

because they can't afford it. With average restaurant profits at 4 percent of gross, \$500,000 in sales produces \$20,000 in profits, before taxes. Nationwide, more than three-quarters of all eating and drinking establishments, some 525,000 businesses, have sales under \$500,000.

President Clinton's Council of Economic Advisors concludes that the job losses from the administration's health care plan will be at least 600,000. That estimate hasn't killed the plan—in Congress, the losses are “acceptable,” a term reminiscent of how the government reported losses in Vietnam—“only” 600,000 jobs, or perhaps 800,000. A current study by the Employment Policies Institute in Washington, D.C., puts “the job loss under the current plan at 3.1 million.” Carlos Bonilla, chief economist at the institute, says: “Ironically, the Clinton health care plan may ultimately hurt those it was designed to help, the low-income wage earner.”

In the case of restaurants, that figure strikes directly at Pennsylvania's second-largest employment sector. Further, the employees who will lose their jobs in restaurants because of health mandates are the people candidate Clinton promised to help—“the ones who do the work and play by the rules”—a food service workforce that's disproportionately made up of first-time job-holders, women, people who need flexible hours, students, and minorities.

Worse, we're being asked to buy a health care plan that is dangerous to our health because of the kind of jobs it destroys. Dr. M. Harvey Brenner, Professor at the Johns Hopkins University's School of Hygiene and Public Health, reported to the Joint Economic Committee, U.S. Congress, that the “typical finding is that for every one percent increase in the unemployment rate, there is a two percent increase over a 6-10 year period in the mortality rate.” In short, the Clinton health care plan will take its toll in cirrhosis of the liver, heart disease, infant mortality, motor vehicle accidents, lung cancer, homicide, and suicide.

It's clearly time for a new Clinton summit on health care and economics, this time with the small business innovators and risk-takers who are carrying this economy and with the physicians and other health care professionals who have created the world's best health care system. This time let's not stack the deck with Ivy League collectivists,

dreamy policy wonks, old college roommates, and all those litigious elitists who want to wrap the rest of us up in red tape.

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## Letter From Sarajevo

by *Borisa Starovic, M.D.*

### Tour in Hell



I have just escaped from 15 months in a hell that I once knew as Sarajevo. Ours is the fourth generation of my family to claim this ancient, cosmopolitan, multi-ethnic city as our home. My family is classified as Eastern Orthodox Christian. In the context of the present war, that makes us Serbs. I have lived most of my life under the communist regime of Josip Broz Tito. We were all called Yugoslavs. The atheistic communists did not outlaw the practice of religion; they simply discouraged it. It was not politically or socially acceptable to attend church or to observe the rites of any religion.

Sarajevo is the capital city of Bosnia-Herzegovina. Our people are either Eastern Orthodox Christian Serbs, Roman Catholic Croats, or Muslims. But the same Slavic blood flows through all our veins. Our ethnic preferences were set by our ancestors for historic reasons, usually as a condition for survival. But when the Berlin Wall was razed and the Iron Curtain collapsed, ethnic walls were raised all over Eastern Europe, and so we can no longer be known as Yugoslavs.

Our civil war has been called by many a religious war. That is not quite true. It is a war for freedom and self-determination. Our religious heritage only determines the uniform the soldiers wear. The Serbian Republic along with the Republic of Montenegro form what remains of the Federal Yugoslav Republic. Article 13 of the Serbian constitution guarantees freedom of religion, just as the United States Constitution does. All citizens are considered equal in the eyes

of the state. Serbs believe in the separation of church and state. This is not so in Croatia, where only Croats (Roman Catholics) are guaranteed the full rights of citizenship. Nor is it true in Bosnia-Herzegovina, where only Muslims can hold office, hold government jobs, teach in the schools, or otherwise benefit from full citizenship. In Muslim countries the church is the state. These basic differences in the rights of minority citizens are the true root of the conflict.

This difference is worsened by the borders of our breakaway republics. The new borders, the ones the breakaways of Croatia and Bosnia-Herzegovina now claim, are not the same borders that they brought to Yugoslavia when it was formed in 1919 by the Treaty of Versailles. They are “administrative borders,” established by Tito for the sole purpose of better managing the internal affairs of the communist state. They have no historic significance. But they place thousands of Serbs, mostly farmers, in new republics that deny them full rights of citizenship because of the religious preference of their ancestors. Though only about 20 to 30 percent of former Yugoslavs actually practice the religion of their ancestors, they cannot escape the label or the consequences.

