

ence room, the Mayor can run the entire city, communicating with the outside world via bugproof telephones.

The command center takes up a sprawling 46,000 square feet in a building just north of the World Trade Center towers—ironically enough, the site of a terrorist attack in 1993. The facility is meant to coordinate the responses of at least 50 city, state and Federal agencies to all sorts of disasters, except, perhaps, those of the electoral variety. The center is surrounded by a hurricane wall—it's made of bulletproof material, but not because officials are afraid of snipers, but because at 23 stories, the facility is vulnerable to flying debris. And here's why they built it in the sky rather than underground: According to an administration official intimately familiar with the project, the brittle water mains downtown could have endangered an underground facility. "Had we put it underground and there was a water main break," the official said, "we would have a multimillion-dollar swimming pool."

Getting into the center requires a card and a code, and those who enter will see a series of U-shaped consoles broken down into clusters for individual municipal agencies;

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HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BUNKER: COMMISSIONER HOWARD BAFIR, JR.

NBC's Vetting of Juanita Broadrick Clinton's Accuser Discusses Agonizing Weeks as Eight NBC Behind Serb Bombs, Her Story Rumbles—President Dodge

BY PHILIP WEISS

Sitting in her bedroom before the Jan. 20 interview on NBC with Lisa Myers, Juanita Broadrick could not believe that she was actually going to walk down the hallway into the living room and go through with it, that she, a very private and dignified woman, would say the word rape to a camera. "To this day, I don't know how I did it," she told me. In the living room, her son, Kevin Hickey, had a different concern.

"When they were setting up, I said, 'What's the process after this interview is finished? How will you go about getting it on

the air?'

"Lisa said she would have to speak to her higher-ups. I said, 'Wait a minute—what are the chances that this won't run?' My stepfather was standing there. And she said, 'None.' I said, 'O.K.'" Mr. Hickey paused. "And, you know, it ran. But how could she sit there and tell us that?"

The accusation by a mature businesswoman that she had been raped by Bill Clinton in 1978, when he was Arkansas' Attorney General, aired on NBC on Feb. 24, opposite the Grammy Awards. The 35-day interval between tape and air is now one of the legends of the impeachment process. Why didn't the American public get to hear Mrs. Broadrick before the Senate voted to acquit Mr. Clinton on Feb. 12?

"This came out at a time when it had the absolute smallest impact it could have," said Steve Friedman, a lawyer friend (who favored censure) said to me at lunch. "The thing was finally over. Everybody was sick of it, and the Republicans looked like a bunch of scoundrels when they said, 'You have to understand what we're seeing and can't talk

New York's Cell Phone Holdouts Embrace Gizmo They Once Hated

BY ALEXANDRA JACOBS

You know that jerk who's jabbing away on a cell phone? Now, it seems, more and more, that jerk is you.

For years, a great number of New Yorkers have disdained cellular phones. Those gizmos seemed a little, well, tacky, more suited to the car culture of wide-open Los Angeles than to the pedestrian confines of Manhattan. But lately, even the last few holdouts are giving up their resistance. They don't feel great about it, but they're purchasing cell phones of their own, bringing us all closer to that day, maybe 20 years hence, when a telephone that actually plugs into the wall is just another antique curiosity.

"I used to curse at people in the street," said West Village native Kenny Wachtel, 27, a film editor, speaking over his newly pur-

chased Motorola. "Now, I'm still annoyed. But then I'm like—'Oh, wait, I'm one of them.'"

So, too, is East Village resident Gary Greenberg, 35, a writer and stand-up comic. "It used to be every time I saw somebody with a cell phone, I thought they were obnoxious," he said. "Well, right now I'm standing in line in the middle of La Guardia, and I'm talking into thin air, and, yes, there is something a little obnoxious about it."

But Mr. Greenberg has ceased to care. Just like Aliza Rabinoff, a 27-year-old publicist who resisted

long after others in her field went cellular. She finally cracked last December. "I'll look in store windows and see myself talk-

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of the Internet I.P.O. cash frenzy.

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Agents Hate Restrictive Contract
From Editor's Miramax Venture

BY CARL SWANSON

From the beginning, Talk Media has been a hotbed of synergistic millennialism. At least publicly. Last summer, editor Tina Brown bubbled forth about how the magazine was going to be the "cultural search engine" that drove the whole multimedia enterprise—books to movies to TV shows. Now there is a book division

headed by Jonathan Burnham. And a TV development person: Gabé Doppelt, formerly editor of *Mademoiselle* and *VH1*. And they finally found a corporate partner: Hearst Magazines. But since the deal was announced, in February, Talk Media has been operating pretty much like ... well, just a magazine. And what remains of that original, synergistic impulse has been



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