flight. If I concentrate really hard, I can imagine that my niece is in that little plane coming in, and I order some spring rolls to celebrate her return.

*Typhoon, 3221 Donald Douglas Loop S., Santa Monica; (213) 390-6565. Open Tuesday through Sunday for lunch and dinner; Sunday for brunch. Full bar. Valet parking. All major credit cards accepted. Dinner for two, food only, \$20-\$40.*

## Boris Yeltsin

*Continued from Page 16*  
five or six hours. At that time, no one had thought of *glasnost*, yet he appeared on television to answer letters and to take phone calls."

In April, 1985, a few weeks after the appointment of Gorbachev as party general secretary, Yeltsin was summoned to Moscow to be head of a section in the Central Committee construction department. He was recommended by Yegor K. Ligachev, Gorbachev's No. 2 in the party. He had turned down previous job offers in the capital, but this time he reluctantly packed his bags. "I had never had any ambition or even wish to work in Moscow," Yeltsin wrote later, an interesting admission from a man frequently charged with Napoleonic ambition. His new job of supervising construction work duplicated what he had done in Sverdlovsk, but this time the responsibilities covered the whole Soviet Union.

Soon named a Central Committee secretary, a party executive job, he joined the inner circle of the leadership, gaining his first glimpse of the spoils of

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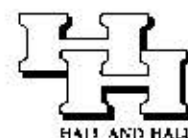
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high office. He was offered the luxurious *dacha* that Gorbachev had vacated on his promotion to party chief. In December, 1985, Yeltsin was summoned by Gorbachev and the other Politburo members and told he was to replace Viktor Grishin as head of the Moscow city party organization and, by virtue of that, become a candidate member of the Politburo. Yeltsin realized he was being used as a weapon to remove and discredit a major Gorbachev rival.

Despairing of the party apparatus, Yeltsin soon tried to activate the moribund city soviet, or council, by reminding its deputies of their responsibilities to the voters. This was an open heresy, because deputies were supposed to act as faithful guardians of the party's interests, not those of the voters.

The party and city bureaucracy in Moscow began to resist Yeltsin's attempts at reform. One editor said the sabotage of Yeltsin's initiatives extended to letting fresh fruit and vegetables rot in warehouses instead of putting them on sale, and sending trains loaded with fresh produce back to the Caucasus without being unloaded.

Yeltsin was in conflict with a whole political culture, whose rules and rituals he had come to detest. "This was a man at the top level of the leadership who seemed to me a real dissident," Mikhail Poltoranin, a political ally, said of Yeltsin.

Yeltsin's problems with his party superiors were mounting, too, as they blocked personnel changes and democratic reforms he sought. Furthermore, he had little in the way of concrete results to show the capital's residents how he had improved their lives. After a while, the only question was how the final breach would occur. His increasingly outspoken speeches about corruption and the slowness of *perestroika* led to worsening relations with Gorbachev, who was not prepared to tackle the party apparat head-on. "There can be no doubt that at that moment Gorbachev simply hated me," Yeltsin wrote later about one of their quarrels.

Yeltsin was pushed over the brink by another big run-in, with Gorbachev lieutenant Ligachev, at a Politburo meeting at which Ligachev objected to Yeltsin's tolerance of demonstrations and set up a commission of inquiry into how he was running Moscow. Yeltsin wrote to Gorbachev, who was on vacation, to tell him of his decision to resign. "My style, my frankness and my past history reveal me as being

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Yeltsin's statement to warn about the danger of an emerging Russian "czarist empire."

President Nursultan Nazarbayev of Kazakhstan joined the outcry, warning that a demand to renegotiate borders could provoke a war. Yeltsin dispatched his vice president, Alexander Rutskoy, and Leningrad Mayor Anatoly A. Sobchak to Kiev to mend fences with the Ukrainians, and later Yeltsin had talks with Nazarbayev. Repairing some of the damage, Yeltsin also promised TV viewers that "imperial attitudes are a thing of the past."

Speaking to the Congress of People's Deputies in September, he declared that Russia would protect the interest of Russians beyond its borders but added: "The Russian state, having chosen democracy and freedom, will never be an empire, nor an elder or younger brother. It will be an equal among equals."