I have been the dean of the medical

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school of the University of Sarajevo since 1989 and the head of the department of reconstructive and plastic surgery since 1978. I have also established an international reputation as a skilled plastic surgeon, specializing in the field of microscopic surgery, most specifically on trauma to the hands. I have never been able to distinguish a difference between the hands of a Serb, a Croat, or a Muslim through my microscope. The difference, if it exists, has never mattered to me, and it still doesn't. Over the years I have operated on a member of almost every single family in Sarajevo. I considered Sarajevo to be the ideal home. Not out of ignorance, since I have traveled extensively in both the East and the West. But it was cosmopolitan, cultured, and friendly.

The first act of terrorism came as a referendum vote on secession from Yugoslavia was being tallied on March 1, 1992. Three snipers opened fire on the wedding party of a Serbian couple at the Bascarsija Orthodox Church, killing Nikola Gardovic, the father of the groom. They then proceeded to burn the flag of the church, which had been unfurled for the festivities. Two of the killers were later positively identified as

Croats, one a Muslim. The latter became one of the most infamous bandits in Sarajevo. He ended up in our hospital, where he was treated surgically for a hand injury—just one of the little ironies of civil war. That single act of mindless violence unlocked the gates of hell. The barricades went up between ethnic enclaves, and Sarajevo became a city under siege.

My personal hell did not begin until a month later, when on April 6, as I was leaving my home for my early rounds at the hospital, I was struck in the shoulder and in the back of the head by two bullets. They were fired at me by a 23-year-old Muslim neighbor, a newcomer to the area, who shot me because I am a Serb—a fact I had almost forgotten. I became the first wounded person to be treated in my department in my own hospital. The wounds were painful but not so serious as to prevent me from being transformed from patient back to practicing surgeon after several weeks of healing. But I did have time to ponder the motivation that would trigger the attempted assassination of a surgeon who has devoted over 25 years to the healing of the sick in this very city. I felt that I had given my life to these people and

that my reward was two bullets.

That transformation also took me from my specialty of microscopic hand surgery to my new field of combat surgery. For the next 15 months the hospital became my home—and my hell. The supply of battered, bloodied bodies seemed endless; the pain and suffering beyond comprehension. I am not a young man. I was born in 1940, at the outbreak of World War II. Those 15 months aged me 15 years. I finally escaped to Serbia, but my health was devastated and my spirit broken.

Let me explain a little about the broken spirit. Our hospital staff represented all three major ethnic groups, as did our patients. We never treated any patient differently, regardless of ethnic label: soldier, civilian, or child. In the hospital all were ailing Yugoslavs, human beings suffering and dying.

Occasionally, we did get the opportunity to watch the television news reports emanating from the United States and Great Britain. It was difficult to believe they were covering the same war that we were experiencing. We Serbs, defending our homes from looters and pillagers, were vilified as invading aggressors. I was shot outside my own home, on the way to work. Invader? Aggressor?

I treated the victims of the notorious "Breadline Massacre" that was reported on Western TV as an artillery or mortar attack on civilians who were standing in line for bread: an attack by Serbian forces *at just the moment* that the only two professional TV cameras in the city were on hand to film the explosions. I found it very odd that there were no lacerations or puncture wounds on any of the victims. Neither were there any head or chest wounds, only trauma to the lower extremities. The wounds were obviously not caused by artillery shells; they were the result of preplanted demolition charges placed by Bosnian Muslim forces, triggered for the benefit of the TV cameras. For further proof, the surface of the "attack" area evidenced no star-shaped shell holes, which are typical of such explosions. Instead, there were two concentric circular holes that are now covered with flowers, in memory of the victims of their Muslim "friends." Several Muslim families were evacuated from their homes in the immediate area of the "attack" just prior to the media event. Coincidence? The United Nations has proof of this diabolic war

## A Little Elegy for Confessionalism

by Katherine McAlpine

The paeans to psychosis;  
the odes to body parts,  
divorces, overdoses,  
and "dying is an art"—

thank God, it's finally died,  
this cult of self-disclosure,  
committed suicide  
along with its composers.