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Cornel West, hipster intellectual

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Al Gore patrols the info highway

by Ken Auletta

'Sarah'

A short story by Allegra Goodman

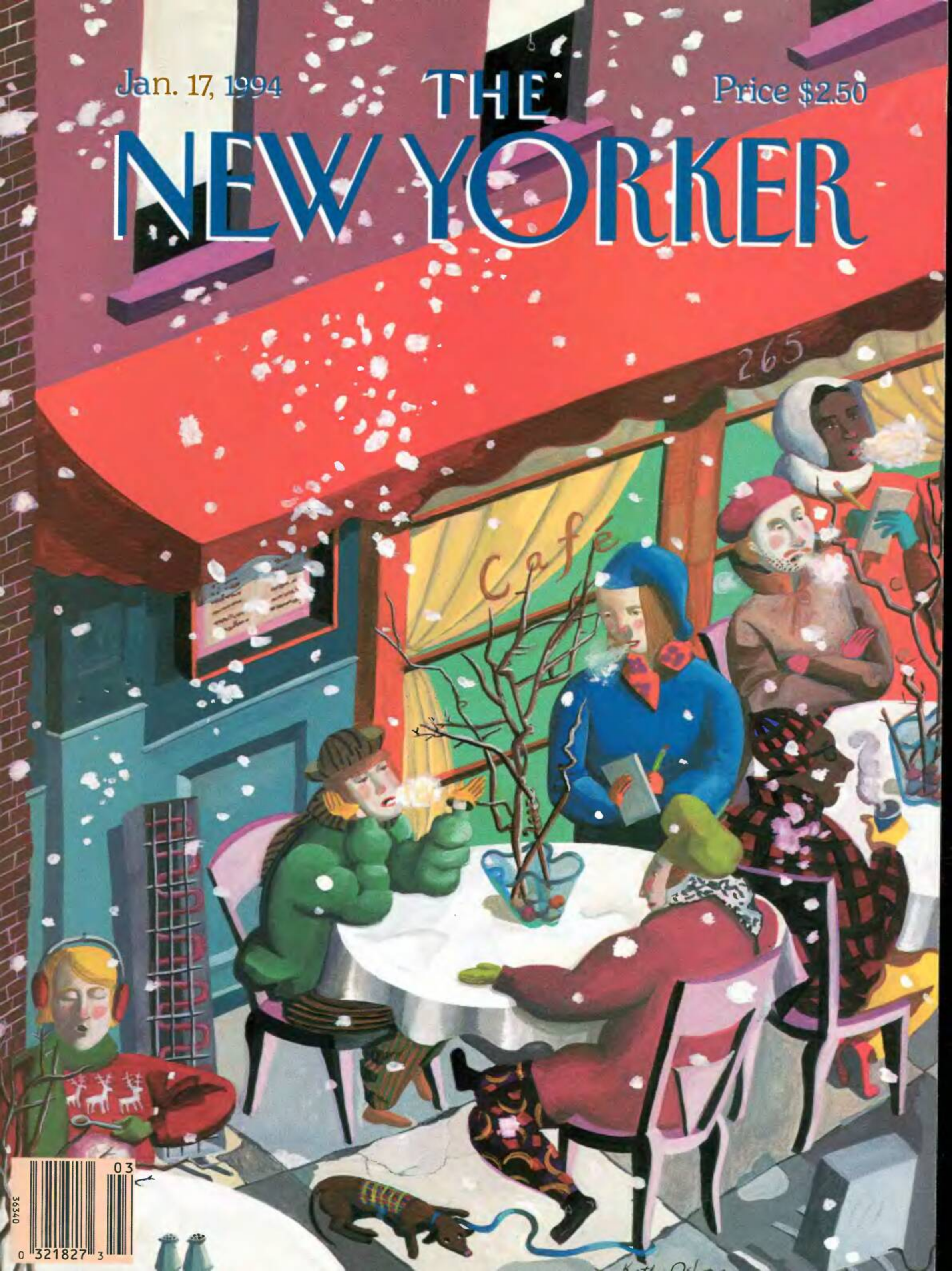
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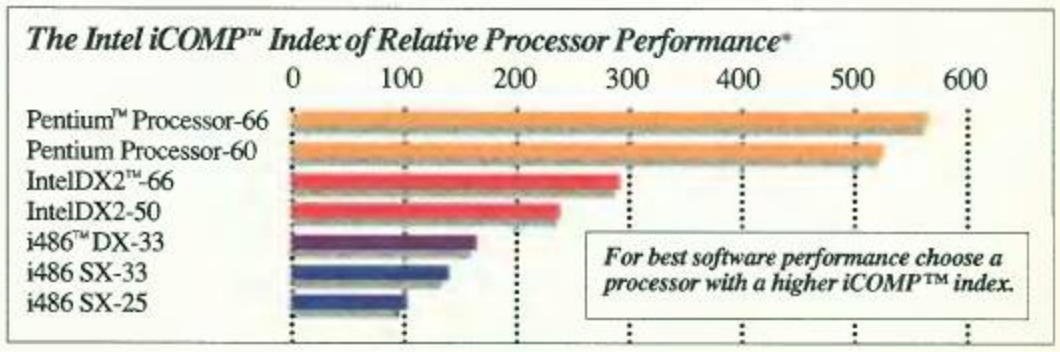
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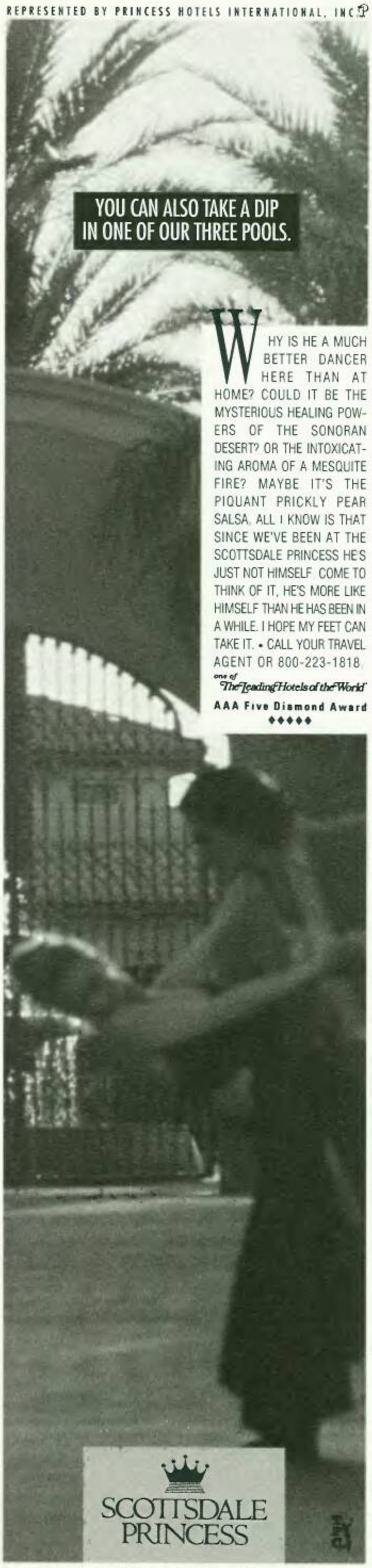
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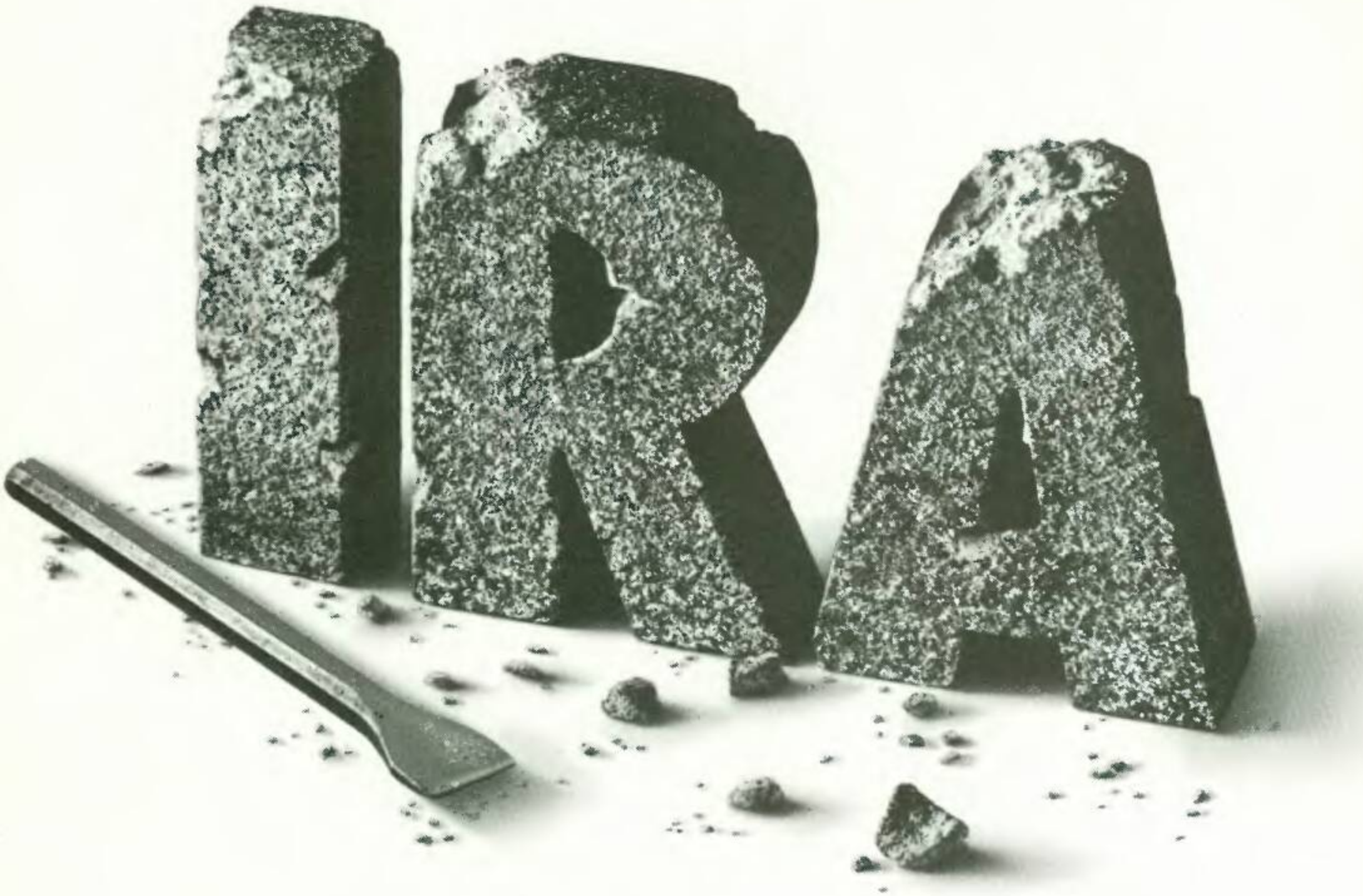
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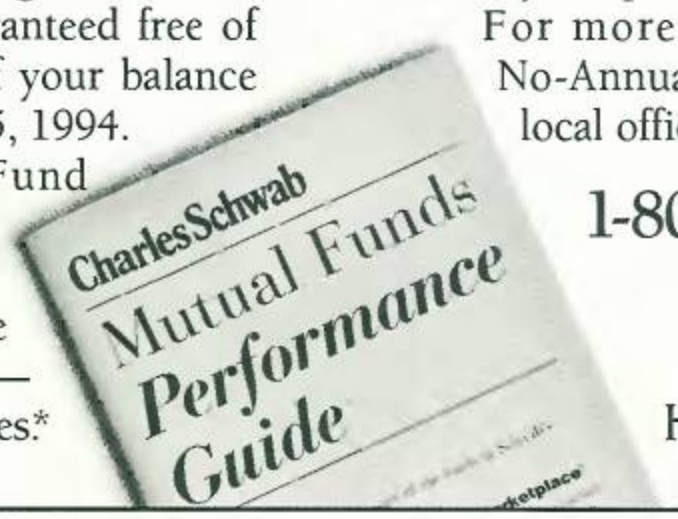
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WHITHER NATO? (NO, REALLY)

ONE of the benefits that humanity might have reasonably hoped to reap from the unexpected end of the Cold War was that nobody would ever again be asked to read, let alone obliged to write, another word about the future of NATO. But things don't seem to be working out that way. Last week, as President Clinton prepared to depart on his first trip to Europe since taking office (first stop: the headquarters of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, Brussels), the papers were full of nothing else.

For forty years—the alliance was founded in 1949—"Whither NATO?" was a cud that could be placidly chewed not only by editorialists but also by think-tankers, academics, and junketing politicians, often in comfortable European conference centers. The topic was an agreeable one for the same reason that it was journalistic shorthand for "boring": because everybody knew that in the end the answer to "Whither NATO?" would always be "Noplace." However it might be tinkered with, however the French might pout or the Germans fret, NATO would stay pretty much where and what it was. NATO's purpose, after all, was to prevent Soviet Communism from expanding beyond its existing boundaries, and NATO would be around as long as Soviet Communism was around, and Soviet Communism was something that nobody—hawk or dove, left, right, or center—seriously imagined living long enough to see the back of.

Now Soviet Communism and its empire are truly no more, and the question of NATO's future is, for the first time, truly open. Poland, Hungary, and the Czech Republic—the three most stable and politically advanced countries of the old Soviet bloc—are clamoring for membership. So is Slovakia, the fourth member of what is called (after the Hungarian town where their leaders met in 1991) the Visegrad group of countries. The Baltic states are in the queue, too. Indeed, all the countries of the former Soviet sphere in Europe have at one time or another since the empire's collapse expressed interest in joining—or, at least, becoming associ-

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ated with—the Atlantic alliance. This includes Russia itself, though in recent months—even before the strong showing of the nationalist right in December's parliamentary elections—President Yeltsin had begun to make it clear that his government would view the admission of the Visegrad countries to NATO in an unfriendly light.

The Visegrad countries did not seriously think they would be given full membership in NATO right away. But they did hope that the alliance would establish explicit criteria and definite procedures by which they (and any other countries able to meet the first and follow the second) might gain admission. That was, and is, a perfectly reasonable wish. Unfortunately, neither the Clinton Administration nor its counterparts in London, Paris, and Bonn are inclined to grant it. Instead, the Administration is proposing a "Partnership for Peace," the very name of which has an aroma of cant and equivocation. Countries affiliated with the "Partnership" would be allowed to participate with NATO members in joint military exercises and in disaster-relief and peacekeeping missions. And they would pledge to meet what Secretary of Defense Les Aspin, in outlining the idea recently, called "the two key political goals of the program: achieving civilian control of the military, and making defense budgets and policies transparent"—that is, making them public and describing them honestly. But even if a "Partner" should carry out its tasks faithfully and meet its obligations fully—even if, for that matter, it should pass much more stringent political tests, such as treating minorities fairly and consolidating a stable form of democratic government—it would still have no assurance of being allowed through NATO's golden door. And it still would not qualify for the security guarantee that NATO's members pledge to each other: that, in the words of the alliance's founding treaty, "an armed attack against one or more of them in Europe or North America shall be considered an attack against them all."

In taking the "Partnership" route, instead of pressing for a policy that would welcome Europe's new democracies into NATO one by one as they became ready to join, the Clinton Administration lends credence to the notion that an expanding NATO would be a threat, or could reasonably be seen as a threat, to Russia. But even when Moscow was the capital of a millennialist totalitarian empire and NATO was a frankly anti-Soviet alliance, NATO's behavior toward Russia was never aggressive. And now that NATO's members are redirecting funds from their military budgets to their aid-to-Russia accounts, Russia's fears are simply irrational. It makes no sense for the West to humor those fears and the hatreds behind them, let alone allow itself to be ruled by them. One need not go back to Munich to doubt the historical wisdom of accommodating Europe's worst nationalist impulses: the Serbian example is close at hand.

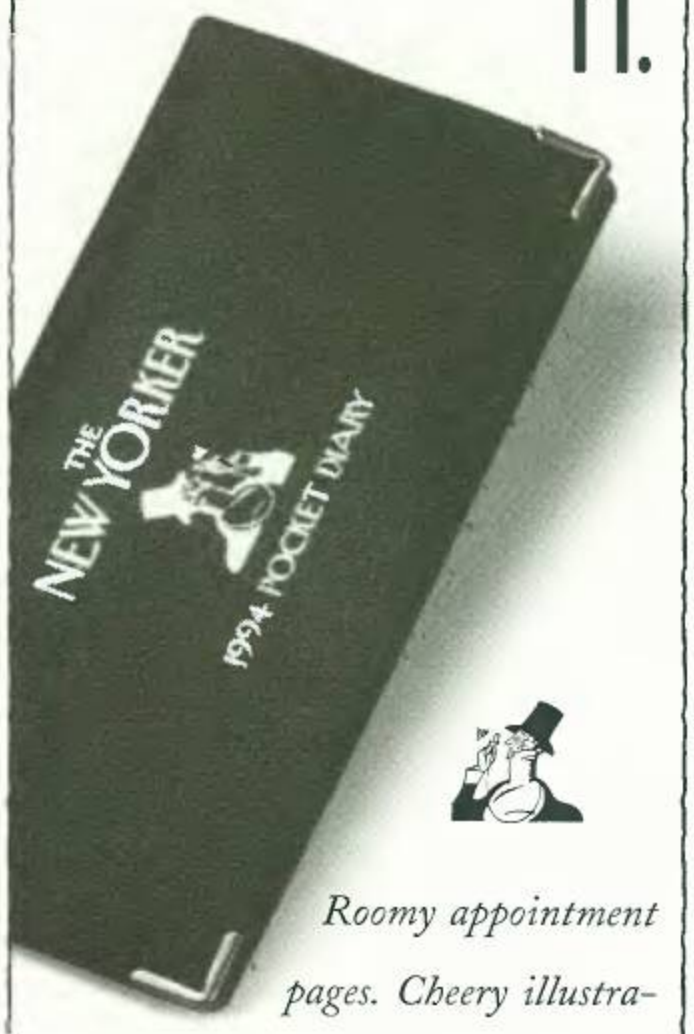
The Administration's policy is based, ultimately, on a calculation about Russian politics: that expanding NATO would strengthen the political position of Yeltsin's nationalist and Communist opponents. This calculation may be just wrong, and it is certainly incomplete. The Russian voters who opted for Vladimir Zhirinovsky and his ilk were mostly protesting economic conditions, and what the West does in the economic sphere will have far more impact on the fate of Russian democracy than will the order in which ex-Communist countries are admitted to the ex-anti-Communist alliance.

As President Clinton travels through Central Europe this week, he will be offering the leaders of Poland, Hungary, and the Czech Republic quiet assurances that if things really do get nasty in Russia NATO will quickly welcome their countries to its bosom. They won't have much choice but to smile and say thank you and hope that the President is as good as his word. But they will surely wonder whether, given our reluctance to extend our protection to them now, when it is easy, we would be eager to do so later, when it might be hard. NATO pledged last summer to bomb Serb militias in Bosnia-Herzegovina if they kept on shelling Sarajevo, blocking U.N. relief convoys, or harassing U.N. peacekeepers. They have kept on doing all three, and NATO has done nothing. The market in Mr. Clinton's promises, and NATO's, is a little depressed just now. ♦



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IN THE MAIL

EL MOZOTE

Mark Danner's article "The Truth of El Mozote" (December 6th) struck a nerve that I thought long dead. I taught English in El Salvador from May, 1991, to August, 1992, a period that covered the last seven months of the war and the first eight months of the peace. Until the front-page story in the *Times* on El Mozote appeared in October, 1992, I regularly denied stories about massacres and defended the Salvadoran military to anyone who asked. Although political killing had clearly happened, I never believed that such wholesale slaughter was a policy of the Salvadoran military. It seemed impossible that these people, some of them my friends, would kill like that. Mr. Danner's article is a chink through which I can begin to see how the Salvadoran military that I knew could do the unthinkable.

When I visited the country last January, I asked a friend in the National Guard point-blank about the killings in El Mozote. I had asked him before about the accounts, and his response had always been that although there were bad apples in the military, they were aberrations. This time, he answered differently. After a moment's consideration, he said, "I am going to give you a gift, because you have earned the right to know these things. There have been many injustices committed in this country, but it is dangerous to talk about them." No great details, no revelations, and not only a gift but an imperative. I wonder if all of us have not only earned the right to know but incurred along the way the obligation to find out.

STEVEN NARDI
Princeton, N.J.

In October, 1989, I was in El Salvador, staying at the Jesuit residence at the University of Central America, and I spent a day visiting the United States Embassy. The contrast between the Jesuits' analysis of the situation in El Salvador and that of the Embassy personnel was striking. Three weeks later, six Jesuits were dead, murdered by Salvadoran troops trained at the School of Americas at Fort Benning, Georgia. The government version of this slaughter was profoundly flawed and incomplete. Mark Danner's report honors all of us by its candor and simple truth.

PETER BYRNE, S.J.
Spokane, Wash.

As a former chief of the political section of our Embassy in San Salvador, I would like to add a historical note to Mark Danner's monumental report. His article gives us much cause for regret and shame, but the sorriest fact is that we long ago lost our best opportunity to avert the awful mess he so well describes. In 1960, one of the more inept in a long line of Salvadoran military despots, Colonel José María Lemus, was overthrown by a civilian-military junta of moderately leftist orientation and wide popular support. The American chargé d'affaires wrongly smeared as Communist or pro-Communist almost everyone associated with the junta. His strong objections to recognizing the junta as a legitimate government created confusion in Washington and reactionary elements of the military were emboldened to stage a successful coup. Had we granted timely recognition to the junta, it might have survived, and it could have represented El Salvador's best

chance to become like Costa Rica, which is now the envy of the rest of Central America, because it is a functioning democracy with no army.

MARSHALL PHILLIPS
Long Beach, Calif.

Mark Danner's article provides a vivid example of how American international policy embodies Western cultures' disregard of the poor. Americans, convinced that they are a generous people, support charities and ignore governmental policy. It's as if Americans didn't elect their representatives to Congress and didn't share the burden of their decisions.

I am glad that the truth about El Mozote has been published, but I hope that it is not used for more sanctimonious rationalizing along the lines of "those heartless bureaucrats" did it, not the American people.

GIL P. SARMENTO
Carbondale, Ill.

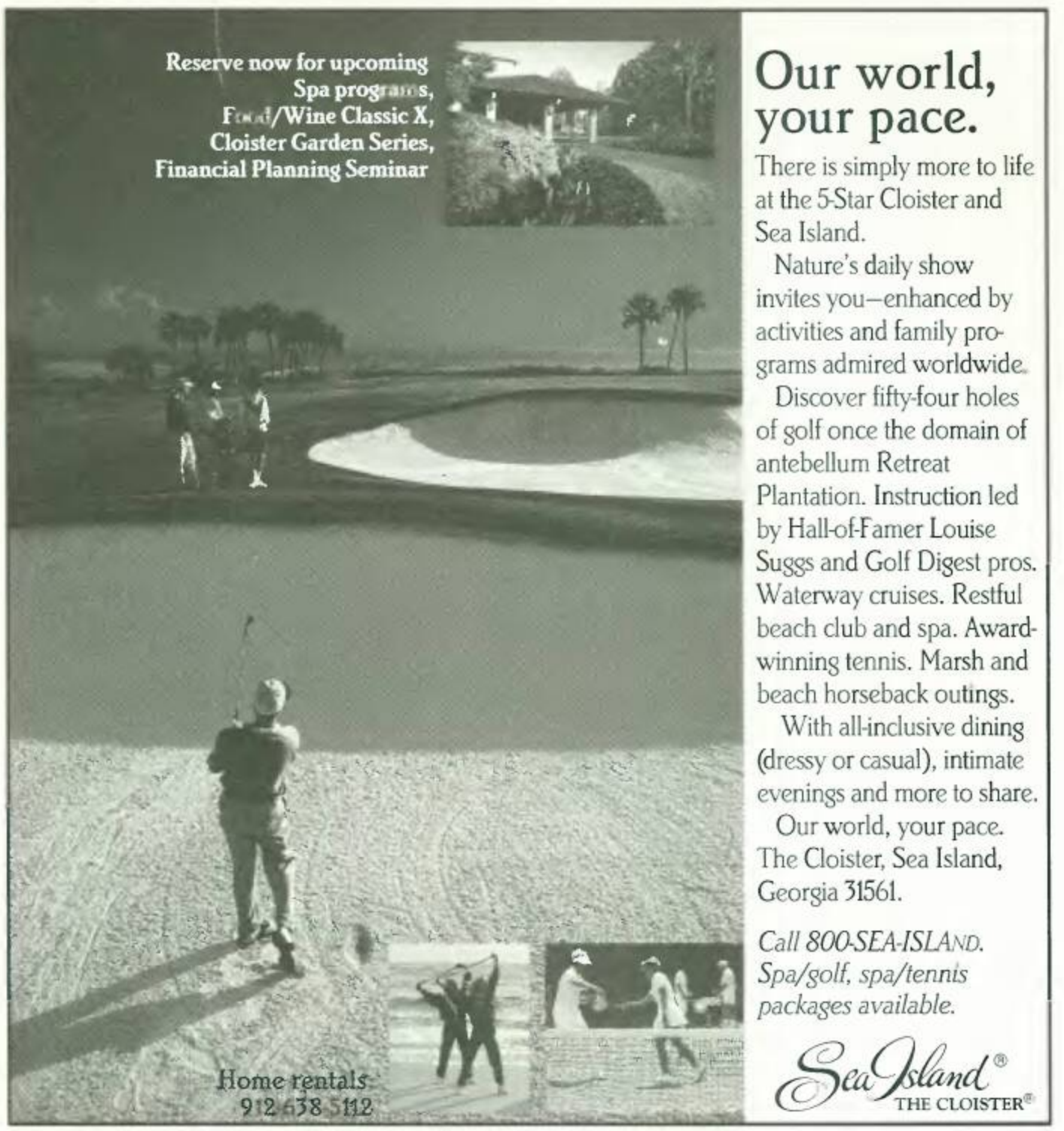
The December 6th Comment, "History Lesson," refers to "the Cold War's noble aim" and "the moral clarity" of the outcome, and suggests that the horrors of El Mozote were somehow an aberration in an otherwise "great game" that "had a great goal."

United States support of terror and ruthless dictatorships in the name of anti-Communism was central to United States foreign policy throughout the Cold War. Was the Vietnam War an aberration? Or the installation of the Shah in Iran? Or the overthrow of Salvador Allende, Chile's democratically elected leader, whose regime was replaced by the torture chambers of General Pinochet?

We won the Cold War, but we have paid a heavy price. The sufferings of millions of people and the insanity of the arms race brought about by the Cold War are just as much our responsibility as the Soviet Union's. That's the real history lesson.

NICHOLAS BARAN
Sandpoint, Idaho

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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THE THEATRE

Radio Playwright

DAVID SEDARIS has a book coming out in June, magazine articles set to appear soon, and a play, "Stitches," that has just opened at La Mama, but his first love is radio. "I'll listen to just about anything," he says, "even to shows about food or money, as long as people are talking." Some of his favorite programs air over National Public Radio—whose use of Sedaris's own occasional commentaries during the past year has made him something of a celebrity—or on local stations. "What I really like," he says, lapsing into a comfortable back-porch drawl, "are programs like 'The Bird Man,' which I used to hear in North Carolina, where I grew up. People phoned in for hours just to talk about the yellow-bellied sapsuckers in their feeders. The tone of their voices, their *wordiness*, was amazing."

Voices and words are the common denominators of radio and theatre, so it's not surprising that Mr. Sedaris, now thirty-six and living in New York, has been writing plays since he was a boy. The initial effort involved his younger sister Amy, and to this day he cannot imagine writing a play without her in mind. In "Stitches" Amy Sedaris (who co-wrote the play) portrays Brittany Feeney, a slim, attractive teen-ager who suffers a boating accident that severely damages her features. Undaunted, she exploits her looks to launch an unusual TV show. "I think there should be multiple models for celebrity," Mr. Sedaris says. "We shouldn't just see people who are pretty and perfect."

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

AS YOU LIKE IT—Theatre for a New Audience presents Shakespeare's comedy, directed by Mark Rylance, who also plays Touchstone. Miriam Healy-Louie is Rosalind. Previews through Jan. 14. Opens Jan. 15 at 8. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200.)

BOOTH—The York Theatre Company offers a play about the nineteenth-century actor Junius Brutus Booth and his son Edwin, who are portrayed by Frank Langella and Garret Dillahunt. Written by Austin Pendleton. Opens Jan. 12 at 8. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 534-5366.)

DAY STANDING ON ITS HEAD—A play by Philip Kan Gotanda. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

EAST TEXAS HOT LINKS—A play by Eugene Lee about a Southern black community in 1955. The cast includes Loretta Devine, Earle Hyman, and Ed Wheeler. Preview on Jan. 12. Opens Jan. 13 at 8. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

HELLO AGAIN—A new musical by Michael John LaChiusa, loosely based on Arthur Schnitzler's play "La Ronde." With Judy Blazer, John Dossett, John Cameron Mitchell, and Donna Murphy. In previews. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

THE ILLUSION—A 1636 play by Pierre Corneille, adapted by Tony Kushner. In previews. (Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

IRENE WORTH'S PORTRAIT OF EDITH WHARTON—A one-woman show, which the actress adapted from Wharton's writings. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

JEWISH REPERTORY THEATRE—In Arthur Giron's drama "Edith Stein," Laura Esterman plays the German philosopher who was gassed at Auschwitz in 1942. Previews through Jan. 15. Opens Jan. 16 at 7. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

NO MAN'S LAND—Christopher Plummer and Jason Robards star in Harold Pinter's 1975 play. In previews. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

OLD NEW YORK: FALSE DAWN—The New York Art Theatre Institute's version of the first chapter of Edith Wharton's novella "Old New York." Previews through Jan. 15. Opens Jan. 16 at 5. (Old Merchant's House Museum, 29 E. 4th St. 226-6211.)

THOSE THE RIVER KEEPS—A play by David Rabe, with Paul Guilfoyle and Annabella Sciorra. Mr. Rabe directed. Previews begin Jan. 14. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

WIFEY—A comedy written and directed by Tom Noonan, with Julie Hagerty, Wallace Shawn, Karen Young, and Mr. Noonan. In previews. (Paradise Theatre, 64 E. 4th St. 979-7362.)

OPENED RECENTLY

ALL IN THE TIMING—An evening of six one-act comedies by David Ives. The subjects are various (the death of Trotsky, Philip Glass goes shopping), and the literary technique is sparkling. Directed by Jason McConnell Buzas. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 777-7474.)

ANGELS IN AMERICA—"Perestroika," the second half of Tony Kushner's "Angels in America," is a masterpiece. Every line sings with hurt and humor. Epic in scope, superbly acted, and directed with passionate restraint by George C. Wolfe, the play employs an original, impressionistic theatrical vocabulary to show us the heart of a new age. It runs in repertory with the first half, "Millennium Approaches." ("Perestroika" was reviewed in our issue of 12/13/93; "Millennium Approaches," 5/31/93.) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

ANNIE WARBUCKS—Kathryn Zaremba, an infant phenomenon if ever there was one, has the title role in this beguiling sequel to "Annie." (8/23 & 30/93) (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

THE ASH FIRE—A comedy by Gavin Kostick. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797.)

BLOOD BROTHERS—Willy Russell's musical, with Shaun Cassidy, David Cassidy, and Petula Clark. (5/10/93) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

BLOWN SIDEWAYS THROUGH LIFE—In her sixty-fifth job, Claudia Shear charmingly and observantly tells us about her previous sixty-four, which have ranged from working in a hardware store to being a "phone girl" at a whorehouse, with a stint as a Bloomingdale's cosmetics salesgirl thrown in. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2285.)

CYRANO: THE MUSICAL—The nose have it. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

FAMILY SECRETS—Sherry Glaser is the sole, physically adept, very funny performer in this comedy about a Jewish family, which she wrote with Greg Howells. (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

FOUR DOGS AND A BONE—The "bone" of John Patrick Shanley's satiric comedy is a movie, and the "four dogs" are its producer, writer, and two actresses, who together make the funniest foursome in town. They are played by Loren Dean, Polly Draper, Adam Arkin, and Arabella Field. (11/15/93) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR—The National Actors Theatre presents Nikolai Gogol's satiric comedy. The cast includes Lainie Kazan and Tony Randall. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6280.)



Tony Randall, Lainie Kazan, and Peter Michael Goetz in "The Government Inspector."

MONICA LIND

RICHARD GERE SHARON STONE

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as if it were your last.

A MARK RYDELL FILM

INTERSECTION

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THE THEATRE–Cont'd

Greetings!—Tom Dudzick's comedy is a hilarious boy-brings-fiancée-home-at-Christmas story. Aaron Goodwin is terrific as the brother who occasionally becomes possessed by a New Age "entity." The rest of the cast—Lenore Loveman, Darren McGavin, Gregg Edelman, and Toby Poser—are also topnotch. Directed by Dennis Zacek. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 967-9077.)

How to Write a Play—Charles Ludlam's wild farce, adapted and directed by and starring Everett Quinton, is a triumph for all concerned. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Sq. 691-2271. Closes Jan. 16.)

Howard Crabtree's Whoop-Dee-Doo!—A witty and topical musical revue. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. For information about tickets, call 777-7474.)

Jean Cocteau Repertory—Presenting Shaw's "Heartbreak House." (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

Jeffrey—A comedy, by Paul Rudnick, about love in the age of AIDS. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. 420-8000. Closes Jan. 16.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Like a kaleidoscope, Andrew Lloyd Webber's flippant new mega-version of his first musical is bright, ever-changing, and utterly meaningless. As Joseph, Michael Damian is physically nimble and vocally wan. Everyone else conspires to wring an ovation out of the overstimulated audience. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—A musical, based on the novel by Manuel Puig, with a distinguished book by Terrence McNally and a star performance by the redoubtable Chita Rivera in the title role. Harold Prince was the director. The songs are by John Kander and Fred Ebb. (5/24/93) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Laughter on the 23rd Floor—Neil Simon's twenty-seventh Broadway play, about a group of writers for a fictionalized version of "Your Show of Shows," is one of his finest comic efforts. The subject allows Simon to do what he does best: tell jokes about the making of laughs. Directed by Jerry Zaks, with Mark Linn-Baker, Lewis J. Stadlen, Nathan Lane, Ron Orbach, John Slattery, and J. K. Simmons. (12/20/93) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Music from Down the Hill—Alma Cuervo and Welker White in a play by John Ford Noonan. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

My Fair Lady—Richard Chamberlain is Henry Higgins and Melissa Errico is Eliza Doolittle in this revival of the Lerner and Loewe musical. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players—Presenting "The Pirates of Penzance," through Jan. 16, and "Ruddigore," Jan. 20-23. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

Objects Lie on a Table—Target Margin Theatre performs a 1922 play by Gertrude Stein. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes Jan. 23.)

Out Is In—Comic Kate Clinton solos in her Off Broadway début. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 777-7474.)

Repertorio Español—As usual, a number of plays running in repertory, including "El Galán de la Telenovela" ("The Sexy Star of the Soap Opera"), by Diana Raznovitch, and "La Cándida Eréndira" ("Innocent Eréndira"), by Gabriel García Márquez. Simultaneous English translation is available at all performances of "La Cándida Eréndira." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850.)

The Rez Sisters—A group of Native American women travel from their home on a Canadian reservation to play in a million-dollar bingo game in Toronto. Though the show is very uneven, there are several superb confessional monologues, and consistently good performances by Gloria Miguel, Muriel Miguel, Elvira Colorado, and Louis Mofsie. Kevin Tarrant's drum-and-chant music is effective throughout. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 302-6989.)

She Loves Me—The Roundabout's production of the 1963 Bock-Harnick-Masteroff musical. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

Shepherd!—George Fischoff's one-man musical about King David. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. For reservations, call 1-718 271-7260.)

Stitches—A comedy by David and Amy Sedaris about the price of celebrity. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes Jan. 22.)

Twelfth Night—The Pearl Theatre Company performs Shakespeare's comedy. With Robin Leslie Brown (Viola), Andrew Sellon (Sebastian), Michael James Reed (Orsino), Raye Lankford (Olivia), Robert Hock (Malvolio), and Frank Lowe (Sir Toby Belch). (125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708. Closes Jan. 29.)

LONG RUNS

Beau Jest: Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. . . . **Blue Man Group/Tubes:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. (On vacation through Jan. 13.) . . . **Cats:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **Crazy for You:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **The Fantasticks:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **Forever Plaid:** Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. . . . **Guys and Dolls:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **Les Misérables:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **Miss Saigon:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **Nunsense:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **Oleanna:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 307-4100. (Closes Jan. 16.) . . . **Perfect Crime:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **The Phantom of the Opera:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **The Sisters Rosensweig:** Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. . . . **Tony n' Tina's Wedding:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **The Who's Tommy:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

P.S. 122—Jan. 13-16 at 7:30: "Surprise (Suitcase) of the Soul," a performance piece by James Godwin. . . . ¶ Jan. 13-16 at 9: "No Longer Readymade," a program of choreography by Meg Stuart. . . . ¶ Jan. 14-15 at 10:30: Tyrone Henderson's multimedia work "Strawman Dance." (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Jan. 12 at 8: "Mercury," "Sonatas and Interludes," "Ballo della Regina," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 8: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 8: "Interplay," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Jazz (Six Syncopated Movements)." . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 2: "Haieff Divertimento," "Andantino," "Moves," and "Mercury." . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 8: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 1: "Interplay," "Rubies," and "Jazz (Six Syncopated Movements)." . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 7: "Concerto Barocco," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," "Barber Violin Concerto," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 8: "Jewels." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Feb. 27.)

"Altogether Different"—A series with contemporary-dance companies. Jan. 12 and Jan. 15 at 8, and Jan. 16 at 2: Bebe Miller Company, in the premières of "Heaven and Earth," "Tiny Sisters," and "Cantos Gordos." . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 8: Doug Varone and Dancers, in "Motet," "On the Field of Destiny," "Aperture," and "Rise." . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 8 and Jan. 16 at 7:30: Randy Warshaw Dance Company, presenting an evening-length work titled "Sollie's Cradle." . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 8: Donna Uchizono, in "San Andreas," "Drinking Ivy" (a duet with Nikki Castro, in its première), and "Desirée." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Jan. 23.)

Hungarian State Folk Ensemble—A company of more than seventy singers, dancers, and musicians. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts, Brooklyn College. 1-718 951-4500. Jan. 16 at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

Keeping the Faith

Let pop music have its bell-bottoms, Led Zep boxes, and Funkadelic records—there'll be no seventies revival for the jazz world. According to a broad consensus, the jazz chronology of the past three decades goes something like this: first there were the sixties, then there was Wynton Marsalis. Maybe it's true, but such hyperbole does a disservice to the veteran pianist McCoy Tyner, who kept the faith throughout that long jazz winter and survived with his integrity intact.

Had Tyner retired after leaving John Coltrane's group in 1965, he'd still be revered as one of the most brilliant and individualistic players of an era that prized iconoclasm in its musicians. But Tyner never let up and never succumbed to the temptations of the electronic age. While others turned to fusion and various pop hybrids in hope of snaring a new audience, Tyner thrived on power. On his seventies records, he didn't have to plug in his piano to make it thunder and ring with authority. A certain laxness does pervade Tyner's eighties work, but his drive returned with the dawn of the nineties. These days, Tyner favors radical changes of scenery: he'll play in the economic setting of a trio (where he exhibits a fondness for thrilling, Tatumesque maneuverings), and then turn around and front a horn-heavy big band. This week at Sweet Basil the adventure continues, as Tyner plays with his fine regulars, bassist Avery Sharpe and drummer Aaron Scott.

CONCERTS

Herbie Nichols Tribute—The Jazz Composers Collective honors the underappreciated pianist and composer Herbie Nichols, a pure jazz legend, who died in 1963. A musician's musician, Nichols recorded only a few times and died in relative obscurity. His work remains golden, though; his anomalous compositions have a formal perfection and an outsider tinge that rival the work of Thelonious Monk. Since Nichols recorded his tunes only in piano-trio settings, it should be a pleasure to hear them fleshed out by a horn-driven band. Pianist Frank Kimbrough, saxophonist John Schroeder, and bassist Ben Allison direct the ensemble. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. Jan. 13-14 at 8. For information about tickets, call 995-1552.)

Highlights in Jazz—Buddy DeFranco, Terry Gibbs, Milt Hinton, Kenny Washington, Roy Gerson, and Joe Cohn. (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 346-1715. Jan. 13 at 8.)

Paul Winter Consort—In a benefit concert. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. Jan. 13 at 8. For tickets, call 307-7171.)

World Music Institute—Jan. 12 at 8: Music of Armenia, with Djivan Gasparyan. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.) . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 8: Anthony Davis and Earl Howard. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719.) . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 8: Music and dance of Morocco, with the Hassan Hakmoun ensemble. (Washington Square Church. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.) . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 8: Masters of Indian music, with Ustad Vilayat Khan. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050.)

Gruppen II—A series billed as "chamber music for the twenty-first century." Jan. 12: The Walter Thompson orchestra. . . . ¶ Jan. 13: Impossible Music (Ikue Mori, David Shea, and David Weinstein) and Michelle Kinney's Coordinated Universal Time, featuring Bulgarian singer Stefka Iordinovna. . . . ¶ Jan. 14: Essential Music and the Sirius String Quartet. . . . ¶ Jan. 15: Toby Twining Music and Peter Gordon and his Love of Life Orchestra Quartet. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Concerts at 9.)

JAZZ AND BLUES

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—Some bars cater to a specific clientele, but Arthur's is a free-for-all. It's a small, strange Village bar that looks like a pack rat's attic. In the back is a compact, bar-encircled stage, where one can usually find patrons listening to, cheering on, and joining in with the musicians. Sundays belong to Lee Lorenz and his band.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Once you get past the rough bits here—the hordes of tourists, the cattle-car seating, the stiff prices—you're likely to find yourself face to face with some of the biggest names in jazz. Through Jan. 16: **don grolnick's** band, with **michael brecker, dave valentin,** and **mike mainieri.** The Raul Mascarenhas quintet is in for a night on Jan. 17. Beginning Jan. 18: the popular fusion outfit **spyro gyra,** which is regarded about as highly among jazz purists as Michael Bolton is among scholars of rock and soul. Dining.

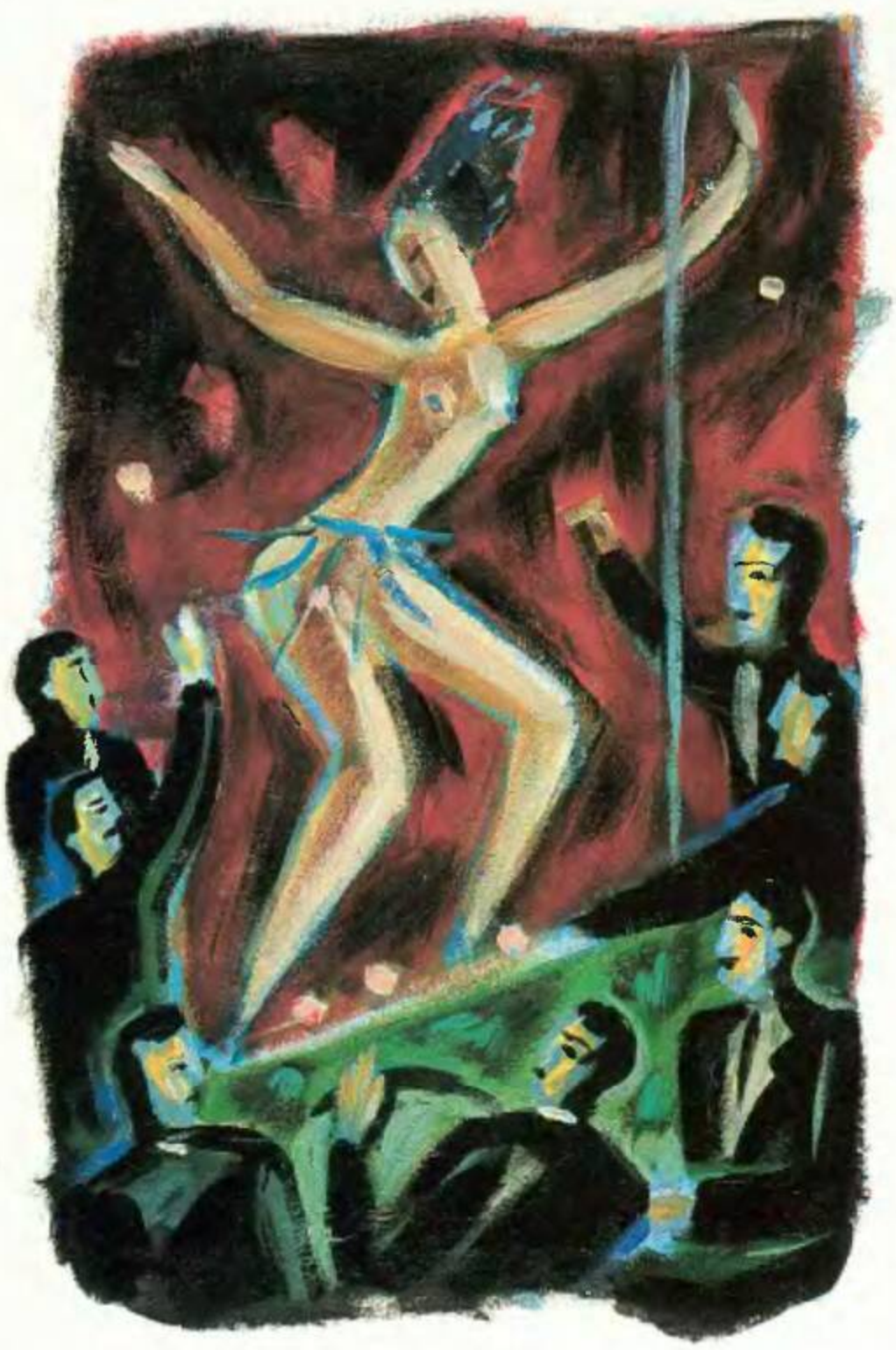
Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A venerable piano-and-bass preserve. A trio led by **freddy cole,** Nat's brother, continues through Jan. 15. A refined vocalist, Cole obviously has mixed feelings about being kin to a legend. One highlight of his set is the self-assertive anthem "I'm Not My Brother, I'm Me"; another is a Nat King Cole medley. Given that his piano-bass-guitar lineup echoes his late sibling's trio and that his vocal style can sound like a brotherly visit from the beyond, it's hard not to feel that the talented Cole doth protest too much. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—A softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz grotto. The **rebecca coupe franks** quartet continues though Jan. 13. Franks plays the kind of assertive I-blow-therefore-I-am trumpet that hard-bop avatar Lee Morgan would have approved of. The **roy gerson** trio performs on Jan. 14-16. Starting on Jan. 18: singer **chris connor.** On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **les paul,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. The musicians set up in the dining room, a clubby-looking space with leather banquettes and well-preserved collectibles: Sunday *Herald Tribune* covers, First World War posters, Hirschfeld drawings. Up front at the bar, you can keep your eye on the musicians, the conversationalists, and sidewalk life. Pianist **russ kassoff** teams up with bassist **linc milliman** through Jan. 15. On Jan. 16, **larry rivers** brings his sax and some members of his **climax band** to the place.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—The club most likely to feature an electric-rake player. The Knitting Factory books all manner of neo-this and post-that ensembles. The atmosphere is low-key, low-budget bohemian. On Jan. 12 and Jan. 14, **don byron** and friends will perform music Byron wrote for a six-piece band. **percy jones** appears with **frank katz** on Jan. 15. Many of the hipsters who frequent this club consider Jones a godhead, primarily for his innovative fretless-bass playing with the experimental electric-jazz combo Brand X, which emphasized atmosphere over histrionics. Since Brand X's heyday, Jones's career has sputtered, but his live shows always feature quirky players and unusual instrumentalists. Also on the bill are Mark Wagnon and Van Manakas. A string group led by **dave douglas** plays on Jan. 16, as does the **charles gayle** trio, who will also be in on Jan. 18. On Jan. 17, look for the **ivo perlman** quartet.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—A bright spot on the square-by-definition Upper East Side club scene. Don't expect to be sprayed with soapy water and massaged by large brushes: the fluorescent sign outside is the only car-wash reference. Inside, you'll find an adman's idea of a blues bar. **tom principato** performs on Jan. 12. **clarence (gatemouth) brown** is in on Jan. 13.



ANTHONY RUSSO

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—It may look like a plain old steak house, and the photos on the walls may look like Sardi's castoffs, but in the back room you'll find swing bands, Dixieland combos, and couples who remember how to dance. Mondays belong to the Smith Street Society jazz band; Tuesdays to Jim Lawyer and his Bluebird Society Orchestra; Thursdays to Stan Rubin's big band; Fridays to Lew Anderson's big band and Sam Ulano and his Bourbon Street Swingers; and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and his Stompers.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A pretty serious jazz shrine where you have to pass within inches of the stage to reach the rest rooms. A superb trio continues here for two weeks: pianist **mc coy tyner** accompanied by his regulars, bassist **avery sharpe** and drummer **aaron scott.** An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **miles evans** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

Time Café, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Hidden within this trendy restaurant is a two-story club called Fez. Upstairs is a sumptuous Moroccan bar and lounge appointed with satin couches, mosaic tables, and Arabian-style fixtures. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is rather plain in comparison, but still a sleek and comfortable spot to take in a show. The **mingus big band** packs them in every Thursday. The fourteen-piece ensemble concentrates exclusively on the tricky, cacophonous work of its catalyst, Charles Mingus. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Located on a beery strip of the Village where every day is spring break, this club offers three floors of fun. Since this makes for rather confusing traffic patterns, we recommend using the buddy system. In the Terrace Bar, the **michael weiss** trio appears through Jan. 16. On Jan. 17, the **raphael d'lugoff** trio stops by, followed by harpist **daphne hellman and hellman's angels** on Jan. 18.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The world's most famous jazz club is also the last place in town that still looks, feels, and smells like a classic jazz club—subterranean, smoky, and thick with the spirits of past masters. The **arthur blythe** quartet continues through Jan. 16. Altoist Blythe may yet become the jazz superstar he's been threatening to turn into for the past twenty years; a midlife burst of passion, à la Joe Henderson, wouldn't hurt. Blythe still sounds like no one else, linking nervy notes with a keening tone and punctiliously ordered improvisations. He will be appearing with his percussion-tuba-guitar band. The **von freeman** quartet begins an engagement on Jan. 18. At seventy-two, Freeman may be jazz's most adventurous tenor saxophonist. This Chicago-based musician follows his own personal road map, offering daring, assured solos. A sly radical, Freeman celebrates the grand tradition while subverting it at every turn. Mondays are reserved for the **vanguard jazz orchestra.**

STANDARDS AND CABARET

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**weslia whitfield** is in the Oak Room. She is probably the most confident and affecting jazz-cabaret voice to grace New York in years. With Mike Greensill on piano. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek, green-walled room with brass railings. Be sure to check out the adjoining restaurant/tapas bar, which looks like the indoor food market of your dreams. The Brazilian season continues with **bebel gilberto** here through Jan. 17. **angela ro ro** steps in for a two-week run on Jan. 18. Look for **blossom dearie** beginning Jan. 14. She'll be doing the early shows on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is currently home to the **modern jazz quartet.** For the past year or so, drummer Mickey Roker, a longtime Dizzy Gillespie compatriot, has been bravely and gamely assuming the nearly impossible task of replacing Connie Kay, who was with the quartet for thirty-five years. The outfit itself remains incomparable, swinging as forcefully, in its own subdued fashion, as the Basie band did in its prime. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **kurt wieting** presides at the piano.

NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The main dining room strives for the appearance of a British pub but looks more like a good old American family restaurant. Still, there's a nice red telephone booth when you walk in the door. Singer **Gail Wynters** is here with the **Herman Foster** trio through Jan. 15. On Monday evenings, Woody Allen continues his night job, playing clarinet in a Dixieland-jazz ensemble known as the **New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra.**

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret with plenty of niceties, if you're so inclined: an ear-popping express elevator in which you can mingle with the famous; tables scattered with plastic diamonds and sapphires; and an amazing view. **"The Leonard Bernstein Revue: A Helluva Town!"** continues, featuring timeless songs and a stellar cast of Broadway alumni—Marilyn Caskey, Lauren Mitchell, Mark Hardy, Patrick Quinn, Ruth Williamson, and musical director Lee Musicker. The director Richard Sabellico, who conceived and developed the revue with songwriter Stan Freeman, says the cast's job is to show "humanity revealing itself to itself," with Bernstein's divine melodies enhancing and deepening the revelation. There are selections from all of Bernstein's major theatrical works, including the light opera "Candide" and the three New York musicals "On the Town," "Wonderful Town," and "West Side Story." Closed Mondays.