Thus, as Charles de Gaulle 30 years ago reconciled the French to a state that no longer included Algiers or Oran, Yeltsin will have to reconcile the Russians to a future in which Kiev, Odessa and the Crimea may be part of an independent Ukraine. Within the arbitrarily drawn borders of the Russian republic, Yeltsin will have to resolve the same contradiction as Gorbachev in the Soviet Union—between democratizing his empire and keeping it together. It may be almost impossible to find a democratic constitutional settlement that will balance the need for a cohesive Russian nation-state against the strivings of Tatars, Bashkirs and other national groups for enhanced statehood.

But if Yeltsin, with his mass popularity and democratic mandate, cannot achieve these twin goals, then the chances of anyone else's succeeding are slim.

No politician is fully tested until he has not only fought for power but captured it and used it. For a born rebel, the real examination begins when the long passage through the political wilderness is over, and there is no one left to rebel against. If Boris Yeltsin fails in his declared aim of leading the rebirth of Russia, he will go down as just another *samozvanets*, or pretender. If he meets the challenge and succeeds, he may join that special category of rebels who, like Churchill and de Gaulle, return from the wilderness in the middle of national collapse with the aura of men who were right before their time. ■



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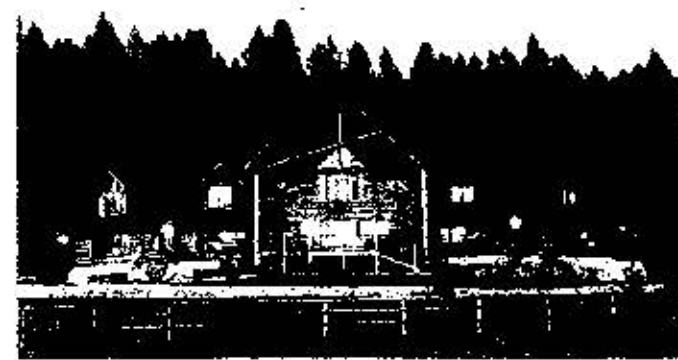
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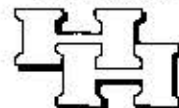
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# The Millers

Continued from Page 20

of valor. By the time he was 10, he was shooting from Carrie's flower beds. "Reggie practiced like crazy," Cheryl says. Reggie became a driveway sweat machine and long-range Houdini.

He also grew taller than his elders: 6-foot-7. Saul and Carrie had a special bed made to suit the tall, skinny kid whose suddenly perfect legs allowed him to fake a high-arc rainbow, stutter-step to the hoop and dunk the ball.

Following Cheryl into sports at Poly High, Reggie was astonished to find high school ball less challenging than the driveway games at home. Still, he played in his sister's shadow. Leaping off the bus after a big game, he hugged her and said, "I got 39!"

"Reggie, that's great," Cheryl said.

"How'd you do tonight?"

"I got 105."

"Oh."

The next day Cheryl's 105 was covered in sports pages from coast to coast. Reggie's game was forgotten except by classmates who razed him about getting outscored by his sister to the tune of 66 points. Saul didn't help matters by raving about Cheryl's game: "A feat to behold!" But if Reggie's heart ached, he kept the hurt to himself.

"Reg and I are close. Like this," says Cheryl, making a fist. So close, in fact, that they have a pact: When he gets married, Reggie will have no best man. She will be his "Best Cheryl," and he will be "Reggie of Honor" at her wedding. She may have bruised his ego by tripling his thunder that night, Cheryl says, "but there was never a look of envy in his eye. He was never jealous of me."

"Right," says Reggie. Now a professional sharpshooter who swears it's easier to shoot over Robert Parish and Vlade Divac in NBA games than it was to win at Miller driveway hoop, he says, "I was proud when she got 105. What bothered me was losing to her at home. My whole goal was *beat Cheryl*. But it wasn't jealousy."

It was family. Miller pride, not envy, drove Reggie, and his proudest moment came the day he finally beat his big sister one-on-one. "I loved it," he says, savoring the memory.

"I hated it," says Cheryl. "At first I hated it. Then I thought of how hard he'd worked, and it wasn't so bad."

In 1986, Reggie was more than the Millers' new top gun. He was UCLA's long-range bomber. Regularly threading jumpers from 25 feet—the distance from Carrie's azaleas to the basket back home—he averaged 26 points per game his junior year, leading the Bruins to their first conference title since '83. To the fans, however, he was Cheryl's little brother. She was the international star, the one who slapped Olympic high fives with the President, jetted to Washington to testify before the U.S. Senate in favor of the 1984 Civil Rights Act, turned down a chance to be the first female Globetrotter, rubbed elbows with Mayor Tom Bradley on Dec. 12, 1986—"Cheryl Miller Day" in Los Angeles. She was the one dribbling behind her back on the Grammy Awards on national TV to Donna Summer's "She Works Hard for the Money" while Michael Jackson cheered her on. Cheryl was America's basketball darling. Reggie was merely the college game's best shooter. When he lined up to shoot a free throw, opposition fans cried, "Cheryl! Cheryl!"

"It was intense," he says, understating the case. He now calls the taunts "a motivating factor."

"Reggie responds to adversity. He feeds on it. He always has," says Cheryl, who winced when she heard his name used as a catcall.

Saul, as usual, has the last word: "Reggie hit those shots." Call it coincidence if you like, Saul says, but look up the stats and you'll see that Reggie Miller was—and is—the finest free-throw shooter in the game.

Last season the Indiana Pacers rewarded their all-star guard with a five-year contract worth more than \$17 million. As one of the NBA's top players, Reggie Miller makes about \$20,000 per game, enough in a few months to top his sister's annual six-figure TV salary. "This is the same skinny guy I used to beat up on Colorado Avenue, and now he's making bank," Cheryl says, amazed. And while her brother still hears an occasional "Cheryl! Cheryl!" on the road, more often the Nike is on the other foot: Recently, Cheryl went to an L.A. nightspot, the Palladium, expecting the usual VIP treatment. No go. Then she name-dropped, and "Reggie Miller's sister" was admitted with fanfare.

Cheryl says she loves Reggie's new renown. "It's his turn now, and he earned it. Nobody works harder than Reggie. He

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made up his mind to be a great player and he did it—with a little help from his sister." Pause for effect. "But I don't have a million-dollar house!" she yells, pounding her head with mock fury.

ACCORDING TO TAMMY, THE baby sister who chose volleyball because every hoops trophy on Earth seemed to be claimed by her siblings, Reggie and

Cheryl are so close they're nearly twins. Elder brothers Saul Jr. and Darrell still play deputy dad, Tammy says, though the role is now advisory and telephonic.

Darrell, who lives with his wife, Kelly, in Brea, is the most serious Miller, the only one who bristles when asked about Reggie's millions. "I'm doing fine," he says. "I don't have to ask Reggie for money." Described by his father as

"very heavy, brain-wise," Darrell is the Millers' stiff upper lip. Carrie still has the angelic disposition she was born with, but the years have changed Saul. Retired from the Air Force, sitting in the den with his kids' myriad mementos, he's almost mellow. As for Tammy, "I'm the best dancer," she says. "Don't let anyone tell you different."

That may be a small claim to fame in

this all-star household, but Tammy laughs off sibling rivalry. Growing up last "was an advantage," she says. "I was absolutely spoiled!" She lugged water buckets for Cheryl's school teams and showed Miller pride by wearing Cheryl's and Reggie's lettermen's jackets to school; by playing a "minor" sport, she avoided the public struggles that dogged her famous elders. Almost as an afterthought, she grew up to be a 6-foot volleyball spiker.

Tammy spent last summer at Riverside's Van Horne Youth Center, counseling kids whose lives have been less idyllic than hers. At home, where she plays records and studies law in a house full of her sibs' trophies, she breakfasts on Carrie's oatmeal and helps her parents plan the family's next reunion.

The Millers, spread over three states and 3,000 miles since Reggie joined the Pacers and Saul Jr. took his saxophone to Washington, get together every Christmas. This year the annual singing, dancing, Monopoly- and Scrabble-playing shindig moves to Reggie's place. The Miller millionaire is single, but he recently bought a four-bedroom home in Indianapolis. "I thought, 'Even my family will fit in here.'" Sleepy Indiana may never be the same.

At Christmas the Millers go nuts. They stop being "The Millers, Riverside's upstanding black family"—Cheryl's words—and cut loose with a long weekend of music, yelling, hoops, home movies, mom's beef stroganoff, Saul's critique of Reggie's shooting flaws (detected on the big-screen TV Reggie gave him) and some of the fiercest board games ever played. One Miller cheats at Monopoly and gets away with it. Reggie chucks a Scrabble square at Cheryl. Saul Jr. always plays "The Christmas Song," and the Millers sing of chestnuts on a fire, Jack Frost nipping noses—odd lyrics for a California family.