ROCK AND FOLK

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—This big, airy folk-and-rock club used to be the site of a lot of music-industry bashes, but now it's an eclectic and hard-to-figure-out venue for the good, the bad, and (sometimes still) the great. **David Buskin** appears on Jan. 14. Buskin has written jingles for such American institutions as Coca-Cola, Burger King, and the United States Postal Service. His real songs, which can be as tersely evocative as they are catchy, have been covered by artists ranging from Johnny Mathis to Pat Benatar. The songwriter, who previously performed as half of the duo Buskin & Batteau, recently released a solo album called "Heaven Is Free Tonight," which is bound to be liberally sampled at this performance.

Café Sin-é, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—A small peach-walled storefront, Sin-é is usually given over to a young, earthy crowd that drinks Rolling Rock or espresso and waits for some Irish musician or other to blow in and play a set. On Jan. 12: singer **Paula Cole,** whose delicately commanding voice is the perfect vehicle for her urgent, lyrical songs. **Ruth Gerson,** who's playing a bunch of Friday- and Saturday-evening gigs this month, appears on Jan. 15. A recent Princeton graduate, Gerson is fast becoming one of the most talked-about singer-songwriters in town, thanks to her striking ability to offset satire with pathos. Also on Jan. 15: the rock and wry humor of **Adam Roth and the Blue Devils.** Roth used to play with the Del Fuegos, and he has also been heard on the rock-parody projects of comedian Denis Leary, his buddy from Emerson College.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The city's most famed rock club—a dark, narrow cave with neon-beer-sign stalactites and ancestral graffiti—is part sacred burial ground and part historic landmark, but it hasn't succumbed to nostalgia: new and used bands of every stripe continue to burn brightly here. This week, a bunch of aspiring alternative rock acts drop by. Crisis kicks things off on Jan. 12, followed by Blood Sugar on Jan. 13, Wider on Jan. 14, the New Bomb Turks on Jan. 15, and Machinery Hall on Jan. 18.

Cornelia Street Café, 29 Cornelia St. (989-9319)—In the basement of this tucked-away Village restaurant-bar is a narrow, white-brick-walled room, decorated with a few tables and steampipes, where you'll find music, poetry readings, and theatre of the cramped. The restaurant itself is a wine-and-candlelight neighborhood café. Jane Barnett is here on Jan. 12, along with the Eaves. On Jan. 15: Mary Lovelace and Deborah Scoff.

Grand, 76 E. 13th St. (777-0600)—A cross between an old-fashioned split-level night club and a parking garage decorated for a senior prom. Despite the balloons and the candy-colored lights, this is a serious room for serious rock-and-rolling. You can either vibrate up front, near a wall-o'-speakers, or lounge around the bar in the back and follow the show on a video monitor. On Jan. 15, the club presents a "Super Bowl of Hardcore," headlined by the band **Killing Time** and featuring various and sundry supporters, among them Warzone, 25 Ta Life, Darksyde, and Merauder.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—This two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. On Jan. 15: a showcase for some up-and-coming local bands, including **Venus for Breakfast, Feel, Skinnerbox,** and the **New York Citizens.** . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday night, at the Continental Club. On Jan. 16, the **Onzie Matthews** orchestra takes the stage. The dancers all share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the Society, call 696-9737.

Limelight, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—A church turned eighties hot spot, this unholy venue currently plays host to a variety of techno and alternative acts. On Jan. 16, "Rock 'n' Roll Church" night, catch the hard rock of **Fight,** featuring ex-Judas Priest front man Rob Halford. Opening for Fight is the progressive-pop outfit **Voivod.** On Jan. 18, "Communion" night: a double bill of edgy industrial dance music (à la Nine Inch Nails), with **Thorn** and **Vein Cage.**

Ludlow Street Café, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—A modest belowstairs room that looks like a slightly spruced-up tenement apartment. There's cheap food, a Greater East Village crowd, and, every Monday night, **Beat Rodeo,** a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mixture of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, Velvets, and various found-pop numbers.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—The bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. On Jan. 12: **Lloyd Cole.** This dark, glowering, frequently brilliant rock singer has just released a new record, "Bad Vibes," in his native England. His solo acoustic set here will give us Yanks a chance to hear some of the new songs.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—The closest thing in Manhattan to a rain forest, this venerable club has many selling points: tropical drinks, Brazilian food, faux palm trees, a thatch-roofed bar. The live music is primarily from Africa, Brazil, and the Caribbean, and the dance floor is usually hopping. On Jan. 16: **Gil Scott-Heron** and **Amnesia Express.** In the seventies, while many of his R. & B. peers were blissfully succumbing to disco fever, singer-pianist Scott-Heron (who's also a poet and novelist) was fusing jazz and funk textures with sobering political commentary. Now that socially conscious hip-hop artists have entered the pop charts en masse, Scott-Heron would seem to be poised for a commercial breakthrough. Trouble is, he hasn't released an album in twelve years. He'll do so this spring; in the meantime, you can catch him live, and hope for a preview. Dining.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Home to an endless Summer of Love, Wetlands is a groovy, psychedelic, thoroughly Green night club, filled more or less nightly with young bands who like to play long, swirling jams and with throngs of young Deadheads who like to listen to them. One of 1993's most promising new bands, **Counting Crows,** arrives on Jan. 12. Crows front man Adam Durvitz sings with a feverish tenderness evocative of Van Morrison and Neil Young; and on its début album, last year's "August and Everything After," the band revealed a wistful but spirited lyricism worthy of such influences. The Crows were signed to Geffen by the same A. & R. whiz who nabbed Nirvana, and they've already racked up an impressive list of fans, from Robbie Robertson to T-Bone Burnett (who produced the radiant roots-pop songs on "August"). Chances are, these guys will be playing less intimate venues in the near future.

ART

Classic Contrast

In the history of modern art, photography typically plays the role of upstart, challenging the ancient authority of painting. More recently, however, art photography has conveyed the kinds of conventional meanings that were put to rout in the sixties. The Whitney's current dual exhibition of work by the "classic" photographer Walker Evans (1903-75) and the "conceptual" artist and photographer Dan Graham (born 1942) helps put some of these tensions in perspective. Evans' photography appears to be neatly contained by the generic classifications that Graham flagrantly ignores—a circumstance that gives this show its particular irony and cogency.

Evans shares with Graham (who has produced poetry, criticism, architecture, and video as well as photography) an attraction to urban and suburban drear. Tract housing, diners, billboards, and the landscape of commerce are recurrent motifs. Evans' severe black-and-white pictures helped establish our sense of documentary photography; his work has an American grain, with an overlay of Baudelairean wandering and melancholia. By contrast, Graham's bright-colored pictures of suburban façades, back yards, and glass buildings resemble anonymous snapshots. The mood is cold, ironic, Warholian. (Graham has said that he wanted to "empty out the pejorative expressionistic meanings" in his photographs.) With its detachment from the formal concerns of art photography, Graham's work can be read as an ongoing and independent investigation—a reading emphasized by his foray into video, a sample of which has been installed in the same room as the photographs.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of more than a hundred sixteenth-century Italian drawings, featuring work by Caravaggio, Fra Bartolommeo, Bronzino, and many others. . . . ¶ Lucian Freud, who is best known for his nudes and for his famous grandfather, has often been called the greatest living figurative painter, but "Recent Work," a mini-retrospective of more than fifty portraits, is something of an apotheosis. The nudes, or "naked people" (as the artist calls his models), include Freud's daughters and his friends, but he achieves his most spectacular effects in a series of paintings of an enormous Australian performance artist named Leigh Bowery, whose capacious stomach and broad back are rendered in pachydermatous colors. The effect is quixotically beautiful and painterly, transcending physiognomy. (An additional show of Freud's work is on view at the Mathew Marks gallery. See the Uptown gallery listings.) . . . ¶ The New Costume Institute celebrates five decades of the work of Diana Vreeland. The show, billboarded with photographs and magazine layouts from her years as fashion editor of *Harper's Bazaar* (1936-62) and editor-in-chief

of *Vogue* (1962-71), illustrates Vreeland's canny vision, based on a fascination with nature, art, and the exotic. Costumes on view include an American broadcloth riding habit (circa 1900); an English jacket (1615-20) that resembles a Gobelin tapestry, with encyclopedic botanical imagery; and a pair of 1970 Gypsy-inspired dresses designed by Giorgio di Sant'Angelo. . . . ¶ "The Gold of Meroe" features the jewelry of Queen Amanishakheto of Meroe, an ancient Nubian ruler. The Queen's cache has more than two hundred pieces of colored glass, semiprecious stones, silver, and, of course, loads of gold. . . . ¶ "Elephant: The Animal and Its Ivory in African Art" includes seventy objects, from elephant masks to intricately carved tusks, representing more than twenty different indigenous cultures. . . . ¶ "Immortals and Sages: Fusuma Paintings from Ryoan-ji and the Lore of China in Japanese Art." (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Designed for Speed: Three Automobiles by Ferrari," MOMA's first automobile exhibition in more than fifteen years. . . . ¶ "Projects: Sarah Lucas and Steven Pippin" showcases the work of two young British artists who use such objects as false teeth and razor blades in their installations. Through Feb. 8. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings by Pop master Roy Lichtenstein. Through Jan. 16. . . . ¶ Self-portraits by the photographer Robert Mapplethorpe (1946-89). Through Jan. 23. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—An exhibition of eighty watercolors by Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944), drawn from the museum's permanent collection, representing several phases of the artist's mature abstract and quasi-abstract style. Kandinsky is often credited with having made the first non-representational painting. . . . ¶ "Industrial Elegance," a lobby exhibition, salutes design excellence in everyday objects, from ice-cube makers to Frisbees. Through Jan. 23. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday through Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—More than a hundred and sixty paintings, sculptures, drawings, and site-specific installations by Mike Kelley, a Los Angeles-based artist who first made his name on the performance-art circuit in the late nineteen-seventies and who has become one of the most widely imitated artists of the past decade. Through Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Photographs by Walker Evans and Dan Graham. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Celestial Fender Bender: The Peekskill Meteorite" presents what may be the world's first cosmic car wreck: a 1981 Chevy Malibu and the meteorite that flattened it in Peekskill. Through Jan. 31. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The handsomely renovated West Wing has been given a stunning inaugural installation of more than five hundred Egyptian objects from the museum's extensive collection, spanning thirteen hundred years of Pharaonic history. The exhibit includes wonderful tiny pieces, like a bright-blue faience monkey with pierced ears, and monumental thanatological displays, like the sarcophagus and mummy of Thothirdes, circa 664-525 B.C. . . . ¶ A thirty-year retrospective of the architect Arata Isozaki features drawings, sketches, prints, and scale models made of sleek wood. Through Feb. 27. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—"The Ideal Home: 1900-20." Through Feb. 27. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Fancy Fronts: Men's Waistcoats from the Eighteenth Century." Through Feb. 13. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—"Modern Japanese Ceramics in American Collections" includes a hundred and twenty works, created by ninety-five artists between 1935 and 1991. Many pieces have a captivating strangeness, such as a celadon vase by Kawase Shinobu that looks like an enormous poached egg; others, like Tsukamoto Kaiji's translucent teacups ornamented with lotus-petals, are timelessly exquisite. Through Feb. 6. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

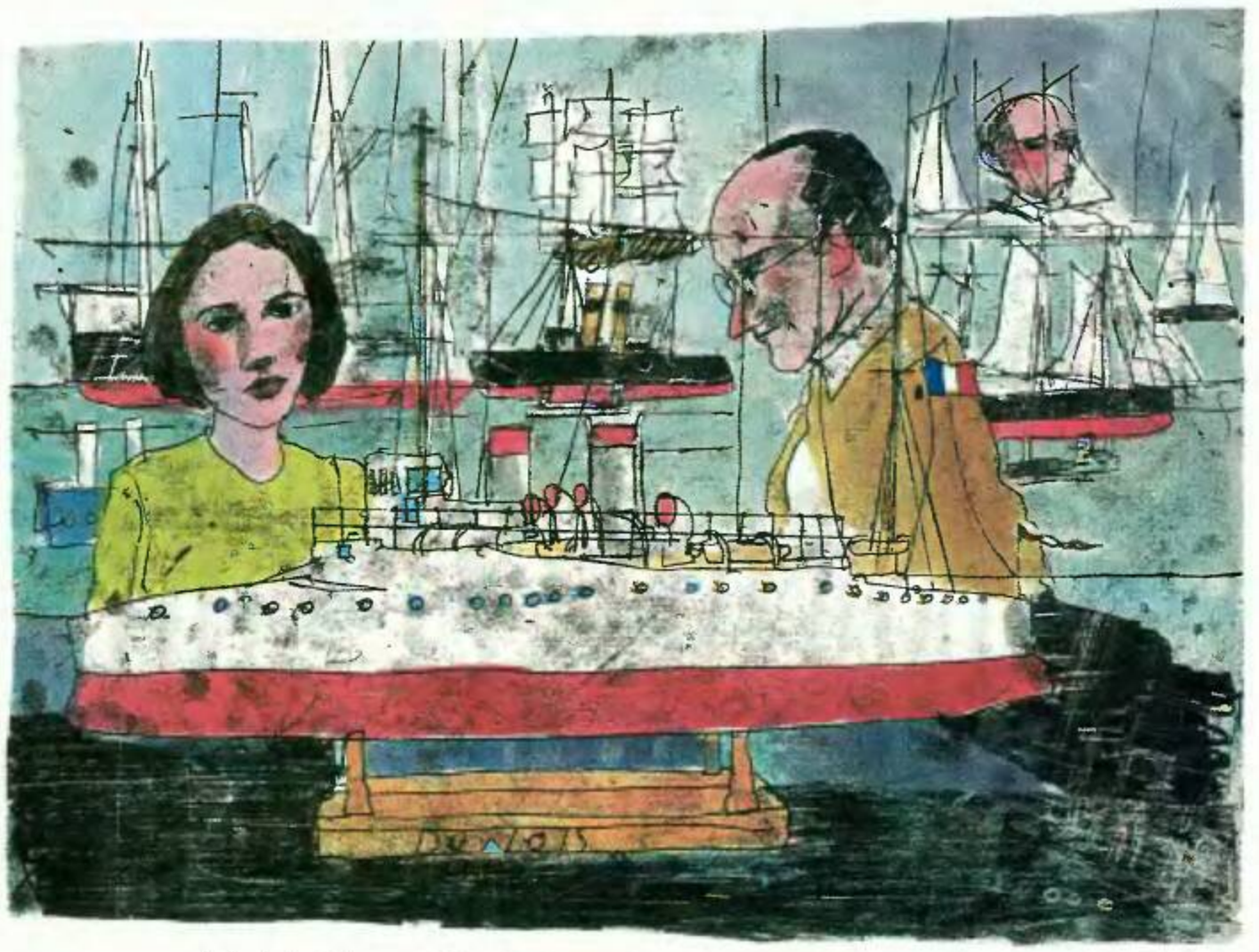
Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Seeds of Discord: The Politics of Slavery" contains, among other historical materials, abolitionary writings by Washington, Madison, Emerson, and Frederick Douglass, and an 1837 letter from John Quincy Adams to the House of Representatives, demanding the retraction of a new "gag rule" forbidding the discussion of anti-slavery petitions. . . . ¶ "To Trick the Eye: The Birth of Italian Theatre Design." (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"Thornton Dial: Image of the Tiger." Dial doesn't so much paint a canvas as build it up: his works bulge with paint-can lids, rope, feed sacks, and other materials. The tiger in question, sometimes nearly indiscernible, symbolizes the African-American male. In the best picture in the show, "Remembering the Road," the tiger, flattened, is the road; it's approached by two high-stepping females—"hardheaded girls," according to the artist, who "ain't ashamed" and "ain't afraid." (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"His Honor, the Mayor." Boss Tweed, Jimmy Walker, Fiorello LaGuardia, and Snapple spokesman Ed Koch are among the hundred and six former mayors represented in a salute to New York City government (and attempts at government) over the past three hundred and thirty years. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Virginia Woolf and Her Circle" is a quick literary tour of Bloomsbury and environs, focussing on the life of its central figure. Among the approximately two hundred items on display are letters, photographs, portraits, manuscripts, and first editions drawn from the library's Berg Collection, which is the major holder of Woolf's literary work. Noteworthy cullings include Woolf's first diary, a small leather-bound book, which she began at age fourteen, and another from twenty-three years later in which she "hits upon" the stream-of-consciousness method, calling it "pliant and rich"; first editions of works by Bloomsbury authors, including Vita Sackville-West's "Seducers in Ecuador" and Woolf's "To the Lighthouse," printed by Virginia and Leonard Woolf's Hogarth Press (some of the dust jackets were designed by Vanessa Bell); letters from aristocrats, economists, and other writers (Lady Ottoline Morrell, John Maynard Keynes, and E. M. Forster); and the original manuscript of T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land," with revisions by Ezra Pound. (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Mondays, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City—Portraits of Stalin dominate this huge show, called "Stalin's Choice: Soviet Socialist Realism 1932-1956." The many iconic Socialist scenes, engineered to make the U.S.S.R. look like Paradise, include Efanov's epic "Prominent Muscovites in the Kremlin" (1949), billed as "the biggest painting of its time," and Cheptsov's "V. I. Lenin and A. M. Gorki Fishing on Capri in 1908" (1932), in which a stiff-necked Lenin, at sea with some Neapolitan fishermen, gamely dangles a rope in the water. A small selection of works critical of the Communist regime features Komar and Melamid's idea for an electronic signboard over the mausoleum in Red Square. Through Feb. 27. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)



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GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. The following listings lead off with new shows.)

Adolph Gottlieb (1903-74)—Paintings from 1946 to 1958, revealing major trends in the artist's career: for example, pictographs, imaginary landscapes, and labyrinths. Opens Jan. 18. Through Feb. 8. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

ART–Cont'd

Morris Graves and Mark Tobey (1890-1976)—Twenty-two paintings, dating from the forties to the seventies, underscoring the shared origins and objectives of these two visionary artists of the Northwest. Opens Jan. 12. Through Feb. 28. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jac Leirner—Sculptures by a young Brazilian conceptual artist, whose collection of throwaway material—cigarette packs, airsick bags, and so forth—is the origin of her work. Opens Jan. 18. Through Feb. 19. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Dorothea Rockburne—Curvilinear abstract wall paintings done in a fresco secco technique. Opens Jan. 18. Through Feb. 26. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

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Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Paintings, watercolors, and drawings of figures, landscapes, and still-lifes, exhibited, for comparison's sake, alongside works by Braque, Derain, and Rivera, among other masters. Through Jan. 29. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Richard Baker—Recent still-life paintings of fish, flowers, and the like, reflecting the artist's Provincetown surroundings. Through Jan. 22. (Washburn, 20 W. 57th St.)

George Bellows (1882-1925)—Paintings and works on paper by a disciple of the Ashcan school, whose members spurned cozy genre scenes in favor of urban grit and squalor. Featured works include "The Jabberwock" (1911), painted in thick greens and dirty browns, and "Portrait of Elizabeth Alexander" (1924), in which a bland-faced society lady is depicted in a Spanish mantilla. The rear gallery contains Bellows' signature boxing scenes. Through Jan. 15. (Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. Open Mondays.)

Lois Dodd / Warren Brandt—Small-scale landscapes focussing on contrasting shades of white in nature. / Still-lifes, in a survey of the artist's forty-year career. Through Jan. 29. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Lucian Freud—Recent drawings and etchings. Through Jan. 29. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Gregory Gillespie—A hyperrealist artist whose paintings sometimes verge on trompe-l'oeil. Through Jan. 22. (Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Sidney Goodman—Recent large-scale figure paintings of the ordinary (domestic scenes) and the extraordinary (explorers and mountaineers). Through Jan. 22. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Howard Hodgkin—Hodgkin's new paintings manifest a bird-of-paradise splendor, as if he alone among his peers can still imagine no more exalted a calling than providing the kind of serious pleasure Matisse gave us. Through Jan. 15. (Knoedler, 19 East 70th St.)

Robert Jordan (1925-93)—Realistic landscapes of New Hampshire, North Carolina, and Missouri, dating from 1976 to 1993. Through Jan. 29. (French, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Gaston Lachaise (1882-1935)—Monumental cast-bronze nudes by the French-American sculptor. Through Feb. 26. (Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Jacob Lawrence—Lawrence's first New York show in many years includes four new works. Through Jan. 15. (Midtown Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

"African-American Art: Twentieth-Century Masterworks"—Paintings and sculptures from 1910 to 1965, ranging in style from realism to abstraction. Among the artists are Benny Andrews, Elizabeth Catlett, and Norman Lewis. Through Feb. 12. (Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St.)

"Drawing on Friendship: Portraits of Painters and Poets"—Rudy Burckhardt by Red Grooms, John Ashbery by Rodrigo Moynihan, James Schuyler by Fairfield Porter, Larry Rivers by Nell Blaine, and the like. Through Feb. 1. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

"New Works"—William Garbe, Jane Kaplowitz, Robert Zakanitch, and others. Through Jan. 29. (McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

"Sardinia: Sacred Art of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries"—Influences that shaped the culture of the Mediterranean island are examined through elaborate multipart altarpieces called retables, the principal artistic product of the period. Through Jan. 29. (I.B.M., 590 Madison Ave., at 56th St.)

"The Daniel Gallery (1912-32): A Tribute"—An exhibition honoring Charles Daniel, a champion of American vanguard art from just before the First World War until the Depression. On view are paintings by William Zorach, Alexander Archipenko, and Man Ray. Through Feb. 12. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

DOWNTOWN

Keith Coventry—A British artist who paints in both a Suprematist and a minimalist style. Opens Jan. 14. Through Feb. 19. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Ann Preston—Drawings and sculptures of infants as strange biomorphic beings, plus works suggesting pacifiers, nipples, and condoms. Opens Jan. 15. Through Feb. 26. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Paula Stark—Rural landscapes exploring the changing light of day. Opens Jan. 14. Through Feb. 2. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Open daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

William T. Wiley—In these relatively small new canvases, Wiley combines drawing and painting, juxtaposing references to Old Masters with some conceptual puns. Opens Jan. 15. Through Feb. 12. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Purvis Young—Paintings on found material by a self-taught artist who evokes his community—inner-city Miami—with images of burning buildings, burials, dancing, and so on. Opens Jan. 15. Through Feb. 19. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

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Carlo (1916-74)—Works on paper by a notable Italian "outsider" whose work was first championed by Jean Dubuffet as an example of *l'art brut*. Born Carlo Zinelli, the artist first suffered a mental breakdown during his military service (he fought in the Trento regiment in the Spanish Civil War and, briefly, in the Second World War) and in 1947 was admitted to a psychiatric hospital in Verona, where he remained for more than twenty years. He began drawing in 1957, and continued for the rest of his life. Formally distinguished by repetitive patterns and calligraphic scrawl, Carlo's work bears traces of his traumatic war experiences. Through the stratagems of art, he managed to impose a provisional order on the chaos of his mind. Through Jan. 20. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Nancy Balliett—Landscape paintings. Through Jan. 22. (Atlantic, 475 Broome St. Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Jennifer Bartlett—Steel plates painted with free-flowing patterns of dots in primary colors. Through Jan. 29. (Cooper, 149 Wooster St.)

Neke Carson—A twenty-five-year survey of works by this sculptor, painter, performance artist, and photographer. Through Jan. 29. (Helander, 594 Broadway.)

Colette—An environment surrounding a mannequin representing the artist; also, wall hangings. Through Jan. 22. (Gallery Lok, 407 W. 13th St. Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 7.)

David Fratkin / Susan Wilmarth-Rabineau—Exuberant, large abstractions inspired by urban imagery. Some are so vibrant they seem to pulsate. The impasto surfaces—skittering, superimposed grids and crosshatchings with highly sophisticated interplays of color and rhythm—are so lush and richly textured that you want to run barefoot through them. / Canvases striated with glowing strokes of oil paint mixed with beeswax are ripped, shredded, and frayed (one is burned), then stapled onto undersized frames; the overlapping edges create effects of haunting biomorphic beauty. Decay is also rendered lyrically in drawings of dying sunflowers. Through Jan. 22. (Painting Center, 52 Greene St.)

Cheryl Goldsleger and Andrew Topolski—Two artists shown together for their shared architectural perspective: paintings and drawings by Goldsleger, drawings and sculpture by Topolski. Through Jan. 29. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St.)

Tomislav Gotovac—An installation concerned with totalitarian symbols, cinematic icons, and the former Yugoslavia. Through Jan. 29. (Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St.)

Michael Gregory—Abstractions of rosebushes and a series of octopus paintings, which suggest Byzantine architectural tracery. Through Jan. 19. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Ken Grimes—Black-and-white paintings with imagery and text reflecting the artist's belief in extraterrestrial life. Through Jan. 15. (Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St.)

Clinton Hill—Multicolored geometric wood constructions. Through Jan. 29. (Zarre, 48 Greene St. . . . **NOTE:** A group show, "Thru Thick & Thin," features Doug Ohlson, Marjorie Strider, and Dan Wofford.)

Anish Kapoor—Five new sculptures by a prominent British artist of Indian descent. Through Jan. 29. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Massimo Kaufmann—The début of this Italian artist features painted screens hanging from the ceiling and patent-leather-clad mannequins lying on the floor. Through Feb. 12. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Ed Kerns—Semi-geometric paintings in luminous earth colors. Through Jan. 29. (M-13, at 72 Greene St.)

Karen Kilimnik—A subtly unnerving set of installations, including a sepulchral environment illuminated by votive candles and decorated with elegant pastels. Through Jan. 29. (303 Gallery, 89 Greene St.)

Norman Lewis (1909-79)—Thirty abstract works on paper, from the forties, fifties, and sixties. Through Jan. 15. (Berman-Daferner, 568 Broadway.)



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Shostakovich: *Sym. No. 11 "The Year 1905."* Rostropovich cond. (Teldec) **467•217**

Baltimore Consort—La Rocque 'n' Roll: popular music of Renaissance France (Dorian) **467•183**

Schubert: *Piano Sonatas D664 & D959.* Elisabeth Leonskaja (Teldec) **467•175**

Liszt: *Piano Sonata In B* and *Funerailles.* Alfred Brendel, piano (Philips) **467•092**

Dukas: *The Sorcerer's Apprentice; Symphony in C;* etc. Fournet cond. (Denon) **467•043**

Schubert: *Sonatinas For Violin & Piano.* G. Kremer, O. Maisenberg (DG) **466•300**

Respighi: *Fountains & Pines Of Rome, Roman Festivals.* Sinopoli cond. (DG) **466•243**

Mahler Plays Mahler: Welte-Mignon piano rolls (Golden Legacy) **466•128**

Grieg: *Holberg Suite,* **Tchaikovsky:** *Serenade For Strings;* more. Orpheus Chamber Orch. (DG) **465•054**

Handel: *Concerti Grossi Op. 3, 1-6.* Tafelmusik (Sony Class.) **465•047**

Leon Fleisher—Piano Recital (Sony Classical) **465•039**

Beethoven: *Trios Op. 1, No. 2 & Op. 70, No. 1 (Ghost)* Chung Trio (EMI Classics) **464•990**

Mendelssohn: *Sym. For Strings Nos. 8, 9 & 10.* Orpheus Chamber Orch. (DG) **464•982**

Sibelius: *Sym. No. 2; Swan Of Tuonela; Valse Triste.* Jansons cond. (EMI Classics) **464•958**

Brahms: *Sonatas For Violin & Piano.* Isaac Stern, Yefim Bronfman (Sony Class.) **467•340**

L.A. Guitar Quartet—Evening In Granada (Delos) **467•266**

Mahler: *Symphony 9.* Bernstein, Berliner Phil. (DG) **455•105/395•103**

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Mozart, Mendelssohn, Beethoven: *Violin Sonatas.* Maxim Vengerov (Teldec) **453•969**

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Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg—It Ain't Necessarily So (EMI Classics) **450•528**

Beethoven: *Sonata No. 9, "Kreutzer",* more. Maxim Vengerov, violin. (Teldec) **449•223**

Mozart: *Symphony No.39,* more. Giulini, Berliner Philhar. (Sony Classical) **449•207**

Lesley Garrett—Diva! Soprano At The Movies (Silva America) **448•555**

Portraits Of Freedom. James Earl Jones, speaker; Schwarz (Delos) **446•476**

Paganini: *24 Caprices.* Eliot Fisk, guitar. (Musicmasters) **444•307**

Tchaikovsky: *Sym. No. 1; Nutcracker (suite).* Abbado, Chicago Sym. (Sony Class.) **443•341**

Barber, Shostakovich: *Violin Concertos.* Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg (EMI Classics) **443•234**

Wagner: *"Rienzi" Overture;* etc. Mehta, NY Phil. (Sony Classical) **443•226**

Mendelssohn: *Sym. No 3 (Scottish); No. 4 (Italian).* Harnoncourt, cond. (Teldec) **443•218**

Mozart: *Clarinet Concerto & Clarinet Quintet.* David Shifrin, clarinet; Schwarz cond. (Delos) **443•143**

Leonard Bernstein—Somewhere (DG) **466•292**

Yo-Yo Ma, Cello—Made In America (Sony Classical) **466•276**

Stravinsky: *The Rite Of Spring, Petrouchka.* Boulez, Cleveland Orch. (DG) **462•861**

Bernstein in Berlin—historic performance of Beethoven's 9th Sym.; more (DG) **462•853**

Beethoven: *Piano Con. No. 5 "Emperor"* Michelangeli; Giulini cond. (DG) **462•812**

Vladimir Horowitz in Moscow (DG) **462•622**

Diamond: *Symphony No. 1;* more. Schwarz, cond. (Delos) **461•574**

Eliot Fisk, guitar—Vivaldi: *Concerti;* more (Musicmasters) **461•541**



Debussy: *Nocturnes; La Mer;* etc. Solti, Chi. Sym. (London) **463•109**

Beethoven: *Violin Concerto;* more. Nigel Kennedy; Tennstedt (EMI Classics) **455•147**

Philip Glass—*"Low" Symphony* (from music of D. Bowie & B. Eno). Davies, Brooklyn Phil. (Point Music) **463•786**

Kronos Quartet—Pieces Of Africa (Elektra/Nonesuch) **434•670**

Anne-Sophie Mutter—Mozart: *Violin Concerto No.1 In B Flat;* more. (EMI Classics) **434•209**

Christopher Parkening—A Tribute To Segovia. (EMI Classics) **433•003**

Mozart: *Syms. Nos. 40 & 41.* Giulini, Berliner Philharmoniker. (Sony Classical) **432•963**

Mozart: *Overtures & Serenades.* Tafelmusik, Bruno Weil. (Vivarte/Sony Class.) **432•641**

Israel Philharmonic... Welcomes Berliner Phil. Zubin Mehta cond. Beethoven, etc. (Sony Class.) **430•041**

Rostropovich—Return To Russia. Tchaikovsky: *Sym. 6;* etc. (Sony Classical) **428•151**

Corigliano: *Symphony No. 1.* Barenboim, Chi. Sym. (Erato) **426•262**

The Segovia Col., Vol. 9—The Romantic Guitar (MCA Classics) **424•010**

Nigel Kennedy—Brahms: *Concerto In D.* (EMI Classics) **423•004**

Gorecki: *Beatus Vir; Totus Tuus;* etc. Nelson cond. (Argo) **463•778**

Philip Glass: *Itaipu The Canyon* Shaw cond. (Sony Class.) **463•224**

Luciano Pavarotti—Leoncavallo: *I Pagliacci* (Philips) **463•034**



Katia And Marielle Labeque—*Dvorak: Slavonic Dances, Op.46 & 72* (Philips) **463•166**

Sibelius: *Sym. No. 1; Finlandia; Karelia Suite* Jansons, Oslo Phil. (EMI Classics) **464•941**

Chopin: *Etudes Op. 10 & Op. 25.* V. Ashkenazy (London) **464•925**

Mahler: *Sym. No.10.* Inbal, Frankfurt RSO (Denon) **463•919**

Dvorak: *Symphonies Nos. 7 & 8.* Jansons, Oslo Phil. (EMI Classics) **463•844**

Mussorgsky: *Night On Bald Mountain; Pictures At An Exhibition;* more. Simon cond. (Cala) **463•828**

Luciano Pavarotti—Amore (London) **455•022**

Ute Lemper—Illusions. Songs of Dietrich and Piaf (London) **454•876**

Venetian Vespers—music by Cavalli, Rigatti, Monteverdi, etc. (Archiv) **463•760/393•769**

Dvorak: *Complete Music For Violin & Piano,* Ivan Zenaty & Antonin Kubalek (Dorian) **463•208**

Bach: *Concerto For 2 Violins, BMV 1043;* etc. Midori and Zukerman (Philips) **463•182**

Mozart: *Piano Concerto No.17; Piano Quintet.* M. Uchida; J. Tate, cond. (Philips) **463•174**

Tchaikovsky: *Swan Lake (complete ballet).* Dutoit cond. (London) **463•125/393•124**

Yevgeny Kissin—Schubert: *Wanderer Fantasie;* also Brahms and Liszt (DG) **463•083**

K. & M. Labeque—Mendelssohn: *Concerto For 2 Pianos;* more. (Philips) **463•059**

Beethoven: *Triple Concerto.* Ma, Mutter, Zeltser; Karajan, Berlin Phil. (DG) **462•945**

Gershwin: *Rhapsody In Blue; American In Paris;* etc. Levine, Chicago Sym. (DG) **462•903**

Dvorak: *Symphony No. 9; Slavonic Dances.* Masur, NY Phil. (Teldec) **435•602**

Dvorak: *Violin Concerto;* more. Midori; Mehta, N.Y. Phil. (CBS Mast.) **386•573**

Christopher Parkening—In The Spanish Style (EMI Classics) **385•799**

Music Of Samuel Barber. *Adagio;* more. Slatkin, St. Louis Sym. (EMI Classics) **383•307**

Orff: *Carmina Burana.* Tilson Thomas cond. (CBS Mast.) **376•913**

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John Williams—The Baroque Album. (CBS Masterworks) **369•769**

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Brahms: *Sonatas For Cello & Piano, Opp.38, 99 & 108.* Yo-Yo Ma, Emanuel Ax (Sony Classical) **451•054**

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Berg: *Violin Concerto;* more. Mutter; Levine, Chi. Sym. (DG) **462•986**

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Prokofiev: *Alexander Nevsky Cantata;* more. Mata, Dallas Sym. & Chorus (Dorian) **457•705**

Cecilia Bartoli—Rossini Heroines (London) **462•929**

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Vivaldi: *6 Double Concertos.* Stern & Rampal (Sony Classical) **417•535**

Bartók: *Violin Concertos 1 & 2.* Midori; Mehta, Berliner Phil. (Sony Classical) **414•748**

Vivaldi: *The Four Seasons.* Nigel Kennedy, Eng.Chamber Orch. (EMI Classics) **414•672**

Schubert: *Syms. 5 & 8.* Norrington, Lond. Class. (EMI Classics) **414•102**

Mussorgsky: *Pictures at An Exhibition;* **Stravinsky:** *Firebird (Suite).* Giulini cond. (Sony Class.) **413•625**

Mozart: The Complete Piano Sonatas, Vol. 2. Philippe Entremont (Pro Arte) **409•961**

Early Romantic Overtures. Norrington, London Classical Players (EMI Classics) **406•090**

Vladimir Horowitz—The Last Recording (Sony Class.) **405•985**

Canadian Brass—English Renaissance Music. (CBS Masterworks) **403•402**

Chopin: *Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 2.* Murray Perahia (Sony Class.) **403•337**



Hovhaness: *Sym. 22 (City Of Light); Sym. 50 (Mount St. Helens).* Schwarz, Seattle Sym. (Delos) **466•235**

Mozart: *Eine Kleine...;* Albinoni, Pachelbel, Marriner, Academy.... (EMI Classics) **367•375**

Beethoven: *Piano Conc. No. 5, "Emperor."* Perahia; Haitink, Cond. (CBS Master.) **357•657**

Tchaikovsky: *The Nutcracker* (cpl.). Previn cond. (EMI Classics) **355•941/395•947**

Chopin: *Impromptus;* etc. Murray Perahia (CBS Master.) **337•550**

The Concert Of The Century (Sony Class.) **420•588**

Maria Callas—Puccini & Bellini Arias (EMI Classics) **400•259**

Paganini: *24 Caprices.* Midori, violin (CBS Masterworks) **389•791**

Nigel Kennedy—Tchaikovsky, Sibelius: *Violin Concertos.* (EMI Classics) **439•885**

Earl Wild—The Demonic Liszt. (Vanguard Classics) **439•836**

Lesley Garrett—PriMa Donna (Silva America) **459•982**

Itzhak Perlman—Brahms: *Violin Concerto.* Barenboim, Berlin Phil. (EMI Classics) **459•842**

Tchaikovsky: *Romeo & Juliet;* more. Masur cond. (Teldec) **461•467**

Debussy & Ravel: *String Quartets.* Carmina Quartet Denon) **460•063**

Haydn: *Piano Trios.* Kalichstein, Laredo and Robison Trio (Dorian) **460•055**

Haydn: *Symphonies Nos. 68, 93, 10.* Harnoncourt, cond. (Teldec) **459•966**

Johann Strauss: *The Blue Danube;* more. Barenboim, Chicago Sym. (Erato) **458•588**

Fauré: *Piano Quartets 1 & 2.* Ax, Stern, Laredo, Ma (Sony Classical) **458•554**

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Rachmaninoff: *Piano Con. 2; Rhapsody.....* Cecile Licad; Abbado (CBS Mast.) **456•103**

Christopher Parkening—Rodrigo: *Concierto De Aranjuez;* plus more. (EMI Classics) **455•170**

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Yevgeny Kissin—Schumann: *Piano Concerto;* solo music (Sony Class.) **460•022**

LIGHT CLASSICS

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Judith Lynn Stillman—Piano Silhouettes (North Star) **466•326**

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Placido Domingo & Itzhak Perlman—Together. (EMI Classics) **464•727**

Tchaikovsky: The Dance Album (EMI Classics) **461•566**

"Un Coeur En Hiver"—original soundtrack (Erato) **461•558**

Sensual Classics (Teldec) **459•529**

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Heavy Classix (Angel) **457•325**

The King And I—Ben Kingsley, Julie Andrews (Philips) **455•097**

Symphonic Tango. Stratta, El Quinteto Buenos Aires, Royal Philharm. (Teldec) **450•577**

Thomas Hampson—American Dreamer: The Songs Of Stephen Foster (Angel) **450•163**

Yo-Yo Ma/Bobby McFerrin—Hush (Sony Mast.) **432•930**

The Symphonic Lloyd Webber. Stratta, Royal Phil. (Teldec) **431•320**

The Spielberg/Williams Collaboration. Boston Pops Orchestra. (Sony Class.) **431•254**

The "Amadeus" Mozart (CBS) **416•123**

Isaac Stern—Humoresque—Favorite Violin Encores (CBS Masterworks) **405•720**

Custer LaRue—Sings The Daemon Lover (Dorian) **461•582**

Walt Disney's "Fantasia" (new digital sndtrk). (Buena Vista) **318•659/398•651**



Kathleen Battle & Wynton Marsalis—Baroque Duet. (Sony Classical) **439•372**

Weill: *"Lost In The Stars."* J. Rudel cond. (Musicmasters) **463•836**

Carreras & Caballé—Duetti Amorosi (Philips) **463•042**

Ute Lemper—Kurt Weill Songs: Vol.II (London) **463•018**

John Williams & The Boston Pops—Pops In Love (Philips) **462•960**

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COLUMBIA HOUSE Entertaining America... One Person

Sol LeWitt / Sara Sosnowy—Two ten-foot wooden cubes, one covered with black plastic foam, the other with white. / Minimalist works on paper. Through Feb. 5. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Matthias Mansen—Large paintings and woodcuts of abstract figures sitting, standing, or reclining, by this German artist. Through Jan. 22. (Prats, 568 Broadway.)

Ellen Rothenberg—"Partial Index," a sculptural installation relating to the Anne Frank diaries. Through Feb. 19. (Kent, 67 Prince St. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.)

Robert Ryman / Dan Flavin—Small, square oil-on-construction-board paintings that afford the viewer an intimate look at the delicacy of touch for which Ryman is famous. / In an installation of fluorescent-light sculptures by Ryman's minimalist contemporary Dan Flavin, the spacious rear galleries are suffused with trembling red, blue, pink, and violet light. It's a quiet show, in keeping with the spirit of the Rymans up front, but it still delivers an optical kick. Through Jan. 22. (Pace, 142 Greene St.)

David Salle—Recent works alongside paintings from his 1983 exhibit show a continuity of concept and method, incorporating three-dimensional found objects, photographic images, and painterly abstracts. Through Feb. 26. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Fred Sandback—Austere drawings, plus studies for site-specific installations, by a minimalist sculptor. Through Feb. 5. (Nolan/Eckman, 560 Broadway.)

Jim Shaw—A small but fascinating show of drawings titled "Dreams That Money Can Buy," after a 1944 Surrealist film by Hans Richter. Each drawing pairs a creepy or innocuous image with handwritten dreamlike descriptions of things the artist has seen on TV. Through Jan. 15. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Cary Smith—Geometric abstractions. Through Jan. 15. (Ala, 560 Broadway.)

Viktor IV (1929-86)—A retrospective: watches and clocks that run counterclockwise and upside down; logbook pages with the artist's observations; and "IKONS," gigantic painted-wood hatch covers from old ships. Through March 4. (The Time Is Always Now, 476 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Chi Watts—Abstract paintings based on ancient Chinese calligraphy. Through Jan. 27. (Wickiser, 568 Broadway.)

"Face to Face"—The human face, in a variety of mediums, as portrayed by six international artists. Through Feb. 12. (101 Wooster Street Gallery. Open Sundays and Mondays.)

"Old Symbols/New Icons in Russian Contemporary Art"—A show of works by both well-known (Komar and Melamid) and lesser-known (Larissa Zvezdochetova) artists. Through Jan. 29. (Levy, 588 Broadway.)

"Putt-Modernism"—An entertaining eighteen-hole miniature-golf course, in which each hole was designed by a different artist. You can rent a putter for five bucks, or just look for free. Through Feb. 27. (Fulton Market Building, South Street Seaport, Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. Open Thursdays through Saturdays, from noon to midnight, and Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Sundays, from noon to 10.)

"Shape"—Works motivated by the desire to "conceptualize" painting, by Charles Fine, Ron Janowich, Robert Therrien, and others. Through Feb. 9. (Auchincloss, 558 Broadway.)

ANTIQUES AND AUCTIONS

Model Ships—Anyone who has spent the long winter evenings painstakingly assembling a Revell model ship will appreciate the ten examples of the craft of Fred C. Nagel on view at North Star (1120 Lexington Ave., at 78th St.; through Jan. 31). Nagel researches historic ships and re-creates them from the keel up, adhering to standards established by the Mariner's Museum, in Newport News, Virginia, and the Mystic Seaport Museum, in Connecticut: only certain aged woods, brass fittings, linen or silk rigging, and so on, may be used. His S.S. Great Britain ($29,000), one of the outstanding examples, took two years to complete. The largest ship of her day, she was disabled by a storm off Cape Horn in 1886 and ran aground in the Falkland Islands. Antique ship models on display have a coarser, weathered look. They include a Boucher 1926 mail-order model of the Dolphin ($6,800), a hydroplane steam-power boat, "for boys from eight to eighty."

The Sharp Eye—Susan Sontag has called collecting "a succession of desires," a definition that surely applies to the late Peter Sharp. The New York real-estate wizard and bon vivant began by collecting Old Master paintings and expanded to French furniture and Renaissance and Baroque bronzes and terra-cotta sculptures, transforming his Park Avenue apartment into a salon. Some hundred lots of Sharp's holdings—expected to garner more than twelve million dollars—will constitute one of the major auctions of the season, at Sotheby's (York Ave. at 72nd St.), on Jan. 13 at 2. (For further information, call 606-7176.)

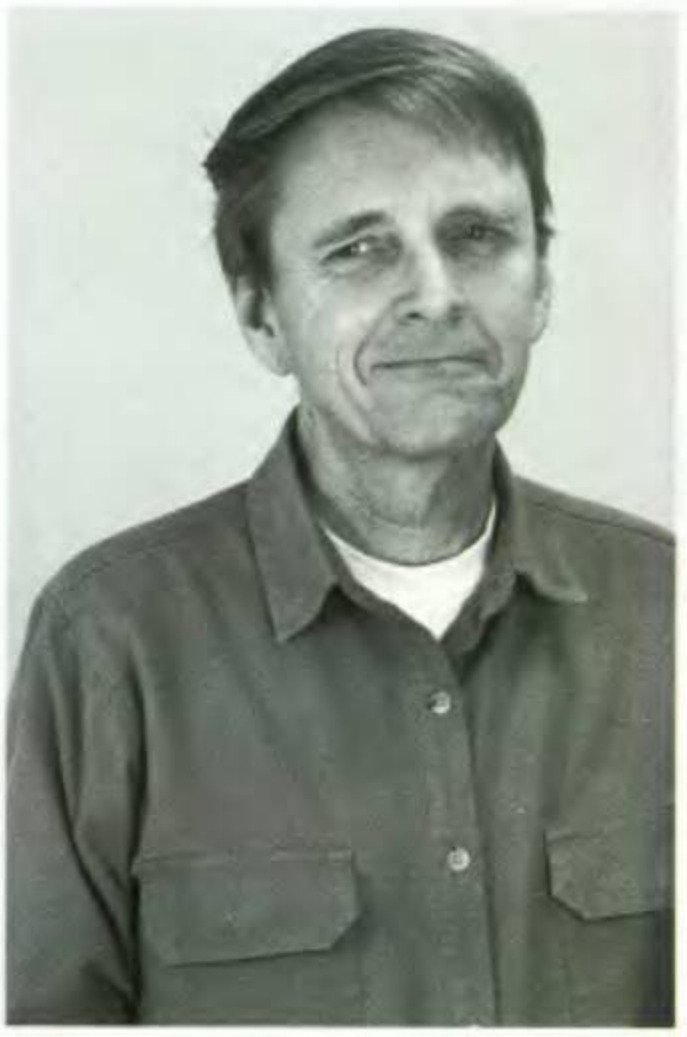
Prints and Pants—The Metropolitan Arts & Antiques Pavilion launches its season with an auction of rare books, prints, and ephemera on Jan. 18 at 1. There will be books by Le Carré, Fowles, García Márquez, Wolfe, and others; an Audubon "Canadian Otter"; and a pair of gray-flannel trousers purchased by Jack Kerouac for an appearance on "The Ed Sullivan Show." Estimates range from $50 to $6,000 ($2,500-$3,500 for the pants). (110 W. 19th St. For further information, call 463-0200.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Shooting Stars

PHOTOGRAPHERS working the well-worn celebrity beat these days have to be brilliant to come up with punchy, original pictures. Formulaic approaches and vapid results are more common, and not only because of a lack of imagination on the part of the photographers. The celebrity shoot can be undone by calculating publicists and other guardians of "image," as well as by the weariness of the subject. It wasn't always so: the genre used to really bring out the characters, both in front of the camera and behind it. This is clear in "Phil Stern's Hollywood," a book recently published by Knopf; many of the same images are on view at Staley-Wise (560 Broadway; through January 22).

Before Stern started shooting the rich and famous, he worked as a photographer for *Police Gazette* and, during the Second World War, as a combat photographer. This front-line training paid off in the spontaneous images of celebrities that Stern took from the late forties to the early sixties. His grit and his instinct for genuine style and glamour—not the contrived kind but the real charismatic thing—worked together to capture the qualities that made James Dean, Lucille Ball, Marlon Brando, and Marilyn Monroe such personal icons for their audience. Stern's images never strain to impress or aggrandize; he hit one photographic jackpot after another, some of them total surprises. Who would have expected John Wayne in checked hot pants, espadrilles, and a shoulder bag? Stern follows no formula. He just waits for the moment when everyone loosens up, and then lets the pictures happen.



Self-portrait by Robert Adams (Lowinsky).

Robert Adams / Désiré Charnay (1828-1915)—Adams' monumental photographs of the modern West are full of rage and tenderness. His views of nature on the urban margins are actually images of ruins: broken trees, littered fields and lots, and smog-dimmed vistas. "Los Angeles Spring," a series of photographs he made during the late seventies and early eighties, was published as a book in 1986. This exhibition marks the first time the series has been shown in a gallery. For all their horror, there is an odd and intensely realistic beauty in these shots. The show also includes some recent views of the Oregon coast. / Rare vintage prints of an 1863 exploration of Madagascar. Through Jan. 29. (Lowinsky, 578 Broadway.)

Nan Goldin and David Armstrong—A twenty-year friendship, as seen through fifty images, from Goldin's familiar drag queens and débutantes to Armstrong's lesser-known black-and-white portraits. Through Jan. 29. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Lois Guarino—Photo collages that incorporate hand-coloring and other treatments. Through Jan. 15. (Mann, 42 E. 76th St.)

Karl Lagerfeld—A photographic series inspired by the 1919 silent film "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." Through Jan. 16. (Freire, 130 Prince St.)

Charles A. Platt (1861-1933)—More than eighty vintage photographs of Italian gardens. (Paine Webber Gallery, 1285 Sixth Ave., at 52nd St.)

Francesca Woodman—Nudes posed beside decaying materials. Through Jan. 15. (Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St.)

"Points of View: New York City in the Nineteen-thirties"—Photographs by Berenice Abbott, Alexander Alland, and Arnold Eagle. Through Jan. 15. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St.)

"Urban Visions"—New York, Paris, London, and other great cities, captured by Brassaï, Walker Evans, Robert Frank, and other photographers. Through Jan. 15. (Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—More than a hundred images by Robert Smithson (1938-73). (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.—"Iterations: The New Image," an exhibition of computer-generated photography. Through Feb. 6. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Guggenheim Museum and the Whitney Museum of American Art.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Working Mother

SENSING that one of its citizens was about to make a strong impression on the American musical scene, the government of France seized the opportunity last month to introduce soprano Françoise Pollet privately to several dozen listeners at its Embassy, just before she bowed in "Les Troyens" at the Met. Ms. Pollet was joined in this pre-début performance by her three-year-old daughter, Laure. As the "mini-mini-recital" was about to begin, Laure showed sudden, tearful misgivings about sharing her *maman* with a roomful of strangers. And so it was that Ms. Pollet introduced herself to New York by launching into Mozart's "Dans un bois solitaire" with a little girl cradled in her arms. Halfway through the song, she gently deposited young Laure in a chair next to the piano. Following the Mozart, mother and daughter agreed that Maman would sing only three pieces, no encores. Laure made it clear that she intended to enforce the treaty, enumerating each of the selections: Mozart, *un;* Duparc, *deux;* Berlioz, *trois.*

In all three, Ms. Pollet confirmed advance reports that she possessed an unforced voice which retains finesse even at tremendous volume, a rare species of French dramatic soprano most recently represented by Régine Crespin. (Crespin, however, is not known to have sung and cradled simultaneously.) It is doubtful that Laure will visibly assist at Françoise Pollet's New York début recital on January 16, at Alice Tully Hall. If she does, she'll have to count all the way up to *vingt* to chart her mother's course through sets of songs and arias by ten composers. And they'll surely have to renegotiate the matter of encores.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; and for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—I LOMBARDI, by Verdi, with Aprile Millo, Luciano Pavarotti, Bruno Beccaria, and Paul Plishka; conducted by James Levine. (Jan. 12 at 8 and Jan. 15 at 1:30.) . . . LES TROYENS, by Berlioz, with Carol Yahr, Maria Ewing, Gary Lakes, Dwayne Croft, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. (Jan. 13 at 6:30.) . . . LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR, with Mariella Devia, Jerry Hadley, Juan Pons, and Dimitri Kavrakos; Nello Santi. (Jan. 14 at 8.) . . . ELEKTRA, with Hildegard Behrens, Deborah Voigt, Brigitte Fassbaender, James King, and Donald McIntyre; James Levine. (Jan. 15 at 8:30 and Jan. 18 at 8.) . . . AIDA, with Sharon Sweet, Stefania Toczyska, Michael Sylvester, and Timothy Noble; John Fiore. (Jan. 17 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

"HOW TO MAKE LOVE"—A staging of a new one-act chamber opera by Lawrence Widdoes. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Jan. 13-15 at 8.)

BRONX OPERA—Presenting "Un Giorno di Regno," Verdi's second opera, and his only comic one until "Falstaff," written fifty-three years later. Fully staged, and sung in English. (John Jay College Theatre, Tenth Ave. between 58th and 59th Sts. Jan. 14-15 at 8. For information about tickets, call 408-1661.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Charles Dutoit conducts Roussel's "Petite Suite," Saint-Saëns' Piano Concerto No. 4 (featuring Jean-Philippe Collard), and Berlioz' "Harold in Italy" (spotlighting the orchestra's principal violist, Cynthia Phelps). (Avery Fisher Hall. Jan. 12-13 and Jan. 15 at 8, and Jan. 14 at 2.)