Saul quit playing jazz long ago, when Saul Jr. hit the club circuit. "When you see yourself coming around the other way, it's time to get out," he says. In fact, some music fans had seen "Saul Miller" on a handbill, paid their money and were disappointed to see a boy on the bandstand. So Saul stepped aside. No Miller quite admits it, but he quit because he did not want to eclipse his son. Last year, after hearing Junior blow his horn, Saul took him aside and said, "You know, you can play a little."

Says Saul Jr.: "That made me feel bad"—which means great.

Seven years ago, Saul Jr. joined the Air Force. He now plays for the Airmen of Note, the Air Force band that rejected a jazzman named Saul Miller 40 years ago. What goes around comes around, and in this family at least, it all seems to turn out for the best.

WITH THE MILLERS IN INDY FOR Christmas, the tall white house in Riverside where Tammy, Saul and Carrie still live will be empty this year—except for hundreds of mementos and even more echoes. Cheryl's old room, full of flags



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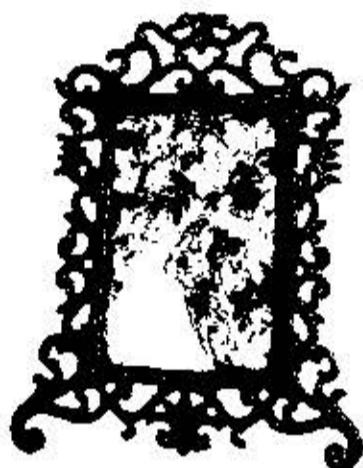
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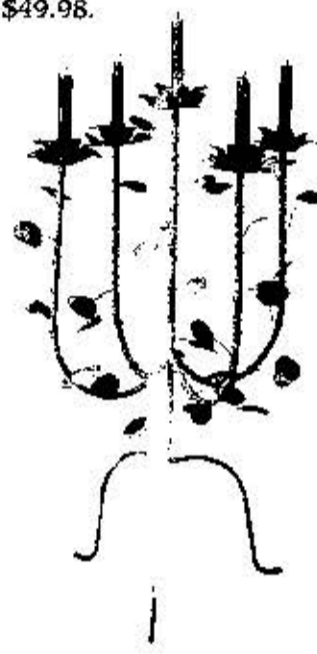
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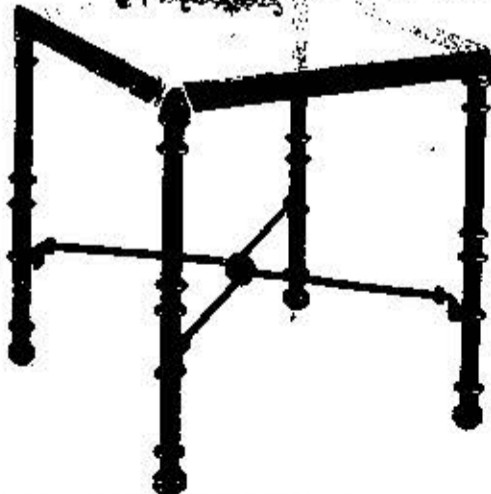


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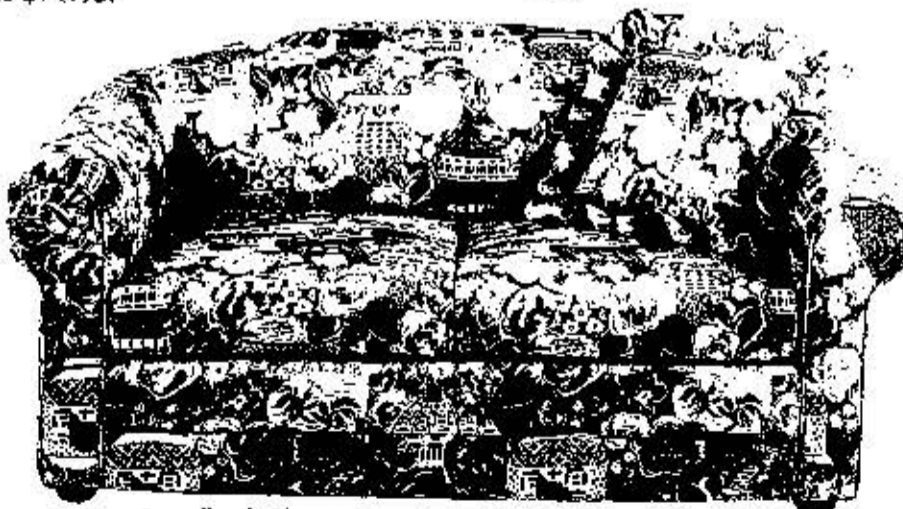
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