NEW YORK POPS—Skitch Henderson conducts a south-of-the-border-style fiesta ("La Cucaracha," "The Mexican Hat Dance," and so on), which includes the New York première of Villa-Lobos's Harmonica Concerto (with Robert Bonfiglio as soloist). (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 14 at 8.)

RECITALS

CHAMBER POT POURRI—Violinist Jaime Laredo and cellist Sharon Robinson play the Handel/Halvorsen Passacaglia; violist Ida Kavafian joins them for Beethoven's String Trio in E-Flat (Op. 3); and pianist Leon Fleisher completes the ensemble for Korngold's Suite for Piano Left Hand and Strings. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Jan. 12 at 8.)

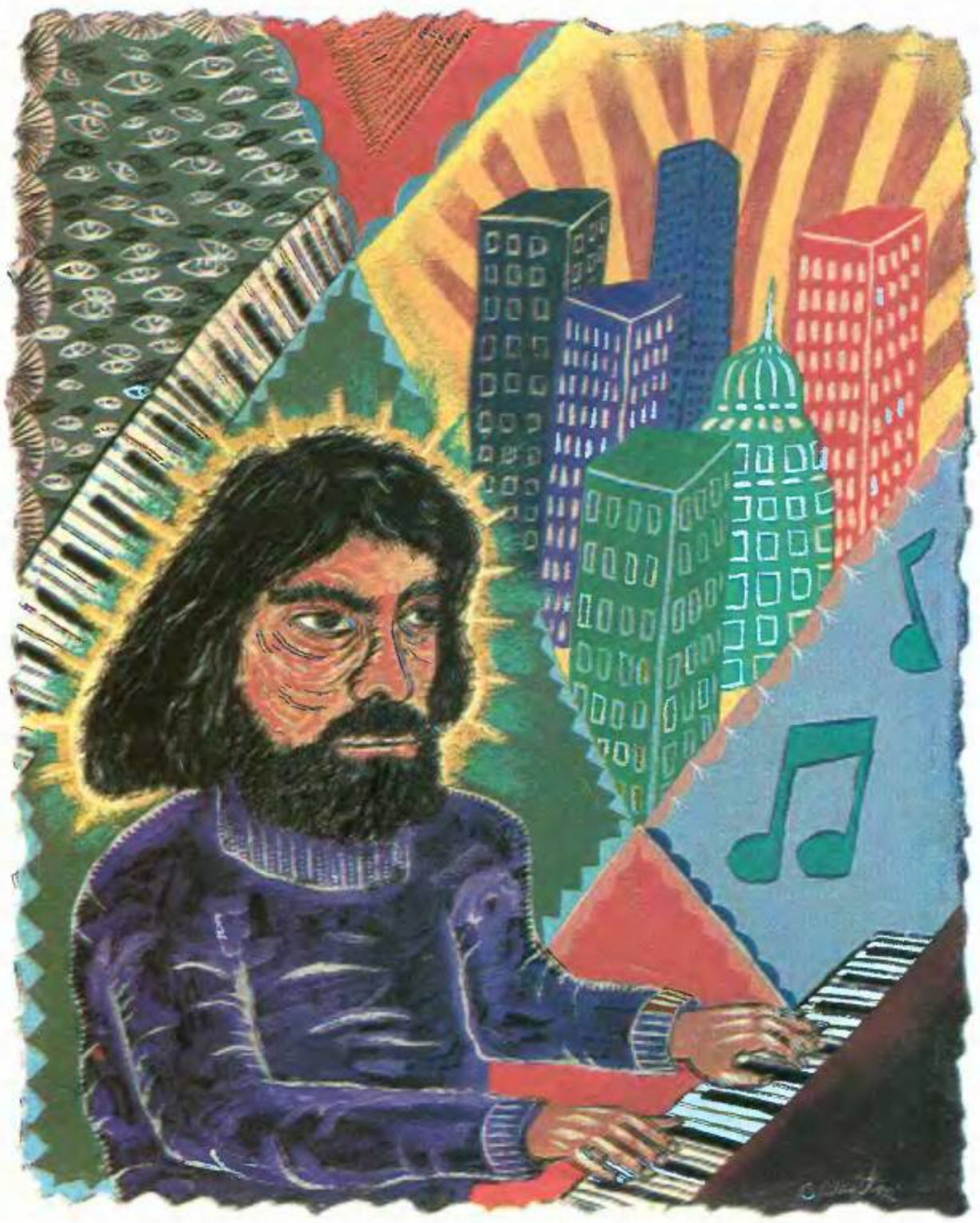
BARGEMUSIC—Both of Brahms' string sextets, performed by violinists Ik-Hwan Bae and Carmit Zori, violists Toby Hoffman and Hsin-Yun Huang, and cellists Fred Sherry and Ronald Thomas. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Jan. 13 at 7:30 and Jan. 16 at 4.)

RACHMANINOFF ROUNDUP—Pianist Ruth Laredo comments on the music of Rachmaninoff, several of whose works she will perform (with the assistance of violinist Ani Kavafian and cellist Nathaniel Rosen). (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Jan. 14 at 7.)

JEFFREY DOOLEY—Countertenor, singing a program of English Renaissance music associated with the late Alfred Deller; assisted by a viol consort. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Jan. 15 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

AUSTRALIAN FESTIVAL OF CHAMBER MUSIC IN NEW YORK—Hosted by the Ukrainian Institute of America, no less—which all adds up to a strikingly international affair. Musicians associated with the three-year-old festival, which takes place each July in North Queensland, will play three hefty programs that mix standard masterpieces with less-established works. Jan. 15 at 8: Mozart's Oboe Quartet, Mendelssohn's A-Major String Quintet, Schumann's Adagio and Allegro (Op. 70), and Brahms' Piano Quintet. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 3: Larry Sitsky's Partita; Penderecki's String Trio (in its United States première); Martinů's Quartet for Oboe, Violin, Cello, and Piano; Schnittke's Violin Sonata No. 2; and Arensky's Quartet for Violin, Viola, and Two Cellos. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 8: The United States première of Boris Lyatoshynsky's Piano Trio No. 1, Kodály's Sonata for Solo Cello, Schubert's Rondo Brillante in B Minor, and Schumann's Piano Quintet. (Ukrainian Institute, 2 E. 79th St. 772-2884.)

LEADING LADIES—Vocal notables fête mezzo-soprano Marilyn Horne on her sixtieth birthday. Consistently recognized by the notoriously exigent Italians as a *prima donna assoluta* for the past twenty-five years, Horne will display her enduring prowess by performing in a program of songs, arias, and duets by assorted composers, sharing the bill with sopranos Montserrat Caballé, Renée Fleming, Renata Scotto, Ruth Ann Swenson, Benita Valente, and with her fellow-mezzo Frederica von Stade (whom American audiences can hope to hear on only the rarest of occasions—which this promises to be). Pianists Martin Katz and Warren Jones assist. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 16 at 2.)



Radu Lupu at Carnegie Hall.

CHRISTIAN CLAYTON

Lyric Piano Quartet—Performing Schubert's Adagio and Rondo Concertante (D. 487), as well as piano quartets by Fauré (in G Minor) and Wladyslaw Zelenski (Op. 61). (Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. 734-2130. Jan. 16 at 2:45.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—Members of the orchestra play chamber works by François Devienne, Max Reger, Tobias Picker (his "The Blue Hula"), and Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (his Clarinet Quintet). (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Jan. 16 at 3.)

Custer LaRue—The soprano is assisted by her colleagues in the Baltimore Consort in English and Scottish ballads and consort songs from Shakespeare's time, by Morley, Dowland, Alexander Montgomerie, Thomas Wode, and others. (Trinity Evangelical Lutheran Church, 164 W. 100th St. Jan. 16 at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Vladimir Feltsman—Pianist, performing Book One of Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier." (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Jan. 16 at 3.)

North-South Consonance—Presenting Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire" (with soprano Lynne Vardaman), as well as recent Holocaust-inspired works by Raoul Pleskow, Lettie Beckon Alston, Shirish Korde, and Max Lifchitz. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Jan. 16 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Kent Tritle—The organist performs Bach's G-Minor Fantasia and Fugue and D-Major Prelude and Fugue, Nicolas de Grigny's "Récit de Tierce en Taille," Franck's A-Minor Chorale, Persichetti's "Shimah b'koli," and movements of organ symphonies by Widor. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. Jan. 16 at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Jerry Hadley—The tenor offers a wide-ranging benefit concert of songs and arias, from Mozart to Sondheim; assisted by his wife, the pianist Cheryl Drake Hadley. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Jan. 16 at 4.)

Locatelli Trio—In its United States début performance, the period-instrument ensemble plays music by Corelli, Bach, Handel, Giuseppe Tartini, and their namesake, Pietro Locatelli. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. Jan. 16 at 5.)

Salon Soirée—Pianist Ilan Rechtman performs an all-Chopin recital in this upstairs salon. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Jan. 16 at 6 and 8. Admission is free, but call 876-6000 to reserve a seat.)

Françoise Pollet—In her New York recital début, the French dramatic soprano sings arias and art songs by Mozart, Schubert, Strauss, Wagner, Verdi, Massenet, Duparc, Berlioz, Debussy, and Charpentier; with pianist Denise Massé. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Jan. 16 at 7:30.)

Brian Asawa—Countertenor, performing songs and arias by Dowland, Purcell, Vivaldi, Schubert, Fauré, and Rorem; with pianist Steven Eldredge. (Walter Reade Theatre, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. Jan. 17 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 875-5050.)

Clamma Dale—Soprano, performing updated arrangements of Civil War and emancipation songs; with pianist David Jutt. (Weill Recital Hall. Jan. 17 at 8.)

Joseph Silverstein and Young Artists—The violinist is joined by aspiring musicians in a program of chamber music. (Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Jan. 18 at 12:30. Free tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

"Voices of Women"—Soprano Christine Brandes, viola da gamba player Mary Springfels, and harpsichordist Arthur Haas perform Baroque works, mostly by women. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Jan. 18 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 666-0675.)

Radu Lupu—Critics of musical competitions might consider Romanian-born Radu Lupu before launching into the standard routine about how the winners always lack personality. Lupu won first prizes in several major international competitions—including the Cliburn (1966) and the Leeds (1969)—but his technical mastery supports some of the most insightful keyboard interpretation currently before the public. He's rather reclusive, and his recitals are infrequent, so pianophiles may line up early for this performance of Bartók's Suite (Op. 14), Schubert's Four Impromptus (D. 935), and Schumann's C-Major Fantasy (Op. 17). (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 18 at 8.)

EINAT PELED



KENT TRITLE *has made a notable impact on New York's music scene since arriving from the Hawkeye State in 1982, both as a liturgical and concert organist and as the motivating force behind the forty-ton, five-thousand-pipe, tracker-action Mander organ at the acoustically resonant Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, where Tritle plays weekly services and directs the parish's myriad musical activities. On January 16, he'll play music from four centuries in a recital crafted to demonstrate why this prodigious instrument, installed last April, instantly became a major landmark in the city's concert landscape.*

FOR KIDS

(A list of activities for children and their parents or other adults.)

Step Right Up—Nickelodeon, the cable-TV network, presents live versions of two of its game shows, "Guts" and "Nick Arcade." Audience participation (for both children and adults) is more than remotely possible. Some of the onstage competitions involve pies in the face, the flinging of green slime, etc. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6741. Jan. 15 at 1:30 and 5.)

Twinkle, Twinkle—A make-your-own-planetarium confab at the Children's Museum of Manhattan. Recommended ages: six and older. (212 W. 83rd St. 721-1234. Jan. 15 at 3.)

Sweet Honey in the Rock—The a-cappella quintet performs its annual children's concert and pays tribute to Martin Luther King, Jr. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Jan. 16 at 2. For information about tickets, call 274-1948.)

Dance with Me—The eight-member troupe O, Samba! offers a special children's program of Brazilian and African dance and music. The group will also teach dance steps to the audience. (Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. 346-8510. Jan. 16 at 3.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Knicks—Vs. the Detroit Pistons, Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Vs. the Minnesota Timberwolves, Jan. 17. (Game time, 1:00.)

Nets—Vs. the Denver Nuggets, Jan. 14 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Utah Jazz, Jan. 16 at 6.

Rangers—Vs. the Philadelphia Flyers, Jan. 14. . . . ¶ Vs. the St. Louis Blues, Jan. 18. (Game time, 7:30.)

Islanders—Vs. the Montreal Canadiens, Jan. 14 at 7:40. . . . ¶ Vs. the Chicago Black Hawks, Jan. 15 at 7:10. . . . ¶ Vs. the Florida Panthers, Jan. 17 at 1:10.

Devils—Vs. the Los Angeles Kings, Jan. 15 at 7:35.

(The Knicks and the Rangers play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Nets and the Devils at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Honoring Martin Luther King, Jr.—Jan. 15, from 1 to 6, and Jan. 17, from 11 to 4: Several films, including the entirety of the "I Have a Dream" speech. (Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St. No charge beyond museum admission, but call 864-4500, ext. 230, to reserve a seat.) . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 11 and 2:30: A concert of spirituals and gospel songs with the Great Day Chorale and the Children's Chorus. (Brooklyn Botanic Garden, Garden Palm House, 1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 8: Bob Holman and Hattie Gossett, among others, will read from their own poetry. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 6: A string-quartet performance, a monologue about Nat Turner, gospel songs, and several dance numbers. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. For information about free tickets, call 769-7406.)

Sure Shot—In celebration of the first National Hockey League All-Star game held in New York City since 1973, "New York Skates" will offer a variety of free events. Autographed jerseys, pucks, sticks, and photographs, from the National Hockey League Hall of Fame, will be exhibited at the Grand Central Terminal's Main Waiting Room, along with the Stanley Cup. (Jan. 14, from noon to 8; Jan. 15-16, from 10 to 8; and Jan. 17-18, from 8 to 8. Through Jan. 22.) Other events include a hockey street festival outside Madison Square Garden on 33rd St., on Jan. 16 from 11 to 1, where community hockey organizations will play exhibition games. On Jan. 20, from noon to 1:30, players from the Rangers will be on hand, at the Rockefeller Center rink, to have their slap shots measured by a radar gun. (For more information, call 750-7887.)

Full Steam Ahead—Exhibits at the New York National Boat Show include inflatable rafts, global-positioning systems, powerboats, yachts, sailboats, and a thirty-five-hundred-gallon aquarium stocked for the indoor angler. (Jacob K. Javits Convention Center, Eleventh Ave. between 34th and 39th Sts. Jan. 12-14, from noon to 8; Jan. 15, from 10 to 9; and Jan. 16, from 11 to 7. Tickets at the door on the days of the event.)

Readings—Jan. 14 at 8: Michael Ondaatje will read from his most recent novel, "The English Patient." (Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 6: Chinua Achebe will be interviewed by Jerome Brooks, followed, at 8:30, by a reading by Achebe and Maryse Condé. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.) . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 7:30: Contributors will read their own work from "Charlie Chan Is Dead: An Anthology of Contemporary Asian-American Fiction," edited by Jessica Hagedorn. (Fez at Time Café, 380 Lafayette St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Talk—Jan. 18 at 7: Paul Schrader and Joan Micklin Silver, among others, will discuss the adaptation of books for the screen. Clips from some of the films under discussion will be shown. (McGraw-Hill Auditorium, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. No tickets necessary.)



THE MOVIES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18				

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 24.

EAST SIDE

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "The Piano" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Trial" (directed by David Jones).
Theatre 3: "Farewell My Concubine" (Chen Kaige, in Mandarin).
Theatre 4: "Faraway, So Close" (Wim Wenders; in German), with Otto Sander.
Theatre 5: "The Snapper" (†).
Theatre 6: "Naked" (†).

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"Sure Fire" (Jon Jost).

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 13: "A Perfect World" (Clint Eastwood). From Jan. 14: "Death Wish V."
Theatre 3: "Heaven and Earth" (†).

VILLAGE THEATRE VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "The Remains of the Day" (James Ivory).
Theatre 2: "Tombstone" (George Cosmatos), with Kurt Russell, Val Kilmer, and Sam Elliott.
Theatre 3: "Addams Family Values" (Barry Sonnenfeld).
Theatre 4: "The Pelican Brief" (†).
Theatre 5: "Geronimo: An American Legend" (†).
Theatre 6: "Grumpy Old Men" (†).
Theatre 7: "The Pelican Brief" (†).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 13: "Crush" (Alison Maclean). From Jan. 14: "Household Saints" (Nancy Savoca).

VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Joy Luck Club" (Wayne Wang).
Theatre 3: "Short Cuts" (Robert Altman).
Theatre 4: "The Summer House" (Waris Hussein).
Theatre 5: "The Air Up There" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Kevin Bacon.
Theatre 6: "Cabin Boy" (Adam Resnick), with Chris Elliott.
Theatre 7: "Batman: Mask of the Phantasm," an animated film; and "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (Henry Selick).

19TH STREET EAST 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "The Piano" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Perfect World" (Clint Eastwood).
Theatre 3: "What's Eating Gilbert Grape" (Lasse Hallström), with Johnny Depp.
Theatre 4: "Tombstone" (George Cosmatos), with Kurt Russell.
Theatre 5: "Wayne's World 2" (†).
Theatre 6: "Grumpy Old Men" (†).

MURRAY HILL CINEMAS, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Grumpy Old Men" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tombstone" (George Cosmatos), with Kurt Russell.
Theatre 3: "The Air Up There" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Kevin Bacon.
Theatre 4: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (†).

34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Pelican Brief" (†).
Theatre 2: "Ghost in the Machine" (Rachel Talalay).
Theatre 3: "Cabin Boy" (Adam Resnick).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Beethoven's 2nd" (†).

EASTSIDE PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Farewell My Concubine" (Chen Kaige, in Mandarin).



Starting January 14, at Film Forum 2, two early films by Stanley Kubrick.

SUTTON 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Air Up There" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Kevin Bacon.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Wrestling Ernest Hemingway" (Randa Haines), with Robert Duvall and Richard Harris.

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Beethoven's 2nd" (†).
Theatre 2: "Wayne's World 2" (†).

59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Batman: Mask of the Phantasm," an animated film; and "Carlito's Way" (Brian De Palma).

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Grumpy Old Men" (†).
Theatre 2: "Six Degrees of Separation" (†).

CINEMA I, CINEMA II, AND CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Tombstone" (George Cosmatos), with Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: "Short Cuts" (Robert Altman).
Theatre 3: "Cabin Boy" (Adam Resnick).

FIRST & 62ND CINEMAS, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "In the Name of the Father" (Jim Sheridan), with Daniel Day-Lewis.
Theatre 2: "Schindler's List" (†).
Theatre 3: "Schindler's List" (†).
Theatre 4: "Schindler's List" (†).
Theatre 5: "In the Name of the Father."
Theatre 6: "The Piano" (†).

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "A Perfect World" (Clint Eastwood).
Theatre 2: "Philadelphia" (†).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Shadowlands" (†).

NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Pelican Brief" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Pelican Brief" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Joy Luck Club" (Wayne Wang).

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"What's Eating Gilbert Grape" (Lasse Hallström), with Johnny Depp.

EAST 85TH STREET, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Batman: Mask of the Phantasm," an animated film; and "A Perfect World" (Clint Eastwood).

PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Carlito's Way" (Brian De Palma).
Theatre 2: "Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).

ORPHEUM VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "Ghost in the Machine" (Rachel Talalay).
Theatre 2: "The Air Up There" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Kevin Bacon.
Theatre 3: "Wayne's World 2" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Pelican Brief" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Pelican Brief" (†).
Theatre 6: "Beethoven's 2nd" (†).
Theatre 7: "Grumpy Old Men" (†).

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Cabin Boy" (Adam Resnick).
Theatre 2: "Tombstone" (George Cosmatos).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "The Forbidden Quest" (directed by Peter Delpeut).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "The War Room" (D. A. Pennebaker and Chris Hegedus), a documentary.

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Six Degrees of Separation" (†).
Theatre 2: "Wayne's World 2" (†).

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Beethoven's 2nd" (†); and "Ghost in the Machine" (Rachel Talalay).
Theatre 2: "Shadowlands" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau, in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Blue" (†).
Theatre 3: "Blue" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Age of Innocence" (Martin Scorsese).

CHELSEA CINEMAS, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "In the Name of the Father" (Jim Sheridan), with Daniel Day-Lewis.
Theatre 2: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (†).
Theatre 3: "In the Name of the Father."
Theatre 4: "Schindler's List" (†).
Theatre 5: "Schindler's List" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Remains of the Day" (James Ivory).
Theatre 7: "The Pelican Brief" (†).
Theatre 8: "Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).
Theatre 9: "Shadowlands" (†).

KENT BARTON

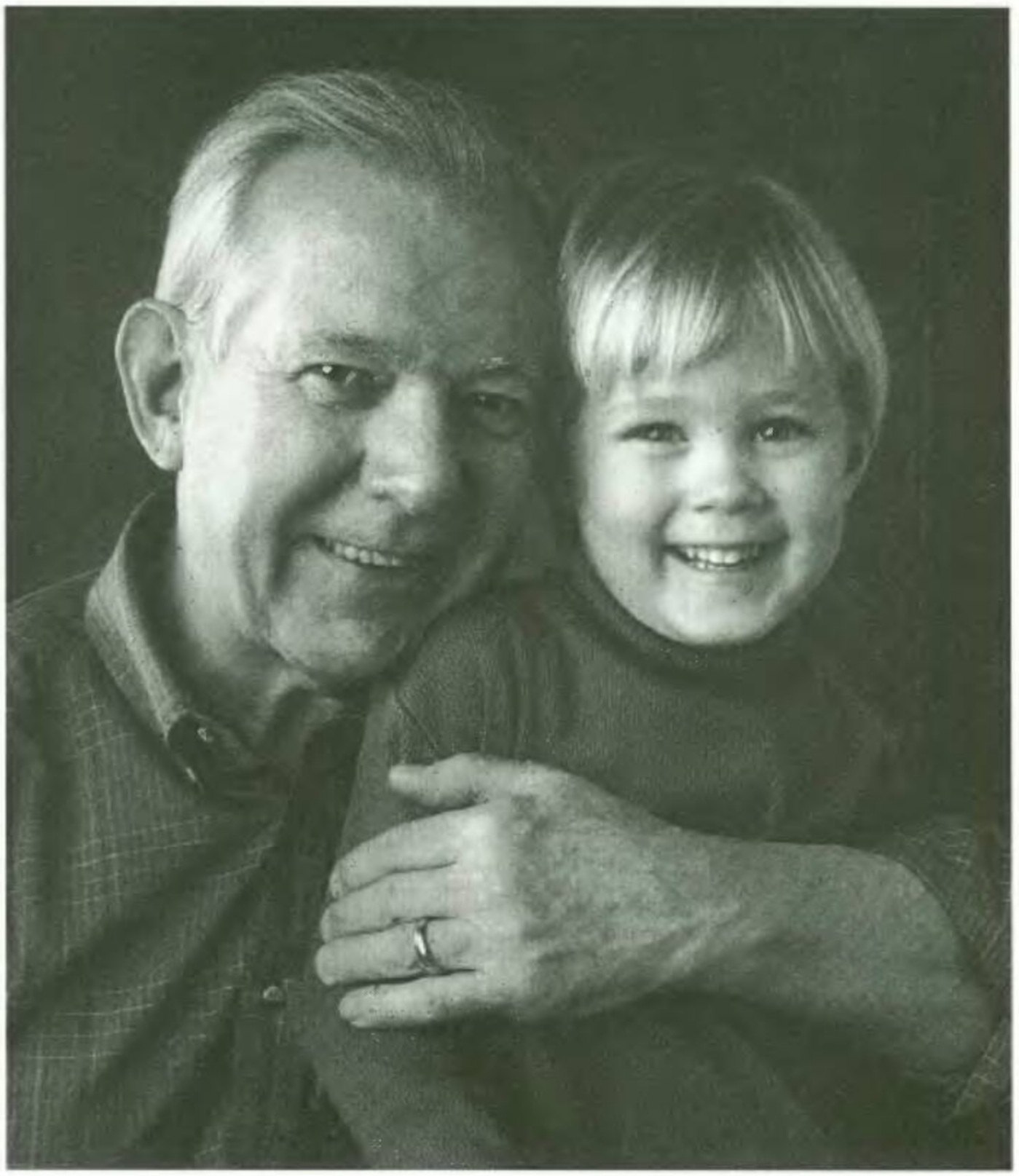
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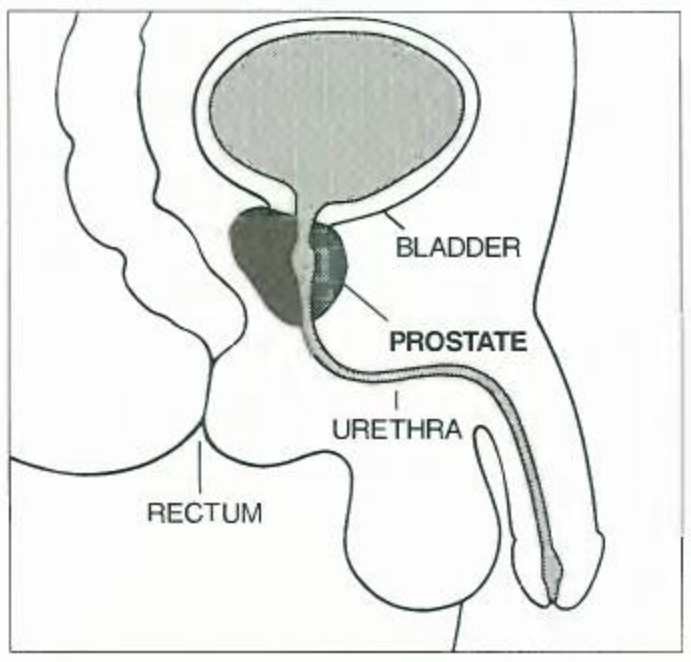


How PROSCAR can shrink an enlarged prostate.

As a man ages, a key hormone can help cause the prostate to grow. PROSCAR actually blocks the production of this hormone, so it helps shrink the prostate to a smaller size in many men. As a result, some men treated with PROSCAR experience an increased urinary flow and an improvement in urinary symptoms.

Why you should see your doctor soon.

Your doctor has several options for the treatment of symptomatic BPH: watchful waiting (monitoring the condition with regular checkups), medication, or surgery. It's important to see your doctor because the problem doesn't usually get better by itself. In many cases, the prostate continues to enlarge and the symptoms may get worse. So if your urinary symptoms are bothering you, have your family doctor or a urologist assess your condition and ask if PROSCAR is an appropriate treatment for you.



The prostate surrounds part of the urethra, the tube that carries urine from the bladder. As the prostate enlarges, it can squeeze the urethra and cause urinary problems.

It is also important to have regular checkups. *While benign prostate enlargement is not cancer and does not lead to cancer, the two conditions can exist at the same time.*

Remember, only a doctor can evaluate your symptoms and their possible causes. So, if your urinary symptoms are bothering you, don't wait any longer. You may find that your enlarged prostate can be made into a smaller problem.

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PROSCAR is for the treatment of symptomatic benign prostatic hyperplasia and for use by men only.

Your doctor may prescribe PROSCAR if you have a medical condition called benign prostatic hyperplasia or BPH. This occurs only in men.

Please read this information, as well as the leaflet which accompanies your medication, before you start taking PROSCAR. Also, read the leaflet each time you renew your prescription, just in case anything has changed. Remember, this leaflet does not take the place of careful discussions with your doctor. You and your doctor should discuss PROSCAR when you start taking your medication and at regular checkups.

What is BPH?

BPH is an enlargement of the prostate gland. After age 50, most men develop enlarged prostates. The prostate is located below the bladder. As the prostate enlarges, it may slowly restrict the flow of urine. This can lead to symptoms such as:

- a weak or interrupted urinary stream
- a feeling that you cannot empty your bladder completely
- a feeling of delay or hesitation when you start to urinate
- a need to urinate often, especially at night
- a feeling that you must urinate right away.

Treatment options for BPH

There are three main treatment options for BPH:

- **Program of monitoring or "Watchful Waiting".** If a man has an enlarged prostate gland and no symptoms or if his symptoms do not bother him, he and his doctor may decide on a program of monitoring which would include regular checkups, instead of medication or surgery.
- **Medication.** Your doctor may prescribe PROSCAR for BPH. See **"What PROSCAR does"** below.
- **Surgery.** Some patients may need surgery. Your doctor can describe several different surgical procedures for BPH. Which procedure is best depends on your symptoms and medical condition.

What PROSCAR does

PROSCAR lowers levels of a key hormone called DHT (dihydrotestosterone), which is a major cause of prostate growth. Lowering DHT leads to shrinkage of the enlarged prostate gland in most men. This can lead to gradual improvement in urine flow and symptoms over the next several months. However, since each case of BPH is different, you should know that:

- Even though the prostate shrinks, you may NOT see an improvement in urine flow or symptoms.
- You may need to take PROSCAR for six (6) months or more to see whether it helps you.
- Even though you take PROSCAR and it may help you, it is not known whether PROSCAR reduces the need for surgery.

What you need to know while taking PROSCAR

- **You must see your doctor regularly.** While taking PROSCAR, you must have regular checkups. Follow your doctor's advice about when to have these checkups.
- **About side effects.** Like all prescription drugs, PROSCAR may cause side effects. Side effects due to PROSCAR may include impotence (or inability to have an erection) and less desire for sex. Each of these side effects occurred in less than 4% of patients in clinical studies. In some cases side effects went away while the patient continued to take PROSCAR.

Some men taking PROSCAR® (Finasteride) may have a decrease in the amount of semen released during sex. This decrease does not appear to interfere with normal sexual function.

You should discuss side effects with your doctor before taking PROSCAR and anytime you think you are having a side effect.

- **Checking for prostate cancer.** Your doctor has prescribed PROSCAR for symptomatic BPH and not for cancer—but a man can have BPH and prostate cancer at the same time. Doctors usually recommend that men be checked for prostate cancer once a year when they turn 50 (or 40 if a family member has had prostate cancer). These checks should continue while you take PROSCAR. PROSCAR is not a treatment for prostate cancer.
- **About prostate specific antigen (PSA).** Your doctor may have done a blood test called PSA. PROSCAR can alter PSA values. For more information, talk to your doctor.
- **A warning about PROSCAR and pregnancy.**

PROSCAR is for use by MEN only.

PROSCAR is generally well tolerated in men. However, women who are pregnant, or women who could become pregnant, should avoid the active ingredient in PROSCAR.

If the active ingredient is absorbed by a woman who is pregnant with a male baby, it may cause the male baby to be born with abnormalities of the sex organs. Therefore, any woman who is pregnant or who could become pregnant must not come into direct contact with the active ingredient in PROSCAR.

Two of the ways in which a woman might absorb the active ingredient in PROSCAR are:

Sexual contact. Your semen may contain a small amount of the active ingredient of the drug. If your partner is pregnant, or if you and your partner decide to have a baby, you must stop taking PROSCAR and talk to your doctor. If your partner could become pregnant, proper use of a condom can reduce the risk of exposing her to your semen (discuss this further with your doctor).

Handling broken tablets. Women who are pregnant or who could become pregnant must not handle broken tablets of PROSCAR.

PROSCAR tablets are coated to prevent contact with the active ingredient during normal handling. If this coating is broken, the tablets should not be handled by women who are pregnant or who could become pregnant.

If a woman who is pregnant comes into contact with the active ingredient in PROSCAR, a doctor should be consulted. Remember, these warnings apply only if the woman exposed to PROSCAR is pregnant or could become pregnant.

How to take PROSCAR

Follow your doctor's advice about how to take PROSCAR. You must take it every day. You may take it with or between meals. To avoid forgetting to take PROSCAR, it may be helpful to take it the same time every day.

Do not share PROSCAR with anyone else; it was prescribed only for you.

Keep PROSCAR and all medicines out of the reach of children.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT PROSCAR AND BPH, TALK WITH YOUR DOCTOR. IN ADDITION, TALK TO YOUR PHARMACIST OR OTHER HEALTH CARE PROVIDER.

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MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Beethoven's 2nd" (†); and "Carlito's Way" (Brian De Palma).
Theatre 2: "Cabin Boy" (Adam Resnick).
Theatre 3: "Ghost in the Machine" (Rachel Talalay).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Jan. 13: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (†).
From Jan. 14: "Iron Will" (Charles Haid).

WORLDWIDE CINEMAS, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Strictly Ballroom" (Baz Luhrmann).
Theatre 2: "Short Cuts" (Robert Altman).
Theatre 3: "Into the West" (Mike Newell); and "My Life" (Bruce Joel Rubin).
Theatre 4: "Gettysburg" (Ronald F. Maxwell).
Theatre 5: "The Age of Innocence" (Martin Scorsese).
Theatre 6: "The Wedding Banquet" (Ang Lee).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Heaven and Earth" (†).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"A Dangerous Woman" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Joy Luck Club" (Wayne Wang).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMAS, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "The Summer House" (Waris Hussein).
Theatre 2: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau, in Spanish).

ANGELIKA 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
"The Trial" (David Jones).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"The Remains of the Day" (James Ivory).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Age of Innocence" (Martin Scorsese).

COLUMBUS CIRCLE, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Grumpy Old Men" (†).

62ND & BROADWAY, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA CINEMAS, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Farewell My Concubine" (Chen Kaige, in Mandarin).
Theatre 2: "Faraway, So Close" (Wim Wenders; in German), with Otto Sander.
Theatre 3: "Blue" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Piano" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Snapper" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Accompanist" (Claude Miller; in French).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Schindler's List" (†).

84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Wayne's World 2" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (†).
Theatre 3: "Heaven and Earth" (†).
Theatre 4: "A Perfect World" (Clint Eastwood).
Theatre 5: "The Air Up There" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Kevin Bacon.
Theatre 6: "The Pelican Brief" (†).

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (316-4962)
"Naked" (†).

METRO CINEMA I AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Beethoven's 2nd" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tombstone" (George Cosmatos), with Kurt Russell, Val Kilmer, and Sam Elliott.

OLYMPIA I AND II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Batman: Mask of the Phantasm," an animated film; and "Ghost in the Machine" (Rachel Talalay).
Theatre 2: "Cabin Boy" (Adam Resnick).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Ghost in the Machine" (directed by Rachel Talalay).
Theatre 2: "American Cyborg" (Boaz Davidson).
Theatre 3: "A Perfect World" (Clint Eastwood).
Theatre 4: "Beethoven's 2nd" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Pelican Brief" (†).
Theatre 6: "Carlito's Way" (Brian De Palma).
Theatre 7: "House Party 3" (Eric Meza).

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Tombstone" (George Cosmatos), with Kurt Russell, Val Kilmer, and Sam Elliott.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "The Air Up There" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Kevin Bacon.
Theatre 2: "Wayne's World 2" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 13: "Cabin Boy" (Adam Resnick). From Jan. 14: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (†).
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Addams Family Values" (Barry Sonnenfeld).
National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Geronimo: An American Legend" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through Jan. 13: "The Red Shoes" (1948, directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine.
From Jan. 14: "Fear and Desire" (1953, Stanley Kubrick); and "Killer's Kiss" (†).
Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Jan. 12: "Trouble in Paradise" (†); and "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941, Ernst Lubitsch), with Merle Oberon and Melvyn Douglas.
Jan. 13: "From Here to Eternity" (†); and "King Rat" (1965, Bryan Forbes), with George Segal, Tom Courtenay, and James Fox.
Jan. 14-15: "Notorious" (1946, Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman; and "Spellbound" (1945, Alfred Hitchcock), with Bergman and Gregory Peck.
Jan. 16: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946, Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais and Josette Day; and "Black Orpheus" (1959, Marcel Camus; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).
Jan. 17: "Devil in the Flesh" (†); and "Fists in the Pocket" (1965, Marco Bellocchio; in Italian).
Jan. 18: "Two Mules for Sister Sara" (1970, Don Siegel), with Shirley MacLaine and Clint Eastwood; and "Joe Kidd" (1972, John Sturges), with Eastwood and Robert Duvall.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Jan. 13 at 2:30 and Jan. 15 at 2: "Proibito Rubare" (1948, directed by Luigi Comencini; in Italian). . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 3 and 6: "Kofi" (1993, Carlyn Saltman; in French). . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 6: "Te Lasso!" (1925, Ubaldo Maria del Colle; an Italian silent film). . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 2:30: "47 Morto che Parla" (1950, Carlo Ludovico Bragaglia; in Italian). . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 3 and 6, Jan. 15 at 2:30, and Jan. 16 at 12:30: "Owl's Legacy" (1990, Chris Marker), shown in four different programs. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 6: "Marriage Italian Style" (1964, Vittorio De Sica; in Italian). . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 5 and Jan. 17 at 2:30: "Il Mulatto" (1950, Francesco de Robertis; in Italian). . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 5 and Jan. 17 at 3 and 6: Three programs of short films by Marker. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 2 and Jan. 18 at 6: "I Guappi" (1974, Pasquale Squitiere; in Italian). . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 5 and Jan. 18 at 2:30: "Processo Alla Città" (1952, Luigi Zampa; in Italian). . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 6: "La Tavola dei Poveri" (1932, Alessandro Blasetti; in Italian). . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 3 and 6: "What Can I Do?" (1993, Wheeler Winston Dixon).
Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—"Tradition and Renewal: Jews in the New Europe." Jan. 12 at 2 and Jan. 13 at 9: "The Gesher Family" (1993, Boris Maftsir). . . . Jan. 12 at 4 and Jan. 18 at 4: "Everything Is Fine" (1992, Yuri Chaschtchewatski). . . . Jan. 12 at 6 and 8:30 and Jan. 16 at 8:45: "Why Wasn't He There" (1993, Andras Jeles). . . . Jan. 13 at 2 and Jan. 15 at 6: "Farewell USSR" (1992, Alexander Rodnysansky). . . . Jan. 13 at 4, Jan. 16 at 7, and Jan. 18 at 2: "The Visitor" (1992, Dror Zahavi). . . . Jan. 13 at 6 and Jan. 16 at 2: "And the Wind Returneth" (1991, Michail Kalik). . . . Jan. 15 at 8 and Jan. 16 at 5: "In the Valley of the Wupper" (1993, Amos Gitai). . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10, and Jan. 15 at 4: "The Gold Diggers" (1983, Sally Potter). . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 2: "Wild Hearts Can't Be Broken" (1991, Steve Miner).

RICHARD MERCHAN



Hiep Thi Le and Joan Chen in "Heaven and Earth."

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Jan. 15 at 2 and 4:30 and Jan. 16 at 2 and 4: Four different programs in a series called "Our Secret Century: Revelations from the Prelinger Archives, a Retrospective of Advertising, Industrial, and Educational Films."
Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—"From Kern to Sondheim: American Musical Theatre on Television." Through Jan. 23: "Camelot" (1982), with Richard Harris. Showings Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30. . . . Through Jan. 23: "Brigadoon" (1966), with Robert Goulet, Peter Falk, and Sally Ann Howes. Showings Wednesdays at 2:30, Thursdays at 6, and Fridays and Sundays at 2:30. . . . Jan. 14 at 6: "Bob Fosse: Steam Heat" (1990), a documentary. . . . ¶ The documentary films of Frederick Wiseman. Jan. 13 at 5:30 and Jan. 15 at 2: "Multi-Handicapped" (1987). . . . Jan. 14 at 6: "Near Death, Parts 1-2" (1990). . . . Jan. 16 at 2: "Near Death, Parts 3-4" (1990).
Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619)—Jan. 13 at 2:30: "Angi Vera" (1978, Pál Gábor; in Hungarian). . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at noon: "Adoption" (1976, Márta Mészáros; in Hungarian).
Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-0824)—Jan. 14 at 6:30: "Iron Maze" (1991, Hiroaki Yoshida), with Jeff Fahey, Bridget Fonda, and Hiroaki Murakami. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 1: "Pigs and Battleships" (1961, Shohei Imamura; in Japanese), with Hiroyuki Nagato. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 3: "The Cheat" (1915, Cecil B. De Mille; a silent film).
Brooklyn Museum, 200 Eastern Parkway. (1-718 638-5000)—A program of African-American independent films. Jan. 15 at noon and 3: "Daughters of the Dust" (1991, Julie Dash). . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 2: "A Different Image" (1982, Alile Sharon Larkin), "Child of Resistance" (1972, Haile Gerima), and two short films.
Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Jan. 12 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "The Lover" (1992, Jean-Jacques Annaud).

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MOVIES IN BRIEF

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

House Party 3—A comedy with Kid 'N Play (Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin), directed by Eric Meza. Opening January 12.

Iron Will—A young man (Mackenzie Astin) competes in a five-hundred-and-twenty-two-mile dogsled race from Winnipeg to St. Paul, Minnesota. Directed by Charles Haid. Opening January 14.

Sure Fire—A drama about a Utah real-estate entrepreneur by independent filmmaker Jon Jost. Opening January 12.

CURRENT FILMS

(The following notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

Beethoven's 2nd—A fetching mate named Missy for America's favorite St. Bernard. Four adorable puppies (including one named Tchaikovsky). A loving couple (Charles Grodin and Bonnie Hunt) who risk their comfy Pasadena manse for the husband's professional dream of putting an air freshener in every gym bag. Three kids (Nicholle Tom, Christopher Castile, and Sarah Rose Karr) who go through crises gleaned and updated from fifties sitcoms. A Cruella De Vil character (Debi Mazar)—a rapacious divorcée—and the obligatory "Home Alone"-style mayhem. These are the ingredients of this smug family-comedy sequel; it's like an oversugared breakfast cereal served up in a doggie bowl. Rod Daniel directed Len Blum's script.—M.S. (34th St. East, Manhattan Twin, Orpheum VII, Art Greenwich Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

Blue—After "The Double Life of Véronique," the Polish director Krzysztof Kieślowski has come up with another lovely and perplexing film. Julie (Juliette Binoche) loses her husband and daughter in a car accident and sees that loss as a chance to break free. She moves to Paris, sheds a lover, and takes an apartment, but at every turn the past catches up. Her memories tend to rush back in with a burst of music (the husband was a composer); at times, the movie is more like a sound-and-light show than a drama. It could easily have been too grand and mournful for its own good, but it's lightened, against all expectation, by a glancing comedy. Binoche gives her most responsive performance to date. In French.—A.L. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/13/93.) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

A Dangerous Woman—As Martha, the dim-witted, shortsighted heroine of Stephen Gyllenhaal's picture, Debra Winger pulls out all the stops, but you can't help wishing she'd push a few back in. The cunning intensity of her playing is almost embarrassing, and it certainly lacks support; the rest of the movie drags sullenly behind, and the other characters harden into stereotypes, Gabriel Byrne's blue-eyed drinker being the worst offender. You keep waiting for the film to explode, as Martha's stubborn ways pull her toward disaster, but it stays marshy and joyless. Only David Strathairn—miscast as a sleazeball, but still as watchable as ever—gets the action moving; he and Winger share one bloody and breathless scene that puts the rest of the movie to shame.—A.L. (12/13/93) (Festival.)

Geronimo: An American Legend—Walter Hill's film about the famous Apache renegade moves with a stately self-assurance, a confidence that seems eerie, unfamiliar. The movie's serenity feels strange only because it has been so long since anyone has dared to make a Western in the ample, leisurely, classical style of John Ford. The screenplay, by John Milius and Larry Gross, is unambiguously sympathetic to the suffering of the Indians, but it doesn't oversell the case by presenting the Apaches as an idyllic community of spiritually superior innocents and the Army as an aggregation of bloodthirsty racists. There's a genuine, unforced dignity about this picture's approach to history: the facts are allowed to speak for themselves, and they're more than eloquent enough. The carefully developed narrative, detailing the intricate dance of suspicion and misunderstanding between the Army and Geronimo's band of guerrillas, is studded with breath-takingly edited action sequences; the cinematography, by Lloyd Ahern, is ravishing; and Wes Studi gives a terrific performance in the title role. Hill uses the conventions of the Western genre lovingly; like his hero, he's a defiant traditionalist. Also with Jason Patric, Gene Hackman, Robert Duvall, and Matt Damon.—T.R. (1/10/94) (Village Theatre VII, and National Twin.)

Grumpy Old Men—A sentimental comedy in the feuding-friends genre of "The Sunshine Boys," set in a wintry Minnesota village where the main pastime is ice fishing. The bickering next-door neighbors are a retired high-school history teacher (Jack Lemmon) and a retired TV repairman (Walter Matthau) who jockey for the attention of a flighty, voluptuous widow (Ann-Margret, as a former Berkeley prof!) who moves in across the street. The only fresh thing about it is the snow-blown local color. Matthau and Lemmon have a few exuberant moments, but the laugh lines are quaint vulgarities and put-downs, and the triangle is hopelessly tricked up (Ann-Margret as a sexy-angelic lover of silly "mature" men is especially forced). The film stoops to almost killing a character so the audience can cheer when he's revived. During the closing credits, Burgess Meredith, as Lemmon's dad, nails some easy yucks in a series of outtakes by ad-libbing slang phrases for intercourse. Donald Petrie directed Mark Steven Johnson's script.—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Baronet, Orpheum VII, and Columbus Circle.)

Heaven and Earth—With Tommy Lee Jones, Joan Chen, Haing S. Ngor, and Hiep Thi Le; directed by Oliver Stone. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Ziegfeld, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Mrs. Doubtfire—Robin Williams impersonates a stocky, middle-aged female housekeeper, and he's too inventive an actor not to get a few gigantic laughs out of the stunt. But the picture as a whole isn't in the class of "Tootsie" and "Some Like It Hot," mostly because its premise is sentimental, not cynical: Williams's character, a divorced man, becomes Mrs. Doubtfire in order to get around a court-ordered custody arrangement and spend more time with his adorable children. Lessons are learned, loved ones are hugged, and personal growth is achieved—as usual, at the expense of comedy. Some, apparently including Williams, like it warm and cuddly, too. Nobody's perfect. Directed—with a very heavy hand—by Chris Columbus.—T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gotham Cinema, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and National Twin.)

Naked—With David Thewlis, directed by Mike Leigh. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Angelika Film Center, and Thalia.)

The Pelican Brief—More like the Pelican Long-and-Drawn-Out: well over two hours of plots, subplots and super-subdialogue. The script is adapted from the novel by John Grisham, but not adapted enough. Two Supreme Court Justices are murdered, and Darby Shaw (Julia Roberts), a mere law student, decides that the trail leads all the way to the White House. She gets help from a journalist, played by Denzel Washington, who struggles manfully to keep her, and the movie, alive. (Only one of them survives.) The director is Alan J. Pakula, who shows his class in a couple of nervy murder sequences, but flounders through the rest of the story; it's a big comedown from the great days of "Klute'" and "All the President's Men.'" Pale and overwrought, Julia Roberts looks worried that she may be in the wrong movie.—A.L. (12/27/93-1/3/94) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Philadelphia—Tom Hanks plays a lawyer dismissed from his firm, apparently for incompetence, but really because he has AIDS. Enter Denzel Washington as a personal-injury attorney—relaxed, witty, and homophobic, but prepared to fight for justice. The result is an unorthodox blend of courtroom drama and old-style weepie, and somehow it comes off. This is the first time that a major Hollywood studio has taken on the subject of AIDS, and in the wrong hands it could have gone badly off-key. But with Jonathan Demme in charge there's a guarantee of taste and skill—if anything, the movie is too optimistic, convinced that everyone in America can be won round to its own standards of tolerance. Of course it should stand up for gay rights, but do we also need a speech about how wonderful lawyers are? Fortunately, this preachiness never swamps the picture, thanks largely to spirited playing from Tom Hanks, who looks full of life right up to the end; watch for the scene where he swoons to the sound of Maria Callas. The movie is affecting, sometimes silly, but determined to take risks.—A.L. (12/27/93-1/3/94) (Gemini.)

The Piano—Sometime in the last century, a Scottish mute called Ada (Holly Hunter) travels to New Zealand with her beloved piano and her daughter Flora (Anna Paquin). She is engaged to Stewart (Sam Neill), but it is his right-hand man, Baines (Harvey Keitel), who becomes the focus of her interest. He buys the piano, and gives her a chance to win it back: an erotic agreement that gathers intensity and drives the film onward to its gasping conclusion. The writer and director, Jane Campion, has turned her native New Zealand, with its desolate beach and writhing forests, into a potent backdrop; the rain and mud make the love story look like trench warfare—you come away from the movie battered and amazed. It's almost too wrought and compressed for its own good, but the performances breathe it full of life. Hunter, especially, gives a fiery portrait of a rebellious Victorian spirit.—A.L. (11/29/93) (Angelika Film Center, 19th Street East 6, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Schindler's List—The story of Oskar Schindler (Liam Neeson), a dashing and resourceful German Catholic businessman who saved over a thousand Polish Jews from almost certain annihilation by the Nazis, is extraordinary even by the standards of Holocaust literature. Steven Spielberg's film, adapted by Steven Zaillian from the 1982 book by Thomas Keneally, runs better than three hours and doesn't seem a minute too long. Spielberg respects the essential mystery of the protagonist's heroism, and uses his prodigious skills with an intensity that he hasn't shown in a long time: he captures images of experiences that most of us thought we would never see represented adequately on the screen. This is by far the finest, fullest dramatic (i.e. nondocumentary) film ever made about the Holocaust. And few American movies since the silent era have had anything approaching this picture's narrative boldness, visual audacity, and emotional directness. Along with Neeson, who is brilliant, the standouts in the large cast are Ralph Fiennes, Ben Kingsley, and Embeth Davidtz. The wonderfully expressive black-and-white cinematography is by Janusz Kaminski.—T.R. (12/20/93) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, and Regency.)

Shadowlands—Richard Attenborough's film chronicles the relationship between the British writer C. S. Lewis (played by Anthony Hopkins) and an American woman named Joy Davidman Gresham (Debra Winger). The screenplay, by William Nicholson (adapted from his earlier television and stage versions of the story), initially emphasizes the comic incongruity of the love affair: Lewis, a shy and scholarly bachelor in his

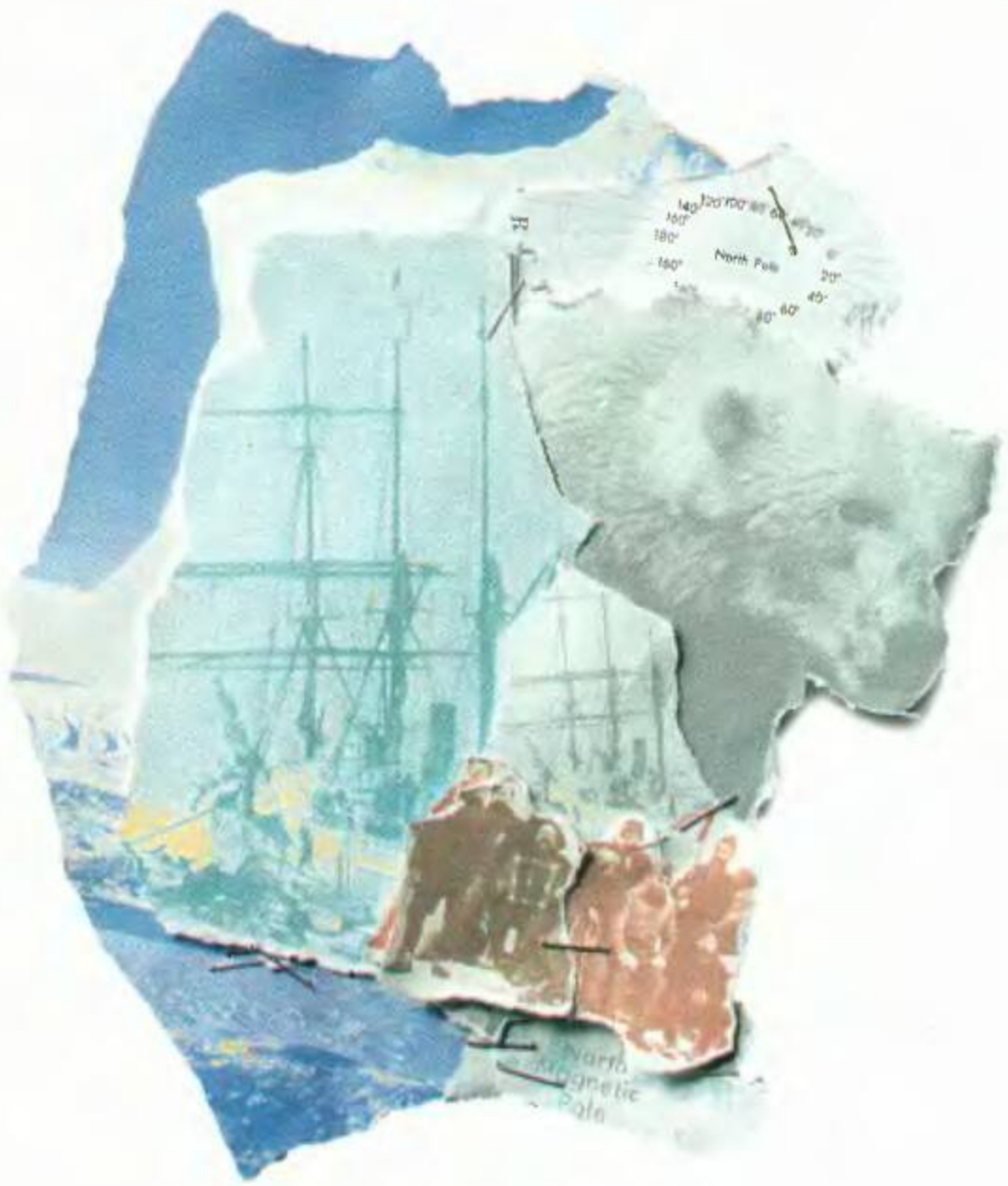
fifties, suddenly falls hard for a blunt, outspoken woman who doesn't quite fit the profile of an Oxford professor's wife. But the real drama is in the poignant brevity of the relationship, which is cut short by Joy's death from cancer. Lewis, who never anticipated feeling intense romantic love, finds this twist of fate inconceivably cruel: the great experience of his life turns out to be a case of too much, too late. The picture isn't actually very good; it's just a tearjerker with clumsy interpolations of theology. (Lewis, a prominent Christian thinker, is shown delivering lectures on the spiritual implications of happiness and pain.) Hopkins and Winger are fascinating to watch, though. The movie works best as a demonstration of the contrast between American and British acting styles (not to say national characters). In this context, Winger—who is, as always, vivid, honest, and intuitive—gives the whole idea of Americanness an astonishing radiance. And Hopkins, realizing that he has to put up some real emotional capital or else get blown off the screen, comes through with the most impassioned acting of his career. He seems transformed—affected as profoundly by his vibrant co-star as Lewis is by Joy.—T.R. (Beekman, Art Greenwich Twin, and Chelsea Cinemas.)

Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit—This weary sequel comes to life only when Whoopi Goldberg does a Vegas girl-group medley, or when she puts her singing nuns through routines that flirt with sacrilege, such as a bopping rendition of "Ball of Confusion (That's What the World Is Today)." So why don't the producers go all the way and hand the next sequel over to John Waters? With troopers like Goldberg, Kathy Najimy, Mary Wickes, Wendy Makkena, and Maggie Smith, it's a pity that the screenwriters (James Orr, Jim Cruickshank, and Judi Ann Mason) can't come up with anything funnier than this "Bells of St. Mary's" retread about Whoopi saving a closure-threatened Catholic school. This time, the sisters are matched with ecclesiastic brothers and a classroomful of supposed teen-age scene-stealers.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, Chelsea Cinemas, and 84th Street Sixplex.... ¶ Guild; through Jan. 13.... ¶ Embassy; starting Jan. 14.)

Six Degrees of Separation—Fred Schepisi's film of John Guare's brilliant play about affluent, liberal-seeming New Yorkers who are conned by a young, gay black man claiming to be the son of Sidney Poitier. It's as agile and as inventive a visualization of complex theatrical material as you'll ever see. Guare's script (which sticks close to the text of the play) is a virtuoso comedy of upper-middle-class Manhattan manners, and the writing is amazingly nimble and unpredictable. Surprise is both the method of the work and its meaning. The plot is full of twists, the chronology is murderously tricky, and the dialogue is all weird, unaccountable spins—every line comes at you like a screwball or a split-fingered fastball. Guare's subject is the possibility, and the necessity, of seeing the world through someone else's eyes. The odd empathy that develops between the privileged heroine, Ouisa (Stockard Channing), and the young hustler (Will Smith) is moving because it emerges, unexpectedly, out of their radically different—but equally ingenious—strategies for manipulating experience. Their cleverness, like Guare's, ultimately transcends itself. Schepisi's direction keeps the movie charging forward, driven by its locomotive wit, until near the end, when we find ourselves set down in a huge and thrillingly unfamiliar emotional landscape, hardly knowing how we got there. It's a wonderful ride. The terrific cast also includes Donald Sutherland, Mary Beth Hurt, Bruce Davison, and Anthony Michael Hall.—T.R. (Coronet, and Waverly.)

The Snapper—A return trip to the Dublin of "The Commitments," and every bit as welcome as the earlier film. The Curley family is in trouble: young Sharon (Tina Kellegher) is going to have a snapper—a baby, that is, conceived after a drunken fumble on a car hood. Sharon knows who the father is, but she won't let on to her friends, let alone to her father (Colm Meaney). It sounds like a drab little tale, but in the hands of director Stephen Frears it becomes a headlong tumble into good humor; he seems as fascinated by his characters as the family is by the new arrival, and the camera scuttles around, tolerantly picking up details. The script is adapted by Roddy Doyle from his own novel, which guarantees a string of firecracker jokes, caustic but never cruel; look out for the bemused parents discovering the joy of sex.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Wayne's World 2—The premise of this pleasantly messy sequel is that Wayne (Mike Myers) and Garth (Dana Carvey) have grown up. As Wayne puts it, "I'm a little older, I'm a little wiser, I'm starting to get hair in really weird places." The film is pretty hairy itself, although it lacks the sheer pointlessness of the original. In his dreams—funny the first time, less so as the movie goes on—Wayne meets Jim Morrison, who tells him to stage a rock concert in Aurora, Illinois. Meanwhile, Garth is being introduced to the terrors of sex by Honey Hornée (Kim Basinger). The director is Stephen Surjik, although it's hard to spot exactly what he does.—A.L. (19th Street East 6, Manhattan Twin, Orpheum VII, Waverly, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)



At Film Forum, Peter Delpeut's "The Forbidden Quest."

O. KARPINSKY

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

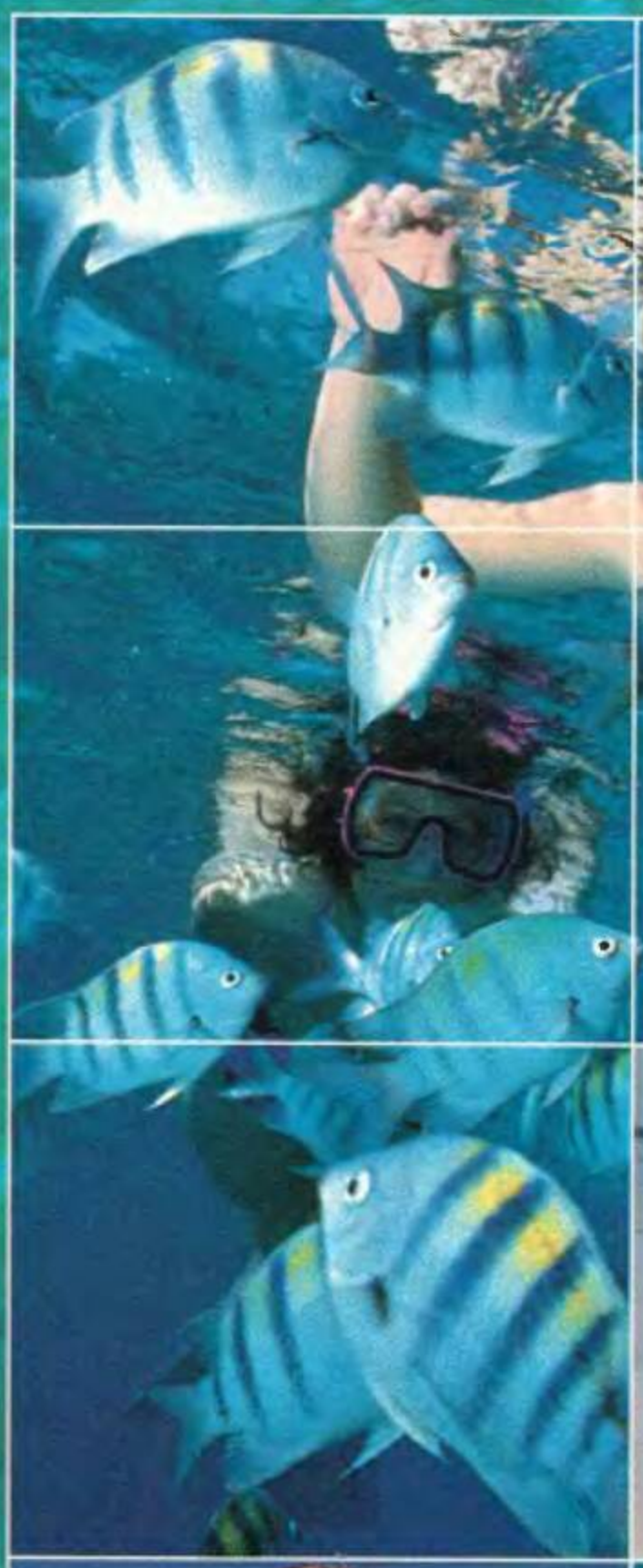
Devil in the Flesh (1987)—Madness, politics, and sexual frenzy: business as usual for director Marco Bellocchio, who has explored his obsessions brilliantly in films like "Fists in the Pocket," "China Is Near," and "Leap Into the Void." In this very loose adaptation of the famous Raymond Radiguet novel about an affair between a student and a young married woman, Bellocchio's work is enervated and uncertain. There are flashes of his audacity and cruel wit, but the movie never quite comes to life. Even the explicit lovemaking scenes that earned this picture its X rating seem, in context, a little academic: most of the time, Bellocchio's movie plays as a kind of structuralist dissertation on the concepts of "in" and "out." In Italian.—T.R. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 17.)

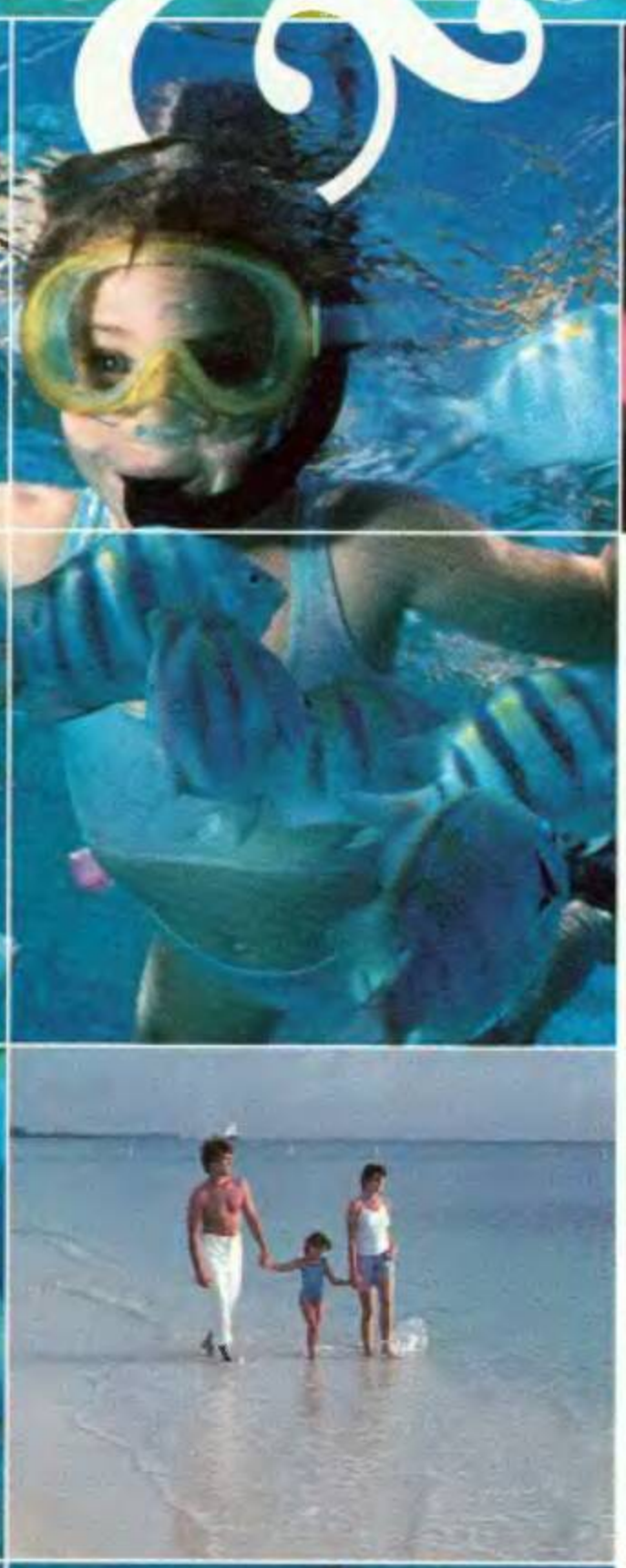
From Here to Eternity (1953)—Prewitt, the bugler-hero of James Jones' Dreiserian novel about Army life in Hawaii before Pearl Harbor, is a soldier who loves the Army, yet he believes that "if a man don't go his own way, he's nothin'." The conflict between his status and his determination to have his rights is the mainspring of the action. The movie succeeds by the smooth efficiency of Fred Zinnemann's lean, intelligent direction, and by the superlative casting. Montgomery Clift's bony, irregularly handsome Prewitt is a hardhead, a limited man with a one-track mind, who's intensely appealing. Burt Lancaster as Sergeant Warden has a role that's just about perfectly in his range, the man's man who's also a ladies' man (the lady is Deborah Kerr); Frank Sinatra, in his first straight acting part, surprised audiences with a softly modulated, likable performance as Maggio, who loses his life because of his high spirits; Ernest Borgnine is the smiling, innocently murderous Fatso; Donna Reed is the respectable prostitute.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 13.)

Killer's Kiss (1955)—Stanley Kubrick's second feature (after "Fear and Desire," in 1953) is a poorly written New York-set thriller that culminates in a fight in a mannequin factory. It has vivid feeling for the tawdry milieu, but not much else; it's conceived in flashy sequences rather than as a believable story, and the guiding sensibility still seems light-years away from Kubrick's third feature, "The Killing," in 1956. With Frank Silvera. Kubrick also shot the picture and did the writing and editing.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; starting Jan. 14.)

Trouble in Paradise (1932)—Perhaps the most shimmering of the romantic comedy collaborations of the director Ernst Lubitsch and the writer Samson Raphaelson, this film is a make-believe world of the thirties preserved intact. Herbert Marshall is so adept at the silky tricks written into his lines that he creates a hushed atmosphere. He plays a career jewel thief and, as his partner, Miriam Hopkins, quick and darting, always has her feelers out, along with her kittenish claws. These two are accomplished seducers, and in this movie witty seduction is indistinguishable from love itself. Kay Francis is the wealthy widow whose face takes on a yearning expression once she sees Marshall; desire makes her warm and languid. The movie is full of suave maneuvers and magical switcheroos; in its light-as-a-feather way, it's perfection.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 12.)

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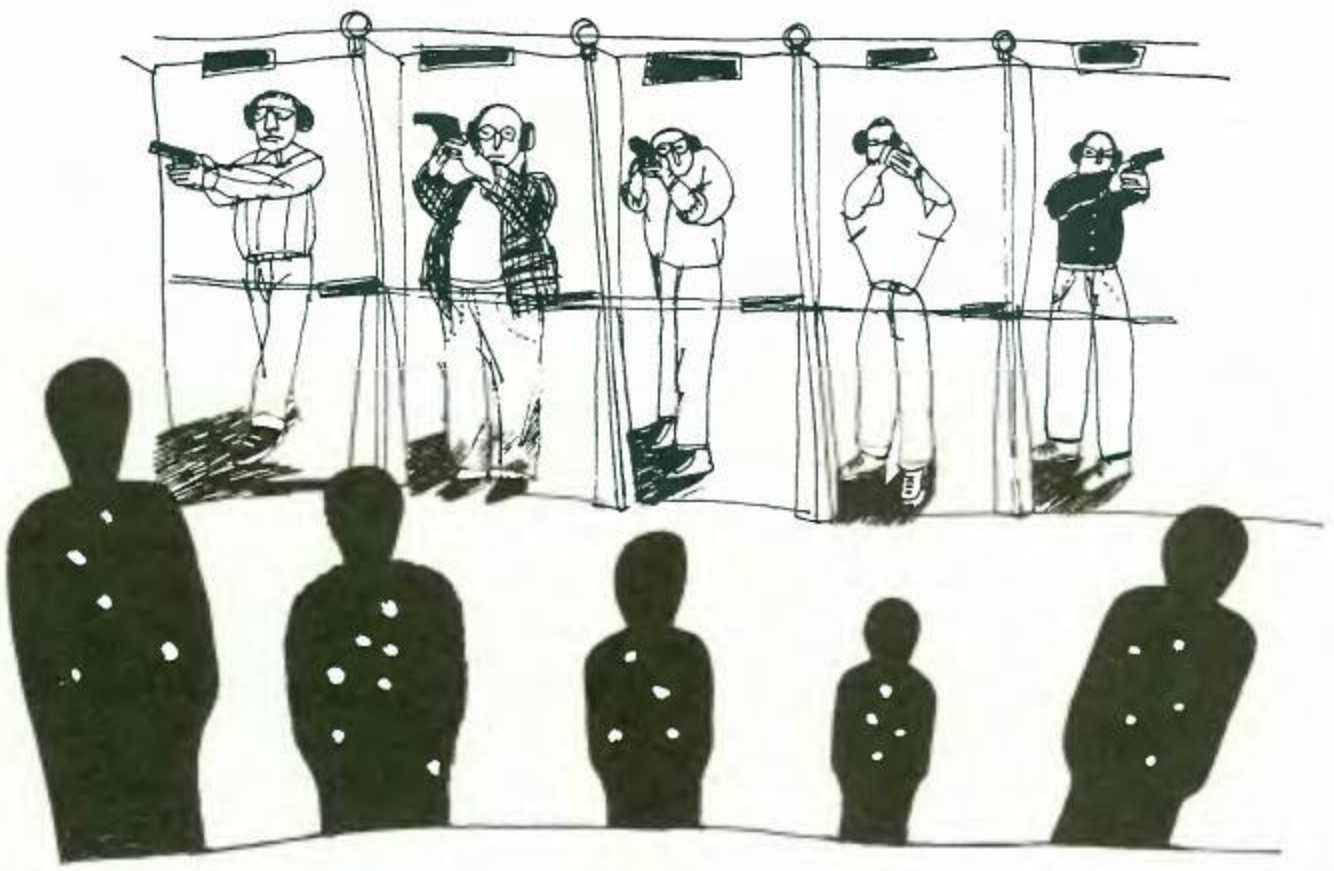
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

THE THINGS THEY CARRY

THERE are big black-and-white targets on the glass doors to the Downtown Rifle and Pistol Club, on Murray Street, in lower Manhattan, and one of the first things you see as you descend two flights of stairs to the club itself—essentially one big, low-ceilinged, carpeted room that gives onto a shooting range—is a sign reading, "GUN CONTROL IS A STEADY HAND." A light snow was falling this night, further muffling the nighttime hush of the district's narrow streets. This stillness seemed to deepen the anomaly of hearing the pop-pop-pop of pistol fire amid the business towers and government-office buildings and some of the last architectural remnants of a city that knew nothing of semi-automatics and metal detectors and Black Talons.

The club itself is a remnant—one of only two gun clubs left in Manhattan that are equipped with shooting ranges. Most of the city's gun owners, with their million guns, cannot be accommodated, and do not seem to care. In the city's poorest neighborhoods, where guns are wielded most brazenly and to most deadly effect, kids are known to straighten their aim by shooting up toward the sky in the alleys between buildings. (In the Ebbets Field housing projects in Brooklyn, washing the dinner dishes at the kitchen window after dark has become a dangerous activity.)

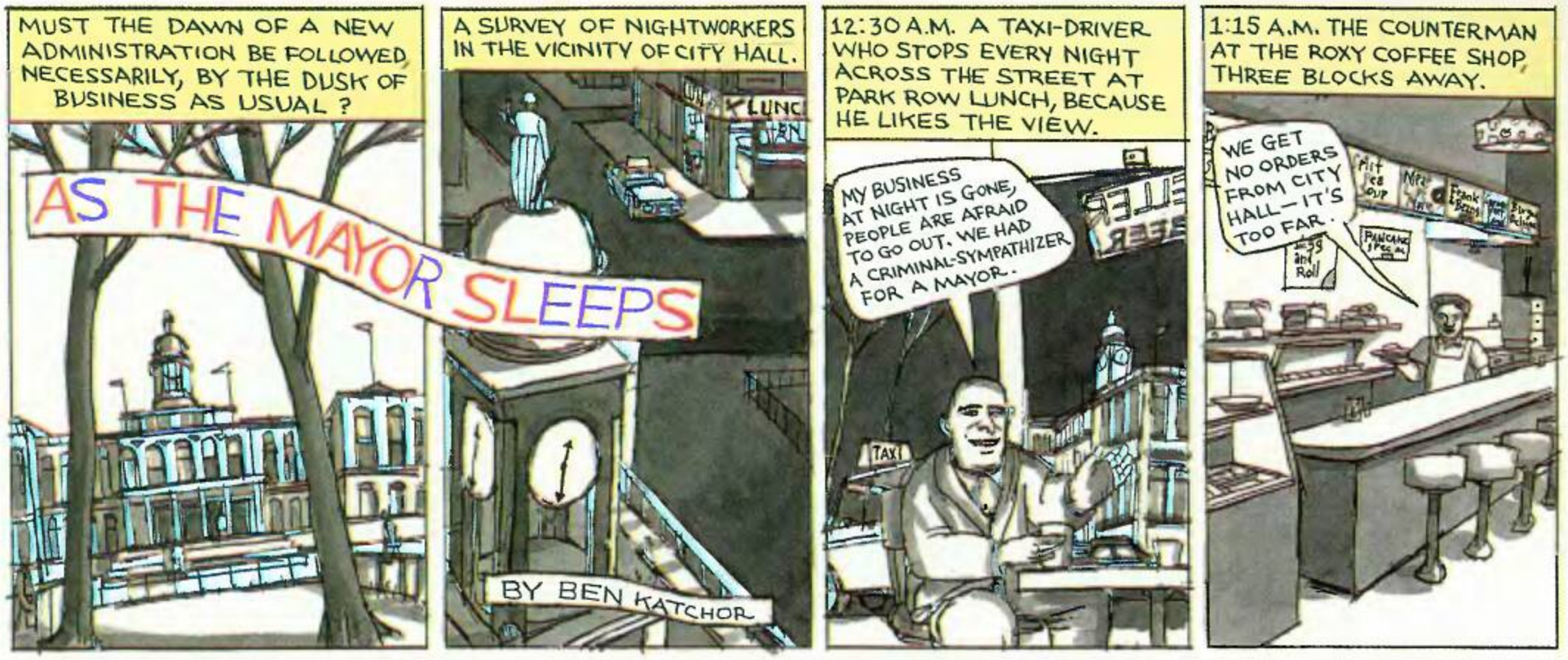
The club has nine shooting slots, and most were filled. There were two blue leather sofas, on which those waiting to shoot sat and chatted, or watched the large-screen TV. Wall-mounted cases held an assortment of leather holsters (ankle, waist, and shoulder), bullet pouches, and a copy of Gun Gear, Inc.,'s catalogue, on the cover of which was a buxom brunette brandishing a 9-millimetre semi-automatic pistol. At a card table, a young man with a .38 revolver, a Glock 9-millimetre, and a full box of ammunition sat patiently lecturing his somewhat listless wife on the ways of loading a pistol. On the wall above them hung a faded silk banner commemorating the club's victory in a 1905 citywide rifle competition. Almost nobody shoots rifles here anymore, according to one of the club's night managers, Carlos Rivera. He was working the front counter, behind a display case of guns that could be rented for target shooting—a snub-nosed .38, a .44 Magnum, other handguns—and he had strapped to the small of his back an old ivory-handled Colt .45 with two extra clips of ammo.



Rivera is a lifelong New Yorker and a Vietnam vet. He wears his hair pulled back in a ponytail, speaks in a deep, gravelly voice, and thinks that you had better get yourself a gun and learn how to comport yourself with it. "If you arm everybody, people will get real sensible," he said. "Mugging wouldn't exist today. Carrying a gun makes people real aware—you learn how to weave your way around the shit and slime on the streets." He likes Mayor Rudolph Giuliani's proposal for a gun-licensing program—likes the idea that it could result in a more widely and proficiently armed citizenry—but he doubts if it will ever come to pass: too many liberal gun-control types in New York. It makes him angry that a nation whose history and mythology are filled with gunfire from the good guys has become a country where the bad guys get off the shots. As he sees it, "the system protects the hell out of the garbage." You need a gun to protect yourself.

The club has more than a thousand

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EINAT PELED



members, and Rivera is convinced that many of them—in particular the newest members—more or less share this view. They are business people and professional people, by and large—people like Jack Gindi, who is twenty-seven years old and sells merchandise wholesale, and who now approached the counter with his gun, having just finished shooting. "I think nobody should have guns or everybody should," he said when asked his opinion about guns for self-defense. "And right now the criminals have them all and we have nothing." He had heard of a town in Georgia where it's a requirement to have a gun. As he understood it, there is very little crime there.

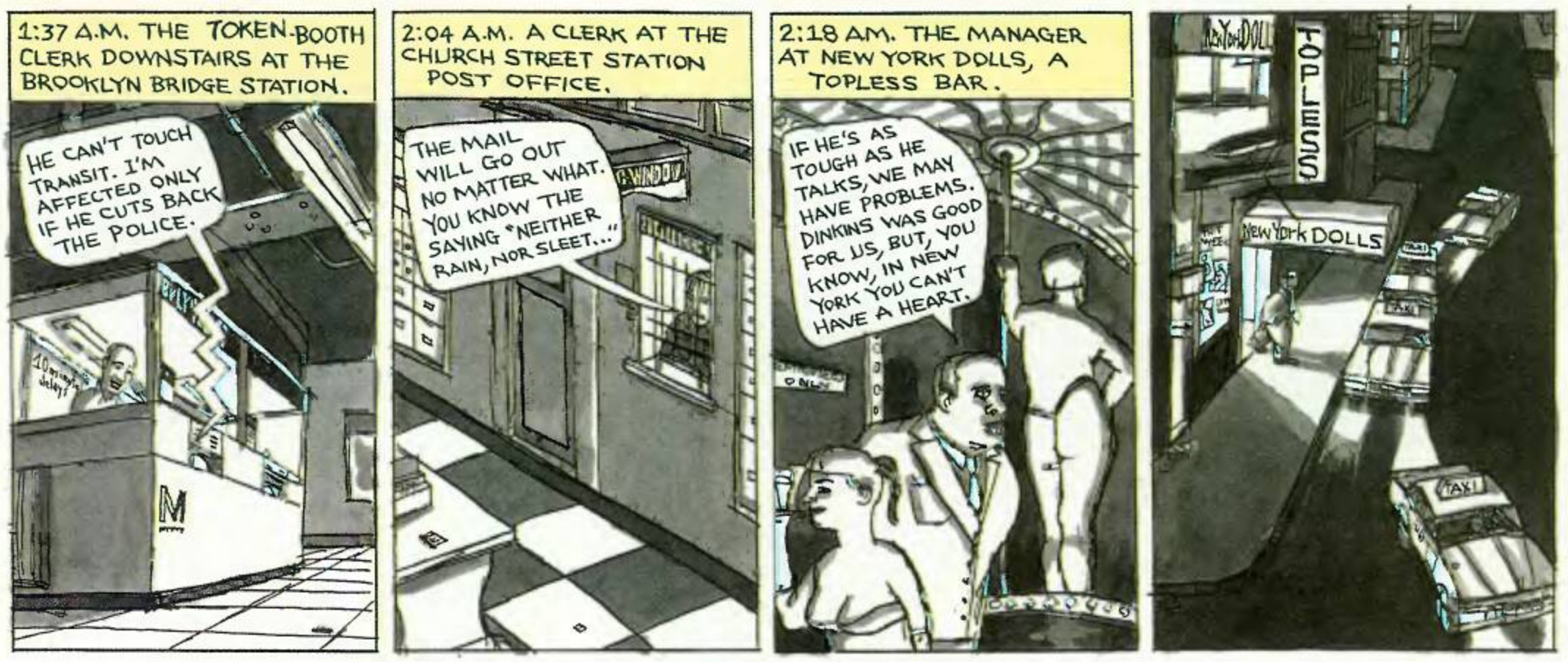
Few of those shooting at the club that night were so forthcoming. Members arrived, gathered handfuls of targets (small bull's-eyes, a bigger one with a human silhouette, called a "thug"), took their places in the firing cubbies, attached the targets to hooks, and, by means of electronic pulleys, sent them down well-lighted lanes to a maximum of seventy-five feet. The guns tended to be semi-automatics, and the firing was rapid, intense. Men and women, dressed as they might be for a movie and some supper, struck poses familiar to anyone who has watched a cop show, and seemed to relax only when a target brought back for inspection revealed a concentrated cluster of bullet holes—the sign of a steady hand.

The sound was deafening, even from one of the leather sofas, which are separated from the range by a bulletproof Plexiglas divider, but the noise didn't appear to be bothering Scott Connor, a thirty-eight-year-old general contractor who was sitting adjusting his double shoulder holster, which held a 9-millimetre semi-automatic under one arm and an ammo clip under the other. "When I shoot," he said, "everything else goes away." On being asked whether he had a gun for self-protection, he squinted a little, paused, and then, putting forth a question of his own, said, "Are you asking if I think the playing field is level out there? No, I don't. The law as it's set up makes it very difficult for honest people who want a handgun to protect themselves. Yeah, I wish it were easier to carry a gun. An armed society is a polite society."

Among the club's members are a hundred and seventy-five women, including Carol Briseno, a middle-aged secretary for a midtown advertising firm, who joined three months ago. "I got involved because my husband is involved," she said when approached at the counter. She was looking at the display case, trying to decide which type of handgun she wanted to shoot with this night. "I like shooting. You have to do it to understand it. The self-protection thing is part of it. I at least know I have the ability to handle these. People will know that I'm serious. It's funny. . . ." She paused for a moment, smiled, then, trying somewhat to conceal her smile, said, "I'm a knitter. Actually, shooting requires the same kind of concentration. I was knitting on the subway the other day, but stopped to take out and look at one of my husband's *Guns & Ammo* magazines. Well, there was this man sitting next to me—you know how they sit sometimes, all spread out. Well, just from looking at the magazine, he straightens up and gives me my space."

There were no idealists at the club that night—or none talking idealistically, anyway. There was nobody who believed in swapping guns for toys, nobody who thought there might be a social program or an education program or a rehab program to stanch the gun violence, nobody pointing at gun-free Tokyo or looking to build on the Brady bill. There was, however, a thirty-four-year-old municipal-bond trader named Chris Gillman, who late that night came out through the metal range door with his emptied gun in hand, ear protectors still on his head, and a rivulet of sweat staining the back of his white shirt. When he was asked, Gillman volunteered that he had been shooting since he was fifteen. Whenever he gets the chance, he hunts; and he likes target shooting, the sport of it. But, he added, he does not carry a handgun for self-protection, and is wary of those who do.

"You can't arm the general population all the time against the one unforeseeable moment of insanity—things like the massacre on the Long Island Rail Road," he said. "You'll have people shooting each other over the simplest argument. You'll have one person pulling a gun because he thinks the other person is ready to. People who have a



gun and say they have it for self-defense are looking for a reason to use it. And people like that have a way of ending up shooting the wrong person or ending up a victim."

MOVE HEAVEN AND EARTH TO HOLD HIGH THE RED BANNER OF CORRECT CELEBRATION



THE passing of the holiday season always leaves us feeling melancholy, and instills in us a wistful yearning not only to engage in the struggle against imperialism but also to eradicate capitalist roaders from within socialism itself. Consequently, the other afternoon we joined perhaps a hundred and fifty other celebrators, in a narrow aisle at Revolution Books, on East Sixteenth Street, to await the beginning of the New York portion of the worldwide celebration of the centennial of the birth of Mao Zedong. There were bright-red flags hanging from many of the bookshelves, which held, among other things, the most extensive selection we have seen of Soviet-published English-language editions of the writings of Joseph Stalin. Sitting near us was a man wearing a white T-shirt on the back of which was printed, in big red block letters, "MAO MORE THAN EVER." Around us we saw quite a few black berets and olive-drab pants, and beards and hair styles that radiated daunting ideological gravity.

The celebration was about an hour late getting started, as a result of various difficulties with video cameras. (A crew from C-SPAN was on hand to tape the speeches for later broadcasts.) We ended up sticking around for just one and a half of the two scheduled speeches: an introductory address by Mary Lou Greenberg, who is the forty-fivish spokesperson for the New York branch of the Revolutionary Communist Party, U.S.A., and the first part of a talk by Raymond Lotta, who is also forty-fivish, and is one of the country's foremost Maoist theoreticians. Lotta's topic was "The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution of 1966-1976: How Mao Led the Most Radical Revolution in Human History and Raised the Theory and Practice of Proletarian Revolution to a New Level," and he spoke so fast that a woman who was simultaneously translating his speech into Spanish had to signal to him to slow down.

We took that moment to get up, and remembered that before leaving we had to work our way across the room to the cashier's counter. Before the speeches began, we had picked out the most recent issues of *A World to Win* magazine, a copy of Mao's "Quotations," an eighteen-year-old booklet called "Why China Has No Inflation," a chillingly instructive twenty-three-year-old photo-novelization of a film called "Mine Warfare," and a tiny red-and-white booklet entitled "Carry the Great Revolution on the Journalistic Front Through to the End." We handed our purchases to the cashier just as Lotta was saying, "Money cannot be eliminated overnight." The cashier entered the prices on her keyboard, then looked at us helplessly as a disk drive whirred, the receipt-printer clacked, and the cash drawer surged forward, as implacable as the march of history, with an unmistakably late-capitalist clang.

AT HOME WITH THE GIANTS

LOOKING eastward from a multi-acre parking lot in the Meadowlands Sports Complex, across the river, we saw a chain-link fence topped with barbed wire, beyond it a narrow stretch of mowed ground, some tasselled marsh grass, and then the Manhattan skyline. On Sunday, January 2nd, at about noon, before the Giants played the Dallas Cowboys, football fans cooked scrambled eggs and kielbasa on propane stoves by the rear bumpers of their cars. They all had their car doors open and their radios on; in the cacophony, George Harrison's "Got My Mind Set on You" won by a narrow edge. Tweedy middle-aged guys with gray bangs threw footballs around. Bags of hickory-smoke-flavored potato chips were crumpled shut and stowed. As the crowd began to drain into the long enclosed walkway to the stadium, a guy wearing a jacket camouflage-printed with the Giants team colors (blue, white, red) held up a glass jar of caramel corn and asked his friends, "How

'bout this—do we take this to the game, or not?"

Almost everybody sitting in the upper tier—and, in fact, almost everybody in the stadium—was white. So many people wore Giants blue that it tinted the whole stadium; many also wore Giants pins or Giants Super Bowl hats, or carried totemic football-helmeted dolls. The Cowboys ran, some limping, onto the field, to boos and curses. The seats next to us remained unoccupied until just before kickoff, and then a bunch of guys in yellow Notre Dame warm-up jackets climbed aboard. The biggest, a behemoth with hair slicked back, used our knee for leverage, as if it were part of the stadium. The teams lined up for



kickoff. Several Giants players waved their arms to get the crowd to cheer. The Giants kicker took a scissoring run at the ball, but the wind rolled it off the tee, and all the players stopped short. "Close the door!" someone yelled. Just behind us and to the right, someone yelled, "Down in front!"

The Cowboys held onto the ball for most of the first quarter. Emmitt Smith, their star running back, cut against the grain of the Giants defense in long, diagonal bishop moves. He also caught passes. "Break the motherfucker's leg!" people yelled, and when he went down with a shoulder injury they cheered. Another Cowboy has a name that sounds like "faggot." When he carried the ball, people (not many) yelled that. Emmitt Smith returned to the lineup to boos of disappointment. A voice said, "Down in front!" many times. In response, the behemoth stood up, and from the row behind him a skinny, red-cheeked man with a full head of brown hair and a close-shaved whisker shadow put his hands on the behemoth's shoulders. The behemoth grabbed the skinny guy and suddenly both were flinging punches in a disarray of hair and jackets. Then both were ten feet below us on the steeply pitched seats, the treads of their sneakers skyward. The behemoth's friends intervened and pulled him up, then he said something to the skinny guy, then the skinny guy hit him in the mouth, then they plunged down through the seats again, this time onto an old guy, who started punching them and other people at will. Most of the onlookers, like us, did nothing. The skinny guy ended up in a heap with his head out of sight. "Out cold," someone said. The behemoth returned to his seat. A green-eyed woman gave him a hot-dog napkin for his bloody mouth. The skinny guy came to and stood in the aisle shaking his head. An usher ejected him. The behemoth would probably have stayed if it hadn't been for the evidence of his bloody mouth, but the usher saw it and ejected him, too. An elderly woman, not in the immediate neighborhood of the fight, had to be carried from the stands in a stretcher-chair.

The sky in which we were sitting filled with dark snow clouds. The Giants held the Cowboys scoreless in the second half, and tied the game, 13–13, in the last seconds. Someone flung rectangles of white paper in celebration from the eastern end of the stadium, and they filled the echoing sky above the field and the stands satisfactorily, rising high on the swirling winds. One of them came down behind us. We grabbed it, a cut piece of computer paper that said:

> Customer Billing Information for
> TIE 23150000000
> SMC 1220171080109 Customer
> Address SEACAUCUS RD, J CY.

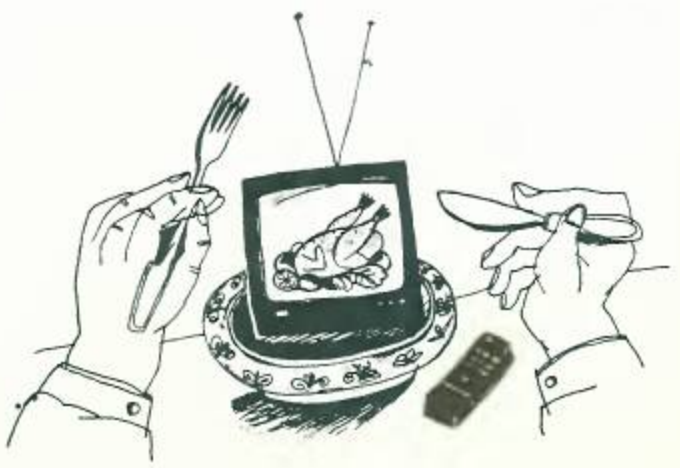
Just after the sudden-death overtime began, the action stopped, and the referees and players stood around as if waiting for a bus. "CBS four-o'clock station break," a neighbor with a small TV said. Play resumed, and the Cowboys soon won the game, with a field goal. The crowd left quietly. "God damn it to hell," a man near us on the spiralling exit ramp said. The phrase sounded old-fashioned and demure, like something our grandfather used to say.

WATCHING AND WATCHING WHAT YOU EAT

"BECAUSE everyone loves to eat" is the Television Food Network's motto. Whether everyone loves to eat enough to *watch* is the gamble. New Yorkers will test this thesis beginning February 1st, the date of the scheduled première of the new twenty-four-hour cable service devoted to eating. The network is already available in the suburbs; viewers there have been able to tune in to Emeril Lagasse as he hosts his cooking show, "How to Boil Water." Lagasse is the chef who has skimmed and reflavored Cajun and Creole cooking in his remarkable New Orleans restaurants, Emeril's and NOLA. On cable, however, he's a teacher, sort of. It seems he has trouble imagining anyone who needs help with the basics, so he leans over his unsullied stove and shouts into the camera, as if he were commanding dogs.

Local interest in TVFN has focussed on the Big Apple's new First Lady, perky Donna Hanover Giuliani, who is a co-host of the network's "Food News & Views." That show dices foodish topics you may have read about the week before ("Cold Snap Threatens Citrus Crop") and dishes out a kind of "chews of the Week in Review." David Rosengarten, the New York *Observer* wine columnist, who joins Hanover on "Food News & Views," is also one of the hosts of "Eating Out," a series of anonymously narrated video plugs for restaurants around the country, to which are appended wistful salivary moans from the network's anchors, who ate here or there sometime last year.

Not all programming concerns cooking. Viewers have had the opportunity to see a Dr. H. L. Newbold suggest that bread may dispose some people to homosexuality—this on "Getting Healthy." And history is served up by Jane Curtin: she introduces reruns of vintage cooking shows. Watching the frilly fifties martinet Dione Lucas slop Mornay sauce over buttered stuffed potatoes makes us wonder: Between Lucas and Lagasse, has there ever been anything to eat worth watching? ♦



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THE POLITICAL SCENE

THE BRIDGES OF MADISON GUARANTY

Whitewatergate is one old story the Clintons can't shake—which means Capitol Hill is about to get a crash course in Little Rock mores.

BY PETER J. BOYER

BILL CLINTON'S Arkansas past arrived at his door like a Christmas ghost. "Old story," he said, but the old story—the Clintons' relationship with a reckless Arkansas savings-and-loan adventurer named Jim McDougal—kept spilling out revelations, one for each day of Yuletide. There was news of a personal loan McDougal made to Bill and Hillary Rodham Clinton, repaid by questionable means, and a hint of political favors granted to him. There were also new twists in the still-mysterious suicide of the White House lawyer Vince Foster: word that Foster kept a personal diary, which excited new speculations, and that records of the Clintons' business dealings with McDougal were removed from Foster's office after his death and kept from investigators. The latter, with its overtones of intrigue and coverup, produced a tense minidrama, in which the White House at first hesitated and then, facing a possible subpoena, said it would turn over to the Justice Department all papers relating to the Whitewater Development Corporation—the misbegotten Arkansas business partnership between McDougal and his wife and the Clintons. So there was plenty of unwelcome excitement to spoil the President's holiday mood without the sneak attack from the Arkansas State Police officers. Their tales of a sex-mad Bill Clinton, so enslaved by his appetites that he imperilled his reputation with low-rent assignations and his digestive system with incautious eating habits (picking up a whole baked potato and devouring it in two bites), heated up the December air before vanishing into the void between Christmas and New Year's. Even so, the stories killed any chance of rosy year-end reflections on Clinton's 1993 victories; instead, there were Letterman jokes ("Top Ten Ways Santa Relaxes: No. 4, The Arkansas State Police rustle him up some babes").

The Arkansas troopers are already off the screen, but Whitewater (as the Clinton-McDougal involvements are coming to be collectively known) is not going to fade anytime soon. This week, as the White House was directing attention to the President's European trip, Whitewater clamored distractingly from the sidelines. "I think the Whitewater matter is going to be a big problem for the President," Senate Minority Leader Robert Dole warned, and Representative James A. Leach, of Iowa, the ranking Republican on the House Banking Committee, continues to demand that there be congressional hearings on the matter. Whitewater is not yet a scandal, but in a way it is something worse—a potential scandal, the unfolding of which the White House will have to spend much energy endeavoring to control. If the White House succeeds—say, by avoiding the appointment of an independent counsel to investigate the matter—it risks the appearance of coverup; if the White House fails to control the issue and there is an independent inquiry or, worse, a full congressional investigation, the inevitable spectacle could step on welfare reform, health care, and other Clinton initiatives planned for 1994.

That President Clinton should be confronted with just this sort of controversy—murky financial dealings with shadowy figures who have criminal lawyers—surprises the common wisdom. Even those who criticize the journalism of adultery while privately accepting much of the raunch as true find it hard to believe that Bill and Hillary Clinton could be involved in financial shenanigans. After all, they are, in the now retired phrase that introduced the Clinton era, hopeless "policy wonks." This is in the Clintons' favor and reflects the deep impression that Bill Clinton is strictly the sum of those elements which built for him

a national persona—his Oxford education, his extraordinarily accomplished wife, his years of toil on the Democratic Leadership Council and the governors' conferences, his cultivation of friendships in the media. But Clinton was not pulled fully formed from the loins of C-SPAN; first, there was Arkansas.

Clinton ran for the Arkansas Congress in 1974, at the age of twenty-eight, and was involved in a statewide campaign every two years after that until he became President. Almost all his adult life has been spent in the untidy brawl of Arkansas politics, a milieu of naked favor-trading and of eye-gouging political warfare—the cocaine dependency of Clinton's brother, nurtured by the generosity of a Clinton financial supporter, was a theme of one gubernatorial race. All this is squeezed into the confines of a small, extremely insular state, where no one, it seems, is more than two degrees removed from the business of anyone else. (In a typical encounter during a recent visit to Arkansas, I ran into a couple at dinner, both of whom had connections to the Clintons: the wife used to be Chelsea's dance teacher, and the husband is Gennifer Flowers' attorney.)

Some of what the inquiries may reveal could be learned on a walk through downtown Little Rock, or a drive through one of its neighborhoods. The town's power culture lives and works elbow to elbow in an atmosphere that invites, with its particular sort of conviviality, a certain cronyism. Step out the front door of the venerable Rose Law Firm and you're a block away from the Worthen Banking Corporation, which provided Clinton's Presidential campaign with a $3.5-million line of credit in the crucial days before Super Tuesday; housed in the Worthen Bank Building are the offices of Wright, Lindsey & Jennings, the law firm that hired Clinton during his out years and that Bruce Lindsey, the White House aide who directed spin on the trooper/sex story, was a partner in; down Fourth Street stands the First Commercial Bank Building, where Frank White, the Republican who handed young Governor Clinton his only gubernatorial defeat, can often be found standing outside his glassed-in office in shirtsleeves and suspenders, jawing politics; nearby is the Stephens Building, monument to the megabucks Stephens family, longtime Clinton benefactors, where Clinton has his Arkansas White House office. Along the route are the Capital Hotel and the Little Rock Club, favorite dining haunts for the power crowd. A drive through the comfortable residential neighborhood known as the Heights, extending out from the Country Club of Little Rock, will take you past the late Vince Foster's house, which is just a little ways down Stonewall Road from the home of Kaki Hockersmith, Hillary Clinton's interior designer; a couple of streets away is the house that belongs to architect Terry Rasco (as almost anyone can tell you, he and his wife, Carol, got divorced after Carol went to Washington to become Clinton's director of domestic policy). "These people didn't just see each other downtown—they shopped at the same Kroger's, they saw each other mowing their lawns," says one Little Rock Friend of Bill. In such an atmosphere, alliances are made and friendships are formed—particularly between politicians and their sources of money—that are deemed standard procedure but seem like conflicted entanglements when they are scrutinized outside that context.



Bill Clinton was not pulled fully formed from the loins of C-SPAN; first, there was Arkansas.

GERALD SCARFE

THERE is no more vivid example of such an entanglement than that binding Jim McDougal to Bill Clinton. The two men met in 1968, while working on the reëlection campaign of that Arkansas icon Senator J. William Fulbright. McDougal amused Clinton, then a college student at Georgetown, with his dead-on imitations of F.D.R., and advised him in politics, eventually helping to run Clinton's failed '74 congressional race. Each man harbored political ambitions, but it was plain that Clinton, not McDougal, had the talent with voters. McDougal was driven to make the big score financially, and to benefit his political friends if he succeeded. Senator Fulbright and his family entrusted McDougal with a number of property deals, and in 1978, when Clinton was Arkansas Attorney General, McDougal invited Bill and Hillary Clinton to join him and his wife, Susan, in a land deal that promised to make

both couples a lot of money. The land, called Whitewater Estates, comprised two hundred and thirty acres of property on the White River in the Arkansas Ozarks; McDougal planned to subdivide and sell it for vacation homes, and a new company he formed with the Clintons—Whitewater Development—would develop it. Whitewater seemed a way for the Clintons, who had little money at the time, to cash in on the Sun Belt land boom at little risk: McDougal gave the Clintons fifty-percent ownership in Whitewater, although they apparently put up no cash; the project was financed by loans arranged by McDougal, with the land itself the only collateral.



Whitewater would eventually put Clinton in the awkward position of being in business with a man whose principal enterprise—banking—was regulated by the state. When this issue was raised during the Presidential campaign by a New York *Times* investigation, Clinton dodged it by pointing out that he hadn't yet become governor when Whitewater was formed. That was technically true—Whitewater Development was founded a few weeks before Clinton was elected governor. (He then named McDougal to his staff, as an adviser on economic development.) But Clinton maintained his business partnership with McDougal after McDougal left the staff to start his banking career—a decision that haunts him now, fourteen years later.

Still, that was the way of things in Arkansas, and Clinton's partnership with McDougal caused him no particular political strain through the years. On the contrary, McDougal seemed just the sort of friend that an ambitious Arkansas pol would value. In 1982, after Clinton came back from defeat to reoccupy the Governor's Mansion, McDougal took control of a small savings-and-loan called Madison Guaranty; in three years, he built Madison into one of Arkansas's largest state-chartered institutions. He rode the wave of the eighties with gleeful abandon, leveraging big, playing hunches, and acquiring the posture of success. He drove a blue Bentley, created a maroon Art Deco headquarters downtown, and featured Susan, who was also the secretary for Whitewater, in television commercials for his developments. "We called him Diamond Jim, because he's the kind of guy who always had money, always promoted money, always drove nice cars," one close friend says. "You know, Jim was just a high roller." McDougal liked to create the impression that he would take care of his friends, and not only politicians such as Fulbright and Clinton and the current governor, Jim Guy Tucker; he ran Madison, Representative Leach now says, like "a private piggy bank." In three years under McDougal's control, loans to officers, directors, and executives of Madison or its subsidiaries grew from five hundred thousand dollars to seventeen million.

Clinton, in contrast, had limited financial resources during this period, although his political fortunes were building. "He has absolutely no interest in money," David Leopoulos, a longtime friend of Clinton's, says, but money was a problem for someone who had to run for office every two years. Clinton's 1980 gubernatorial loss to Frank White heightened a tendency on his part to develop last-minute nerves before an election, touching off binge spending on campaign ads, which, in turn, heightened the need for friends with deep pockets. Such was the case in 1984, when Clinton went into the final days of his bid for a third term comfortably ahead in the polls but still worried about the outcome. He called on a close friend, W. Maurice Smith, who was a member of his staff and, more important, owned a small bank in the tiny town of Cherry Valley, Arkansas. Clinton asked Smith for a personal loan, and Smith granted it without asking for collateral; he simply transferred fifty thousand dollars to Clinton's campaign account—and it was shown on the campaign-finance reports as a personal contribution by Clinton to his own campaign. (After the election, Clinton named Smith director of the state Highway and Transportation Department, a patronage job ranking somewhere just below King in the state of Arkansas: whoever holds this office has considerable influence in awarding highway contracts, and thus dispensing jobs in a district, and in deciding where state roads will be built.)

Clinton bought a lot of TV commercials with the money he borrowed from Smith, and, just as had been predicted, he easily won the race. He then asked Jim McDougal for a favor. As McDougal later put it, the Governor came to him and asked if McDougal could "knock out the deficit"—Bill and Hillary's personal fifty-thousand-dollar debt to the Bank of Cherry Valley. McDougal said, "Sure," and that spring he threw a fund-raiser for Clinton at Madison Guaranty's headquarters. According to McDougal, the event raised thirty-five thousand dollars, which went toward clearing the Clintons' debt. It was an extremely valuable favor that McDougal performed, because, according to a *Times* report last month, Bill and Hillary Clinton would have been hard-pressed to repay the fifty-thousand-dollar loan themselves. The couple had a combined income in 1984 of a hundred and eleven thousand dollars.

McDougal's generous gesture came at a moment when he himself was at the center of a gathering disaster. He had overpaid for bad property, indulged the wrong hunches, and in every way lived the S. & L. experience of the eighties. In 1984, the Federal Home Loan Bank Board examined Madison Guaranty, made note of "unsafe and unsound lending practices," and though it found Madison to be still solvent, warned that if McDougal stayed on the same course he could sink the bank. But McDougal, who loved the play of it, apparently believed that he could pull Madison out of its nosedive if he could only forestall the regulators. By 1985, when the situation became dire, he needed a friendly ear at the Arkansas Securities Department, whose permission would be required to keep the bank's doors open. As McDougal saw it, his friend and business partner, Governor Clinton, had already provided that for him.

SHORTLY after his 1985 inauguration, Clinton removed his sitting commissioner at the Arkansas Securities Department and appointed an old friend from Fayetteville named Beverly Bassett. Both Clintons had taught at the

University of Arkansas School of Law, in Fayetteville, in the nineteen-seventies. (In the way of things, Bassett's brother Woody had taken criminal law from Hillary and constitutional law from Bill. Woody Bassett actively campaigned for Clinton in the 1976 Arkansas Attorney General race and became a close political adviser, managing the campaign in Washington County, which includes Fayetteville, during Clinton's critical 1982 comeback race against Governor White. Beverly Bassett, meanwhile, would eventually marry Archie Schaffer, a nephew of Arkansas's Senator Dale Bumpers and now an executive at Tyson Foods—owned by Don Tyson, a serious Clinton financial backer.) Bassett did not know McDougal personally, but, as a securities lawyer for a Little Rock firm called Mitchell, Williams, Selig, Gates & Woodyard, she had done work for Madison Guaranty.

In 1985, shortly after McDougal helped Bill and Hillary Clinton "knock out the deficit," his lawyers proposed to the Securities Department a plan that could save Madison—an unusual recapitalization scheme involving the issuance of new preferred stock in the savings-and-loan. One of those representing McDougal in this effort was Hillary Clinton, whom, McDougal later recalled, he had hired on retainer after her husband approached him one day complaining about family finances. In a letter to Bassett, Hillary Clinton argued that Madison should be allowed to issue the stock. Using an audit recently commissioned by the bank, another Rose lawyer argued that the bank was solvent.

It made for an amazing tangle of interests: Hillary Clinton was arguing for a rescue plan on behalf of her business partner (and her own financial rescuer) before a state official who was also a friend, and who had been appointed by Hillary's husband, the Governor, and who had herself done work for the bank in question.

Soon after McDougal raised the thirty-five thousand dollars for the Clintons, Beverly Bassett approved Madison's recapitalization plan in a letter that began, "Dear Hillary." In fact, despite the federal loan board's severe criticism of Madison's practices a year earlier, Bassett's Securities Department allowed McDougal to continue operating Madison Guaranty for another year, until the bank's board voted his removal. During that time, Madison grew from a forty-nine-million-dollar institution to a hundred-and-twenty-five-million-dollar institution, fattening the load—about sixty million dollars—picked up by taxpayers when the bank finally went bust in 1989.

Bassett, who now uses her married name, Schaffer, is bemused by any suggestion that she gave Madison preferential treatment. The obvious conflicts didn't seem as bad to her in 1985 as they seem now, she said recently. True, the rules of professional conduct probably should have precluded Mrs. Clinton from representing her business partner, but, Schaffer said, at the time she didn't know of the existence of Whitewater; besides, it wasn't in the state commissioner's power to decide a petitioner's legal representation. Members of her own staff had had strong reservations about Madison, but Schaffer told me that, on the basis of the information available to her, her only choice was to allow Madison the chance to recover. "What we had was their examination report"—the report by the Federal Home Loan Bank Board—"clearly showing them solvent, plus their audit showing them solvent," Schaffer said.

The 1985 audit that was commissioned by the bank and became the foundation for the Rose lawyers' argument that Madison should be allowed to continue operating is at the heart of the problem of conflicting interests. By 1989, McDougal had hit rock bottom. His wife had left him, and many of his political friends had abandoned him. ("He asked Clinton for a job even sweeping floors, anything," one friend says.) He had also been hospitalized for what was diagnosed as manic depression. A psychiatric report said of McDougal in 1987 that his "first really florid manic episode" was "characterized by increased energy, increased talkativeness, 'felt invincible,' used poor judgment with money, and apparently really lost his whole business and savings in unwise real estate and other investment ventures." In 1989, McDougal was indicted—and eventually acquitted—by the federal government for fraud, in a prosecution focussing on one of his development deals. Madison

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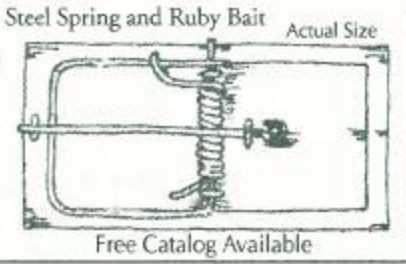
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Guaranty was gone, but, in the hope of recouping some of the taxpayer money lost in the Madison bailout, the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation decided that year to sue the accounting firm Frost & Company, which had prepared the audit that the Rose Law Firm used in arguing the case for Madison's continued operation back in 1985.

Lo and behold, it turned out that the chief auditor assigned to the case, James Alford, had had two outstanding loans at Madison. The F.D.I.C. looked for outside counsel. At that point, Vince Foster, Mrs. Clinton's partner and close personal friend at Rose, wrote a letter to the F.D.I.C. soliciting business for the firm. "The firm does not represent any savings-and-loan association in state or federal regulatory matters," Foster wrote, wording it in the present tense, and avoiding mention of the fact that Rose had previously represented Madison Guaranty. Rose got the F.D.I.C. case, and assigned as the lead lawyer Webb Hubbell, the former mayor of Little Rock, whom Clinton had appointed to the State Supreme Court in 1984, and who is now Clinton's No. 3 man at the Justice Department. (Incidentally, Hubbell's father-in-law, Seth Ward, had been an executive of a Madison real-estate subsidiary and had defaulted on two outstanding Madison loans, totalling $587,793. Hubbell informed the F.D.I.C. of Ward's ties to the defunct bank.) Hubbell settled the F.D.I.C.'s case against Frost & Company for a reported one million dollars, which was considerably less than the accounting firm's insurance coverage; Rose collected a four-hundred-thousand-dollar fee.

Whitewater Development survived the demise of Madison, and until 1988 McDougal had continued to manage the partnership for himself and the Clintons. Some of the methods he apparently employed, however, are now the subject of federal investigation. One deal involved David Hale, a municipal judge and entrepreneur in Little Rock, who seemed to have bad luck with his investments (such as a Bible-based theme park), but who had a gold mine in the form of an investment firm, Capital Management, that was backed by the Small Business Administration. Under the S.B.A. program, Hale's firm raised money to seed projects for disadvantaged companies, such as those run by minorities, and the S.B.A. matched the funds. As a judge, Hale was known for shows of temper, but when I met with him in the Little Rock office of his attorney, Randy Coleman, he was the picture of sad-eyed contrition, politely answering my questions with the "Yes, sir" and "No, sir" he had once demanded in his own court. He is under a federal fraud indictment in connection with his S.B.A. dealings but feels he is being made the "fall guy" for Arkansas politicians he helped with his investment company, including Clinton. Hale has said that in 1986, when McDougal was facing scrutiny from federal regulators and was about to be ousted from Madison, he had lent Susan McDougal three hundred thousand dollars in the guise of helping a disadvantaged (in this case, female) entrepreneur. Hale said that he had been pressured into making the loan during a visit by Clinton and McDougal, and that some of "that money had ended up in Whitewater." The White House maintains that no such meeting occurred.

Hale was caught by surprise when, as a result of the federal investigation into his dealings, his company offices were raided, on July 21st. Finding himself in a corner, he decided to try to make a deal with prosecutors. He told them that he had had financial dealings with some of Arkansas's most prominent politicians, including Governor Clinton and his successor, Governor Tucker, and he offered to coöperate in building a case.

A key element in such a case would be the fact that a hundred and fifty thousand dollars of Hale's S.B.A. money did end up in Whitewater's account. McDougal's lawyer, Sam Heuer, said that there's a simple explanation for that, however: "That was just a screwup, is all it was. That money was supposed to go as a down payment on [another piece of property] and Jim inadvertently put it in Whitewater's account. When he realized he'd made a mistake, he pulled it out."

Hale, however, said that he had "a ton of documents" to support his story, and copies of some of those documents are said by local officials to be in the

hands of federal investigators. "They want to indict me, discredit me, convict me," Hale said, referring to a powerful clique of politicians he claims to have been associated with since his youth. The United States Attorney in Little Rock, Paula Casey, who is a Clinton appointee and a longtime Clinton supporter, has declined to make a plea bargain with Hale. He is nevertheless still hoping for some sort of leniency, and claims to be quite ready to make his case. "We haven't lost any of *our* records," he said.

The last comment was a pointed reference to the remarkably high incidence of missing records in connection with McDougal, with Madison, and, particularly, with Whitewater. In 1992, Susan McDougal told the Washington *Post* that, as Whitewater's secretary, she had kept all the corporation's records, but that at Hillary Clinton's request she had sent all her records to the Governor's Mansion—"every sheet of paper . . . every file I had, all the purchase agreements, copies of the deeds, all monthly payments by customers, all checks written by the corporation, all correspondence." The Clintons, who have maintained that they lost money on Whitewater, have said that they have only some of the corporation's records.

In his happier, high-rolling days, Jim McDougal was known to delight in his friendship with the Clintons, and in his access to the Governor's inner sanctum. Now the Clintons don't speak his name, and aides murmur about a business associate whose rogue dealings were strictly his own. And what is known about McDougal's life now seems to warrant the phrase that so many of his Arkansas friends employ when speaking of him: "Poor ol' Jim." McDougal's marriage and business are gone, and he has been living in a trailer home near Arkadelphia. (Susan McDougal, for her part, was recently charged with forgery and grand theft in an unrelated case in California and has pleaded not guilty.) After he was acquitted of criminal charges, "Bill Clinton did not help him one damned bit," says an old friend, but it is not likely that McDougal, who once shared his political savvy with the young Clinton, expects the President to get in touch. He survived the fraud trial, but current federal inquiries are likely to bring him back into court.

Federal investigators believe that McDougal channelled a great deal of money in and out of the Whitewater account, and it is still not known where much of the money went. That is one of the reasons investigators were so eager to inspect Vince Foster's Whitewater files. Foster had worked on Whitewater as the Clintons' personal lawyer, and among the documents in his possession were records of the Clintons' sale of their share, in 1992.

Bruce Lindsey, the White House aide, said that the Clintons sold their interest in Whitewater to McDougal for a thousand dollars, and, in the process, discovered that the company had not filed tax returns for three years; on the advice of Foster, they had an accountant prepare the returns and then sent them to McDougal for filing. Lindsey added that a copy of the returns was also sent to Foster, who was by then working in the White House.

After Foster's suicide, the White House counsel, Bernard Nussbaum, retrieved the Whitewater material and forwarded it to David Kendall, the Clintons' new personal lawyer, instead of handing it over to the investigators probing Foster's death; Nussbaum cited lawyer-client privilege, thereby raising the separate issue of whether Foster, a government employee, should have been doing the Clintons' private work in his capacity as deputy White House counsel. On December 23rd, Clinton finally ordered the Whitewater papers turned over to Justice, but there was a further delay for "cataloguing." (Foster's diary, which Nussbaum gave to Foster's personal attorney, has not been turned over to government investigators.)

The paper trail recording McDougal's dealings with the Clintons follows a sinuous course, and often disappears altogether beneath the patchwork of Arkansas politics. One sought-after piece of paperwork is the campaign-finance report showing the contributions collected at that 1985 fund-raiser given by McDougal to relieve the Clintons' personal debt. Government investigators believe that at least twelve thousand dollars of the money turned over to Clinton's aides that night may not actually have been raised but, rather, improperly diverted from Madison. The



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Resolution Trust Corporation, combing through the records of the defunct savings-and-loan, discovered four certified checks, each in the amount of three thousand dollars and each bearing the name of a Clinton "contributor." One of those whose names appeared on a check was Kenneth Peacock, who was a college student at the time, and who says he didn't make a contribution to Clinton—a scenario that suggests that the checks bearing his and the three other names might have been phantom contributions intended to disguise a diversion of Madison depositors' money to Clinton. (The three other checks bore the names of Susan McDougal, Fulbright, and an employee of Peacock's father's.) "It's a disgusting situation," I was told by Betsey Wright, Clinton's longtime chief of staff in Arkansas, who ran his 1984 campaign and received the money from the McDougal fund-raiser. "I can't imagine anything worse than putting someone's name on a check that that person didn't put on himself, or request to put on himself. We had no way of knowing it."



McDougal has denied any such misdeeds. His lawyer, Sam Heuer, believes that there is probably a simple explanation for the phantom contributions. Noting that Peacock's father, Charles Peacock, of Bald Knob, Arkansas, was a business associate of McDougal's and a onetime member of the Madison board, Heuer said, "I suspect that Jim talked to Peacock's father, rather than to Peacock himself, on something like that. And I would assume that Peacock's father would have been a person in appropriate authority to have O.K.'d that deal."

However, up in Bald Knob, Charles Peacock maintains that he didn't authorize the contribution to Clinton, and offers as what he considers sufficient proof the fact that his line of Peacocks have been Republicans dating back to his granddaddy. Peacock said that he "never had" supported Clinton.

The campaign report, which Betsey Wright was obliged by state law to file with the Arkansas secretary of state, would show the names of other contributors at McDougal's fund-raiser, which was attended mostly by Madison executives and employees. (Clinton was not there.) The paperwork would also, of course, be evidence that the Clinton campaign actually reported the take from that event. The report, however, is not among the Clinton files at the Pulaski County Clerk's office, in Little Rock—Wright said she should have filed it there but apparently didn't. Neither is it at the secretary of state's office. Officials there said that it might have been disposed of, because they were not then required to keep such records indefinitely. The consensus in Little Rock political circles is that Wright, who is known for meticulous recordkeeping, would be the best source for the list of contributors. "I can't find those reports," she said. "It has us tied into a situation that emerged on other people's parts, not ours. And my not having the files is grist for getting more focus on us than on where the problem was. And I wish I could stop that, but I don't know how. I'd give anything to be able to solve this."

A former high-ranking official in the secretary of state's office told me that many such records—especially those likely to be of lasting public interest, such as a Clinton campaign report—were microfilmed for historical safekeeping. I asked Phil Hoots, who had been the secretary of state's manager of records in 1985, about this, and he confirmed that such records, probably including Clinton's crucial campaign report, were regularly microfilmed at that time. However, he added, "All that stuff was kept in a room that used to be a boiler room to generate steam heat. They had all that stuff back there in the catty-combs. Bingo! It was all ruined. You'd open the drawers and the stench from the acid would knock you down. It was all ruined."

It is likely, though, that another mountain of paper relating to Whitewater, McDougal, and his dealings with the Clintons will soon be building, as the Justice Department continues investigating the fact that S.B.A. funds ended up in Whitewater and the possibility that McDougal diverted insured depositors' money to political campaigns, including that 1985 Clinton fund-raiser. Not surprisingly, Republicans on Capitol Hill are pressing for hearings on Whitewater, and, more ominously for the White House, Attorney General Janet Reno is considering the appointment of a special counsel to conduct an independent investigation. There is coming, one way or another, a discomfiting seminar on Arkansas manners.

For the Clintons, what could prove more troubling is the handling of the Whitewater-McDougal-Madison-Hale entanglements after they left Little Rock. They appear not to have benefitted financially from Whitewater—they assert that in fact they lost sixty-nine thousand dollars—but a final assessment can't be made until there is full disclosure, and the posture of the White House in that regard cannot be described as forthcoming. Whatever embarrassments the Whitewater papers hold—assuming they are not criminal—could hardly be as damaging as the impression now taking hold that the White House has something to hide. At the least, the two lawyers living in the White House, and the lawyers on their staff, caused the removal of material that is part of a federal investigation.

The prospect of inquiries—the very fact of the continuing interest in Whitewater—seems to have the First Couple somewhat nonplussed. Mrs. Clinton said, as the new revelations came spilling forth, "I am bewildered that a losing investment which for us was significant—sixty-nine thousand dollars, which is provable by the accountants—is still a topic of inquiry." A defense that a questionable business partnership couldn't have been improper, because it was not profitable, is hardly lawyerlike. Yet there may be something unintentionally exculpatory in the Clintons' loss on Whitewater—in the implicit assertion that if Bill Clinton were a crook he could have found a better accomplice than Jim McDougal and a more lucrative avenue than Whitewater.

When I asked Beverly Bassett Schaffer about the entanglements surrounding the official reprieve that she had awarded Madison Guaranty in 1985, she acknowledged that outsiders might see a conflict of interest. "We can't help bumping into each other all the time," she explained. "But we do do stuff out in the open, so at least y'all can check on us." ♦

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE PUBLIC INTELLECTUAL

Cornel West is a rare American cultural entity: a serious philosopher with a popular following—and some vocal critics in academe.

BY JERVIS ANDERSON

ONE afternoon not long ago, I met Cornel West on the campus of Princeton University, where he is a professor of religion and the director of the Program in Afro-American Studies. I was unprepared for his easy informality and his instant cordiality. He greeted me as "brother," and as we strolled along Nassau Street later he smiled and hailed numerous "brothers" and "sisters," black and white, who greeted him as he went by. West, who grew up in a black neighborhood of Sacramento, California, seemed implausibly at home in those privileged Ivy League surroundings. True, he was by then no stranger to environments of that kind. He is an honors graduate of Harvard; he taught for a time at the Yale Divinity School; and he took his graduate degrees in philosophy at Princeton. Now, at the age of forty, he has been on its faculty since 1988, and next fall he will begin teaching at Harvard.



West regards philosophy as a weapon to be used in the arena of social action—to help build progressive alliances across racial lines.

West is an unusual mixture of intellectual seriousness, dandyish elegance, and laid-back street sensibility. He struck me as almost an embodiment of the cultural synthesis he says he advocates in African-American life. His full-blown Afro recalled the black-awareness movement of the sixties and the early seventies. The mustache and the short beard framing his mouth gave his bespectacled face something of a resemblance to that of Malcolm X. But the rest of his grooming was radically deficient in militant imagery. A slender near-six-footer, he wore a navy-blue three-piece suit, with a brown-and-black striped tie and a white shirt. A silver watch chain dangled across the front of his vest, and a pair of jewelled cufflinks sparkled at the end of his shirtsleeves.

This, I gathered, is West's usual form of dress. For years now, his acquaintances say, he hasn't been seen in anything but a three-piece suit—a fact that some find puzzling in a progressive black intellectual. He's somewhat annoyed by that response to his clothing. "I'm not the first serious black intellectual who has been fond of wearing three-piece suits," he told me, pointing out several distinguished examples from the past. He was particularly impressed by the sartorial standard set by W. E. B. Du Bois, the foremost scholar of modern black protest. "The Victorian three-piece suit—with a clock and chain in the vest—worn by W. E. B. Du Bois not only represented the age that shaped and molded him; it also dignified his sense of intellectual vocation, a sense of rendering service by means of critical intelligence and moral action," West wrote in "Race Matters," his recent best-selling collection. "The shabby clothing worn by most black intellectuals these days may be seen as symbolizing their utter marginality behind the walls of academe and their sense of impotence in the wider world of American culture and politics." And West, who is the grandson of a Baptist minister, said to me that

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"on a more personal level" his preference in dress also honors the tradition of eminent African-American preachers, "sustaining symbols of excellence, elegance, and dignity."

It isn't clear what West's preference in automobiles seeks to honor. He drives an expensive Cadillac sedan, which once caused the local police to suspect him of trafficking in drugs. In September of 1988, within the first ten days of his joining the Princeton faculty, the police stopped and questioned him on three occasions—ostensibly because his Cadillac was cruising too slowly through streets with a speed limit of twenty-five miles an hour. That wasn't the worst experience of the kind he had ever had. A few years earlier, while he was driving a Camaro between New York and Massachusetts, a state trooper pulled him over. "I wasn't speeding," West told me. "The cop peered into the car and said, 'I see you going back and forth once a week; this is the fourth time I've seen you.' That made him feel that I was dealing in cocaine. I said to him, 'You've been seeing me that often because I teach at Williams College once a week. I'm a professor of philosophy and religion.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'and I'm the Flying Nun. Let's go, nigger.' It was a moment that reminded me how much race does indeed matter in our society."



FOR the past three or four years—mainly because of his speeches, writings, and media interviews on a wide range of social issues—West has been one of the most talked-about academics in the United States. But that sort of popularity hasn't enhanced his standing among fellow-academics; and professional philosophers, particularly, are now sharply divided in their estimate of his intellectual purity.

Members of one faction, incredulous that a trained philosopher could be celebrated outside their arcane discipline, have become skeptical of West's stature as a serious scholar. He spreads himself too thin, they argue. He's an advocate in too many popular courts. His message is much too accessible to nonacademic constituencies. Richard Rorty, a former philosophy professor at Princeton (now at the University of Virginia), who doesn't share the anti-West animus, has written, "West's fellow philosophers usually regard him . . . as someone who has wandered so far outside his academic discipline that he no longer counts as a member of it."

Richard Bernstein, the chairman of the Philosophy Department of the New School for Social Research, is another who counts himself among the pro-West faction. "Cornel is a kind of universalist, and, at the same time, one who is absolutely committed to his black Baptist roots," he told me a few months ago. "A number of us admire him for that. We think it's necessary to break out of this tradition where philosophers talk mostly to themselves and write only for one another. It's easy to take potshots at West for being in too big a soup. But it's hard to be what he's trying to be and still retain your integrity, and he does that." Sheldon Wolin, who taught West political philosophy at Princeton, agrees. He thinks that West "has a highly sophisticated sense of how to negotiate the minefield he has chosen to tread, how to do it with grace and yet remain true to his beliefs."

An unbiased look at the bulk of West's writings (he has written nine books and co-edited three others) might reveal not that he has wandered far outside the philosophical discipline but that he has been trying to broaden the ways in which it has usually been viewed and applied. West calls himself, among other things, a religious and intellectual freedom fighter. Partly because of his experience as an African-American, he regards philosophy as a weapon that should be used in the arena of social action—to clarify issues and to help build progressive alliances across racial lines. Appearing on the PBS show "Bill Moyers' World of Ideas" in 1990, West said, "I understand the vocation of the intellectual as trying to turn easy answers into critical questions, and ask these critical questions to those with power." He added, "The quest for truth, the quest for the good, the quest for the beautiful, for me, presupposes allowing suffering to speak, allowing victims to be visible, and allowing social misery to be put on the agenda of those with power."

Members of West's professional discipline who understand the universalist role he has been attempting to play recognize him as a rare contemporary example of the philosopher who functions creatively outside the university, as a public intellectual—one deeply involved with the social and political elements of his society. In that context, he recalls such philosophers as John Dewey, Reinhold Niebuhr, and Sidney Hook, whose voices reached beyond the academy to help shape and influence the public debates of their time. Ronald F. Thiemann, the dean of Harvard's Divinity School, has said, "West is the only person on the intellectual scene capable of inheriting the mantle of Reinhold Niebuhr." Richard Bernstein says, "West is a black John Dewey, in the sense that Dewey was a serious thinker who spoke to the issues of the day—a model that has been sorely missing from the American scene. In an earlier progressive era, Dewey could be a professional philosopher as well as a widely read writer in magazines like *The New Republic* and *The Nation*. West aspires to such a model. And while doing so he shares a deep commitment to radical democracy, transcending what's called the politics of identity or the politics of difference."

Henry Louis Gates, Jr., the chairman of the Afro-American Studies Department at Harvard, has called West "the preëminent African-American intellectual of our generation." There's nothing like such an evaluation to bring lurking dissenters out of the shadows, even as it gladdens the hearts of supporters. One who is gladdened by it is Martin Kilson, a black professor of government at Harvard. He told me last summer, "West has done several things over the past decade or so to warrant that ranking. He has single-handedly fashioned a viable transracial style of intellectual discourse."

The dissenters, however, discern no great intellectual excellence in West, let alone preëminence. Two years ago, the political scientist Adolph Reed was quoted by the writer Robert Boynton as saying, "Cornel's work tends to be a thousand miles wide and about two inches deep." The iconoclastic author and critic Stanley Crouch, whose most recent book is entitled "Notes of a Hanging Judge," doesn't seem to know quite what to make of West. Crouch told Norman Atkins, of the New York *Observer*, last June, "West is clearly a smart guy, in high command of speaking skills,

but I haven't been able to ascertain the substance of what he has to say."

Henry Louis Gates's glowing estimate of West's intellectual stature takes into account, among other things, the conception of Afro-American studies that West has brought to the program he directs at Princeton. Regarded as one of the best of its kind in the nation (though, like him, it isn't without hostile critics), West's program emphasizes a cosmopolitan core of cultural and historical studies—in what could be called a heretical defiance of the current demand on many campuses for an Afrocentric curriculum. In "Race Matters" West, who abhors almost all forms of chauvinism and xenophobia, writes, "Afrocentrism, a contemporary species of black nationalism, is a gallant yet misguided attempt to define an African identity in a white society perceived to be hostile. . . . It is misguided because—out of fear of cultural hybridization and through silence on the issue of class, retrograde views on black women, gay men, and lesbians, and a reluctance to link race to the common good—it reinforces the narrow discussions about race."

On our walk in Princeton, West was carrying the première issue of *Vibe*, a recently launched magazine of popular culture, mostly music. The issue featured an interview with him, and he wanted to make copies of it for some of his colleagues. West isn't shy about spreading any good word about himself, and it evidently pleased him to think that he was probably the only living philosopher in whom a magazine like *Vibe* would take an interest. Moreover, he is probably the only American philosopher capable of discoursing as enthusiastically on jazz, rap, hip-hop, and the blues as on Marx and Hegel and Kierkegaard and Dewey.

About rap and its appeal to a new generation of blacks, West said to me, "The old music can no longer sustain the rituals of everyday life among young inner-city people. Rap, a form of the new music, does. It's an extension of the improvisational tradition in jazz—a union of the rhetorical and the musical. And it's a form the young can commune with in their own way. I don't believe that jazz and the blues can ever be as popular among the young as rap and its related forms are now."

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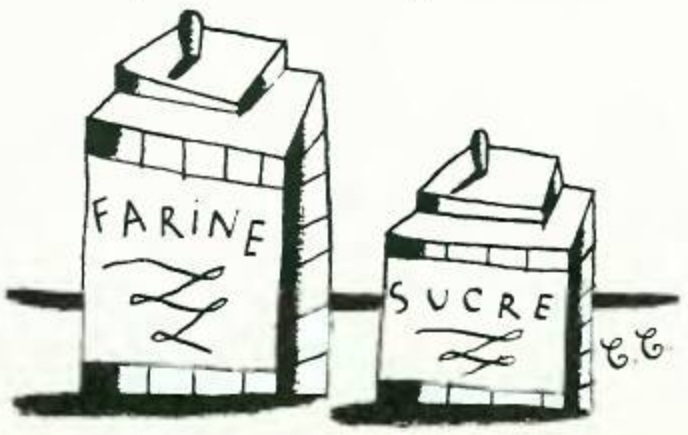
Vibe article, "Cornel U.," but disconcerted by its subtitle, "Brother West, the hottest black academic in America, is acting out the role that's been written for Malcolm X since his death." That wasn't the role he imagined himself to be playing, he told me. He was neither continuing Malcolm's work on earth nor promoting any particular strain of race leadership. What he saw himself to be undertaking was a kind of prophetic social criticism—or "prophetic pragmatism"—based on his conviction that criticism is most effective when it transcends narrow categories of religious, cultural, and political belief.

WEST'S reputation as a scholarly writer rests mainly upon two books, "The American Evasion of Philosophy" (1989) and "The Ethical Dimensions of Marxist Thought" (1991). The former traces and evaluates the genealogy of American pragmatism, from its vague origins in the thought of Ralph Waldo Emerson through its development and refinement in the ideas of pragmatist thinkers like Charles Sanders Peirce, William James, and John Dewey, the man in whose work West sees a full flowering of that relatively new philosophy. The "Evasion" of his title refers primarily to the abandonment in America of the prevailing European system of philosophical inquiry—abstract speculations about the nature of truth and reality—in favor of a method that emphasized empirical and experimental investigation. The American school of philosophy examined notions of truth and reality chiefly for their verifiable consequences in everyday life and for practical ways in which they might be applied to causes of social change and human progress.

"The distinctive appeal of American pragmatism in our postmodern moment is its unashamedly moral emphasis and its unequivocally ameliorative impulse," West writes—an emphasis and an impulse with which he associates such modern cultural and political intellectuals as Lionel Trilling and C. Wright Mills as well as Sidney Hook and W. E. B. Du Bois. He is here recognizing American pragmatism mainly as it was exemplified by Dewey, who, as teacher and public spokesman, made it an instrument in his advocacy of social and educational reform. "Dewey isn't just the greatest American philosopher," West told me over lunch in Princeton. "He is the great New World philosopher, in trying to meet the challenge of historical consciousness while preserving the democratic enterprise." It is in Dewey's example that West roots the "prophetic pragmatism" that he himself practices in the social criticism that has caused hard-nosed specialists in analytic philosophy to sneer at the role he plays as a public intellectual. Richard Rorty, who is also a student of Dewey's philosophy, isn't one to sneer at such a role. Reviewing "The American Evasion" not long after it appeared, Rorty wrote, "West may be (thanks to his connections with the black churches) the closest thing to an 'organic intellectual' my country has these days, and may thus be . . . as likely a source of specific, concrete, patriotic, prophetic vision as anybody around."

In "The Ethical Dimensions of Marxist Thought"—a revised and updated version of his doctoral dissertation, "Ethics, Historicism, and the Marxist Tradition"—West attempts a restorative reappraisal of the Marxist social critique, particularly in the light of the hard times it has been falling upon around the world. His aim, he states, is to defend "the relevance of Marxist thought, including its ethical dimensions, after the Cold War." That is very much how the book has been read by academic intellectuals who understand or endorse its objective, one of whom is Alison Jaggar, a professor of philosophy and women's studies at the University of Colorado. In a symposium sponsored by the independent socialist journal *Monthly Review*, Jaggar stated that West's text "is published at this time not just with the scholarly intention of countering vulgar reductionist readings of Marx but with the directly political intention of rehabilitating the Marxist project of understanding the world in order to change it."

Partly because of the intention behind "The Ethical Dimensions," some have wondered whether West isn't really a Marxist, fellow-travelling under the mis-



leading colors of John Dewey's ameliorative pragmatism. Others have wondered how an aggressively believing Christian could testify so faithfully on behalf of a doctrine as ungodly as Marxism. West finds more than a slight philosophical connection between Marxism and pragmatism, but it is one that only he could properly explain. At any rate, he isn't a Marxist, only a serious student of Marx's social analysis. In "The Ethical Dimensions" he declares:

> I am a non-Marxist socialist in that as a Christian, I recognize certain irreconcilable differences between Marxists of whatever sort and Christians of whatever sort. . . . My Christian perspective—mediated by the rich traditions of the Black Church that produced and sustains me—embraces depths of despair, layers of dread . . . and ungrounded leaps of faith alien to the Marxist tradition. . . . The Marxist tradition is silent about the existential meaning of death, suffering, love, and friendship owing to its preoccupation with improving the social circumstances under which people pursue love, revel in friendship, and confront death.

Much of the public interest that West has been generating of late springs from the popular reception accorded "Race Matters," his first book addressed to a general audience. It was published by Beacon Press last spring to coincide with the first anniversary of the rioting in Los Angeles. But, in an argument characteristic of its irreverent approach, "Race Matters" takes the position that "what happened in Los Angeles in April of 1992 was neither a race riot nor a class rebellion." West argues:

> This monumental upheaval was a multiracial, trans-class, and largely male display of justified social rage. . . . It signified the sense of powerlessness in American society. . . . What we witnessed in Los Angeles was the consequence of a lethal linkage of economic decline, cultural decay, and political lethargy in American life. Race was the visible catalyst, not the underlying cause.

That may not correspond with the general view of what took place in Los Angeles, but it reflects the critical angle from which West often looks at social problems and which gives him a perspective that combines Christian idealism, "prophetic pragmatism," democratic socialism, and Marxist analysis.

He expresses the opinion in "Race Matters" that there has been a widespread social breakdown in America, much of it having to do with the status of blacks, and particularly the poor. "We

must delve into the depths where neither liberals nor conservatives dare to tread," West urges, "into the murky waters of despair and dread that now flood the streets of black America." He cites "the depressing statistics of unemployment, infant mortality, incarceration, teenage pregnancy, and violent crime"; "the monumental eclipse of hope"; and "the unprecedented collapse of meaning." He finds little to choose between, on the one hand, "the liberal notion that more government programs can solve racial problems" and, on the other, "the conservative idea that what is needed is a change in the moral behavior of poor black urban dwellers."

Yet the author is no less scathing in his analysis of black leaders and the black intelligentsia. "West can be critical of his black brothers in ways that other people can't be, because they are accused of being racist if they are critical," Richard Bernstein told me. And "Race Matters" is indeed a rare example of unsparing black self-criticism.

On the nomination of Clarence Thomas to the Supreme Court: "Few [black leaders] had the courage to say publicly that this was an act of cynical tokenism concealed by outright lies about Thomas being the most qualified candidate regardless of race." That silence showed that it is "racial" rather than "moral" reasoning that "regulates black thought and action."

On black political and intellectual leadership: "There has not been a time in the history of black people in this country when the quantity of politicians and intellectuals was so great, yet the quality of both groups has been so low. . . . Most present-day black political leaders appear too hungry for status to be angry, too eager for acceptance to be bold, too self-invested in advancement to be defiant."

On black conservatives' attack upon affirmative action: "If I had been old enough to join the fight for racial equality . . . in the 1960s . . . I would have favored—as I do now—a class-based affirmative action in principle. . . . The prevailing discriminatory practices during the sixties, whose targets were working people, women, and people of color, were atrocious."

Still, West isn't without hope for a moral and social recovery, for a progressive multiracial American future. In "Race Matters" he goes on to suggest, "To establish a new framework, we need to begin with a frank acknowledgment of the basic humanness and Americanness of each of us," for "if we go down, we go down together."

Laudatory reviews and a fifteen-city promotional tour helped put "Race Matters" on a number of best-seller lists across the country. It arrived on the *Times* list in June and stayed there almost continuously until late August; and Beacon Press tells me that nearly a hundred thousand copies are in print. Surprised by so favorable a reaction to so querulous a book, West can think of only one reason for its critical and commercial success. "A lot of readers have been as provoked by it as they have been disturbed by it," he says.

He doesn't feel, however, that "Race Matters" delivers the authoritative word on its subject. "My voice in it isn't a definitive voice," he told me. "I can imagine many readers asking me, 'O.K., what's your panacea, what's your solution?' My answer is that I'm just trying to establish a framework within which we can come together for dialogue, an open-ended conversation within which other constructive voices might emerge."

One of the problems with trying to be a synthesizer, West has found—particularly in his effort to help mend the broken alliance between Jews and African-Americans—is that "you're often misperceived by one side or the other to be a centrist, having no position of your own." A centrist West surely isn't. Although he seldom publicizes his political affiliation, he is basically a democratic socialist. He sits on the editorial board of *Dissent*, a quarterly journal of democratic-socialist opinion that was founded (and edited for almost all its forty years) by the literary and social critic Irving Howe, who died last May. West's colleagues on the *Dissent* board included Michael Harrington, who, until his death, in 1989, was a major spokesman for the democratic left. He is also an honorary chairman of Democratic Socialists of America, which Harrington founded in the early eighties, and which, West says, "was the first multiracial socialist organization close enough to my kind of politics that I could join."

He felt a deep admiration for Howe and Harrington, both of whom were academic intellectuals as well as activists. "Their quality of mind came from a subculture of relentless critical engagement," he told me. "They weren't devoured by

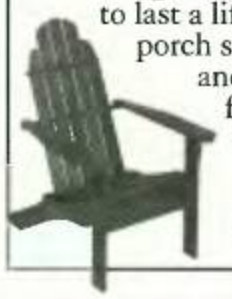


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the academy. Their conversations were partly inside and partly outside, so that they were able to think synthetically, to form a sense of the whole. Like Edmund Wilson, they moved agilely from one issue to another, without being encumbered by specialization. Democratic socialism is their great tradition, and I do feel a bond of solidarity with it. But I also feel a bond with the feminist and womanist community, with the anti-homophobic community, with those in the black-freedom struggle who are open to the issues of class and gender. In that sense, progressive black nationalists are also comrades of mine."

LIKE two of the older black intellectuals he admires—the novelist-essayist Ralph Ellison and the historian John Hope Franklin—Cornel West is a native of Oklahoma. He was born in Tulsa, on June 2, 1953, and grew up in Sacramento, where his family had settled in 1958, after a brief sojourn in Topeka, Kansas. His mother (a schoolteacher) and father (an Air Force civil servant) reared their two daughters and two sons in the church: first at Metropolitan Baptist in Tulsa and later at Shiloh Baptist in Sacramento. Metropolitan Baptist's pastor in the fifties was West's grandfather, the Reverend Clifton L. West, and his given name has passed down to Cornel's father, Cornel's older brother, and Cornel's sixteen-year-old son (from the first of three marriages). West wrote in 1991 that "the most significant stage-setting for my own life pilgrimage" was his "closely knit family and overlapping communities of church and friends," and that the "Christian outlook" served as "the basis for my life vocation."

"Cornel was an energetic youngster," his brother, Clifton, told me recently. "At home, he was a loving child, but in the streets he got into a lot of fights. He was tart-tongued. He said whatever came into his mind. It was some time before he learned to couch things in acceptable terms. Because of an asthmatic condition, which he later outgrew, he had a wiry build, but he was well coördinated, and he thought nobody could whip him. While I wouldn't say he was a bully, he surely had his way of dispensing justice.

"And he was a leader. At Camellia Elementary School, he led a gang of male classmates, all of whom revered him. One morning, he said to them, 'Look, you all can stand and recite the Pledge of Allegiance if you want to, don't let me stop you. But I won't be standing up. I'm finished with that sort of thing.' They said, 'Corn, if you aren't going to salute the flag, then none of us will be standing up this morning.' And so it was. None of them stood up. A teacher recognized Corn to be the ringleader. She walked up to him and demanded to know, 'Why do you refuse to salute the flag?' He said to her, 'My people have always gone abroad to fight for this country, and every one of them has come back home to second-class citizenship. The flag doesn't represent me.' The teacher slapped him, and Corn got up and punched her in the face. He was suspended from Camellia, and sent to the Earl Warren School, in another part of town. It was an accelerated school, and when he got there he began taking his academic studies more seriously."

In addition to church and school, West was also captivated by the Black Panther Party, whose Sacramento office was around the corner from Shiloh Baptist Church. West was attracted to the Panthers not only for their racial militancy but also for the charitable community programs they organized on behalf of the black poor. It was during his street-corner discussions with them that he first heard of Karl Marx, a name he associated with service to the downtrodden. But he soon discovered that he couldn't be wholly drawn to the Panthers; he couldn't give up his religious faith for their grass-roots Marxism. Besides, he was partly repelled by their hostility toward the black church and their total contempt for the Christian ministry.

At the age of seventeen, when West graduated from John F. Kennedy High School—where he was president of the student body—he won a scholarship to Harvard. "In 1970, when I entered Harvard College, I became part of the first generation of young black people to attend prestigious lily-white institutions of higher learning in significant numbers—institutions still coping with the new wave of Jewish faculty and students who had confronted an earlier tribal civility, snobbish gentility, and institutional loyalty of primarily well-to-do white Anglo-Saxon Protestants," West has written. "Owing to my family, church, and the black social movements of the 1960s, I arrived at Harvard unashamed of my African, Christian, and militant decolonized outlooks. More pointedly, I acknowledged and accented the empowerment of my black styles, mannerisms, and viewpoints."

Martin Kilson was at first baffled by West's mélange of styles and mannerisms and viewpoints. He couldn't quite resolve what he saw as a "dissonance" between West's "sharp, cogent, and vigorous intellect" and "a ghetto-hip street-corner persona." Kilson thought that West was "indulging in a put-on," he told me. "And I remember feeling that several years at Harvard would mainstream Cornel's street-corner demeanor. Well, it turned out that he wasn't putting on at all. The dissonance in his manner was a disciplined facet of a very bright student. He came to Harvard with an already well-shaped progressive mindset—freethinking, nondoctrinaire, and yet firm."

West graduated in three years, magna cum laude, and, with some trepidation, went on to Princeton for post-graduate studies in philosophy. Because Princeton's Philosophy Department, then considered the best in the nation, was known for its intellectual rigor, he feared, he later wrote, that his Christian faith would be undermined "by the powerful tools of analytical philosophy." His fears were unwarranted. He soon discovered that none of his professors "cared about religious faith—though Walter Kaufmann and Richard Rorty regarded the issue with historic curiosity." According to Sheldon Wolin, who was the chairman of the program in political philosophy, West "made a strong impression as a graduate student." Princeton philosophy, Wolin told me, "is demanding to the point of neurotic preciosity, but Cornel resisted its narrowness, and the more relaxed atmosphere of the political-philosophy program allowed his natural curiosity to determine the direction of his concerns, rather than the professional stamp of a conventional discipline."

West's first teaching appointment—in 1977, while he was completing his doctoral dissertation—was as an assistant professor of philosophy and religion at Union Theological Seminary, in New York. He wanted to teach at Union, he later wrote, because it was "the center of liberation theology," was "one of the best

places for black theological education," and was "the perfect place to become a broadly engaged cultural critic with a strong grounding in the history of philosophy and criticism."

In 1984, he was lured away from Union Theological Seminary by the offer of a full professorship in religion and philosophy at the Yale Divinity School. He returned to Union in 1987, and by that time, he has written, "my faith was tested and deepened, my mind was stretched and refined, my soul was refreshed and readied for battle." He hoped to wage that battle from a permanent base at Union Theological.



"First, a few words from Andrew Giuliani."

• •

In 1988, Princeton University asked West to join its faculty as a professor of religion and the director of its program in Afro-American studies. It wasn't the most opportune time for such an invitation, and initially West had no interest in the offer. "I had settled my heart upon Union," he told me. "That's where I wanted to be. Its tradition of Reinhold Niebuhr and Paul Tillich was very important to me. It still is. There's a sense in which a seminary sits at the center of my institutional identity. I thought I was going to be at Union for the rest of my life, helping to build upon its tradition."

But his two closest friends told him that the Princeton appointment might be too important to refuse. One was James Washington, a professor of church history at Union. The other was his brother, Clifton, in Sacramento, who works in the computer-software industry. "In a fundamental way, I'm a footnote to my brother," Cornel says. "He's three years older, shared his lessons with me, and taught me much of what I knew when I was young. So that my style is similar to his. He's not a professional intellectual, but he's a wise man. In terms of love and sensibility and compassion, we are very similar."

And, in the end, West could not resist the entreaty of Ruth Simmons, who was then the associate dean of faculty and is now the vice-provost. "When I came to Princeton, our program in Afro-American studies was floundering," Simmons told me some time ago. "It had been in place since 1970, but it hadn't achieved the level of distinction expected of Princeton. Many scholars, within and outside Princeton, advised me that Cornel was my best candidate." Still, West says, the novelist Toni Morrison, who is a professor of the humanities at Princeton, was "the major force" in his decision to go to Princeton. "She told me in one of our talks that she wanted me to become a part of her 'intellectual neighborhood.' " He was won by "that lovely formulation."

Under West's guidance, Princeton's program has become preëminent. "We knew when we hired Cornel that he would provide intellectual excitement, and that has turned out to be true," Ruth Simmons said.

On a second visit to Princeton, I found West in Dickinson Hall. That building, named for the Reverend Jonathan Dickinson, the first president of the university (when it was still called the College of New Jersey), houses the Program in Afro-American Studies, and West has one of many small offices on the ground floor. Dressed in his usual fashion, he was sitting at his desk, poring over papers and smoking a cigarillo. Floor-to-ceiling bookshelves lining the walls were crammed with works in history, philosophy, religion, political theory, biography, music, architecture, fiction, poetry, literary criticism, and other subjects that filled out the range of his eclectic interests.

At one point in our talk, I asked him what quality in his Afro-American-studies program caused it to be so highly regarded in academic circles across the country.

"I think it has to do with the fact that at Princeton black voices are fully integrated with the high-quality intellectual conversation taking place on campus," he said. "Black studies isn't viewed here as some ghettoized or marginalized subject. It isn't an afterthought, something just added on to the discussion of what it means to be an American. We put black subject matter, in all its forms, at the center of the wider cultural conversation, so that we can see it as a whole—the Afro-American relationship to all of the New World."

West's cosmopolitan approach has its hostile critics among black intellectuals, none more outspoken than Molefi Asante, who directs the African-American Studies Program at Temple University. I asked West what he thought of a passage that appeared in a recent issue of the Washington *Post's* Sunday magazine:

> Asante . . . the very architect of "Afrocentricity" as a philosophic mode, says he has included a critique of West in his own upcoming book on race. . . .
>
> Asante belittles West's "unnecessary

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eclecticism," . . . his fundamentally "assimilationist" orientation. "We [Afrocentrists] claim that there is nothing more correct for African-American people than our experiences, if we learn from them," Asante says. "Our solutions are within ourselves, not outside of us." He believes West "finds his intellectual center in white tradition. He has been educated away from himself."

"At a very deep level, Asante and I have clashing intellectual temperaments," West told me. "For him, notions of a solid and centered identity are positive. I revel in fluidity, in improvisation, in the highly complicated and paradoxical. Asante and I agree in our critiques of white supremacy; we agree in speaking to issues of self-love and self-respect among people of African descent. We end there. He advocates a conception of self that is grounded in a unified field of African culture. But that way of framing the question is alien to me. I'm not for a solid anything. I begin with radical cultural hybridity, an improvisational New World sensibility. I always think that we are in process, making and remaking ourselves along the way. I see it in Louis Armstrong, I see it in Sarah Vaughan, I see it in Emerson's essays, I see it in Whitman's poetry about democratic vistas.

"I would point out to Asante that there is nothing wrong with affirming African humanity if we recognize that African civilizations, like European civilizations, have an ambiguous legacy—barbarism on the one hand and humanism on the other. I think this experiment called America does have a distinctiveness. There are some wonderful things about it, and there are some ugly things about it. And my aim is to keep those two motifs in my head at the same time."

But West now finds himself wrestling with the dual claims of his African-Americanness: whether and when he might leave the United States and take up residence in Africa. His wife, Elleni Gebre Amlak, to whom ("the love of my life") he dedicates his latest book of essays, "Keeping Faith," is a native of Ethiopia. At their wedding celebration, in Addis Ababa two years ago, West received an honorary Ethiopian name, Fikre Selassie. Elleni's mother transferred ownership of the ancestral house to her daughter and new son; and West now spends a part of each year in Addis Ababa. Feeling more and more like an adopted Ethiopian, he is as drawn to a future life in his wife's birthplace as he is held by the counter-pull of his American homeland. In "Keeping Faith" he writes, "My initiation into Ethiopian life raises urgent issues of inheritance and rootlessness, tradition and homelessness. What is my relation to my African heritage and Ethiopian house? How do I understand my African American tradition and sense of black homelessness in America?"

BEFORE ending our talk in Dickinson Hall, West brought up another question he hadn't resolved at that time: whether he might leave Princeton for Harvard. He said he had received an offer from Harvard—to teach in the Divinity School and in the Department of Afro-American Studies—and that it was very tempting. West made up his mind some weeks after our conversation, and I called him last November, after reading that he had accepted the joint appointment as professor of Afro-American studies and the philosophy of religion. "Princeton and Harvard are both fine places, but Harvard is a larger context, in which I can have a broader intellectual impact," he said.

Henry Louis Gates, Jr., told me later, "I think the chief attraction that Harvard had for Cornel was the fact that it's such a multiplex kind of institution—with the Law School, the Business School, the Education School, the Kennedy School of Government. It's a dozen institutions in one, and that means there's a forum for Cornel to make his presence felt across a variety of fields, interests, and constituencies. Cornel is someone who isn't bounded by the traditional demarcation of disciplines; he has thoughtful views about legal training, education, governance, you name it. So it isn't just a matter of joining one school or department but having access to an academic equivalent of a teeming metropolis. Having said that, I have no doubt that he represents the real, and long-delayed, maturation of the Afro-American Studies Department, a scholar in whom skepticism and engagement come together. And, of course, he's an inspiring teacher. By the same token, Cornel is someone who derives a lot of stimulation from colleagues, and there's no paucity of that sort of stimulation here, so it's clear that he will thrive." ♦

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ANNALS OF COMMUNICATIONS

UNDER THE WIRE

Will the telecommunications revolution end in monopoly or Big Brotherhood? Neither, if Al Gore gets his way.

BY KEN AULETTA

Ask Vice-President Al Gore about telecommunications and he thinks of highways. During a recent interview at his office, in the West Wing of the White House, Gore recalled that when he was a boy in Carthage, Tennessee, his family couldn't get into their new car and drive to Nashville—a fifty-mile trip—with any speed, because the road was just two lanes all the way. He also recalled a scene from the fifties: "I watched my father preside over the creation of the interstate-highway system as the chairman of a subcommittee of the Senate Public Works Committee. I remember sitting in the room when they voted to make the signs green on the interstate system." He recalls, in sum, that an assertive government helped open the country to travel and commerce.

Four decades later, Gore believes that he has an opportunity to emulate his father. Computers and telephone and cable and wireless communications have "overwhelmed the equivalent of the little two-lane communications networks that existed," he said. "So it's been obvious for a long time that we must have an information-superhighway network that is as accessible and as open and as democratic and as ubiquitous as the telephone network that will carry vast quantities of data quickly." Only government, he believes, can prevent a multimedia electronic traffic jam and open new economic and social vistas.

Americans have lately been so distracted by megadeals and mergers among communications companies that they have largely failed to notice a fundamental shift taking place in the nation's capital. During the twelve-year reign of Ronald Reagan and George Bush, marketplace forces were free to determine the direction of the media revolution; in contrast, the Clinton-Gore Administration wants government to assert a role. "We want to serve the public interest with a minimalist approach to regulation," Gore said, but his definition of government's role proved not to be minimalist. Asked to describe government's mission, he answered, "Referee. Facilitator. Envisioner. Definer." Under Reagan and Bush, he said, government was a mere spectator.

As a senator, Gore was considered a telecommunications expert. Today, he is the Administration's acknowledged leader of the information age. In the first year of their Administration, Bill Clinton and Al Gore have championed the information superhighway, and within months of taking office established an interagency Information Infrastructure Task Force, with Commerce Secretary Ronald H. Brown as its chairman and Gore as its silent supervisor. Its report, which was released in September, pledged that the Administration would rely on the private sector to build the information superhighway. Government's role, the report concluded, was to devise investment incentives, to insure affordable universal service, to keep the highway democratic, and to protect both privacy and intellectual-property rights. The Administration hoped to delineate its



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plans in a speech by Gore in Los Angeles on January 11th, and then submit a package of legislation to Congress within a month. Greg C. Simon, Gore's domestic-policy adviser, said that once the rules were in place the government could impartially enforce them. "It's hard to be a referee unless you know what the rules are," he said.

This much is certain: there is growing support from within government and without for government to set up rules for the electronic superhighway. The stakes are high. Together, the electronic media, according to Larry Irving, the Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Communications and Information, now account for roughly the same share of the gross national product—about fifteen per cent—as the health-care industry. And by the year 2000, Gore has predicted, telecommunications will be America's foremost export and the world's No. 1 business.

Representative Edward J. Markey, of Massachusetts, the chairman of the House Telecommunications and Finance Subcommittee, told a U.S. Telephone Association convention last October that the business was changing so fast that he felt as if he were "riding front car on the roller coaster," and added, "It may look like you're steering the cars, but in fact you're just holding on."

The trend is clearly toward the mating of the big-seven communications industries—cable, telephone, computer, studios, broadcasting, publishing, and consumer electronics. What is unknown is whether this consolidation will result in more cross-industry competition or less. If, as promised, the consumer is truly in command, free to choose from an almost infinite number of channels, is it possible that the consumer will exercise more control than the communications giants? Perhaps corporate giantism—the concern underlying antitrust law—will matter less in the communications business. Perhaps not.

For some, battle lines seem to be hardening along ideological fronts. Liberals, like Herbert I. Schiller, professor emeritus of communications at the University of California at San Diego, want government to be more intrusive. "I think the direction we have been going, toward increasingly paying for information, is dangerous," Schiller says. "Inevitably, it will restructure the population into payers and non-payers." The businesses offering cable news or Lexis / Nexis and other research tools see these services as commercial; Schiller sees them as social. "Most information is social, and may need a public subsidy," he says. "Libraries are free. The public-library standard should be our standard for the twenty-first century." Schiller has full confidence in government. Many conservatives do not. They believe that decisions should be left to the marketplace, because markets are smarter, more nimble, and more efficient than government.

Not surprisingly, Vice-President Gore does not agree that government should play such a passive role. It must "step in and prevent abuses and help the country avoid huge mistakes," he said. "All these guys who say government has no role in this—if their philosophy had prevailed when A.T. & T. was broken up, A.T. & T. would not have been broken up. And this competitive explosion would never have taken place. And we would not dominate the fastest-growing market in the world today." Government's challenge, Gore said, is to "steer the enterprise away from the shoals" of both monopolistic business practices and bureaucratic government.

Between those shoals lies the broad political consensus, Gore believes. For, just as the industries converge, a convergence of sorts is taking place in the political realm. It is now common to hear officials in Washington proclaim, paradoxically, that government must have both fewer rules and more rules. The prevailing belief is that the government rule book is too crowded. To prevent monopolistic practices, for example, the seven Baby Bells are not permitted to enter the video business, to manufacture equipment, or to offer long-distance service. The law also dictates that a TV broadcast network may own a cable-programming network (like ESPN) but not a cable system (the box). Cable systems can't freely sell telephone service. Government allocates the limited over-the-air-spectrum space to both broadcasters and the growing wireless telephone and pager businesses. And, backed by the Clayton and the Sherman Antitrust Acts, government grants itself wide latitude to police industry practices—as it is now doing in investigating Microsoft and the proposed mergers of Bell Atlantic / Tele-Communications, Inc. (T.C.I.), and A.T. & T. / McCaw Cellular.

Vice-President Gore believes that some of these rules are antiquated, but until this week he has been spare with specifics. At the same time, he believes that technology and the blending of once distinct industries will require new rules. What, for instance, will replace the principle of scarcity, which is the bedrock of the Communications Act of 1934? That act gave government the right to license and to punish broadcasters because the government was lending them scarce airspace. But technological advances, including digital compression (which permits many more signals to be squeezed into existing wires), have weakened the notion of scarcity, and the proliferation of channel choices opens television to more viewpoints, to more entertainment, to more culture. And, of course, cable and telephone wires don't use the airwaves. Is there a new principle to be invoked to replace scarcity?

The questions about the electronic future multiply. With five hundred—or five thousand—pay-channel choices, how should government help preserve free television? To insure access, should it strictly regulate the superhighway? Or help finance it? Since Congress is now outraged about the violence and sex on our limited channel choices, how might it regulate an outpouring of such programs on multiple pay channels? To reduce consumer costs, government could make data more accessible to the advertisers who subsidize free TV; but would government grant advertisers access to private data collected by the viewers' own set-top TV boxes?

Stimulated in part by such questions, four basic issues have come to dominate the debate in Washington: antitrust policy; universal access; fairness; and privacy.

Would stringent antitrust regulations promote or restrain competition? This question arose with the proposed merger of Bell Atlantic and T.C.I., and this thirty-two-billion-dollar marriage was debated on October 27th before the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee on Antitrust, Monopolies, and Business Rights. The chairman, Howard Metzenbaum, who is an Ohio Democrat, declared at the outset that his main concern was whether a combination of Bell Atlantic and T.C.I. would have "excessive market power." He left little doubt that he thought it would. "Together these monopolists will form a colossus which will have a telephone or a cable wire connecting approximately forty per cent of the homes in America," he pointed out. Among potential competitors, there would be "powerful incentives to coexist instead of compete," he said. "In antitrust terms, this is called mutual forbearance. The theory is that a conglomerate which is relatively strong in a particular market may refrain from competing aggressively with a conglomerate in another market out of fear of retaliation." Thus consumers would lose, he said, because monopolies would be free to set prices.

Last month, when I asked Peter Barton, the president of Liberty Media, about Metzenbaum's "mutual forbearance," he replied that such a notion was unrealistic, because corporate giants were readying themselves to win the cable competition, not just to settle for a tie. "All the regional Bell companies are lining up to compete against one another, with cable lining up as their shock troops," he said. "At the same time, the direct-broadcast-satellite guys are lining up, led by General Motors. At the same time, A.T. & T. and McCaw are lining up cellular. Huge competitors, with lots of resources, are about to get into a conflagration." Barton went on to say that government should decide on the rules of battle, then get out of the way, so "competitors can fight with two hands."

Sumner Redstone, of Viacom, one of three leaders of communications companies who were called to testify, asserted that John Malone, of T.C.I., and his Bell Atlantic partner, Raymond W. Smith, would control access not to forty per cent of all American homes but to fifty per cent. Seated beside Redstone was Smith himself, the chairman and C.E.O. of Bell Atlantic, and Redstone spoke of him as if he were the junior partner, not the senior one, in the proposed alliance with T.C.I. With control over nearly one out of four cable boxes, Redstone said, "a decision by T.C.I. not to carry or favorably market a programming service on its exclusive-access cable systems would require that that service, at a minimum, be carried by nearly every other cable system in the United States for it to succeed commercially—an impossible hurdle to overcome." And if the merger with Smith's Baby Bell was approved, Redstone said, it would extend this monopoly to "the coming communications superhighway." Instead of two or more

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wires, there would be one. And standing guard at the gate would be John Malone.

"Mr. Redstone is talking about the past," Smith said. "We are talking about the future." He went on to attack the "antique notion of scarcity," and then to reassure the committee that there would be more than one wire. And even if there were only one, he said, it would be like a telephone dial tone: anyone could use it. Smith said that in the near future, when the telephone wire and the cable wire were joined, consumers would have access to an unlimited number of channels, and then the consumer, not the wire owner, would "rule the roost." Without costing the government a dime, the merger would promote a vision promulgated by Clinton and Gore, "an information superhighway."

As it happens, a Washington compact is forming to support the Bell Atlantic / T.C.I. merger, the chief reason being the hope that alliances between cable and telephone companies will guarantee the presence of more than a single wire in each home. A number of people in Congress, both liberals and conservatives, have been sponsoring legislation meant to encourage such competition. Instead of ceding a geographic area to a phone company or a cable system, as is happening today, the consensus would welcome phone companies into the video business and invite cable or phone companies from one region to link up with those in another, thus putting phone and cable companies on the same field of battle.



As for universal access, *would* the wire be open to all? "That's the central question," Gore said. "What are the essential links in the chain that ought to be treated extra carefully to prevent someone from taking advantage or unfairly bludgeoning valuable competition?" Gore's model, like Raymond Smith's, is a telephone dial tone, which anyone can get. To prevent telephone companies from choosing what travels over their wires, government banished them from certain businesses (like video), in the early eighties. The comparable question for the information superhighway is this: If rival wires are permitted in people's homes, should either of the wire owners be allowed to own the programming or the data transmitted over its wire? "What goes with the notion of common carriage is: Don't give people an incentive to discriminate," one liberal Democratic Senate aide says. "If I make more money showing my stuff on my wire than showing your stuff, I will show my stuff." Yet even this aide is not prepared to legislate a ban on ownership of both a wire and its programming.

The broad middle ground is occupied by Senator John Danforth, a conservative Missouri Republican, who, like Representative Markey, believes that for the immediate future the wire owner should be allowed to own only a limited percentage of programming. Jon Chambers, who serves as Danforth's adviser and is the minority staff director of the Senate Commerce Committee, says their bias is "to get government out of the way." Yet they also want government, through the Federal Communications Commission, to develop rules like those contained in the 1992 Cable Act, which provides that the wire must be open to all programmers. In many respects, Danforth's position parallels the Clinton Administration's. The Commerce Department's Larry Irving wants neither a ban nor a blank check for the wire owner. He worries as much about heavy-handed regulations that could strangle initiative as he does about corporate abuses. He would leave it up to such regulatory bodies as the F.C.C., the Federal Trade Commission, and the Justice Department to "watch self-dealing" and to keep "the architecture" open.

If the architecture is to be open, there must be a common technical standard for the set-top box converter. Without a single standard, every community could choose its own technology. As Apple's computer software has not been compatible with I.B.M.'s, so these various set-top boxes might be unable to talk to one another, and the result would be anarchy. Conversely, if everyone used the same box, the danger would be that the box owner would enjoy the kind of monopoly power denied to the wire owners—precisely the charge that competitors have lodged against Microsoft's dominance of computer software.

Another of the basic issues is how government should define fairness and promote equal customer access to the information superhighway. The Clinton Administration wants the superhighway to have public channels, but it doesn't want to expend public dollars to accomplish that; it wants rigorous enforcement of the antitrust laws, yet also wants friendly relations with corporate America. Sometimes, obviously, such goals collide. The opening of the communications superhighway renews a fundamental philosophical question about the clash between equal opportunity and an equal outcome. Will government insist that the superhighway and its digital technology be available only to those who can pay or be affordable for all, including those who can't pay? Is it fair for public schools in San Jose, California, to make their students computer-literate and link them to the Internet, while schools in poor neighborhoods don't have computers?

The catch is that someone will have to subsidize certain public uses—either taxpayers or business—and subsidies might be prohibitively expensive. And, at a time when polls show that taxpayers are dubious about how much they are willing to pay for universal health care, it's unlikely that taxpayers would support the equivalent of TV or information subsidies. Vice-President Gore says, "I want a schoolchild in Carthage, Tennessee, to come to school and be able to plug into the Library of Congress and work at home at his own pace . . . regardless of that child's income." Though Gore does not identify who would pay for these services, he does cite the telephone model, where long-distance users pay more, to help defray the costs for low-income customers and those who live in remote, expensive-to-reach areas. When Gore and others speak of "universal service," they usually mean that all the people in America, regardless of where they live, would have access to the superhighway. But they don't mean that everyone should get HBO. Therefore, the information superhighway is both more democratic and less universal. It offers viewers many more choices, but, with sports and other programs gravitating from free TV to pay TV, it may offer fewer choices to those without means.

As for the issue of privacy, with technology transforming our homes into glass houses what should the rule book say about privacy? With the set-top box digesting huge amounts of information about consumers, the box becomes a camera in the home. "When you put those powerful converter boxes in the home, they will know your habits," Viacom's president and C.E.O., Frank

Biondi, Jr., says. "Marketers want to know your habits." To sell advertising, communications companies will naturally want to sell information that citizens would rather keep private. Who, if not government, would protect citizens from what has been called data rape?

Privacy is an issue that obliterates all ideological boundaries. Today, a cellular-phone conversation is not private, since listeners can scan frequencies almost as easily as ham-radio operators can. "You might as well be on WABC radio," Representative Markey says. And, just as phone conversations can be eavesdropped on, so hackers can peer into computer data banks. Caller ID flashes our phone number to those we call. Automatic Number Identification allows companies to retrieve telephone numbers, names, and billing addresses of each caller to an 800 or 900 number. With a name and an address, computers can retrieve personal credit reports, including data on where people eat or shop. Medical records sent from one personal-digital-assistant screen to another could be intercepted.

Few people question the need to establish privacy rules, particularly over the next several years. Conservatives like Walter Wriston, the former Citicorp chairman, who has written cogently on the communications revolution, say that government rules should start and end with the Bill of Rights. But, as activist judges have shown, such rights can be defined broadly. If government does not at times intercede as a referee, it leaves the very success of the information superhighway at risk. "Justifiable or not, one horror story of any magnitude could lead people to believe that their most intimate secrets can be compromised over this information superhighway," Markey says.

Clinton and Gore, to their credit, have used the White House as a bully pulpit for placing the information superhighway on the nation's agenda. After twelve years of conservative rule—as John Malone can attest—government is back. Despite all the talk of deals and converging technologies, and of how the seven players—cable, telephone, computer, studios, broadcasting, publishing, and consumer electronics—may shift allegiances, perhaps the role most often overlooked has been that played by an eighth force—the suddenly assertive government referee. ♦

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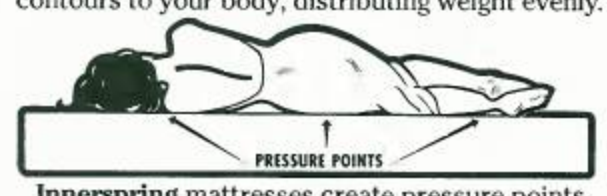
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ANNALS OF LAW

THE TIPSTER

Unusual trading in MCA stock options just before news leaked of the giant Matsushita buyout naturally caught the attention of the S.E.C. But even the S.E.C. was baffled when it learned that the insider source had never sought to profit himself—and that he was the producer son of a legendary Hollywood studio chief.

BY JAMES B. STEWART

On Friday, September 21, 1990, Jonathan Sheinberg, then the president of Lee Rich Productions, in Hollywood, arrived with his daughter, Thea, for a weekend at the Malibu beach house of his parents—Sidney Sheinberg, the president and chief operating officer of MCA, and his wife, the actress Lorraine Gary. Sid Sheinberg and Lew Wasserman, MCA's chairman, rank as two of Hollywood's most eminent figures, having transformed MCA from a small music-publishing and talent agency into the owner of Universal Studios and one of the nation's leading entertainment companies. The Sheinbergs, given their prominence, are besieged with invitations, and had bought the Malibu house as a retreat from their Beverly Hills mansion—as a place where they and their two grown sons and the sons' wives and children could gather for quiet family weekends.

The Sheinbergs had long prided themselves on their dedication to family. In a town and an industry where conventional values fare better on the screen than in real life, their reputations had never been sullied by affairs, separations, divorce, or even rumors. Lorraine, in particular, had devoted herself to family-oriented causes, serving as vice-president of the Westside Children's Center, in Los Angeles, and, together with Sid, helping launch the Children's Action Network, which has made promotional films devoted to such issues as childhood vaccinations.

When Jonathan, the Sheinbergs' older son, who was then thirty-three, arrived that Friday afternoon, entering through the back door, Sid was on the phone in the next room. Like many of the multimillion-dollar houses that crowd the hillside above Malibu's Broad Beach, the Sheinberg house is relatively narrow—about thirty feet wide—and Jonathan couldn't help hearing his father on the phone. Though Sid Sheinberg can be charming, he has long been notorious for yelling at executives, even when he isn't angry. On this occasion, he was shouting excitedly into the phone about the prospect of selling MCA to the Japanese in a $6.6-billion transaction that would, among other things, transform the already wealthy Sheinberg into one of the richest men in the country. His MCA stock alone would be worth $92 million. In addition, he was due to receive a "bonus" of $21 million, $9.6 million to replace various "incentives," and an annual salary of $8.6 million. Jonathan not only stood to inherit a large part of that fortune but he also owned MCA stock. Some had been given to him as a child, and some he'd bought on his own over the years.

Though MCA stock had appreciated handsomely since its beginnings, it had recently proved a disappointing investment. Despite such hits as "Jaws" and "E.T.," MCA had had its share of bombs, like the ill-fated "Howard the Duck," and for years its stock had languished. The superagent Michael Ovitz (who was a Sheinberg neighbor at Broad Beach and had been the matchmaker for Sony's purchase of Columbia Pictures from Coca-Cola for five billion dollars the year before) had initiated secret talks between Matsushita and MCA just a month before Jonathan's visit, having approached Felix Rohatyn, of Lazard Frères, who was a member of MCA's board and the company's principal financial adviser. Ovitz had met with Wasserman and Sheinberg in early September, and only two days earlier they and Rohatyn had been told that Matsushita was definitely contemplating a bid for MCA. Meanwhile, investors not privy to this top-secret development had grown impatient at the lack of any concrete developments, and the stock was sliding to new yearly lows.

As Jonathan passed through the house, he ran into his mother. She looked alarmed at his untimely arrival, for she knew what her husband was discussing and she assumed that Jonathan had overheard the conversation. Those discussions are obviously secret, she said, or words to that effect, warning Jonathan not to mention the information to anyone. Then she rushed into the study, and as soon as Sid hung up the phone she told him that she thought Jonathan had overheard, and that Sid had better talk to him.

Sid agreed. He subsequently testified, in a deposition that I obtained through the Freedom of Information Act, that he had learned not to trust Jonathan with "this type of information." Sid has described Jonathan as "vocal" and "gregarious"—someone who might, at the least, be indiscreet. Jonathan is highly excitable and almost compulsively talkative, and is given to bursts of enthusiasm, but he has a short attention span. ("I always thought it was hereditary," one former colleague observes.) Sid knew that what he'd been discussing on the phone was classic inside information, and that he had a legal duty to keep it confidential. He himself is a lawyer; early in his career, he was a law professor, at U.C.L.A., before moving to MCA as a young in-house lawyer. Moreover, public awareness of the insider-trading scandal that had rocked Wall Street was then at its height. Michael Milken, whose infamous trading desk was in Beverly Hills, had pleaded guilty to six felonies that

spring, and Ivan Boesky, whose wife's family owned the Beverly Hills Hotel, had been fined a hundred million dollars and incarcerated in a federal prison at Lompoc, California, not all that far from Malibu. Discussions with Matsushita had been cloaked in extreme secrecy to preclude any taint of scandal in what could have been a politically controversial deal, since it involved the purchase of an American studio by the Japanese.

Sid was about to set out for a walk along the beach. (He walks every day he is in Malibu—to "amortize" the high cost of the house, he has said.) Now he asked Jonathan to come along, so they could talk without being overheard.

On the walk, Sid, mentioning that Lorraine had told him Jonathan had overheard the conversation, took his son into his confidence. He filled in some details, identifying the likely buyer of MCA as Matsushita. Jonathan had never heard of the Japanese company, and Sid told him that it was best known in the United States for its consumer-electronics brands, which included Technics, Panasonic, Quasar, and JVC. While Sid was trying to confine his disclosures to what he thought Jonathan already knew, Jonathan managed to take away both a sense of the anticipated price per share of the deal (approaching eighty dollars, though it ultimately sold for less) and its timing (imminent). Then Sid got to the real point of the conversation: he warned Jonathan that he must not trade in MCA stock; he must not do anything with the information, and must keep it secret. "Keep that to yourself," he said. "For God's sake, don't trade on the stock."

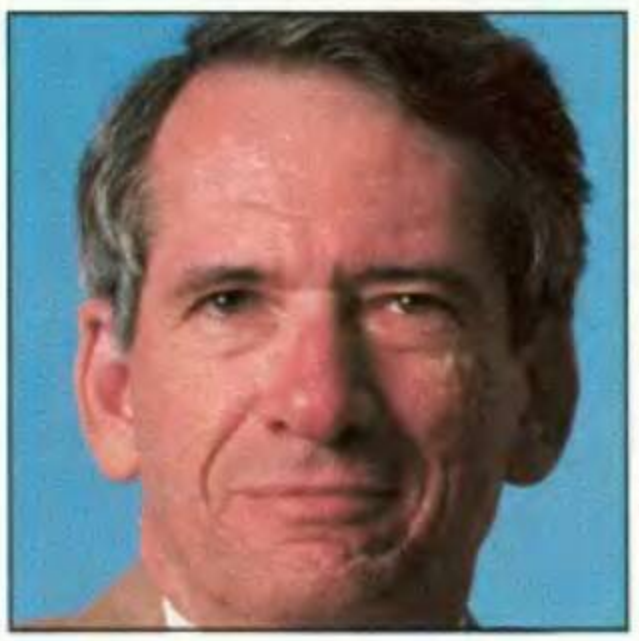
Months after this walk along the beach, Sid was asked whether he had believed that his son would obey these admonitions. "I would have bet anything on it," Sid replied.

THE following Tuesday morning, September 25th, as Andrew J. Geist, a twenty-seven-year-old lawyer with the Securities and Exchange Commission's regional office in New York, was heading into the shower in his modest Manhattan apartment, he caught a snatch of an item on WCBS all-news radio. "Today's *Wall Street Journal* is reporting that MCA is in talks . . ." Geist missed the rest of the item, but he hung around for the business-news update a half hour later, and learned that MCA was in negotiations concerning acquisition by a Japanese company—big news both in Hollywood and on Wall Street. That day's *Journal* reported that Matsushita "is in talks with MCA, Inc., regarding a possible acquisition of the U.S. entertainment giant for eighty to ninety dollars a share, or a range of about $6.7 billion to $7.5 billion, people familiar with the talks said." It was the first leak in the closely guarded talks, and while no one involved was willing to confirm the existence of talks, no one denied it. Geist immediately recognized the development as an opportunity to make money—especially for anyone armed with inside information. The day the *Journal* article appeared, MCA stock leaped from about thirty-five dollars a share to nearly sixty.

Geist had joined the S.E.C.'s enforcement division in 1988, soon after graduating from Fordham Law School. He grew up in suburban Westchester County, where his father was a lawyer and certified public accountant, and he attended the University of Virginia. An uncle had worked at the S.E.C. in the late fifties, and Geist had become interested in white-collar crime, especially securities fraud. Geist is pleasant-looking, dresses conservatively, and is somewhat reserved, and he quickly established himself at the office as hardworking and quietly ambitious. In the short time he'd been there, he had gravitated toward insider-trading cases, working on several matters that grew out of the so-called *Business Week* case, in which printers for the magazine leaked the contents of articles before publication to a ring of traders who profited from the advance information.

That Tuesday morning, as soon as Geist arrived at the S.E.C.'s offices, in downtown Manhattan, he asked for a summary of trading in MCA stock and options for the days preceding the *Wall Street Journal* story. The stock trading itself offered few clues: MCA shares had actually dropped fifty cents, suggesting that there weren't any widespread rumors fuelling purchases. The options trading looked more interesting. Because of greater leverage, insider traders often prefer to speculate in options. Geist talked to officials at the Philadelphia Stock Exchange, where MCA options are traded. On Monday, a significant number of MCA call options had been purchased which were as much as twenty dollars "out of the money"—that is, they would require a significant run-up in the stock price before any profit would be realized—and were due to expire in a relatively short time. Such buying often signals an unusual level of confidence on the part of the buyer. When Geist got a breakdown of the options traders for that day (information that is routinely supplied to the S.E.C. by the New York Stock Exchange and other stock exchanges), he saw the usual institutions, money managers, and hedge funds, and also a handful of individuals. Most of the individuals lived in Southern California, a geographical concentration that caught his attention.

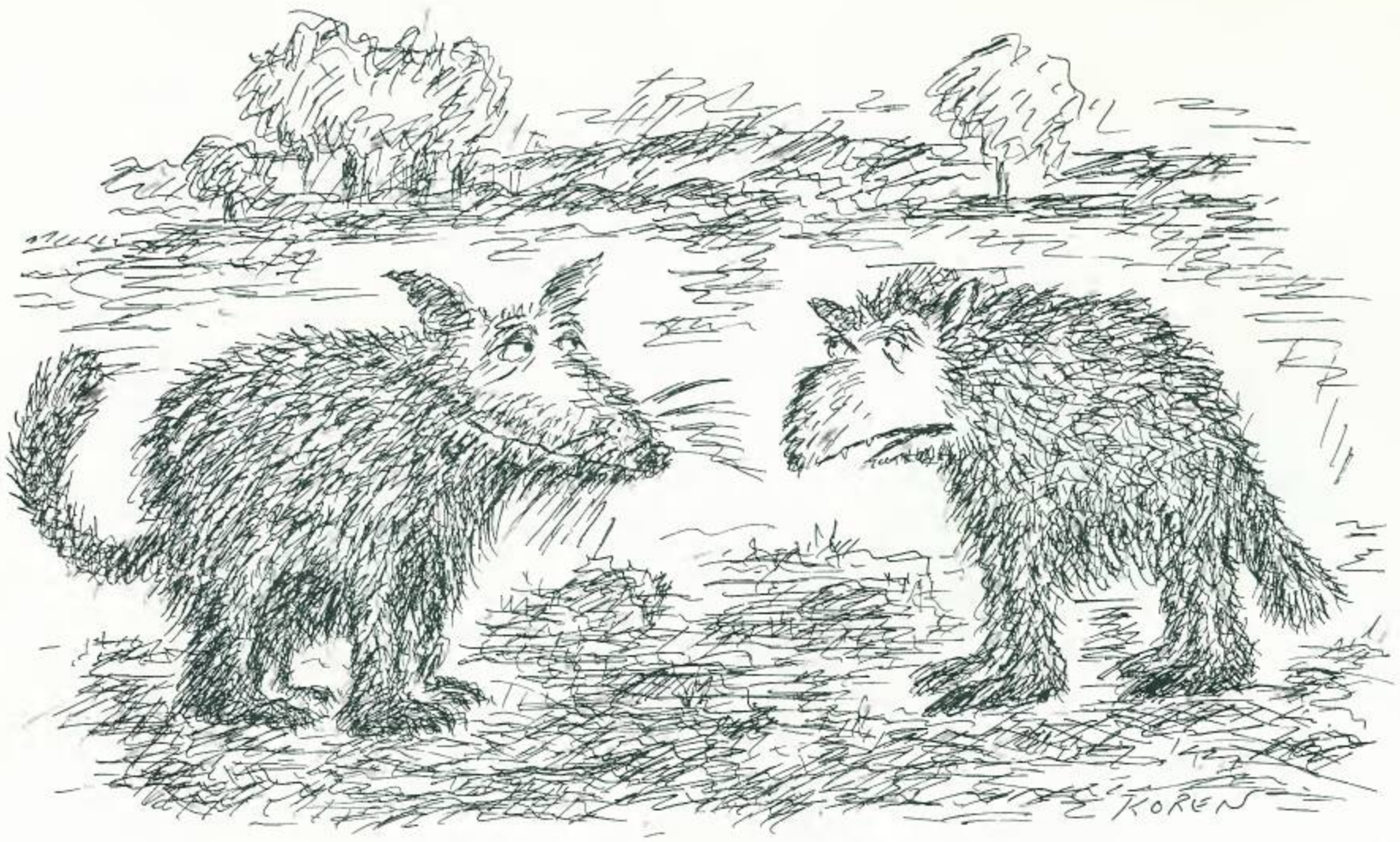
Otherwise, the names meant nothing to Geist: Richard E. Shephard, Richard Ursitti, Barry C. Fogel. Was there a common link among them? Whom





MCA president Sid Sheinberg (left) and his son Jonathan. When Sid was asked if he had believed that Jonathan would keep information of the MCA buyout secret, he replied, "I would have bet anything on it."

LEFT PHOTO: MARK HANAUER/ONYX, RIGHT PHOTO: COURTESY OF DAILY VARIETY



"Ben, you're not a female—you have no idea what it's like!"

• •

might they know? Why had they bought MCA options that day, with such exquisite timing?

Armed with this cluster of names and the trading data, Geist's office wrote a short memo outlining the facts as he knew them, and suggesting possible violations, and sent it to the S.E.C. commissioners, in Washington, seeking a formal order of investigation into the MCA trading. It seemed a routine request. Had prominent investment bankers or lawyers been involved, or had the trading been linked to a large brokerage firm or other institution, the enforcement division in Washington might have referred the investigation to the Justice Department for a parallel criminal investigation. (Insider trading is both a civil violation of the securities laws and a crime.) But nothing in Geist's memo suggested anything beyond a small, garden-variety matter. The S.E.C. granted the order in late March of 1991, formally designating the case as "In the Matter of Trading in Securities of MCA, Inc.": it gave Geist and his colleagues the authority to issue subpoenas and compel testimony.

In the meantime, the office's investigators had further scrutinized the suspicious trading. Richard Shephard and Barry Fogel had both signed brokerage forms authorizing the trading in options *after* the trades had actually been executed. Apparently, neither had traded in options before; the MCA purchase had been Fogel's only transaction. Richard Ursitti, though he had a brokerage account, had opened a new account expressly for the MCA trading.

The trading itself had also been highly suspicious. Records showed that Fogel, who owned four pizza restaurants in Beverly Hills, had begun calling his broker about 6:30 A.M. Pacific Time on Monday, September 24th, the day before the *Wall Street Journal* article appeared. That morning, he bought a thousand shares of MCA common stock at $34.50 per share, five November 35 MCA call options, and forty November 40 MCA call options. He'd borrowed twenty-five thousand dollars from his mother to help finance the purchases. Shephard had bought thirty October 35 MCA call options the same day. Ursitti had bought ten thousand shares of MCA at thirty-five dollars a share. To trained investigators, such a pattern is a red flag.

Geist wasted little time; subpoenas for Shephard, Fogel, and Ursitti were prepared, executed, and sent by certified mail. While the subpoenas were en route, other enforcement lawyers in the office, Teri Brotbacker and Stanley Skubina, who had helped analyze the trading patterns, placed cold calls to the three men. In such calls, the S.E.C. lawyers are required to identify themselves, and to tell the subjects that they aren't obligated to answer questions and that they have a right to counsel. They identify the purpose of their inquiry and remind the subjects that if they do talk they are obligated to tell the truth and could face criminal penalties if they don't. Despite such a daunting prologue, the recipients of such calls, in their eagerness to appear to have nothing to hide, often do volunteer valuable information before it has been filtered through their lawyers. The S.E.C. lawyers knew nothing about any of the men they called beyond their names and their trading activity; they had got their home phone numbers from directory assistance. Neither Fogel nor Ursitti answered, but on March 25th Brotbacker did reach Shephard. After the required preliminaries, he agreed to answer questions.

Brotbacker could tell immediately that Shephard was apprehensive, though collected. By his own subsequent admission, he was evasive, if not dishonest. On being asked why he bought the shares, he referred vaguely to having followed MCA stock all summer, and to a long-standing interest in entertainment stocks. He denied knowing anyone connected to MCA. "It was, you know, a surprise call," he later explained. "I hadn't received any . . . written notification of any sort and—and she asked me a number of questions about the trading of MCA. I don't believe I mentioned any significant information in that conversation. I hadn't spoken to an attorney and I figured the least said the

better. At this point in time, I didn't know the nature of the investigation or what questions were really being asked."

To Geist and Brotbacker, his answers were hardly satisfying.

Later that same day, Shephard called Brotbacker back. He had found the subpoena, served by certified mail, waiting for him when he arrived at his office. He told her he would be complying with the subpoena but offered no new information. By that time, he'd decided to hire a lawyer.

Several days later, Brotbacker also heard from Fogel, through his lawyer, Roger J. Rosen. Like Shephard, Fogel had received a subpoena. When Rosen spoke to Brotbacker, he argued that Fogel shouldn't have to testify, that turning over his trading records should suffice. Brotbacker said that that wouldn't do. She and Geist were eager to get his testimony as soon as possible, so they agreed that Fogel wouldn't have to come to New York: they would interview him over the telephone, even though they would have preferred to observe Fogel's demeanor during questioning. "After you talk to him, you'll see there's nothing there," Rosen told them, sounding blasé.

On April 24th, Rosen and Fogel arrived at the S.E.C.'s offices in downtown Los Angeles; Geist and Brotbacker used a speakerphone in Geist's New York office. Fogel was sworn in and began testifying. After some preliminaries, in which he said he had graduated from Beverly Hills High School, class of 1976, and had attended one quarter at Los Angeles Valley College, Brotbacker got to the point, asking, "Why did you buy MCA? What were your reasons for it?"

"I had been following it for some time in the L.A. *Times*, and it seemed like a very good investment," Fogel replied. "It was at one of its all-time lows, as far as I could tell."

"How long had you been following it?"

"Well, I believe I started sometime in 1990, probably first part of the year."

"How did you follow it?"

"L.A. *Times*. . . . I followed the L.A. *Times* business section and occasionally I would see articles on it in periodical magazines."

"What article can you recall seeing?"

"I don't recall any. I don't recall a specific article."

Shifting tack, Brotbacker asked him if there was any other reason he had bought MCA options, other than the vague sense that he'd read about the company somewhere.

"I've been raised in Los Angeles, familiar with MCA/Universal Studios. I know they have amusement parks and they make movies. And I've known from what I've heard and what I've read . . . that entertainment stocks traditionally do best in recessionary times."

"Where did you hear that entertainment stocks do best in recessionary times?"

"*Wall Street Journal*, L.A. *Times*, magazines."

"What magazines?"

"*Time*, *Newsweek*, I don't really recall."

Geist, who was listening in in New York, couldn't resist interrupting. "Do you recall reading about that in *Time* magazine?" he asked, barely keeping the disbelief out of his voice.

"Not specifically."

"You were guessing when you said *Time* and *Newsweek*?"

"I have a recollection, I don't know if it would be called a guess."

"Do you have a recollection of reading about it in a newsweekly magazine?"

"I believe so."

"You don't recall which one it was?"

"That's correct."

"Do you know when, roughly, in time it was?"

"No, I don't remember."

There had been no articles on MCA in any of the news magazines just prior to Fogel's trading. In conducting an insider-trading investigation, S.E.C. lawyers routinely examine any published reports referring to the company in order to anticipate possible defenses and to be able to put further questions to a witness who mentions them.

By this time, Fogel's lawyer, Rosen, also asked whether there were any other reasons that Fogel had purchased the stock.

"No," Fogel replied, unconvincing and barely audible.

"Is that a 'No'?" Brotbacker asked.

This prompted a whispered conference between Fogel and Rosen. Then Fogel answered. "I guess to some, I was following it. I was familiar with it. It was at an all-time low, and that's all I can remember right now. If there is something else I remember, I'll bring it up again, but that's it. I was following it and it seemed like a good deal."

Yet again, Brotbacker asked if there was anything else that had influenced



"Isn't he nice? I have him on a twenty-four-month lease."

his decision. "Not that I can recall," he said.

Later, she asked if he'd had any conversations with anyone about MCA, and Fogel said he had. With whom, she asked. "I don't remember who. There have been times I was looking at the stock and I had talked to people in my restaurant. I don't recall who, but, I mean, I was interested. I was following stock, and I must have had conversations about it. I don't recall with who or any particular place or time."

"Then your testimony is that you can't recall anyone that you specifically discussed MCA with at any time during the summer of 1990?"

This question prompted another whispered conference between Fogel and Rosen. Finally, Fogel replied, "No, my testimony now is that there may have been specific conversations that I don't recall. And if I do recall them I will bring them up."

"As you sit here today, do you recall anyone mentioning MCA to you during July, August, or September of 1990? Do you remember any specific person doing that?"

Fogel did not answer.

Here the deposition ended, convincing Geist and Brotbacker of only one thing: Fogel was lying. To keep the pressure on, they immediately issued subpoenas for all of Fogel's phone records. They sensed that they were onto something. But they were far from the breakthrough they'd hoped for. They still had no idea how a Beverly Hills pizza restaurateur would have gained access to one of the most closely guarded secrets in corporate America.

JUST about everyone in Hollywood talks about how hard it is to be the son or the daughter or the spouse of somebody famous. Jonathan's mother, Lorraine Gary, for example, is said to have complained to friends that marriage to one of the most important men in Hollywood has handicapped her own career as an actress. (True, it didn't prevent her from being cast as the mother in Universal's "Jaws" and two of its progeny, including "Jaws IV—The Revenge," for which she was paid five hundred and ninety-four thousand dollars.) Yet surely there are few industries as riddled with nepotism as the movie business. The Los Angeles *Times* magazine noted in a cover story last year, "Affirmative action for family members is an accepted practice in a town where everyone seems to be related to everyone else. . . . A solid education and good grades are not necessarily relevant or even desirable and are considered much less valuable than the kind of insider's knowledge acquired at the dinner table night after night."

That description might seem to fit Jonathan Sheinberg, whose academic career could charitably be characterized as lacklustre. As Jonathan has described his academic record, he attended Franklyn College, in Switzerland, "although I left before the end of the second year." He never graduated from any college, but he did study at the College of the Immaculate Heart, in Los Angeles, and "I maybe took classes before that at U.C.L.A. and some other schools around town." During his adolescence, he and some of his surfing buddies were once arrested for camping in a Volkswagen van on Nixon's beach at San Clemente, in what was deemed to be threatening proximity to the Presidential compound.

Universal itself had once been so riddled with relatives of the studio's founder, Carl Laemmle, that it eventually became the only studio to institute an anti-nepotism policy, and Jonathan once told the Los Angeles *Times*, "I had to make it on my own." Yet, though he lacked a college degree, he had no trouble landing a job at Columbia Pictures, and he worked there for three years in marketing and promotion. "I was able to pick up the telephone," he boasted. "I could call Frank Price"—then the chairman of Columbia Pictures—"and he knew who I was. It's either sink or swim after that." Even Sid Sheinberg, who grew up in Corpus Christi, Texas, far from the film industry, and by Hollywood standards is the quintessential self-made man, got his first job at Universal, in 1959, through his father-in-law, then a business manager for several MCA executives.

Once Jonathan had got his own toehold in the industry, his career proceeded in a steady if unspectacular rise. He moved from Columbia to Lorimar, and there served as director of production for television movies and miniseries; moved on to Twentieth Century Fox, in feature films; went from there to Orion Pictures, as head of production; and then went to Lee Rich Productions (an independent producer under Warner Brothers), as president. None of those



"Congressman, our people would look upon it favorably if you were to oppose any additional sin taxes."

jobs lasted longer than three years—a situation that is not unusual among peripatetic Hollywood executives, though a far cry from his father's legendary thirty-five-year career at MCA.

JONATHAN's colleagues offer decidedly mixed reviews of his performance. He is almost uniformly described as likable—a "puppy dog," several said, meaning someone who goes out of his way to earn the affection of others. He is capable of enormous enthusiasm and energy when he throws himself into a project. Robert Fried, who worked closely with Jonathan both at Twentieth Century Fox and at Orion and is now an independent producer, says, "Jonathan accomplished more— I've observed many executives; he was one of the most productive. I've always thought he has a style of operating, he appears to be less impressive or effective than he is. He's not recognized. I find him impressive but misunderstood."

Among the projects for which Jonathan deserves at least some credit, various colleagues say, are "Dirty Rotten Scoundrels," "Married to the Mob," "Great Balls of Fire!," "Navy SEALS," and "Throw Momma from the Train." He is credited as executive producer of three Lee Rich films, "Innocent Blood," "Hard to Kill," and "Passenger 57." How much credit remains a subject of some dispute. "I can tell you that 'Dirty Rotten Scoundrels' would never have been made without Jonathan," one friend says, and the former head of one of the studios that hired him says, "He's not a bad kid. He has a good heart. It's tough being the son of someone that famous." But, this man adds, Jonathan was a disappointment. "He's impulsive and not very bright. I thought of him as a fetcher"—someone who sniffs out promising movie projects.

Did he fetch anything that turned into a movie?

"I can't think of any real projects," he says.

Another producer, who worked with Jonathan at Fox, describes him as "a steamroller, a bulldozer," and explains, "You're only allowed to give a full-court press to two or three projects a month, and that's a lot. More than that, you're looked at askance. Jon would get excited about three scripts a week. He'd say, 'This is "Gone with the Wind." This is "Porky's." ' That's how he acted." Others describe him as a caricature of a Hollywood "player." "He tries to walk the walk and talk the talk," a lawyer who got to know him well says. "He was always on his cellular phone. 'Gotta run, gotta deal.' "

To his credit, Jonathan seems to have rarely, if ever, invoked his father's famous name to advance his own career. Yet "people tried to get close to Jon to get close to the family," one friend of his says. "People sucked up to him because of his name. He's eager, positive, 'up.' People tried to take advantage of this." Sometimes Jonathan would oblige such people by taking ideas to his father, sometimes with them in tow. Sid tended to listen patiently, but he invariably rebuffed them. People who had business dealings with MCA often tried to curry favor with Jonathan, evidently hoping for a kind word at the family dinner table. (In some ways, some executives say, Sid exacerbated this problem, however unwittingly, by "testing" ideas submitted to him at Universal on his sons. He also took Jonathan and his brother, Billy, to numerous Universal screenings, and solicited their opinions. "He'd listen, good or bad," a former top Universal executive recalls. "You'd have to talk your way around the children's opinions.")



However dutiful Sid and Lorraine were as parents, Jonathan's personal life often seemed troubled. He loved to gamble and stay out late, playing in poker games with colleagues in the industry. Though Jonathan himself often boasted that he'd beaten "Harvard and Princeton" lawyers in a poker tournament he won, others described him as a relatively easy mark, and said that often in the many times he had lost he had wanted to gamble more. His mood swings, high energy level, and short attention span were attributed by some to drug use; several years ago, he entered an outpatient drug-treatment program similar to Alcoholics Anonymous at a local hospital. Friends say that he deserves credit for confronting and surmounting those problems but that it wasn't easy on his family.

By the time of Jonathan's September visit to his parents' beach house, his wife, Maria, a beautiful young actress and model, had moved out of their home, taking their daughter, Thea, with her. Mother and daughter spent much of their time at the residence of Maria's new boyfriend—Barry Fogel, the president of Jacopo's, a chain of pizza restaurants in Beverly Hills. Maria told friends she was estranged from her own father and had run away from her home in the Midwest, and she complained that her prominent Sheinberg in-laws never really embraced her as part of the family. As for Jonathan, he was already living with another actress and model, Susan Ursitti, the star of "Teen Wolf," who at the time was studying to become a fashion designer. The strain of all this on Jonathan seemed evident. He had once been a trim, easygoing surfer—he was known to leave work early to surf, on one occasion with Sean Penn—but now his weight ballooned. He was seeing a therapist in Beverly Hills.

At Lee Rich Productions, it became increasingly apparent that Jonathan's career had reached a plateau. Some friends say they warned Jonathan not to take the job at Rich, even though he was getting a substantial raise. Lee Rich, as a wealthy and powerful Hollywood legend in his own right (he is a co-founder of Lorimar), was similar to Jonathan's father, some felt, and had the reputation of being difficult to work with. Both Jonathan and Rich are often described as headstrong and impulsive, and they proved a mismatch almost from the outset.

An executive from another company recalls a meeting with Jonathan and Rich. As Jonathan was making one of his typically animated presentations, Rich interrupted, told him, "Shut up, you're an idiot," and took over the presentation, while Jonathan obviously simmered. When Jonathan's contract at Lee Rich Productions expired, in the fall of 1991, "I told him that he wouldn't be in my plans," Rich told the Washington *Post*. "Jonathan is tough to live with," he added. Friends of Jonathan's attribute the rift to jealousy on the part of Rich, because Jonathan was getting too much credit in the Hollywood trade papers.

Several people who have worked with Jonathan recall that there was a saying among agents that Jonathan had

"diarrhea of the mouth." One says, "He had zero discretion about giving out information. He'd tell you anything. He'd talk candidly about what an idiot his boss is. He'd talk about people you worked with—they could have been your best friend. He was incredibly indiscreet." After leaving troubled Orion Pictures, in 1988, Jonathan talked openly of alleged accounting irregularities at the studio—to the *Wall Street Journal* reporter Jane Mayer, among others—and that talk prompted Michael Medavoy, then the head of production at Orion, to remark to the Washington *Post* that Jonathan "wouldn't know a balance sheet if it hit him over the head."

Still, friends of the family say, Sid would sometimes wonder aloud why others didn't seem to see more in Jonathan. He often spoke proudly of Jonathan as "a hustler." And yet it was obvious that Sid had more praise for Billy, his younger son. William Sheinberg, who is now thirty-three, was an academic success, having graduated from the respected Claremont College, and followed in his father's footsteps at law school. Billy has been working in the entertainment industry—currently at Spelling Television. Jonathan apparently never complained about his father's favoritism, but he has said in testimony that he isn't close to his brother. What may have been more distressing to Jonathan (and perhaps to Billy, too) was his father's relationship to Steven Spielberg, who is widely described as Sid's "surrogate son." (It was Sheinberg who insisted that the young Spielberg be given "Jaws." And it was Sheinberg who bought "E.T." from Columbia, where it was going nowhere, and gave it to Spielberg to direct for Universal. Sheinberg's friends say that without his total support and encouragement over a period of more than ten years "Schindler's List" might never have made it to the screen.)

LIKE many wealthy young people in Hollywood, Jonathan showed little patience for the routine details of personal finance that occupy most people. A business manager is as much a status symbol there as a personal trainer is, and in 1987 Jonathan was referred to Richard Shephard, a Beverly Hills C.P.A. Shephard did just about everything for Jonathan that concerned finances, not only preparing his taxes and overseeing his investments but receiving all his income and paying all his bills. Occasionally, Jonathan would drop by Shephard's office, on Sunset Boulevard, to sign a document. Typically, he didn't even get out of his car; Shephard would bring the papers to the curb. Shephard and his wife often used to get together with Jonathan and Maria, going to movies and screenings, once to the San Diego Zoo, and to various Hollywood functions. He made no bones about the relationship's being a mixture of business and pleasure.

It was Shephard who got the first of the S.E.C.'s subpoenas, and one of his first thoughts that day was to speak to Jonathan, who happened to call in on his cellular phone as he was driving to work. Shephard told him he'd got a subpoena about the MCA trading and wanted to talk to him about it in person. "O.K.," Jonathan replied. "When?"

"Well, why don't we meet in front of your doctor's office?" Jonathan had a standing appointment with his psychotherapist on Monday afternoons, just across the street from Shephard's office. "Give me a call when you arrive," he said.

Even more alarming was another phone call that morning, from Maria. She was crying, and said that Jonathan had to come over; it had something to do with his daughter, she told him.

Trying to control a mounting sense of what he later described as "panic," Jonathan headed for Barry Fogel's house. When he arrived, Maria insisted that they talk in the garage. She wouldn't let him see their daughter; she thought it would upset her to see her father on a weekday, in Fogel's house, when Jonathan's visits were usually confined to weekends. Maria was obviously upset, but only indirectly about anything having to do with Thea. She told Jonathan that Barry had received a subpoena from the S.E.C. about his MCA trades. Jonathan told her that Rick Shephard had, too. She added that Fogel was going to have to get an attorney. The normally ebullient Jonathan seemed sad, anxious, quiet, Maria thought. According to their subsequent depositions, he seems to have said little. Then Maria touched a raw nerve. "I asked him to tell his dad," she later recalled. He didn't respond, and later testified that he was "in a state of shock."



That afternoon, when Jonathan arrived for his appointment with his psychotherapist, Shephard hurried out to the car and got into the passenger seat. He handed Jonathan the subpoena, emblazoned with the reference to trading in MCA securities.

Jonathan read it and asked, "What are you going to do?"

Shephard said he would try to keep Jonathan's name out of the investigation. As Shephard subsequently described the conversation, "I said that I would attempt to keep him out of it if I possibly could but that I would have to be truthful in any response if I were questioned, and if I could do so without involving him, that's my goal." Jonathan seemed stricken by the possibility that he would be identified, and Shephard tried to reassure him. "If I didn't have to bring up his name as part of the investigation, I wouldn't," Shephard later said. "If I weren't asked, you know, a question that I could not answer, answer in a truthful manner without giving his name and I— That's my point." Of course, Shephard knew he would be asked; he'd already been asked by Teri Brotbacker on the phone whether he knew anyone connected to MCA, and he had been evasive. Jonathan was Shephard's client and friend, but Shephard also met with him that afternoon to obtain information for his own defense. He'd already spoken to a lawyer, and the lawyer had warned him against discussing the case with Jonathan but had encouraged him to find out as much as he could about the S.E.C.'s probe. That turned out to be virtually nothing; all that Jonathan knew was that Barry Fogel had also received a subpoena. Jonathan, for his part, did his best to encourage Shephard not to say anything more than necessary. "He indicated to me that if he were asked about it, he would deny having given me any information relative to MCA," Shephard subsequently testified, and said he had replied, "I just wanted to, you know, have as much information as

I can to know what's going on with this." And he warned Jonathan that "we wouldn't be able to talk" about the investigation anymore. Shephard got out of the car, leaving Jonathan with plenty to discuss with his psychotherapist. The whole thing "was a big shock to me," Jonathan later said. "I was really scared and panicked."

Shephard's reaction, in particular, had been ominous for Jonathan. In any conspiracy, the primary line of defense is silence. But the most that Shephard, having consulted his lawyer, was offering was to "try" to keep Jonathan's name out of the investigation. Worse, he had made it clear that he would agree to be deposed by S.E.C. lawyers and would "tell the truth." Meanwhile, his telling Jonathan that he wouldn't discuss the case with him further was another indication that Shephard's lawyer was, in effect, advising him to think of himself rather than of Jonathan. As time went on, Jonathan found that Fogel's reaction wasn't much better. One day when he was at Fogel's house to pick up his daughter, he met with Fogel in his weight room and tried to find out what was going on, but Fogel told him that he had a lawyer and was under instructions not to discuss the matter.

After his initial panic, Jonathan's reaction became one of denial. After all, he himself hadn't been subpoenaed and he hadn't heard a word from the S.E.C. His name hadn't shown up on any trading records. The S.E.C. didn't even know of his existence, as far as he could tell. On April 8th, Jonathan attended a party at Fogel and Maria's house, and Fogel drew Jonathan aside to say that he was worried about the investigation and that he had a deposition due. Jonathan's reaction was "that he'd very much like to be left out of it," Fogel recalled. "He, you know, didn't trade. He didn't do anything wrong. He'd like to be left out of it."

Fogel and Maria and their lawyer, Rosen, weren't so sure. The S.E.C. lawyers had obviously targeted Fogel for their opening thrust (Shephard had managed to delay his deposition by pleading that it was the tax season, his busiest period), and they all needed to know where they stood before Fogel could be allowed to testify under oath. Rosen could stall only so long. Maria



AT THE *SHEEP-PARASITE* FIELD DAY

In a paddock at the edge of town,
surrounded by cars and drought,
the international chemical firms
have got their latest products out

on trestle tables and bales of hay
in a giant Army-surplus tent.
The various tins of dip and spray,
standing in rows or stacked in pyramids,

are painted with colors that children would like
and printed with warnings
against allowing the contents onto your skin
or breathing the vapors in.

Most of the firms have German-sounding names,
and one of them we know
made the gas for the extermination camps
a few name changes ago.

Above an unattended display
an Ag Department video
is showing the recommended way
to dip a mob for lice and blowflies.

The sheep is forced into a sunken race
half full of frothy liquid,
and when it lifts its face
the farmer standing on the side

uses a long pole
to make the animal completely disappear,
and with a further stroke pushes it backward
to open up the wool.

His action is the same
as one you sometimes see in Venice
when they're playing the tourist game,
gliding gondolas down poisoned canals.

Beside the video a poster shows in black-and-white
a handful of maggots
spread out on a dark surface
seen through a telescopic rifle sight.

In their pale shape
and in the random pattern they make
they're not unlike a mob of sheep
looked down on from an airplane.

The other part of this display,
the so-called infected specimen,
a ram with lice and pizzle strike,
is standing in a small pen

while two boys poke at him through the rails
with their ice-cream sticks.
Outside, more children are playing
among the cars and spare bales,

a kelpie chained up in a ute
is giving voice to her excitement,
and half a dozen brightly colored brand-name flags
are rippling on top of the enormous tent.

It could almost be a circus
if it weren't so serious.

—PHILIP HODGINS

called Jonathan several times to set up a meeting, but Jonathan rebuffed her. She called again on April 23rd, the day before Fogel was scheduled to be questioned at the S.E.C. offices. Still, Jonathan refused to make any move. "I was operating out of fear," Jonathan later said. "I wasn't— I did not accept the fact of what had occurred. I was denying it. Not denying it like it didn't happen but denying it like not dealing with it."

Fogel's deposition of April 24th, which only inflamed Geist's and Brotbacker's suspicions, was a disaster for the defense. It isn't clear what Maria said to Jonathan about the deposition, but it finally moved him to act. He agreed to meet with Fogel and Maria at Rosen's office, in Century City. "I had kind of started to grasp the fact that in fact I was integrally involved, and the problem wasn't going away," Jonathan recalled. "And I wasn't going to act like an ostrich, you know, with my head in the sand, and pretend that it was going to go away. . . . So I talked to Maria finally. That was like the third time regarding this matter, and, in fact, I agreed to go have a meeting with them. I had no advice. I had no lawyers."

Jonathan later described the meeting at Rosen's office as "a turning point." Several things must have been clear: The pressure on Fogel was only going to get worse, and he couldn't continue to risk perjury charges. Maria's name hadn't yet surfaced in the investigation, but it surely would. She, too, risked perjury charges if she protected Jonathan. And Maria's exposure, even more than Fogel's, had a direct impact on Thea's continued welfare. In addition, it must have been clear that Rosen could not advise Jonathan, since he was already representing both Fogel and Maria. The Fogel deposition had by then shown that their interests and Jonathan's were sharply at odds.

Jonathan's panic returned. Except for discussions with his therapist and his girlfriend, Susan Ursitti, he had had no guidance on how to handle the growing problem. All his life, he had turned to his father. Now that option seemed unthinkable. "I was terrified, because I

didn't know who to turn to," he said. "My father I couldn't talk to. At that point, like, the biggest fear that I had was not the S.E.C. . . . It was my father finding out about it and what his reaction might be, and how the hell was I going to deal with this."

Increasingly desperate, Jonathan called Rick Shephard, even though Shephard had said he wouldn't talk to him about the case. After all, in a sense it was Shephard and Fogel who had got him into this mess, by trading in MCA stock. "Hey, you have got to get me somebody," Jonathan told him. "You have got to tell me somebody I can talk to. You have got to get me a lawyer." Shephard suggested that he talk to Jim Mercer, a lawyer downtown.

Jonathan also called Richard Ursitti, Susan's father, a Pasadena businessman. He didn't know exactly what Ursitti had done, but he knew from Susan that Ursitti had got a subpoena. "Isn't this a terrible situation?" Jonathan recalled saying. "I can't believe this is happening. I really regret it. I can't believe it." In another conversation, he told Ursitti that "it was getting close to the time that I was going to have to tell my father," but he assured Ursitti that when he did he wouldn't mention Ursitti as being in any way involved. "I wanted to give him the opportunity to figure out how to tell him," Jonathan later explained. It's hard to know just how Ursitti felt about these disclosures from his daughter's boyfriend, Ursitti having invoked the Fifth Amendment privilege against self-incrimination in response to all questions about the affair. Jonathan's sense was that Ursitti "was really embarrassed and humiliated about the whole thing."

Jonathan couldn't put off the encounter with his own father much longer. He planned to break the news that weekend, at the beach house, but he couldn't muster the courage. Later in the week, he finally called his father and said he needed to see him. But Sid and Lorraine were going out to dinner that evening with other people; they were too busy to see Jonathan, even though he showed obvious signs of stress. "I really wanted to see him in person, but I couldn't," Jonathan later said. He now kept mumbling that he had to tell him something, and that he'd wanted to that weekend, and that he wanted to tell him now. "What?" Sid finally demanded, interrupting. In what soon proved to be an understatement, Jonathan revealed to his father that he'd been "indiscreet," and there was an "investigation" in progress. Despite his father's admonition on the beach that weekend in September, Jonathan said, he had blabbed about the Matsushita-MCA deal. As Sid later recounted, Jonathan told him that "he had told two people about this"—his wife, Maria, and his business manager, Rick Shephard—"and that these two people had . . . betrayed his trust and/or stupidly involved themselves in trading in MCA stock, and that the commission had made some inquiries of these people, that he had not been involved with this. Nobody had connected him to this yet." Jonathan told his father that he had hired a lawyer. He "felt terrible about it," he said—so terrible that he'd contemplated suicide.

However alarmed Sid may have been by this—both by Jonathan's revelations and by his state of mind—his immediate response was coolly professional. "Who are these lawyers?" Sid asked, and Jonathan told him. "Where did you get them?" Sid said practically nothing else. "I had a duty to help him and I did not want to make him feel worse than I knew he did," he later explained.

Felix Rohatyn has described Sid as "terribly distraught" over the news, coming, as it did, during the delicate period when he was trying to build relationships with MCA's new Japanese owners. "Sid is one of the brightest, most honest, and most ethical people I know," Rohatyn says. "I was on the audit committee as long as I was on the board, and we went over everything of any magnitude. He and Lew would go bonkers if anything was wrong."

One reason for Jonathan's sketchy account to his father was that his lawyer had told him to tell his father as little as possible. In the event that Sid became a witness, the less he knew the better. Sid had never heard of Jim Mer-



"I'm working on a children's book."

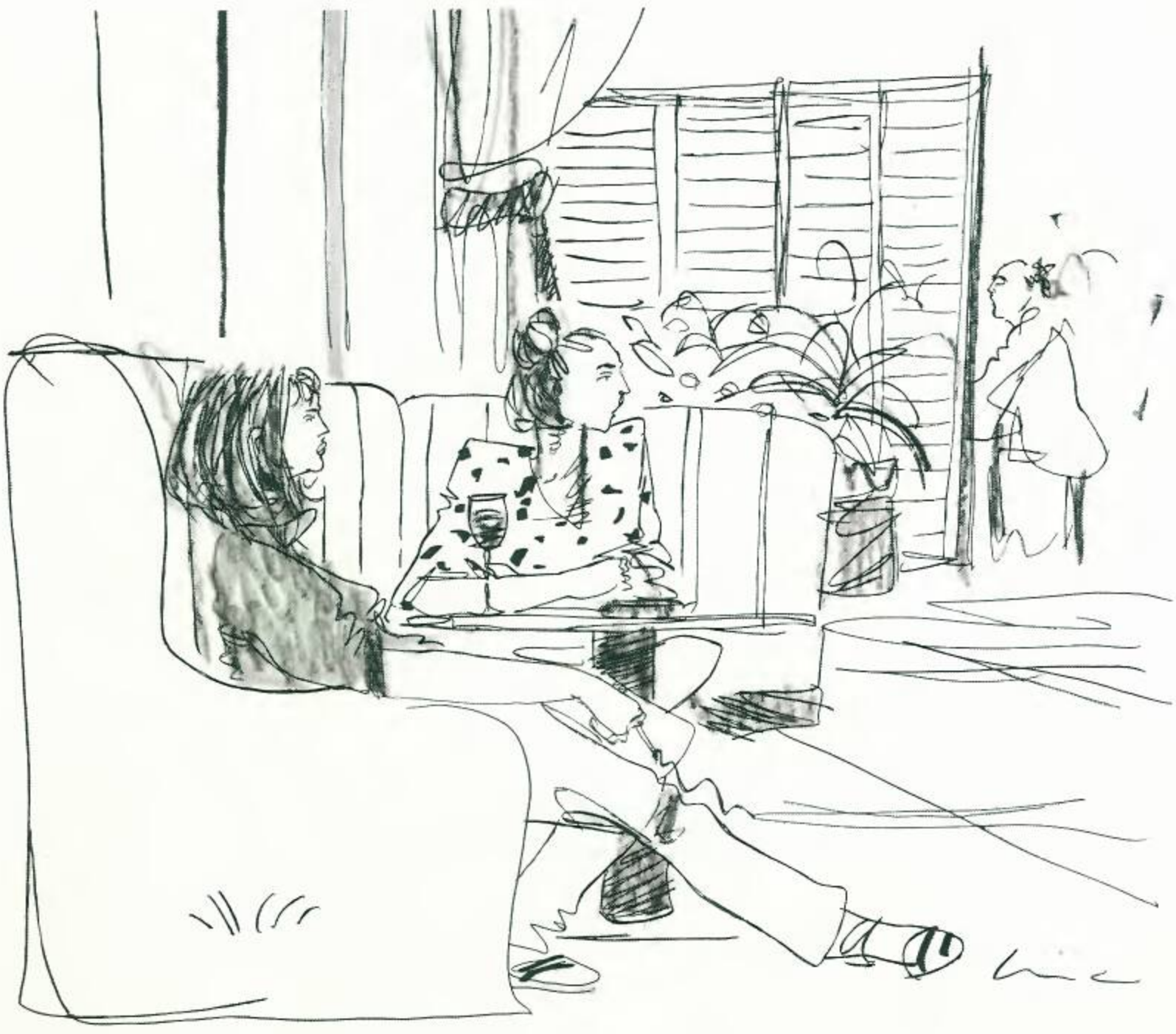
cer, Jonathan's lawyer, and he immediately called his own counsel, Martin Lipton, at Wachtell, Lipton, Rosen & Katz, a prominent firm in New York that is best known for its corporate-takeover work. While Wachtell, Lipton would represent Sid, Lipton recommended that a major Washington firm, Wilmer, Cutler & Pickering, be hired to represent Jonathan. A Sheinberg was not about to be represented by a little-known lawyer in Los Angeles. Within twenty-four hours, Jonathan's belated efforts to deal with the problem himself were supplanted by a high-powered legal team from New York and Washington. From then on, the family cut off any further attempts to discuss the case among themselves.

In New York, the S.E.C.'s Andrew Geist, unaware of the anguish inflicted on the Sheinbergs, had been pressing to schedule a second deposition of Fogel and one of Shephard as well. Geist and Brotbacker agreed to fly to Los Angeles to accommodate the witnesses, and dates were finally set—June 25th for Fogel, Part II, and the following day for Shephard. Both Fogel's and Shephard's phone records had been subpoenaed, and in the critical period of September, 1990, both records contained several calls to and from Jonathan Sheinberg. Though the S.E.C. lawyers hadn't yet made the connection, Sheinberg's new lawyers at Wilmer, Cutler must have known that they inevitably would make it and that time was running out. (Sheinberg's lawyers eventually brought the lawyers for Fogel and Shephard into a joint-defense agreement with them, in which they all agreed to share information about the case.)

The Wilmer, Cutler lawyers called Carmen Lawrence, Geist's superior in the New York office, and told her they wanted to meet with her in person about a case. They wouldn't say which one until they met. In mid-June, two Wilmer, Cutler partners, Theodore Levine and Robert McCaw, arrived at the S.E.C.'s offices. As soon as they mentioned MCA, Lawrence had Geist join the meeting, along with other lawyers in the office who were involved in the investigation. Geist knew immediately that someone important had to be involved. He knew Levine and McCaw as two of the most prominent lawyers in the securities bar. Levine was a former associate director of enforcement at the S.E.C., and McCaw was one of the firm's most senior partners. They had helped defend Ivan Boesky. The two partners identified themselves as lawyers for Jonathan Sheinberg—a name that initially meant nothing to Geist. Once Sid Sheinberg was mentioned, of course, Geist knew he was dealing with someone who had intimate ties to MCA.

Jonathan Sheinberg, the Wilmer, Cutler lawyers revealed, was the missing link in the MCA investigation. They appear to have been eager to break the news to Geist before he and his colleagues found out on their own, thereby gaining a measure of good will and a reputation for candor. This is much the same strategy that Boesky followed in negotiating what most people believe to have been a highly favorable settlement: Boesky confessed his relationship to Milken long before investigators could have stumbled upon it themselves. Securities lawyers note another advantage to the strategy as well: satisfying the S.E.C.'s curiosity as soon as possible might prevent a wide-ranging fishing expedition into Jonathan Sheinberg's business affairs.

Levine and McCaw sketched in the relationships in the case: that Barry Fogel was Jonathan's wife's lover; that Shephard was his business manager; that Ursitti was Jonathan's lover's father; and so on. The S.E.C. lawyers were amazed. Despite the famously loose mores of Los Angeles, they thought it most unusual for an estranged husband and wife and their lovers to be so intimately involved in an insider-trading conspiracy. Levine and McCaw described the fateful phone



"I'm told she has incredible talons."

call that Jonathan had happened to overhear. More important, they announced that all those involved, with the exception of Ursitti, had agreed to coöperate and answer fully the S.E.C.'s questions in the upcoming depositions. In those sessions, beginning in late June and continuing into September, Geist and Brotbacker finally learned just what had happened.

As long as Jonathan was at his parents' house that September weekend of 1990, he had managed to keep quiet about the news of the impending Matsushita-MCA deal. But, despite his father's admonition, he had apparently been bursting to tell someone. Jonathan later described his excitement about the news: "My relationship to that company, as a result of my father being there for over thirty years, was such that I guess I knew that ultimately one day something big was going to happen. And I had a distinct feeling, just over the little bit that I heard . . . that something was really happening now, and that maybe this was the real thing, or something. And it was all something that, in my own mind, got me very excited. . . . I had some MCA stock that was given to me when I was a little boy that—I mean, obviously, that excited me also. . . . It was just building inside me, the excitement."



"Life is too short for soft porn."

• •

On Sunday afternoon, Jonathan left the beach house to take his daughter to the amusement park on the Santa Monica pier. First, he called Maria on his cellular phone, and then, while Thea was on the merry-go-round, he called her again, from a pay phone on the pier. Fogel described the events, at his second deposition, as follows: "I was at home with Maria Sheinberg. . . . At about 4 P.M., Jon Sheinberg called my home and spoke with Maria. He said something exciting was going on with the company. I don't think he said MCA—or he may have and he couldn't talk about it on that phone—and he was going to call back in a few minutes from another telephone. I believe about ten minutes later Jon called back and spoke to Maria and told her—and I think I was on the phone also; I don't remember. . . . MCA was going to be bought by a Japanese company in the next two days and he was very excited and he was just excited and nervous and that we should talk about it some more and then I should buy some stock. It would be a good thing for me to go buy some stock."

When Maria and Barry picked up Thea that evening, they joined Jonathan and Susan at his home, in Venice Beach, to refine their strategy. For obvious reasons, Jonathan and Fogel weren't close friends, but they knew each other reasonably well. As boys, they had played on the same Little League team in Beverly Hills, and on Halloween, 1989, several months after Fogel started dating Maria, they had all had dinner together and had taken Thea trick-or-treating. En route to Jonathan's that evening, Fogel called his mother from his car phone to borrow money; he says he didn't tell her what the money was for. At about eight-thirty, he and Maria and their dog joined Jonathan, Susan, Thea, and their dog. The dogs promptly had a set-to, running around and barking. Maria and Susan came in and out of the conversation, sometimes leaving to play with Thea or, in Susan's case, to study for a test she had to take the next day in one of her fashion classes. If any of the participants felt that there was anything incongruous about a husband and wife and their lovers sitting down to plot insider trading, no one mentioned it, nor have any of them mentioned it since. While Susan has tried to place the onus on Maria ("I remember her being the instigator," she testified later), all the participants' accounts of the evening pretty much agree with Fogel's.

"I sat in the living room . . . and we talked about the MCA deal," Fogel recalled. "And Jon told me that it was going to get bought by, I think it's Matsushita, and it was going to happen

in the next couple of days and it could go as—the purchase price could go as high as a hundred and fifteen dollars a share. I didn't really know much about trading stocks. I haven't done it for quite a while. . . . I asked Jon about what to buy and he told me about, he explained basically what options were. I knew, kind of, but he explained them to me, and Susan was there. Susan was excited also. It was a very excited kind of feeling." Jonathan never explained why he chose to share the news with his estranged wife and her lover, of all people, but others suggest that he may have felt rejected by Maria and supplanted by Fogel, and that passing on the information was a way to impress Maria and demonstrate his superiority over Fogel. Jonathan himself later explained the situation by saying, "I believe I was very excited at the time. . . . I think that I started to act in a way like kind of a big man with this information. I made it very special. . . . I felt that I was telling Barry and Maria something very special."

Insider traders have rarely described the sensation so candidly, but a factor that makes it such a difficult crime to deter is its inherent thrill—something akin to hitting the jackpot at a slot machine. Fogel said he still felt the excitement the next day, when he started calling his broker at 6:30 A.M., so eager was he to execute the purchases before any news broke.

Jonathan, too, was still excited the next day, more "psyched up" than usual on a Monday morning, as he put it. ("I go in to work and I make a lot of phone calls. I am very active.") Jonathan called Rick Shephard before Shephard arrived at his office. When he did arrive, he returned the call. "He said to me that he thought there might be an announcement in the next few days concerning a potential takeover of MCA," Shephard testified in his deposition, on June 26th. "He said, 'I can't purchase MCA shares, but you should.' " Jonathan himself was buying Paramount options—on the theory, he explained to Shephard, that after the announcement of the MCA deal "all the entertainment stocks would move together." After hanging up, Shephard called his broker and began trading in MCA.

That wasn't the end of Jonathan's indiscretions. That same morning, he burst into the office of his boss, Lee Rich, and swore him to secrecy. ("It made it more important," Jonathan later said of the secrecy. "It made it seem a little more special.") As Rich recalled the scene, Jonathan "came in and raised his arms and said, 'Buy, buy, buy! Matsushita is going to buy MCA!' " Rich says he cut him off. "Jon, you're crazy. There's no way I can buy any stock. It would be traced back immediately. I have no desire to buy any." Alone among the recipients of Jonathan's information, Rich didn't trade.

Like an L.A. brushfire, the information was spreading. Susan Ursitti was so excited that she called her mother. Friends say that Susan is much like Maria in that she is good-looking but seems something of a lost soul. In her deposition, she comes across as a caricature of a bubbleheaded actress, testifying that she was only vaguely aware of what was going on at Jonathan's apartment that night. ("I'm an actress and I model and do commercials. I'm not sounding stupid but I don't really get involved with business," she testified.) She nonetheless told her mother that "there's something going on with MCA." Mrs. Ursitti immediately passed the word on to her husband, and he called his broker that Sunday evening. "I hear something's going on," Ursitti told his broker before placing a large order for MCA. The broker replied, "I hope you don't know anything."

Meanwhile, Ursitti had called a senior vice-president at his company. The vice-president bought MCA and, in turn, urged one of his employees to buy. At that rate, it's anybody's guess how far the leaks would have spread if the *Wall Street Journal* article the next day had not brought the news out into the open, driving up the stock's price.

It seems noteworthy that in all the excitement over Jonathan's disclosures only Lee Rich seems to have given the slightest consideration to whether any of this trading might be illegal. Jonathan, despite his father's warnings, not only leaked the information but urged the recipients to trade, going as far as to explain options trading to Fogel. Much later, Fogel admitted that he did recognize at the time that Jonathan's behavior was improper. "I didn't think he should be giving me that type of information. Because it was wrong. Looking back on it, I see how wrong it was."

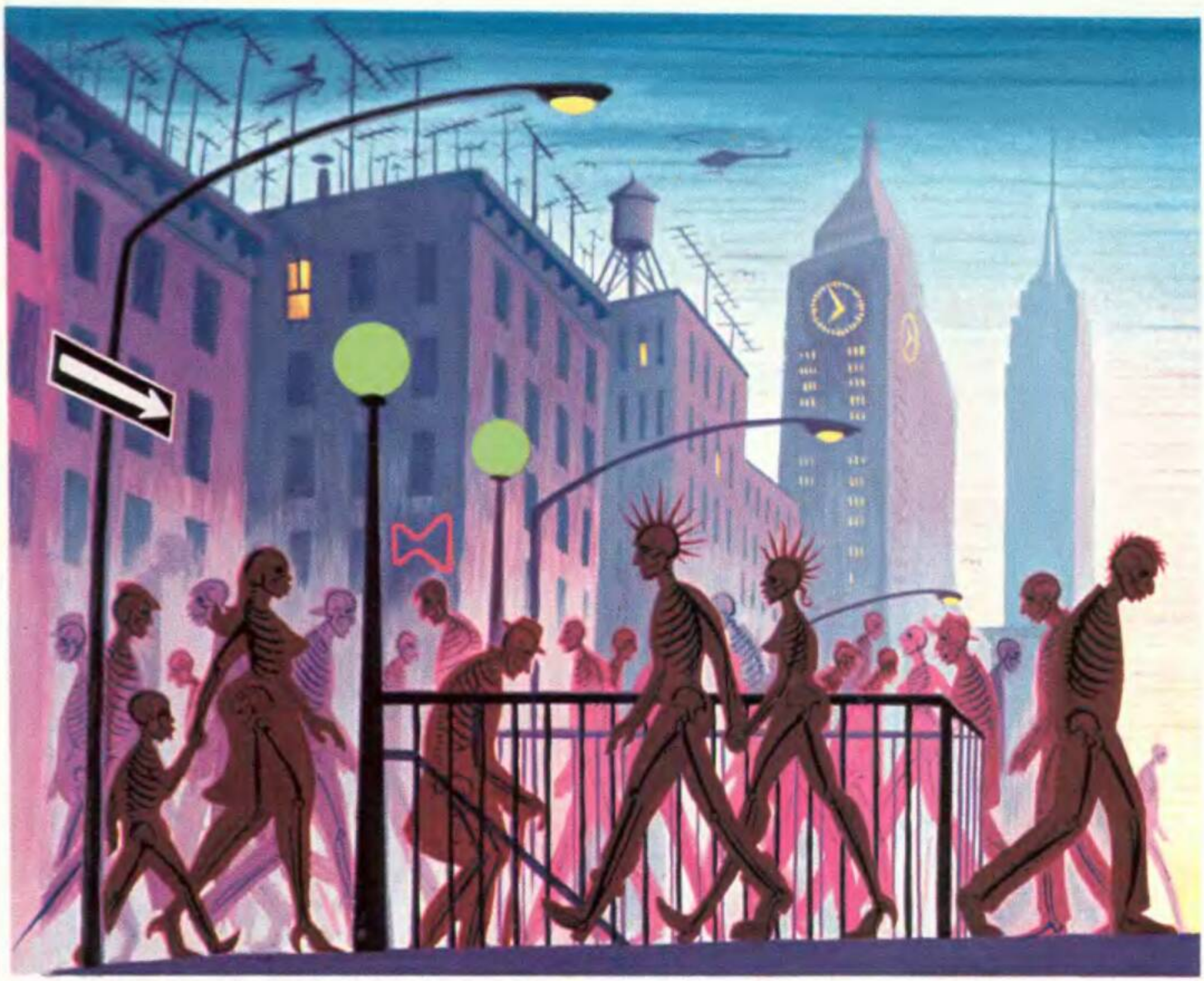
If the Sheinbergs' lawyers believed that full disclosure was likely to dampen the S.E.C.'s interest in pursuing the case, their strategy failed. Not only did Jonathan Sheinberg's presence at the center of the scheme guarantee high visibility but the facts that emerged in the depositions that summer and early fall played right into a matter that was of growing concern to law enforcement: insider trading among family members.

Insider trading is outlawed by the securities laws' generic prohibition of fraud in the purchase or sale of securities, but exactly what constitutes insider trading has been left to the courts to decide. Over the years, judges have generally broadened the concept, extending it from obvious insiders, like a corporation's officers or directors, such as Sid Sheinberg at MCA, to people who are not insiders themselves but are entrusted with inside information and assume a duty to keep it secret, such as lawyers and investment bankers.

That much has been well settled for some time. But an ongoing subject of litigation and controversy is whether to apply insider-trading sanctions to people further down the chain of information—people who hear potentially valuable corporate secrets but aren't themselves insiders and have no obligation to keep the information secret. These cases have generally turned on whether someone knew or should have known that the information was received in a breach of someone else's obligation to keep it secret. Thus, Ivan Boesky, a stock speculator rather than a corporate officer or an investment banker, could be guilty of insider trading after he bribed an investment banker to reveal corporate secrets. He obviously knew that he was inducing someone else to breach an obligation of confidentiality—a move that has become known as "misappropriation" of inside information. At the other extreme, however, courts have ruled that merely overhearing a conversation in the bleachers at a football game, as happened in one case, doesn't give rise to

ARTIST'S SKETCHBOOK • BY ERIC DROOKER

X-RAY MANHATTAN





liability. There the person overhearing the secret information may not know the identity of the source, let alone know that the source had a duty to maintain confidentiality.

This kind of problem has been particularly acute among family members, since it is a common practice for corporate executives and even lawyers and bankers to discuss their work at home. The leading case in the area involved a director of the Amax Corporation, a large mining-and-metals concern, who allegedly confided to his son that Amax was going to get a tender offer from Standard Oil of California. The son was accused of trading on the information and was subsequently charged in a criminal case with insider trading. He was acquitted, but the case established the precedent that a son who routinely receives information from his father implicitly assumes his father's duty to keep the information secret. Recently, there seems to have been a proliferation of such cases. In one of the most talked-about instances, the wife of Sanford Weill, the chairman of Primerica, which owns Smith Barney Shearson, told her psychiatrist of secret takeover deals that she had heard about from her husband, and the psychiatrist traded in the stock. (He pleaded guilty.)

As Geist looked at the evidence that had emerged in MCA, he found some obvious differences from the leading family cases. Jonathan Sheinberg hadn't actually traded in MCA himself, yet he was the most important potential target: he was the one who, by leaking the information, set all the trading in motion. ("I can't trade, but you should," Shephard said Jon had told him.) In that one regard, he had heeded his father's admonitions. He was not an insider in the usual sense; he was the son of one. And, like the man in the bleachers, he'd overheard the secret information inadvertently. On the other hand, Jonathan had subsequently been taken into his father's confidence and specifically warned to keep the information to himself. His mother had also warned him. Nevertheless, he had actively encouraged other people to trade. His daughter and his girlfriend could be expected to reap the benefits of some of that trading, and in other cases he could expect to gain from the good will his tips generated. His behavior—his admonitions to Lee Rich to keep the information secret and his initial plan to deny that he'd been involved—indicated that he knew that what he was doing was wrong. It all would have made a good exam question in a law-school class in securities fraud.

In September of 1991, when Geist and his colleagues were finishing their analysis of these facts, a new regional head of the S.E.C.'s New York office was named. He was Richard Walker, a friend and former classmate of the S.E.C. enforcement chief, William McLucas, who had presided over the later stages of the Milken case, and he immediately recognized MCA as a means of further clarifying the law within the family context. Both he and Geist saw it as a strong case for broadening the S.E.C.'s power to curb abuses in this area. But just as they were finishing drafting an enforcement recommendation to be submitted to the S.E.C. in Washington, their legal position was dealt a blow by the federal court of appeals of the Second Circuit, the district that includes New York, which issued an opinion in another insider-trading family saga, this one involving the Waldbaum-supermarket-chain family. There, the company chairman, Ira Waldbaum, told his sister Shirley that the chain was going to be sold to A.&P. She immediately told her daughter, and the daughter told her husband, adding that he shouldn't tell anyone else. Nonetheless, the son-in-law told his broker, Robert Chestman, and the broker traded in the stock. The S.E.C. charged Chestman with insider trading, arguing that he should have known his client had misappropriated the information. Reversing the district court, however, the court of appeals ruled that the son-in-law had not taken on the obligation to keep the information secret. The act of "entrusting confidential information to another does not, without more, create the necessary relationship and its correlative duty to maintain the confidence," the court wrote. The S.E.C. lawyers read the opinion with dismay.

The Sheinberg lawyers at once argued strenuously that their case fell under the rubric of S.E.C. v. Chestman. Because the events occurred in California, the S.E.C. wasn't technically bound by the Second Circuit court's opinion. Still, since the S.E.C. is the leading interpreter of the nation's securities laws, and since the nation's financial center, New York, is where the preponderance of such cases arise, the commission traditionally accords great deference to Second Circuit opinions. The ruling

AT A CERTAIN AGE

We wanted to confess our sins but there were no takers.
White clouds refused to accept them, and the wind
Was too busy visiting one sea after another.
We did not succeed in interesting the animals.
Dogs, disappointed, expected an order.
A cat, as always immoral, was falling asleep.
A person seemingly very close
Did not care to hear of things long past.
Conversations with friends over vodka or coffee
Ought not be prolonged beyond the first sign of boredom.
It would be humiliating to pay by the hour
A man with a diploma, just for listening.
Churches. Perhaps churches. But to confess there what?
That we used to see ourselves as handsome and noble,
Yet later in our place an ugly toad
Half opens its thick eyelids
And one sees clearly: "That's me."

—CZESLAW MILOSZ

(*Translated, from the Polish, by the author and Robert Hass.*)

sent Geist and his colleagues back to the drawing board. Could a meaningful distinction be drawn between the Waldbaum family and what had happened in Sheinberg?

On the face of it, the cases looked similar. The key question was whether Jonathan had assumed his father's duty to keep the information secret, either expressly or by implication. Though both father and son recalled that Sidney had instructed Jonathan to keep the information secret—thereby discharging his legal duty of confidentiality—neither could recall that Jonathan had actually agreed to his father's orders. Jonathan seemed to barely remember the conversation; he didn't even mention the walk on the beach in his testimony. To the extent that he did recall it, he said, he thought his father meant that he shouldn't trade—not that he couldn't tell anyone else. Nor could his father say for certain that Jonathan had actually agreed to maintain the secret, though that was his impression.

Paradoxically, the more the facts resembled Chestman, the more the S.E.C. lawyers felt they had to bring a case, in the hope of eventually getting a clearer definition of the Chestman precedent. It was an opportunity to reaffirm the willingness of the S.E.C. to bring family cases despite Chestman. They had two facts in their favor: Jonathan had heard the news directly from his father, not at the end of a long chain of hearsay. And it could be argued that Jonathan was more than just a family member. He had a "family relationship plus," as the S.E.C. lawyers put it; that is, he was someone who could be expected to know that such information should be kept in strict confidence.

The Sheinberg lawyers also made another argument. Jonathan, they said, had been driven more by the peculiar psychology of his relationship with his famous father than by any intent to break the law. Despite appearances in the Sheinberg family, they said, the relationship between Jonathan and his father had long been a troubled one. Jonathan had been rebellious, foolish, but not criminal, they argued. Sid didn't trust his elder son, and that meant that Jonathan's commitment to keeping secrets couldn't be inferred simply from the fact that they were father and son.

This argument carried little weight with the S.E.C. enforcement staff. The staff notified the Sheinberg lawyers that they intended to seek the commission's approval to file a complaint, and, as is customary, offered them the opportunity to submit a written argument—a so-called Wells submission. Wilmer, Cutler not only submitted a voluminous document but asked to present the case orally to the enforcement staff before it took the case to the full commission. In September, Levine met with McLucas, in Washington, where he and the S.E.C. attorneys from New York both presented their arguments. (Curiously, the lawyers for the other potential defendants, Fogel, Shephard, and Ursitti, didn't make Wells submissions. Nonetheless, they assert that they maintained vigorous defenses of their own, uninfluenced by the Sheinberg position.)

The S.E.C.'s decision was not without political overtones. MCA lobbies constantly on matters of concern to the entertainment industry. Sid Sheinberg has numerous contacts in Washington, and Lew Wasserman was a close friend of Ronald Reagan, who, as a movie star, had worked under contract to Universal Studios. Yet there is no evidence that any political pressure was brought to bear. McLucas says he was only dimly aware of Sheinberg's stature, and says flatly that no member of the commission ever indicated that there had been any contact with the Sheinbergs, MCA, or any of their representatives other than through enforcement channels. McLucas threw his support behind Geist. In the end, the commission voted to authorize the enforcement staff to draw up a complaint and pursue settlement negotiations. In practical terms, the defense lawyers had lost their most crucial battle with the commission.



After the meeting with McLucas in Washington, Geist and Brotbacker notified the defendants' lawyers of the enforcement action, and then the staff waited with more than the usual curiosity to see how they would react. They suspected that Jonathan—or, more to the point, his father—would choose not to fight the charges. The hearing, if it should go that far, might well be a messy affair for the Sheinbergs, with both Sid and Lorraine likely to be called as witnesses against their son. The family laundry was sure to be aired in public, and all Hollywood would follow every development with rapt attention. The prospects for such intra-family cases had been clouded by the spectacle of Sukhreet Gabel, who, in 1988, testified against her mother, Hortense. Hortense Gabel was a judge on New York's Supreme Court and was alleged to have favored Bess Myerson's lover in a divorce action after the former Miss America gave Sukhreet a job. The press had had a field day, and Sukhreet had achieved short-lived celebrity status. Already, the Sheinbergs' attention to secrecy was intense; their lawyers were furious when, in October of 1991, an item on the existence of an S.E.C. investigation into MCA trading surfaced in the Washington *Post*. (The S.E.C. lawyers said they were confident that no one connected to the government was the source.) And the *Post* story was nothing compared with the publicity that a full-blown trial would attract.

Of even greater concern to the Sheinbergs must have been the possibility of related criminal charges. The S.E.C. lawyers in the case did discuss the investigation from time to time with lawyers in the United States Attorney's office in the Southern District of New York. A former Justice Department lawyer involved in the matter says that serious consideration was given to launching a criminal investigation, but that the family issues gave them pause. "You'd have to immunize mother and father against the son," this lawyer says, adding that Justice Department policy discourages such cases.

The S.E.C. staff's speculation proved accurate: after the meeting in Washington, the Sheinberg lawyers quickly turned the discussion to what a settlement of the case might look like. While the negotiating process dragged on for months, it was soon clear that someone in the Sheinbergs' camp—presumably Sid—had given their lawyers orders to end the affair. People involved in the case say that Jonathan was willing to testify and fight the charges; indeed, one

of the lawyers says, once Jonathan had recovered from his initial shock and depression he seemed to enjoy being the center of attention of a flock of high-priced lawyers. ("This is a common syndrome," that lawyer says of his insider-trading clients. "First, they want to know if they're going to jail. Then they're asking if it will be a country-club prison.")

However that may be, Jonathan was one of the first to agree in principle to a settlement, and the others fell in line—even Ursitti, who had never answered any of the staff's questions. Without admitting or denying guilt, Jonathan agreed to pay the government a penalty equal to all the profits earned by the people who had traded on his information—a total of four hundred and eighteen thousand dollars. The traders themselves agreed to pay back their profits and some additional penalties, which amounted to a total of five hundred and seventy-three thousand dollars for Ursitti, two hundred and twenty-three thousand dollars for Fogel, and a hundred and twelve thousand dollars for Shephard. The executed settlements were approved and filed with the commission on December 10, 1992. The penalties have been paid in full.

The Sheinbergs' lawyers argued strenuously that the S.E.C. should announce the settlement on a Friday, so that news accounts would be buried in the weekend papers. The staff refused, and the announcement was made on a Thursday, the same day the S.E.C. approved the arrangement. The text of the press release was the subject of extensive negotiations (Ursitti at one point threatened to withdraw from the settlement if the name of his company was mentioned in the complaint or the settlement), and the final text was terse, providing few details about what had actually happened. Despite the prominence of the Sheinberg family, the settlement received only minor press coverage, and no one connected with the case made any comment.

In Hollywood, there was more concern over that year's Christmas releases, including Universal's "Scent of a Woman." In conversations with friends, Jonathan made light of the affair, maintaining that he hadn't really done anything wrong, and attributing the charges to his famous name. He indicated that he'd settled simply to avoid the "hassle" and costs of litigation. Friends and business colleagues, among them Felix Rohatyn, called Sid to commiserate, many of them declaring that there's no accounting for the behavior of children. At MCA itself, where both Sid and Lew Wasserman had from the outset turned glacial at any mention of the case, virtually nothing was said. After another disappointing year, everyone was preoccupied with the studio's big-budget summer offering, "Jurassic Park." The dinosaur epic proved to be another Spielberg hit, and MCA now finds itself in a good position to be sold again, in whole or part. John Malone, the cable magnate recently involved in the skirmishing for Paramount Pictures, has looked into buying MCA. Officially, the company isn't for sale, but it's an open secret on Wall Street and in Hollywood that the Japanese, often bewildered by the mores and spending habits of Hollywood, would be happy to cash in on their investment now that entertainment companies are again hot properties.

Jonathan's career hasn't been nearly so successful as MCA's. After Lee Rich declined to renew Jonathan's contract, in September of 1991, Jonathan said that he would become an independent producer. Instead, he landed a job as a literary agent at Triad Artists, which was acquired last year by William Morris. Starting without any clients, Jonathan has been slowly building a list, though it includes "no one whose name you'd recognize," one of his colleagues says. According to his colleagues, he raised eyebrows at Triad when he signed up a grade-school child as a director on the strength of the child's home movie. (That relationship lasted just three months.) Colleagues say they don't believe that the S.E.C. settlement has had any impact on Jonathan's career; Hollywood has forgiven far worse sins. Nonetheless, they say that Jonathan has lost whatever career momentum he had before he joined Lee Rich, and that in Hollywood such perceptions can prove more difficult to overcome than breaking the law. At William Morris, Jonathan is described as popular and energetic. "He's taking scripts on spec and trying to get them into development," a fellow-agent says of his work. He also "covers" Warner Brothers and M-G-M for the agency, communicating studio needs to fellow-agents.



Jonathan's marriage to Maria ended in divorce last year, and colleagues say that the two continue to quarrel over their daughter and over support payments. Maria recently married Barry Fogel, who is still running his pizza chain. This fall, Jonathan and Susan Ursitti were married, and Susan recently had a baby. Jonathan's bachelor party featured a filmed mock-tribute to Jonathan, with Sid assuming a leading role.

Jonathan has told friends that he "learned a lot" from the whole affair, but he also seems to be more firmly under his father's thumb than ever. Sid ordered Jonathan to say nothing about this story—a command that, under the circumstances, Jonathan felt doubly obliged to honor, friends say. Sid also maintained his policy of silence. Although everyone notes that Sid himself did nothing wrong, and that parents can't fully control their grown children, Sid is said to fear that people do blame him for his son's failings, and is described as "beside himself" that attention to the case might overshadow years of good works just as his own reputation should be at its pinnacle.

MANY of the details in this story come from deposition transcripts that I obtained after a Freedom of Information Act request. I was allowed to read all the testimony taken in the case, with the exception of some minor redactions that, for the most part, appear to contain references to psychological problems of various participants. After reading the transcripts, I called Jonathan at his office at William Morris.

In a brief conversation, Jonathan displayed many of the characteristics I

had heard described by others. He seemed immediately excited, saying that the MCA affair was "my story"; that "this isn't a magazine article, it's a book"; and that "if anybody's going to tell this story, it's going to be me." I offered him that opportunity, but he changed his tack. "Don't you realize how painful this is for me and my family?" he asked, adding, "You wouldn't be writing this except for my name." While his voice was still rising, he hung up.

At the New York office of the S.E.C., Geist has been promoted to assistant regional director. Though he is limited in what he can say about the investigation, he says he feels little sympathy for Jonathan and the other defendants. "My own personal opinion is that everyone is surprised when people in Hollywood do things that seem weird and strange, but they're just like everybody else, if not more so." He is confident that "the right result was reached," he says. "It always struck me that what happened was improper conduct, and that this was the type of situation that was contemplated by the anti-fraud provisions. It would have been a great trial to do, and I'm confident that even in the Second Circuit we would have prevailed. Still, it's always good to have a case over with, with a good result." Though criminal charges could still be filed, it seems unlikely that the Justice Department will take any further interest in the case, and there is no indication that any criminal investigation continues. As far as law enforcement is concerned, the case is evidently over.

Yet the known facts leave the most baffling mystery officially unresolved: What drove Jonathan to risk his career, his reputation, and his relationship with his father to enlist others in an insider-trading scheme? As in many other insider-trading cases, the answer is clearly not money; indeed, for such a quintessentially financial crime, it is striking how many insider traders have been wealthy men who, like Jonathan and the people he tipped, were in no rational need of their illicit gains.



"Sorry I'm late, Chief—I had some trouble with my nipple ring."

In the portion of his deposition made public Jonathan was never directly asked to explain his motives. However interesting, they weren't legally relevant, so he didn't give any insight into his feelings about his own career, about his father, about his brother or Spielberg, or about any sense of loneliness or inadequacy he may have experienced. Perhaps Jonathan, who seems anything but a contemplative or self-aware person, has little sense of what drove his ultimately self-destructive behavior. But to some of the questions that were posed he and his father seem to have indirectly offered answers. The answers suggest that, despite all the high-profile law-enforcement efforts and numerous convictions, the forces driving insider trading are growing harder to curb as information becomes increasingly synonymous with power, and power with self-identity. Hollywood may be a small town where information moves with unusual speed and intensity, and Jonathan's relationship to his famous father may have fostered an unusually complicated situation. Nonetheless, these dynamics exist to varying degrees everywhere, from exclusive resorts in the Hamptons to Memphis golf courses, to name just two places where similar insider-trading schemes have recently been hatched.

Another witness in the MCA case, a man named Martin Katz, who wasn't charged with any wrongdoing, described the atmosphere in Hollywood. "You hear things in weird places, you know—the sports club, the sales clerks that wait on these people in stores that you know—and they all want subliminally, I suppose, to impress you with who they work with or who they know," he said. "There's a pulse, there's a sense of hearing things. If you go to lunch in Beverly Hills, or something, you'll see what I mean. You won't believe the things you'll hear."

Jonathan mentioned at several points in his testimony that conveying the news of the MCA takeover made him feel "special," like "a big shot," to the point where telling other people was "a compulsion." And Jonathan's father, with thirty-five years in Hollywood under his belt, put it even more directly: "You know, this is a town, and maybe other towns are like it, but this is a town and this is an industry where information is perceived as being a great power, and if you have information—well, information in the hands of a certain type of personality is a very— You know, it's a very powerful thing. Makes you feel you're a big man." ♦

SEE PLATES I THROUGH VII

BY BRUCE McCALL



Unidentified, Eulalie, unidentified, unidentified, at "the only lawn party Ottoline ever missed." Glebeholme, August, 1903. (Imperial War Museum.)



The once and future arb. "Dear Nana I have bought the School and fire [sic] the H'master."



Grace takes a break from correcting the proofs of "Diaghilev in Iowa" to dandle Bobby. Rye Beach, August, 1944. Bud is already conspicuous by his absence. (Photo courtesy Bud Berlinger.)



Niles, in happier times.



"No other invention in all the brilliant scientific history of France has proceeded in six months from bath toy to certain commercial success." (Rocket Boat prospectus, page 14.)



Mabel's least favorite Kodak, Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat, 1923.



Hopeless Cove, February 12: The Expedition's last chance of rescue can be seen gliding through the ice pack while, in the foreground, Runciman—"doughty, single-minded, cricket-mad Runciman"—has his final innings. (Runciman Family Archive.)

FICTION

SARAH

BY ALLEGRA GOODMAN

SARAH MARKOWITZ parks at the Jewish Community Center of Greater Washington, her large purse on the seat next to her, along with a bunch of marked assignments. She has written copiously on each one, making her comments in green because the students find red threatening. Sarah took a series of pedagogy workshops years ago, and she scrupulously applies the techniques she learned. Her students, all adults, always comment on her warmth and motherliness. They don't realize that these are aspects of Sarah's professionalism. They do not see the teacher within, by turns despairing and chortling.

She takes out her compact and applies fresh lipstick, gathers all the papers and her purse, and strides into the building. She walks quickly, with a firm step; she has short gray hair, and eyes that had been blue when she was younger but are now hazel flecked with gold. The class is called "Creative Midrash," and it combines creative writing with Bible study. Like the commentators in the compendium the Midrash, the students write their own interpretations, variations, and fantasies on Biblical themes. Sarah developed the concept herself, and she is happy with it because it solves so many problems at once. It forces the students to allude to subjects other than themselves, while at the same time they find it serves their need for therapy—because they quickly see in scripture archetypes of their own problems. Above all, Creative Midrash forces the students to read, so they realize they aren't the first to feel, think, or write anything down, for God's sake. She always begins on the first day by playing a tape of Thomas Tallis and then Vaughan Williams' variations on the theme.

It is five-thirty in the afternoon, and they are waiting for her, all ready to go, their notebooks out and turned to a fresh page, their pens poised. They love pens: fountain pens and three-color ballpoints, even elaborate, hollow pens that store twelve different ink cartridges inside. "Fifteen minutes of free writing," Sarah says, and they begin, covering their white notebook pages. She watches them. They range in age from thirty to somewhere near sixty, three women and one man. They are, in their own words, a mom, a retired homemaker, an actress, and a landscape-maintenance specialist. Sarah watches them all and thinks about dinner. She has a chicken thawed and the leftover sweet potatoes, but they need a vegetable. She'll have to stop and pick something up on the way home. She has to get something else, too. They are out of something, but she can't remember what. Something small, perishable. "All right," she says. "Why don't you finish up your thought." She waits. "Then let's begin. Debbie." She turns to the actress. Debbie has long hair and pale blue eyes. You could call her nose large. It is a strong nose, beautifully straight. Everyone, including Sarah, takes out a copy of the poem Debbie wrote last week, and she shakes back her hair and intones:

Eve
flesh of your flesh
bone of your bone
wo man
womb an
I am Eve
you are my day and night
I am Eve the twilight
in between
sweet soft neither dark nor bright
and how did I feel when
I was born from your dream?
no one was interested

Tomatoes! The thought comes to Sarah unbidden. That's what she has to pick up, because the ones in the fridge spoiled.

from my birth I belonged to you
you had named the beasts
already you had named me
you are the sun and I the moon
you burn
but I pull the waters after me
I slip from your garden to consort
with the enemy
because I would rather be wild
than beget your patriarchy
I would rather cover you with shame
you can have the cattle the foul of the air
and all the beasts of the field
the night will glow with the eyes of my cats

"Comments?" Sarah asks. No one says a word, so she begins. "Debbie, that was very strong. I like the way it flows and builds momentum. There was almost a rhythmic expression in your tide image. Were you playing with the word 'foul' intentionally?"

"Where?" asks Debbie.

"Where you wrote 'foul of the air.' "

"Oh, that wasn't on purpose," Debbie says.

"You might want to change it, then," Sarah suggests. "Other comments?"

Michelle, who is the mom, says, "I noticed you didn't use any capital letters, except for 'I' and 'Eve.' "

"Yeah, I did that because I feel that capital letters and punctuation interrupt the flow of the poem and I associate them with male discourse and hierarchy, sort of dichotomous and either-or oriented, night-day, yes-no, and I see Eve as more of a mediator figure. But I didn't want to use a lower-case 'i' or write 'eve' without a capital because I feel that in a way E. E. Cummings appropriated that idea, and what I was trying to do was take back the 'I' for the female voice."

"It's about subversion," says Brian, the landscaper, once a graduate student, then sidelined for ten years by drugs, but now making up for lost time. He is an unnaturally thin man, sunburned, with a scant beard.

"Yeah, and it's very close to what I'm going through right now," Debbie says. "I'm having a conflict with my boyfriend about my cats right now."

Then Brian begins to read his "Dialogue Between Jacob and the Angels on the Ladder."

Scene: Desert at midnight, countless stars shining. On the rungs of Jacob's ladder, the spirits of THOREAU *and* WALT WHITMAN, *sitting with* JACOB.

WHITMAN (*to Jacob, with a look of ecstasy*):
You shall be as many as the stars in the sky
You will multiply into millions
and every last one of your children will be
million heirs because this is the night of
your
birth
this is your birth-night

and every grass blade, every insect and tiniest being in the world knows it
every animal, bird, fish, and locomotive knows it
THOREAU: Given a choice, I think any man would rather sit by a warm fire than become a nation.

"Wait, wait," Debbie says. "You're talking about grass blades? I thought this was supposed to be a desert."

"Maybe you should say grains of sand," Michelle suggests.

"Well, I think that's already in the Bible." Ida, the retired homemaker, is wearing her reading glasses and flipping through Genesis.

"There's nothing wrong with using images that are already in the Bible," Sarah says.

Ida pulls off her reading glasses and looks over at her. She has snowy white hair. "Then I want to change mine," she says. "Can I change mine?"

"All right," Sarah says. "Brian, what do you think about using grains of sand?"

"But I was trying to sort of allude to 'Leaves of Grass.' "

"I don't know, this is really heavy. Really—abstract," Debbie is staring at the play. "Have you thought about getting some more action into it? I mean, I don't think you want to end up with just all these talking heads!"

Brian looks dismayed.

"I see it more as a Platonic dialogue," Sarah says.

This seems to cheer Brian. "I want it to be like 'Under Milk Wood,' " he confides to the class. "That's my dream."

SARAH picks up the groceries and then the dry cleaning on her way home. "Four shirt, two dress, one skirt, pleated, one blouse. This could not come out," the cashier tells her. She looks around wearily as the cashier rings everything up. As always, hanging in the window is a wedding dress, freshly cleaned, in clear plastic, the dry cleaner's tour de force.

When Sarah gets home, Ed comes out of the house to help her carry everything, so they are both outside when the phone rings, and Ed runs up the steps in front of her with his keys jingling in his pocket and his shirt coming untucked. "Who is it? Your mother?" Sarah calls out as she comes in.

He waves his hand at her impatiently. "Ma? What is it? What? You're in the hospital? What happened?"

Sarah picks up the phone in the kitchen and hears her eighty-three-year-old mother-in-law crying. "Yes, yes, I'm in the hospital," Rose sobs from California. "They took me here. I didn't even know what was happening to me. I was unconscious. I could have been dead."

"Mother, wait, slow down. Start from the beginning. What happened?"

"What hospital are you in?" Sarah breaks in.

"St. Elysius? Or Egregious?"

"No, no, that can't be it. That's a TV show. Try to think, Ma."

"Maybe St. Elizabeth's," Rose says. "How should I know? I was unconscious."

"Ed, I think we should talk to Dr. Klein," Sarah says.

"Sarah, I'm trying to hear what happened. Start from the beginning, Ma."

"I told Klein I needed a new prescription. My refills ran out. I went to three different pharmacies, and they wouldn't fill the prescription for my pills. I went to Longs, Rexall, and Pay Less, and they all said I needed a new prescription from my doctor. But when I told Klein I needed him to write a new one he wouldn't do it, and so I told him that if he didn't write me one I would tell the state medical board he drugged Gladys and Eileen when they passed away, and he just said he didn't know what I was talking about. I said, 'You damn well know what I'm talking about. You killed them with morphine.' Then he just walked out and left me alone in his office. So I had to go all the way home, on the bus, by myself. I was exhausted, I was ill. I went straight to bed. I put on my videotape of 'Pride and Prejudice' and I took some of the pills I had saved, because I felt so ill. Then, when I woke up, I was in a hospital bed in a hospital gown."

"Oh, Christ," Ed groans. "Ma, now I want you to give me the telephone number by your bed. I'm going to call the doctor."

This is not the first time Rose has overdosed and collapsed, but that doesn't make it any easier. Sarah remembers Rose's second husband, Maury, who passed away in 1972. He was a cheerful man ten years older than Rose, and as the years went by he only seemed to become more jovial. He whistled happily, walking with his cane through the increasingly grim streets of Washington Heights. He became ever smaller and more spry, his clothes hung on him, and his face was shrunken behind his black-framed



"It's genetic. My father was a dog, and I'm a dog."

glasses; he had almost turned into Jiminy Cricket, but every day he and Rose went out to lunch at the deli, and every week he brought home stacks of large-print books from the library. The two of them travelled, and he used to collapse in dramatic places. On the observation deck of the World Trade Center. In the botanical gardens in Montreal. In Hollywood, on Hollywood Boulevard. He would sit in the hospital and talk about the service in different cities. Sarah had always marvelled at him because he was such an extraordinarily cheerful man. When he died, she found out that he had been taking Percodan, among other things. It wasn't just good nature. He'd got Rose started on pills. After the funeral, they also found out that he hadn't paid taxes for years, and that he had squirrelled away his money in small sums in over a hundred different bank accounts around the country. It was then that Rose sent her amazing handwritten letter "To I.R.S. Please excuse the lapse in taxes. My dear husband was a Maoist." Ed was the one who took care of all Maury's deferred aggravations. He closed up the Washington Heights apartment, collected the money from all the accounts, and moved Rose to Venice, California, where she could be near her other son, Henry, who was managing a gallery there. But Henry left for England—years ago—to start one of his new lives, and taking care of Rose is again Ed's responsibility.

Ed is pacing in the living room with the phone, talking to Dr. Klein, and Sarah picks up her extension in time to hear Klein say, "Well, it seems that she was stashing the pills away. She wasn't taking the prescribed dose. Unfortunately, she took them for her moods."

"Well, why didn't you check on her before?" Ed says.

"Well, Ed, I cannot control everything that she does in the privacy of her own apartment. I cannot take total responsibility for her actions. Of course, I asked her whether she was complying with the prescription, but I'm afraid she didn't tell me the truth."

"No, no, I'm sorry, my mother is not a liar."

"She has a severe dependency on her medication and—"

"Well, that's the point. I thought that was what we were trying to work on, to wean her away with the limited doses."

"Yes, that is what we were trying to do, Ed," Klein says. "But it wasn't working. I think we've had this discussion before. It's really a question of patient management. Now, Rose has decided to enter a residential treatment program at Santa Rosa."

"Why weren't we consulted about this?"

"It was her decision."

"No, I think it was *your* decision," Ed snaps. "You told her she had to do this."

"I advised her to do it, because she has got to start understanding her dependency. She has to find other ways to deal with her boredom and loneliness."

"Oh, so this is really all my fault," Ed says. "Because I'm trying to take care of her long distance. It all comes down to me. I should be there twenty-four hours a day. It's not your fault and it's not her fault, so it's got to be my fault."

SARAH is up half the night because Ed is so upset. He lies on his left side and then rolls over, punching his pillow with his fist. He kicks at the blankets, then flops onto his back. Sarah lies on her stomach and thinks about Rose. Boredom and loneliness. It's a real question: Can an elderly woman subsist on "Masterpiece Theatre" alone? Rose is, as Sarah's student Ida calls it, a "retired homemaker"—except that she was never so professional about being a homemaker, or about being retired. What she really wants, Sarah thinks, is to return to the houses of her childhood. She is nostalgic for them; they are still the backdrops of the romance she has developed about her life. Her parents' house in Bukovina, her foster parents' grand house in England, where she was sent during the First World War—a place with servants and vast drawing rooms. Rose did not suffer in the wars directly, but she imagines she did, and in her mind's eye sees them sweeping away the world she loved. She has often told Sarah that "Gone with the Wind" is the most beautiful novel ever written, and urged her to try to write one like it, threatened to write it herself, although she says she has never had the strength. But it is hard to sustain a life with memories, especially when the best memories come from novels.

"I CALL these 'Identity Haiku,' " Michelle tells the Creative Midrash class the following week. She pauses, then adds, "I was going to do traditional haiku, but it was really cramping what I wanted to say, so I didn't do the syllable thing."

1.
generations
stars in sky
yellow stars
holocaust

2.
sun rise
moon rise
tower
sun down
moon down
babel

3.
cut
cry
covenant

"These are really beautiful," Debbie says.

"Why didn't you use titles?" asks Ida.

"Um, I just thought it would be overkill. I felt like it would be almost stating the obvious if, say, I titled No. 3 'Circumcision.' "

"I love the way you stripped down your images to the essentials," Sarah says. "Tell us more about why you called them 'Identity Haiku.' " As she learned in her pedagogy class, Sarah shows with her body language that she is listening to Michelle. She leans forward and nods her head, but she is thinking about Rose, who has been calling each night. The residential treatment center is a prison! It's Sing Sing. Auschwitz. No one can leave. What do they do there? They sit in a circle; they have to talk about their past with a facilitator. She can't bear it. To listen to them talk. This one was raped when she was seven years old! That one was assaulted by her own father and brother. This one was a prostitute! "Such horrible things! Things we would *never* talk about. Now they put all of it on TV, but I would never watch!" Sarah can only imagine Rose sitting in that circle of chairs with these other patients, some the age of Rose's children, some the age of her grandchildren. And then Rose herself, half dead from shock, asked to tell about her own abuse. And even to begin, to talk about her childhood after what she has heard! To speak of her own treasured past, the elegant life that she has always treated as something to fold and fold again in tissue paper. No one listening to her, no one interested except the facilitator, probing with long needles, trying to draw blood. Naturally, she wants to go

home, but she cannot just check out. "This is a clinic," the doctor told her, "not a hotel." Ed took a flight out to L.A. last night to talk to the doctors or straighten out the Medicare insurance claims or save Rose, depending on how you want to look at it.

It is Ida's turn to read. She is a beautiful woman. A woman who goes to the hairdresser every week and comes to class with her white hair curled and shaped. And she dresses up for the class. She comes in suits and gold jewelry—quite a contrast to Debbie in her rumpled shirts or Brian, who sometimes forgets to take off his bike helmet. She is the oldest in the group, just as Rose is. Her voice is tense as she reads; it chokes up on her and she is embarrassed.

Naomi and Ruth

My daughter and I are like Ruth and Naomi, but with a twist. When my husband passed away, may he rest in peace, and we went on the way, as it says in the Bible, I said to Ellen, "Don't stay with me, go on and live your life."

"I want to stay with you and take care of you," she said.

"No, you need to live your own life," I said.

"O.K.," she said. So she went back to New York where she was attending N.Y.U. film school.

I stayed here alone in the house. She wants to make films, and if that is what she wants, so be it, but I tell her, "Ellen, I wish you would meet someone. You are almost thirty."

She tells me, "Mother, I have met someone, and we have been living together for five years." But this is something that is breaking my heart. This man, a broker, is eleven years older than Ellen and not Jewish.

This is what I want to ask her—"How do you think you can live in New York like a Ruth gleaning in the alien corn? How do you think you can come to him and lie at his feet in the night so that one morning he will marry you? How can you go on like this living in his apartment for five years? If I had known this would happen when we went on the way, I would not have told you to go. I would have said, 'Stay.' "

Something about this pricks at Sarah. Tears start in her eyes.

Debbie rakes back her long hair and says to Ida, "Well, she's got to make her own choices."

"I have a question about the genre of this," Michelle says. "Is this like an essay or a short story?"

"Ida," Sarah says, "this is—" She wants to say that it moved her, but she cannot. The words would sound cheap in the context of the class with its formalized intimacy. "It's very simple and beautiful," she says.

Debbie is looking over her copy, pondering Ida's work. "I guess it's an age thing," she says.

SARAH'S desk stands at the window of her bedroom. She has always wanted a study, and she and Ed are hoping to redo one of the other bedrooms in the next few years. The kids are away at college—one at medical school—so they don't have the money to do anything with the house. Sarah and Ed went to a local one-woman performance of "A Room of One's Own," and it occurred to Sarah as she left the theatre that Virginia Woolf never had any children. Her own desk is piled with papers, some hers, some Ed's, also bank statements she has not yet filed, bills marked paid, issues of *Writer's Digest* and *Poets & Writers Magazine*, and copy for the Sha'arei Tzedek newsletter, which she edits. Sarah is the Washington stringer for several national Jewish periodicals, and she writes frequent book reviews. She sits at her desk and thinks about what insufficient time she has for her own work. She has written one novel, published in 1979 by Three Penny Opera, a book about a woman—a painter—growing up in Brooklyn and Long Island, but she didn't move fast enough after that publication, didn't follow it quickly enough with a second novel, and she regrets this, the loss of momentum. She writes poetry as well, poetry that is perhaps too old-fashioned for a contemporary audience. With its wordplay and complicated rhymes it is closer to the seventeenth century than to John Ashbery. It has been difficult for her as a poet, to be influenced by Donne, Marvell, and Herbert, but to write about giving birth, a son's bar mitzvah, Yom Kippur. Several years ago she sent a collection of her poems to her brother-in-law, Henry, who runs a small press of his own in Oxford. But Henry felt that Sarah's work, while "extraordinary," was not moving in quite the direction that Equinox was trying to move in with its current series. She still finds it strange that even Henry, who loves Victorian furniture, eighteenth-century books and bindings, antique china, and plush novels—he who, as a person, is almost baroque—nevertheless admires poems that are sleek, smooth, minimalist, functioning like state-of-the-art appliances. As she boots up her computer, the phone rings.

"Sarah?" Ed says. "Hi. Listen, we've got a mess here. She's already racked up twenty thousand dollars for hospitalization. That and the treatment program are covered, but there is another sixteen hundred for consultations with Klein, which they aren't covering."

"What do you mean?"

"They say they aren't covering it. We're disputing the bill, so—"

"How is she?" Sarah asks.

"Not so hot. Disoriented, exhausted. She's lost weight." He sighs. "Sarah, I got here and I realized this is it. We can't kid ourselves about this any longer—she can't stay out here alone. We've got to bring her home."

"You mean bring her here?"

"Yeah, we've got to bring her back to Washington."

She thinks for a moment. "I can cancel my Thursday class," she says. "I'll try to get a flight out tomorrow."

SARAH and Ed sit in a pair of chairs in Dr. Stephen Klein's office. For Sarah, the scene is vaguely reminiscent of certain meetings with the assistant principal of Woodrow Wilson Junior High School concerning their son, Ben, and his academic progress.

"Well, I have spent at least an hour with her in private consultations each day of her stay here," Klein is telling them.

"And these were the sessions where you . . . ? What did you do exactly?"

"I listened to her. I talked to her about dependency, addictive behavior—"

Ed interrupts. "All I know is that my mother looks terrible, she's lost weight, you've run her ragged."

Dr. Klein shakes his head. "Remember, you haven't seen her for at least six months. And she is recovering from a massive overdose."

"Massive overdose!" Ed's face reddens. "Is that the way you like to dramatize it to your patients? Look, my mother is eighty-three years old. Spare her the shock therapy. You've got her out at Santa Rosa in a program with a bunch of teen-age junkies. I thought this was the age of multiculturalism, mutual respect, universal access, emancipation of the elderly. You're sitting here rubber-stamping an elderly woman, putting her onto the therapeu-



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tic conveyor belt with no regard to her age, her cultural background—"

"Can I show you something?" Klein asks. He puts a videotape in the VCR and turns on the television. "Rose?" a woman's voice asks. "May we have your permission to videotape this conversation for you and/or your family to look at later?"

"All right," Rose replies. She is sitting up in a hospital bed looking small and gray, an I.V. in her arm.

"Now, Rose, tell me, how are you feeling—on a scale of one to ten, with one being the worst and ten the best."

"I feel lousy," Rose says.

"But on a scale of ten, how do you feel?"

"One is the best?"

"One is the worst, ten is the best."

"Ten is the best?"

"That's right."

"And what's the worst?"

"One. Rose?"

"I have a one."

Sarah smiles in spite of herself, but Ed bursts out, "Can—can you turn that off?"

"Why?" Klein asks.

"Because we are having a conversation here!"

"I understand that, Ed, but I thought the tape was relevant."

"It may be relevant. However, I am not going to watch my mother being interrogated, O.K.? It' s ugly."

"Addiction is ugly. It's also complicated, and really I think this is something you should consider—not now, when you're upset, but later on. I think counselling as a family would be very valuable for Rose—and for you."

"Oh, my God," Ed snaps.

"I see a lot of anger here," Klein points out gently.

"Damn right."

"No, I don't mean the anger at me. The conflict is between you and your mother. This isn't about me at all."

"Oh, yes it is," Ed fires back. "This is all about you and your indiscriminate diagnoses, your mismanagement of an elderly patient's prescriptions, and the fact that you railroaded her into entering a totally inappropriate treatment program."

"That's—that's a serious charge," Klein says. "I repeat that it was her decision to enter the program. I have her signature on all the paperwork."

"You can give me the paperwork, because you are no longer her doctor," Ed snaps.

"I'll be happy to release the records to you as soon as her account is clear. I know that you're worried, I see that you're upset, but I can assure you I have given Rose the best treatment I knew how to give, and I have been generous with my time. I'm not even charging you for our session here today."

At this, Ed stands up, turns on his heel, and strides out of Klein's office through the reception area and out the door.

Sarah turns and walks out after him, but she stops at the desk of Klein's receptionist. "Do you take Visa?" she asks.

FOR the next three days, Ed and Sarah pack up Rose's apartment in Venice. They phone Goodwill and several of the Jewish agencies to try to give away the washer, the dryer, and some of the big furniture. "You know, it's telling," Ed says to Sarah. "Now you have to pay a collection fee to give things away."

"Well, sure," Sarah says. "They have to come with a truck. They have to sort the stuff." She imagines the warehouses with piles for everything that comes in: REHABILITATE, SCRAP, SMITHSONIAN. A triage system, something like the Santa Rosa treatment center? Now that Rose is home, she looks much better. She is frail, of course—thin—but her color is back, her eyes bright. The apartment is bustling. She is going home with her dear son and daughter-in-law, and she will not be alone anymore. She is supervising the movers as they pack up her china and her little cut-crystal liqueur glasses. She is being swept away to a new place, beginning a new chapter, and this is something she enjoys. But Ed and Sarah look terrible. Dishevelled, exhausted from packing, paperwork, and schlepping. Each night they drag themselves back to the Sea Breeze Motel and collapse with muscles aching. The motel has bars on the windows and, in the bathroom, tiny white towels that seem to have been put there mostly for symbolic value. They picked the place because of its location near Rose, and it turned out to have one other advantage. For fifty cents they can get the bed to vibrate, and this soothes their aching backs. At the end of the day they try to unwind, lying on their backs, feeding quarters to the bed and watching C-SPAN on television.

On the third night, they are lying

there on their backs watching the Prime Minister's Question Time, the bed vibrating beneath them, and Ed is talking on the phone to his brother Henry. "Well, of course we're giving away the secretary," Ed says. "We're giving all the big furniture to Hadassah. That's what Ma wants. What? What?" He turns toward Sarah. "He says he wants the secretary."

"So let him ship it to England," Sarah says.

"It's a very fine piece? No, O.K. No, I would call it a—nice piece, not a very fine piece. . . . You want to ship it to England, you go ahead. . . . What—are you crazy? Where are we going to put it in D.C.?" He looks over at Sarah.

"If he really wants it, he can ship it to England," Sarah says.

"What? I can't hear you," Ed talks over her into the phone. He turns to Sarah again. "Henry says Ma will want the secretary in Washington. She may not want it now, but she will later. And she'll want the lamps with the silk-shantung lampshades."

"He may be right," Sarah says. "She'll want them later."

"Henry, have you *seen* those lampshades in the last five years?"

"Ed, maybe we should get a container and ship everything to D.C."

"What did you say?" Ed asks her. She repeats what she said. "All right, fine." He hands her the telephone. "You and Henry work it out, I'm getting an Excedrin." He takes another couple of quarters off the Formica nightstand and feeds them expertly into the meter on the headboard.

Henry is still talking, unaware that the phone has changed hands. "Now, the carpets are simply not worth shipping. They aren't really Chinese carpets, you know. We could very well give those away, but the lamps could be considered antiques in a few years, and silk-shantung lampshades are almost impossible to find anymore. They just don't make—"

SARAH teaches the first class after her return home in a haze of jet lag. She had given the students an assignment to do while she was gone: "Write a midrash about the crossing of the Red Sea in a genre you have not yet used in this course." Now, as she listens to the students, she finds that the results are mixed. Michelle has written a short story about a young Jewish girl who is in love with an Egyptian and has to watch her lover fall with his horse and chariot into the sea. Naturally, she refuses to join Miriam and the other women as they sing and dance in triumph after they have crossed to safety. Instead, she writes her own song to sing by herself to the desert air. Brian has written an essay of questions, hypotheses, and test cases in true Midrashic fashion. It begins: "It is a mystery why it says in the Torah that after all Moses' pleas, God hardened Pharaoh's heart. Why would God want to make it harder for the Israelites if he was on their side? Was it a test? Or is this some kind of mystical metaphor? I, being of philosophical inclination, take it as such. I think these phrases in the ancient scriptures are invitations to us to ask questions about the nature of human agency and its interactions (reactions?) to God as a historical agent in the world."

After hearing only seven pages of this, Debbie looks at Sarah and asks, in her blunt way, "Is this creative writing?"

Sarah is annoyed. "Let's let Brian finish," she says.

"Sorry," Debbie mutters.

When it's Ida's turn, she shakes her head. "I apologize," she says. "I wasn't able to complete the assignment. I'm still waiting for an idea."

"Don't censor yourself," Michelle advises her.

"Yeah, I used to be really bad about that," Debbie says. "Do you ever try brainstorming?" For her part, Debbie has written an autobiography of Pharaoh's sacred cat: "I with my green eyes have seen three hundred generations. My dam was the Upper Nile and my father the Lower Nile; my older sister the Great Sphinx, who taught me the riddles of man."



When Debbie finishes, Sarah nods her head. "That's very—strange and compelling," she says. She hates it. Rose is staying in their daughter Miriam's old room. Sarah has been taking her to look at residences. Every day she drives her out to see them, and every day Rose insists she could not possibly live in one, and that the only times she was ever happy were when she was in the midst of the family.

"I was wondering," Michelle says, "would it be possible for us to do an assignment that isn't a midrash? Because, for me, it's hard to connect my feelings to the Bible all the time."

"It's *really* hard," Debbie agrees.

"Could we just try to write a story set in modern times?" Michelle asks.

Ida adds to this, "I'd like it if you would bring in a midrash of your own that we could look at."

"Have you ever written one?" Brian asks.

"Yes, I think I did one years ago," Sarah says. "I could look for it. But I want to remind all of you that creating art is hard work, and that the artist sees restrictions as opportunities. Now, for your next project, your first restriction is that you cannot use the word 'I.' "

"Oh, jeez," Debbie groans.

"What about using 'me'?" Michelle asks. Nope.

"But we can use all the other pronouns?" Brian asks.

SARAH makes hamburgers that night, and the three of them sit down for dinner—Sarah, Ed, and Rose, who eats her burger plain on her plate with a knife and fork. "I heard you didn't like the Helena," Ed says to his mother.

"The facilities were gorgeous," Sarah says.

"Were they gorgeous, Ma?" Ed asks.

"Cold," Rose says.

"What? You said the air-conditioning was wonderful!" Sarah says.

"I mean the atmosphere was cold. It was institutional."

"Well, it's an institution," Ed says.

"Yes, it was no home for me."

"They had a lovely swimming pool."

"I don't swim," Rose points out.

"And they have buses to the Kennedy Center for all the performances."

"You could go to the symphony and the ballet, Ma. And the theatre!"

"I didn't like it," Rose says.

"What's not to like?" Ed demands.

"The people." Rose taps her head. "Not all there."

Sarah shakes her head, "They were lovely people. Cultured people!"

"You see what you want to see," Rose tells her.

Ed takes another burger under Sarah's disapproving glare. "Your furniture is coming, Ma. We have to settle you in."

"You know, they have chamber

music there every week," Sarah tells Ed.

"Look, I'll tell you what, Ma," he says. "Sarah and I are going to move to the Helena, and you can stay here. How would that be?"

SARAH sits down at her desk after dinner. She tries to work on one of her overdue book reviews, but her heart isn't in it. She is too tired, her mind full of too many other things: the knowledge that in order to get any work done, she and Ed need to settle Rose in a residence. They hate pushing her into it, but Rose is not going to leave their house happily. They are going to have a fight about it. Ed will be miserable. The knowledge that her class is not going well. These particular students do not work well together as a group. Discussion is fractured. All sniping and defensiveness. The chemistry is all wrong. She told them today she once wrote a midrash of her own, but she does not know where it is. It was a little piece about the Biblical Sarah and about her own feelings about becoming a mother. She picks up the King James Bible that she had assigned as a class text along with Robert Alter's "The Art of Biblical Poetry," and Peter Elbow's "Writing Without Teachers," and she turns to Genesis 21. She reads: "And the Lord visited Sarah as he had said, and the Lord did unto Sarah as he had spoken. For Sarah conceived, and bare Abraham a son in his old age." And her eye skips down to where it says that Sarah said the child's name is Isaac because "God hath made me to laugh, so that all that hear will laugh with me." As she looks at these verses, she sees them differently now from the way she saw them in the past. She is fifty years old, and she has four grown children, and it occurs to her that she is not much like the Biblical Sarah in that respect. She did not have a child in her old age. She has certainly never had any problems with fertility. She has pined, but not for children. She has pined to have a literary career, to have her work discovered by the world. This has been her dream since her school days, when she discovered John Donne and felt suddenly and secretly clever, as if, like a safecracker, she could find the puns and hidden springs in his poetry. And when she wrote her essays in college about this image and that metaphor, what she was really wondering was how to become like Shakespeare—without seeming to imitate him, of course. When would she be called into that shining multitude of poets and playwrights, mainly Elizabethan, who rose in shimmering waves before her at Queens College? She wrote her M.A. thesis in English Literature about Emma Lazarus—not about the poem on the Statue of Liberty but about her major and forgotten works, the verse plays and poems.

But she did not have enough time to be poetic. She had her small children, and she had Ed's career to think about. Her professors warned her of the time and the sacrifices she would have to make if she pursued a Ph.D. One old codger had even suggested that if she got a Ph.D. and an academic position she would be blocking the career of some talented man with a family to support. Of course, that idea never went far with her. But she did have the idea that a Ph.D. would be hard to get. And a job harder. She decided against it. The truth is it was easier for her to worry about Ed's career. She did not have to face the possibility of failure.

She had wanted fame, not classes at the Jewish Community Center; she had wanted to write dazzling poems, not just for her friends and relatives, but for the world. She was thirteen when she lay in bed in her parents' house, read "Hamlet," and wanted to be as good as Shakespeare. And now that she is fifty, if the Lord came to her in a dream and said, "You will achieve what you desired," she would laugh, certainly. If an angel or an agent came down from New York and said, "You, Sarah, will write a great novel, a best-seller. Not a pulp romance, but a good book, wise and luminous, with a future movie bursting from its pages," then she would laugh for all to hear—although she would take down the phone number of the agent just in case. In the meantime, she has her book reviews, her class, her children, her mother-in-law. She gets up from her desk. She has written none of this down, and so she will have no model for her students when she comes in to the next class. She can tell them that she looked in her files and couldn't find the midrash she wrote. Or she could tell them she thinks it is important for them to find their own voice, and that she doesn't want them to look at her work because it might cramp their style.

"Knock, knock," Rose says at the door.

"Yes. Come in," Sarah calls back.

Rose opens the door. She is wearing a pink quilted robe and matching slippers. "Sarah, dear, do you have any books? They packed all my books, and I can't find any."

"Oh. Of course we have books. Downstairs." Sarah adds absent-mindedly, "What kind of book do you want?"

Rose considers the question. "I like trilogies," she says.

"You know, I think the only trilogy in the house is Ed's 'Gulag Archipelago.' "

"Nonfiction?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Ed never read fiction. Do you have a novel? I like any kind of novel, not too sad. About a family—with some romance. But well written. It must be well written."

On a whim, Sarah opens the closet and hunts around on the floor for the box where she keeps copies of her own novel. "Here, Rose, why don't you read this?"

" 'Irises,' 'Irises.' " Rose ponders. "Oh, that's your book. Sarah Markowitz. I've read that already. Of course. Years ago. Do you have a sequel?"

"No, I don't."

"You must write a sequel."

"Well, I have to come up with an idea."

"The next generation," Rose says immediately.

"Well, maybe you could reread it and give me some advice."

Rose takes the book, and the two of them walk down the hall to Miriam's old room. Sarah mentions that there is a literary discussion group at the Helena.

Rose shakes her head. "I could never live there."

"But all your things are going to arrive, you know. We couldn't fit the secretary in here."

Rose looks around the little bedroom. "It could fit," she says. "But it wouldn't look very elegant, one thing on top of another."

Sarah hardly expected this. She feels a rush of pragmatic joy. Her house to herself, and Rose at the Helena. Of course, she doesn't know that in the next three weeks she will be looking for new silk-shantung lampshades and spending hours at House of Foam, out near the airport, as workmen pump new, high-density stuffing into Rose's sofa. For now, she sees free evenings unfolding before her, the empty rooms expanding. What are wistful literary dreams compared to that? ♦

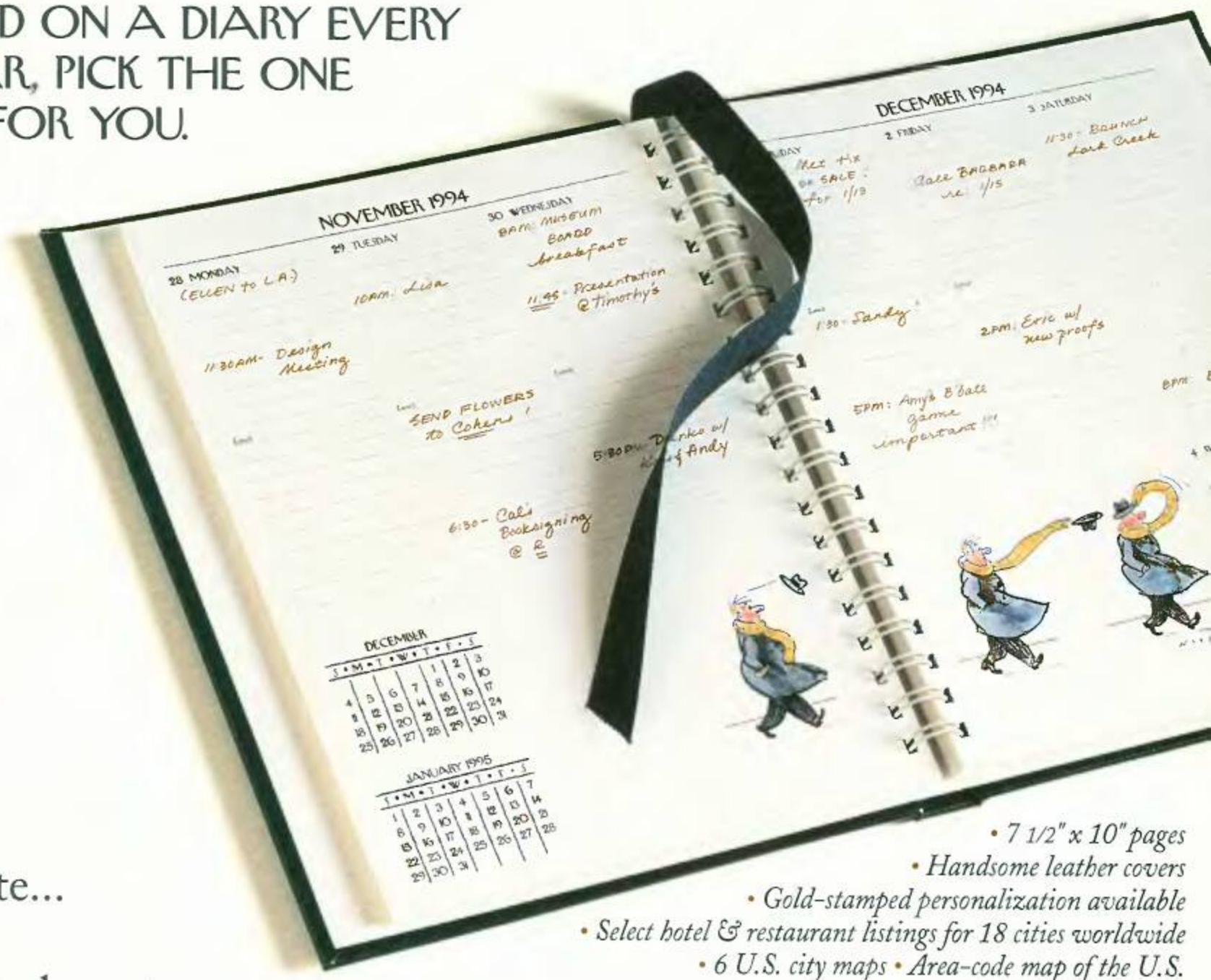
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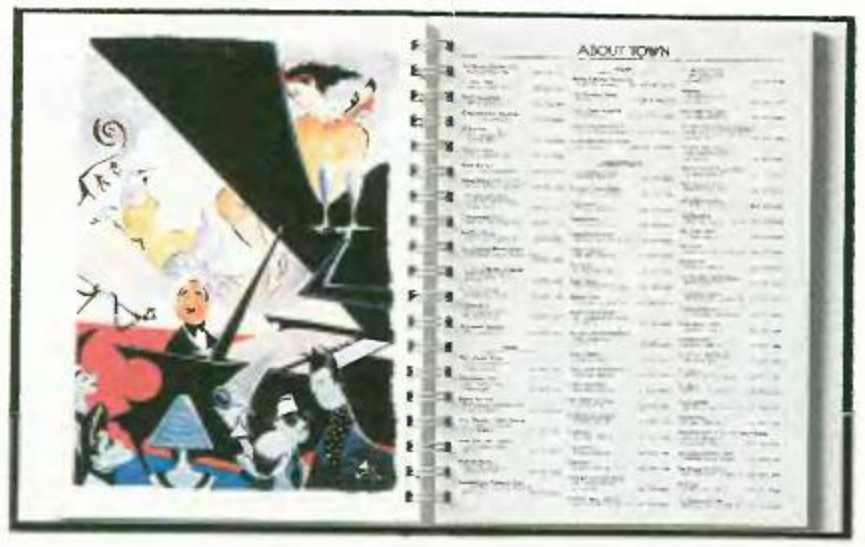
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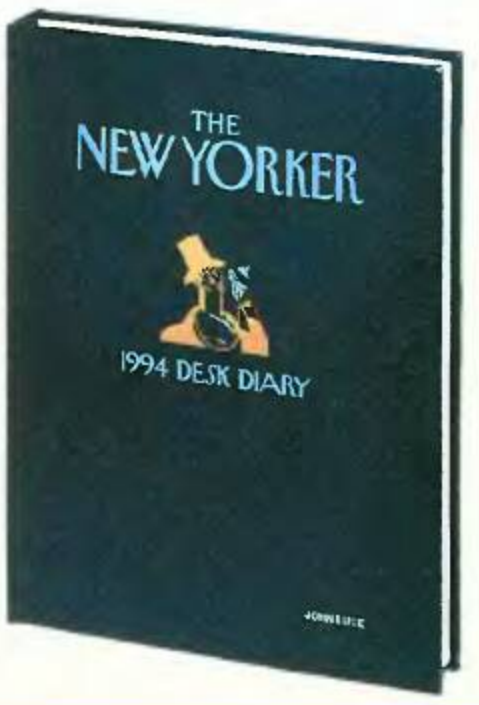
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ON TELEVISION

ROYAL PAIN

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

What we demand of our theatre is not a deeper insight into man, but a change of human scale: larger men, falling farther, tall men, with more to lose.—"*He That Plays the King*," *by Kenneth Tynan.*

In "To Play the King," the latest opus on PBS's "Masterpiece Theatre" (four parts, beginning January 16th), Ian Richardson restores vanity to its rightful place in the art of acting. Like the late Sir Laurence Olivier, he is a master of the raised eyebrow, and he carries his head as if it belonged on a coin. His nose gleams like a dagger. His narcissism is cut so fine that he seems to be peeling off a personal supply of thin smiles. As the hard-right Prime Minister of England, Francis Urquhart, who has attained high office through rat-fink deceit and betrayal (his initials, F.U., signify "Fuck you" in the tabloid press), Richardson addresses the camera in asides, à la Olivier's Richard III, enlisting the audience as co-conspirators. "Did you enjoy my little speech?" he asks, after announcing plans to call for a general election. "I thought my 'deep personal wound' was a rather good touch." His enjoyment of our enjoyment of his enjoyment runs counter to the anguished, insular mode so many actors have adopted. Such actors are leery of appearing too slick and cozy in the world. Alienation seems more authentic. Some feel most authentic when they approach the animal condition, like Eric Roberts in all those made-for-cable movies where he bares his raw physique and roars. If they could, they would cough up fur balls. Against the bombed backdrop of such naturalism, Richardson's smooth line of attack stands out like ivory.

Directed by Paul Seed and adapted by Andrew Davies from Michael Dobbs' novel of the same title, "To Play the King" is the equally exciting sequel to the acclaimed "House of Cards." The time is the immediate future. The Tory P.M., modelled on John Major—"That frightfully nice man who talked a lot about the classless society," according to Urquhart's description—has been dislodged. Soft, do-goody sentiments have no place now in the blue-pinstripe hierarchy of Urquhart's Tory Party, whose sole purpose is to consolidate power—to tighten its fist. Enough bother about the sick, the poor, the homeless. Such losers are excess baggage. The future belongs to the financially fit. Unexpected resistance to this policy of malign neglect (Thatcherism with an injection of Nietzsche) pops up from the House of Windsor, where the Prince of Wales has ascended the throne. The new King, played by Michael Kitchen, fancies himself more than a figurehead. "Trouble is, he has ideas, he has a conscience, he wants to contribute," Urquhart sneers. He thinks the King will be a minor pest. For once, he thinks wrong.

When the King is not jogging around the royal gym (his is a joyless palace), he ponders the fate of England, how his feudal role might serve modern society. He sees himself first and foremost as England's environmental King. There's a hilarious parody of Prince Charles' BBC documentaries, which shows the King standing on a windswept cliff as his troubled thoughts (heard on the soundtrack) are cast out to sea. Like Prince Charles, Michael Kitchen's monarch tugs on his cuffs and punctuates each phrase with a wince to show how keenly he feels everyone's pain. (It's a sensitivity that permeates his staff. His adviser on minority affairs is a light-skinned black woman named Chloe, played by Rowena King. When asked by Urquhart if she represents all minority interests, she coolly replies, "Some I embody, and for the others I use empathy.") Along with its caricature of Prince Charles, "To Play the King" features a blond Princess Diana figurine, who, since her divorce, has dwelt in what Urquhart calls "the House of Wounded Feelings." For comic relief, there's also a Sarah Ferguson character, whose heaving chest and horsey appetites seem fresh out of a Henry Fielding novel. When her aged lover, to whom this Fergie has been dictating her memoirs for posterity, betrays her in print, he claims that he had no choice—his ass was on the line. "What about my ass?" she cries. "What about my ass? Doesn't my ass mean anything to you?"

"To Play the King" caused a scuffle when it was broadcast in Britain last November. Melvyn Bragg—author, television host, and full head of hair—upbraided Dobbs for sliming Prince Charles, claiming that a bit of dialogue implied that the Prince sent out for prostitutes. (A dubious claim: the conversation in question seems to concern old college chums or cronies, not hookers.) The press, at first focussed on the portrait of the Royal Family, wheeled its guns around at Bragg himself. "Pompous, Dreary, Arrogant"

is how a headline in the *Daily Mail* described him. Dobbs threatened to sue Bragg for libel. The contretemps over the rubbishing of the Royals reached such a pitch that Ian Richardson felt obliged to apologize to His Highness.

Curious that no one felt the Tory Party was owed an apology. For while the Royals are treated as if they were a bag of booby prizes, clueless but harmless, the Tories are depicted as a mob operation that has sewn England into a sack. Totally without scruple or mercy, they bug friends and enemies alike from surveillance vans; they blackmail the press, exploit tragedy ("Every disaster is a photo opportunity in disguise," Urquhart says), and stage phony kidnappings. They even plant car bombs that they can blame on I.R.A. Provos. The best black-comedy moment in "To Play the King" comes when an explosion rattles the windows at 10 Downing Street: without missing a beat, Urquhart turns to the camera and confides, "Don't worry. No one we know." In a variation on "Casablanca" 's "Round up the usual suspects," he instructs his security forces to scrape up a few I.R.A. chaps to take the rap. "Let's give their mothers something to cry about, shall we?" Suspected I.R.A. members are then gunned down in a supermarket parking lot—a state execution bypassing that messy technicality known as a trial.

Perhaps this bullyboy behavior provoked so little squawk from English Conservatives because they secretly dug the thought of being a sleek, cutthroat operation—the Corleone family of the European Union. Such shark activity makes them look sexy. Urquhart certainly is. Although a man of advancing years, he courses with the assurance of Henry Kissinger's dictum that power is the ultimate aphrodisiac. The dramatic kicker in "House of Cards" came when Mattie, a blond reporter duped by Urquhart as an outlet for his press leaks, initiated an affair by informing him, "I want to call you Daddy." Soon she was calling him Daddy all over the place. Alas, dumb as she was, Mattie knew too much. He had to chuck her off a roof—an act replayed in numerous slo-mo flashbacks in "To Play the King," so that Urquhart can look suitably haunted. "She was so long in the air . . . ," he sighs. Urquhart's wife, a Lady Macbeth plotter who murmurs advice to him over tea, encourages his infidelities. She has a slightly mannish side which feeds off his interest in a new morsel. She even provides him with a morsel when she feels his inspiration is flagging.



Land of hope and Tories: Ian Richardson and Michael Kitchen in "To Play the King."

MARCELLUS HALL

In "To Play the King," at a dinner party his wife has arranged, Urquhart's turtle eye catches light of a brilliant, headstrong pollster, Sarah Harding (Kitty Aldridge), a willowy blonde who has this fetching way of dipping her head when she isn't being brilliant and headstrong. When Urquhart hires Sarah as his principal adviser, saying he intends to "plunder" her brain, she warns him that their relationship will remain strictly professional: "I'm very much in love with my husband. We're trying for a baby." He files this in his mental folder as the nothing it is. For if her lips say, "Respect my boundaries," her eyes say, "Mentor me, you bold, impetuous Prime Minister, you." Before long, their flesh meets, and Sarah has to shower before returning home, telling Urquhart, "I must absolutely reek of you." An infinitesimal droop of his eyelids tells us that he, too, is feeling the heady brew of forbidden passion. His shoelaces are coming dangerously untied.

With its Shakespearean archetypes, allusions, treacheries, and improbabilities, "To Play the King" sports a fancy set of claws. It's camp for culture vultures—"Dynasty" with a deeper plush. Like "Dynasty" or "Dallas," "To Play the King" is a fast-moving power fantasy in which the checks and balances of bureaucracy and precedent have been suspended, allowing impish spirits free rein to roam and pillage. One strategically placed phone call can plunge an entire institution into vertigo. It's amusing to see our nasty thoughts so smartly attired. The most audacious aspect of "To Play the King" is how it suavely caters to our tabloid cynicism (politicians are phonies, reporters are whores), then flings it back in our face. The climactic event in the series, as Urquhart removes a final pair of obstacles, has a chastening impact. It makes us realize that we're not as cynical as we thought we were. We want order restored, the genie stuffed back in the bottle, a portion of goodness safeguarded. Hah. At the end, Urquhart seems to smirk at us for being charmed by his Machiavellian wiles. He sits smugly in his high-backed chair, favoring us one last time with his profile, and clucking at our naïveté. "Believe me, it's all for the best. What's the matter? You do trust me, don't you? Of course you do.". Once his accomplices, we are now his subjects. ♦

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THE THEATRE

SHAW BUSINESS

BY JOHN LAHR

In 1913, the year before Mrs. Patrick Campbell, at the age of forty-nine, played the eighteen-year-old Cockney ragamuffin Eliza Doolittle, in "Pygmalion," she broke off her affair with the play's author, George Bernard Shaw, who wrote to her in a huff worthy of its curmudgeonly central character, Professor Henry Higgins. "I have treated you far too well, idolized, thrown my heart and mind to you (as I throw them to all the world) . . . and what you make of them is to run away," he said. "Go then: the Shavian oxygen burns up your little lungs: seek some stuffiness that suits you. . . . You have wounded my vanity: an inconceivable audacity, an unpardonable crime. Farewell, wretch that I loved." Out of this hurt Shaw made what he called a "shameless potboiler"; and Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, in their great adaptation of that potboiler, made one of the finest musical romances ever staged on Broadway—"My Fair Lady," which opened in 1956 and closed six years later, after two thousand seven hundred and seventeen performances.



"It is impossible for an Englishman to open his mouth without making some other Englishman despise him," said Shaw, who rightly believed that with the proper accent in England you could get away with almost anything. Lerner and Loewe rephrased the point, putting more pep in Shaw's polemic:

> An Englishman's way of speaking absolutely classifies him
> The moment he talks he makes some other Englishman despise him.

Phonetics—and speech as a source of class division—was the bee in Shaw's bonnet, but Howard Davies' new production, at the Virginia Theatre, settles for just bonnets: a whole scrim full of them painted on a light-blue backdrop in a Magritte-inspired addition to Ralph Koltai's original set. The image, at once startling and wrong, typifies the production's panic about a point of view. Of all the modern musicals, few are so staunchly rooted in the reality of a place and a problem as "My Fair Lady," where the English class system is writ large in the transformation of Eliza from street urchin to society belle. "My Fair Lady" has two distinct locales: the raffish Cockney working class of Covent Garden and the imperial Edwardian upper class of Wimpole Street. The musical, like the play, is a satire about the landscape of English manners, not about an inner landscape. "Pygmalion" and "My Fair Lady," each in its own way, are models of engagement, whereas Magritte's images are models of estrangement. Instead of liberating the play's meanings, the design has the curious effect of obfuscating them. The visual jokes substitute conundrums for content. In Higgins' study, for instance, Davies replaces the professor's bust of Plato with a behemoth phrenological head that occasionally lights up, turning the room into a kind of de Chirico dreamscape. In place of the "recording machine" with which Higgins sifts through the strange mutations of English speech, Davies opts for a gargantuan upstage Rube Goldberg contraption, as if Higgins were developing an H-bomb instead of a theory of speech. And in the famous "Ascot Gavotte," where society toffs in blasé song report on the horse race—"What a gripping, absolutely rip-.ping / Moment at the Ascot op'ning day"—other singing swells and belles

EWA MAJA

now drop from the flies in imitation of Magritte's "Golconde." The image calls attention to the director but not to the dialectic of the play.

Musicals may be the staple of Broadway's commercial theatre, but there aren't many American directors capable of expertly handling such mass maneuvers, which are the theatrical equivalent of war. Davies is the latest recruit from the first rank of English directors—Trevor Nunn, Nicholas Hytner, Terry Hands, Mike Okrent—to be trained for this most lucrative art form. "My Fair Lady" is Davies' maiden voyage with an American musical (he's done many memorable straight plays in Britain, including "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" and Tennessee Williams' "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof"), and, with some uncredited help from Tommy Tune and Jeff Calhoun, who punched up the choreography of the show's big-boffo comedy numbers, "With a Little Bit of Luck" and "Get Me to the Church on Time," he has done well enough to insure himself another outing. This is lucky for him, and maybe even lucky for us. Still, although this musical can't fail to give pleasure, it seems odd that an Englishman could not get the Americans in his cast to sound remotely English. (The inclusion of the Pearly King and Queen in this production is even more incongruous, as if to establish visually a Cockney presence that can't be clinched vocally.) Odder still is that when we first encounter Eliza, selling flowers in Covent Garden, she is a kind of suburban Cinderella: although the script describes her as dirty, she is very well turned out, with hardly a smudge on her. This tatterdemalion tidiness undermines the drama of Eliza's transformation, which Melissa Errico, despite a fine voice and an attractive presence, also helps to diminish, by lampooning the Cockney sound that at first circumscribes Eliza's life. The parody serves mostly to curry favor with the audience, but then currying favor is what this genial production is all about.

Its congenital affability is typified by Davies' casting of Richard Chamberlain as the smug, blustering, bullying Higgins, whom the stage directions describe as "rather like a very impetuous baby." Chamberlain, all charm and suave good looks, smooths the edges of Higgins' prickly personality, so that the character's overbearing arrogance, his fits of rage, his blinkered misogyny are there in the wit of the lyrics but not in the chemistry of the actor. In "Why Can't a Woman Be More Like a Man," for instance, Higgins' special pleading of maturity belies his infuriating narcissism:

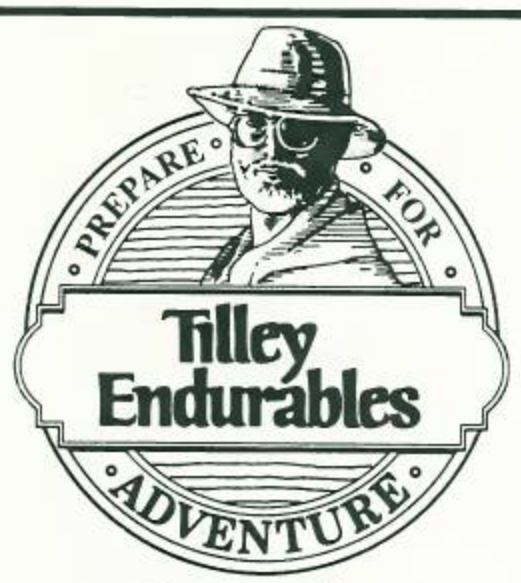
> Would I start weeping like a bathtub overflowing?
> And carry on as if my home were in a tree?
> Would I run off and never tell me where I'm going?
> Why can't a woman be like me?

But there is nothing intemperate or foolish or dangerous about Chamberlain. He can't work himself up into a fine delusional lather that will winkle from the songs their nuances of humor and character. Still, Chamberlain handles the complicated songs well enough. In fact, he gives a thoroughly pleasing performance, as neat and as well made as the tweedy Patricia Zipprodt outfits he wears. Paxton Whitehead's pukka Colonel Pickering not only provides Chamberlain with excellent support but comes closer to filling in the emotional outline of the script with the proper period attitude. When, together, the two linguists teach the caterwauling Cockney the Received Pronunciation in "The Rain in Spain," the moment still lives up to Wolcott Gibbs' judgment of it, in these pages, as "just about the most brilliantly successful scene I remember seeing in a musical comedy."

The success of the songs in "My Fair Lady" owes as much to their dramatic placement as to their construction. What we are watching in "The Rain in Spain" is the creation of a social face. In "The Ascot Gavotte," the sensational sangfroid of the upper class is topped at the conclusion of the scene, with Eliza shouting at the horse, "Come on, Dover!!! Move your bloomin' arse!!!" Her face has not yet been perfectly "composed," but in the next test of her new persona, when Higgins introduces her at a ball, she comes up against the ruthless scrutiny of Higgins' arrogant Hungarian pupil, Zoltan Karpathy—a drama of exposure that usually brings down the first-act curtain but here opens the second act. Then, in "You Did It," Lerner and Loewe exhibit their dramatic and lyric brilliance in a song that is at once a celebration of Higgins' success and an announcement to us of Eliza's curious defeat. The moment is musically and dramatically golden, and is as carefully managed as the lyrics. Higgins and Pickering revel in vindictive triumph over Karpathy—a victory, as they see it, of the professor's, and not Eliza's.

Eliza is reconstituted as a lady, at once a stranger to her class and to herself. Both the play and the musical make the point that once the experiment is a success and Higgins has won his bet there is no independent future for her. As a working-class girl, Eliza sold flowers, but as a lady she can sell only herself, in marriage. In "Pygmalion," she goes off with a Hooray Henry named Freddy Eynesford-Hill, but Alan Jay Lerner respectfully disagreed with Shaw's ending. In the musical, Eliza is pursued in vain by Freddy (Robert Sella), who is camped out on her doorstep in what seems permanent, open-throated adoration. In "Show Me," Eliza superbly exhibits her agitation in 3/4 time, evidently discovering that Easy Street is a blind alley. She is drawn to the tyrannical Higgins as her Prince Uncharming.

The working out of this scenario is more delightful than its final resolution, but in the current production two incidental pleasures should be saluted. Dolores Sutton, as Higgins' high-society mother, who gives her son and his bad temper a wide berth on social occasions, has no song but is memorable nonetheless for the droll, slow pitch of her delivery. "Charles," she says to her chauffeur upon learning that her eccentric son has brought a flower girl to Ascot, "you better stay by the car. I may be leaving abruptly." The central comic turn, though, is Eliza's father, the blackmailing dustman Alfred P. Doolittle, who, like his daughter, finds himself a victim of middle-class morality. The great music-hall star Stanley Holloway made a legend of his two showstopping numbers—"With a Little Bit of Luck" and "Get Me to the Church on Time"—which are rollicking hymns to hedonism. The part has now been passed down to his son, Julian Holloway. Following in one's father's footsteps may not be good for the soul, but it's good for the show. Holloway *fils* has a raucous spirit and a rumpled face, and he has a grand time delivering Lerner and Loewe's wonderful songs and his father's comic business. He lifts the show so successfully that nepotism may join capitalism as the musical's prevailing credo. ♦



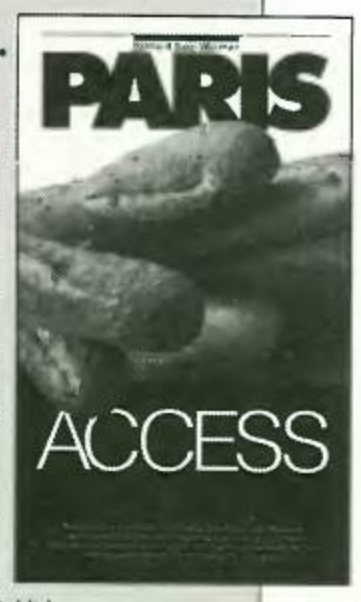
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

EXPOSED

BY ANTHONY LANE

MIKE LEIGH'S "Naked" may be the first British movie in a long while that is actually worth paying money to see. The reason is very simple: in Johnny, the main figure, Leigh has not so much created a character as let loose a force of nature—one of those misshapen, self-propelled centrifuges which occasionally spin across cinema screens, knocking aside everyone in their unrepeatable path and, in the process, outstripping the reach of the director. Jack Nicholson did it in "Five Easy Pieces" and "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest"; Cagney did it in "White Heat"; the young Gérard Depardieu threatened to do it all the time. Here the honors go to the British actor David Thewlis; with his long, poky face and its desolate scrubland of beard, he looks like one of the Phiz engravings that used to decorate Dickens—a penniless clerk, perhaps, or a gravedigger soiled by his calling.



David Thewlis plays Johnny in "Naked": not so much a character as a force of nature.

Johnny is a good-for-nothing from Manchester, and nothing is what he does all day, with infinite zeal and attack: "Whatever else you can say about me, I'm not fucking bored." This gives him an advantage over the camera, which seems to have run out of steam. When Johnny first comes down to London, and stands literally at a crossroads, it circles lazily around him, waiting for him to do something, to make the first move. So he rough-talks his way into an apartment, and into the affections of Sophie (Katrin Cartlidge). From here on, he hops and stumbles from one woman to the next: from the drinker who can hardly undress to the waitress who seldom speaks, from the spaced-out Sophie to the sad-faced Louise (Lesley Sharp), a former girlfriend. He asks how she is. "Peachy creamy," she replies, in the dead tone of one whose life went moldy years ago. You get a twinge of the problem that will gradually rack the whole movie: with a hero who burns so bright, everything around him starts to look dour and damp. Other people, especially women, seem consumed by helplessness, slipping weepily away to the margins of their own existence.

Some viewers will find this procedure too close to misogyny for comfort. But it goes wider than that: I think it's the latest segment in Mike Leigh's long career of sourness. Much has been made of his penchant for improvisation—slowly developing a script with his performers—on the assumption that it will open up a movie, roughen the moral texture until it feels convincing to the touch. But the plan keeps going awry: more often than not, a Leigh character seems to be cornered and pinned down, reduced to a battery of tics. When you laughed at Timothy Spall's slob chef in "Life Is Sweet," the laugh was halfway to a grimace: you could sense that the film had already got the better of him before it began—the poor guy had no history, no hinterland still to be explored. "Naked," too, has its fair share of human cartoons: the shrewish Sandra (Claire Skinner), with her semaphore gestures of impatience, and a yuppie called Jeremy (Greg Cruttwell), who nearly wrecks the film. If Leigh honestly thinks that real-estate

KEVIN PYLE

agents still romp around with Porsches and champagne, he hasn't been to London for five years. Here are the true unfortunates of the movie: not those who have nothing but those who don't exist.

If Leigh is an uncharitable artist, however, David Thewlis is a model of attention; somehow, he redeems a sick picture, washing away its nasty taste. There is something not wholly English about the character he constructs: the bum who steals paperbacks, who quotes the Book of Revelations and settles down to read James Gleick's "Chaos," who says he can't be "homerphobic," because he likes the Iliad—such literate despair is more of a European specialty, and Johnny would thrive in the pages of Sartre or in the voluble bitterness of Knut Hamsun's "Hunger." As you listen to the little splutters that precede his jokes, fuelled by mockery and smoke-blackened lungs, and the eager predictions of apocalypse that tumble from his lips, you realize that this man is orbiting close to madness. Someone asks him whether he has ever seen a dead body. "Only my own," comes the reply. He is indeed a prowler in the underworld, pausing to look up and snicker at an unreliable God—"the monkey with the beard and the crap ideas." Sometimes, hesitantly, the camera draws close and stares at him, as if wondering how long such an unquiet soul can survive; he is a speech shark, who would die if he stopped talking, and even though he gets on our nerves, we don't mind having him there. Johnny expects us to hate him, and never asks for anything else; and, because of that, he becomes the first person in the work of Mike Leigh to earn our reluctant love.

"Heaven and Earth" is the third, and last, part of Oliver Stone's trilogy on the Vietnam War. At least, I hope it's the last; being Oliver Stone, he may yet try to explode the whole politico-numerical myth of "trilogy," and whack us over the head with a couple more installments. One hardly dares think what those would be like, since, for all its surface excitements, the trend of the trilogy has been steadily downward. "Platoon," which focussed on the frightened grunts, was hysterical but gripping; "Born on the Fourth of July," a study of rebellious aftermath, was hysterical and high-minded; and now we have "Heaven and Earth," which follows the Vietnamese

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side of the story and can barely summon the energy to get hysterical at all.

The hub of the movie is Le Ly, a Vietnamese villager whose placid life is messed up by a succession of disasters. Helpfully, she provides a voice-over to keep us up to date: "One day in the summer of 1953, the French came," or "Then, in 1963, the peasant countryside changed forever." These pointers are meant to clarify the action, but the effect is the opposite; you come away from the movie with a vague impression of tedium, mysticism, and distress, all stirred up together. It has to be said that the problem starts with Hiep Thi Le, an actress who was plucked from obscurity to play Le Ly. As plucking goes, this was cruel and optimistic: it's unfair to expect an actress of no previous experience to play a woman who ends up with more experience than she would care to remember. Hiep Thi Le appears in almost every scene, and soon exhausts her range of available expressions—sad, pert, then back to sad. You can't really blame her—I'd feel pretty sad if I had to speak lines like "Me and men, we have bad karma"—but neither can you safely predict a shining screen career for her. She and movies, they have bad camera.

The film also stars Tommy Lee Jones, only it doesn't. With an hour gone, he still hasn't made his appearance, and you wonder whether his name on the billboards was just a desperate ploy to get people into the picture. When he finally does turn up, playing a United States marine named Steve Butler, you cross your fingers and pray he's not too late to save the show. After all, he stole "The Fugitive" from Harrison Ford, and in 1991 he popped the inflated ideals of "JFK" with his weary, dandyish Clay Shaw; but Stone isn't going to let him get away with it again. He puts Jones through a rigmarole of booze and weeping and dream sequences, turning the character into a kind of military Jim Morrison. It's a perfect demonstration of how not to use Tommy Lee Jones. Here is an actor who lives on damage control; in every part he plays you sense both a grievous bruising of the spirit and a determination to cover it up and carry on. There's something hip and laconic in that effort; you need to go back to Bogart to find a man so amusingly pained. Both have an enticing ugliness that upsets the romantic habits of an audience: you look at them and want to learn more, to find out what went wrong, but they narrow their eyes, curl their lips, and silently tell you to back off. This interior struggle is the core of their attraction—the mystery of proud souls chewed up by self-loathing—but it has to be kept at the right temperature. Needless to say, Howard Hawks played it cool, but when Oliver Stone takes charge everything comes to a boil. Jones has to untie his emotions and scatter them over a wide area, until there are no secrets left for us to guess at.

Steve Butler walks into Le Ly's life and urges her to swap it for a new one back in his own country. There she gets to gape at the gleaming fridge, the Warholian ranks of supermarket soups, and broiled steaks the size of her own torso. Steve is so all-American that his mother is played by Debbie Reynolds, who, according to a press release, "returns to the movie screen for the first time in 20 years." It's an interesting choice—rather like waiting at a road junction for three hours and finally moving out into the path of a cement truck. Mind you, everyone gets squashed by "Heaven and Earth." As Le Ly's long-suffering mother, Joan Chen hardly registers, and the harrowed gravity that Haing S. Ngor displayed in "The Killing Fields" is exchanged here for an embarrassing goatee and a nice line in pointless advice. The moment when he calls Le Ly "my little peach blossom" marks the point where most viewers will give up and start laughing, and there's more of the same once our heroine arrives in California, which appears to be infested with Buddhist priests. "The future, the past are all the same," one of them tells her. After an hour of this film, you know just how he felt.

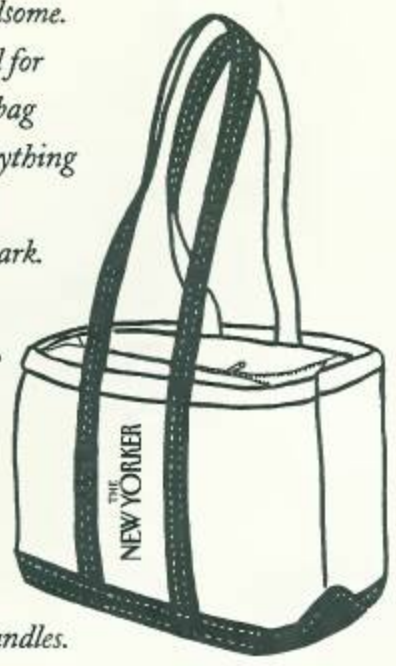
"Heaven and Earth" comes across as a deeply unappealing mixture of fuzziness and brutality; each betrays Stone's reluctance, despite his pretensions as a purveyor of true grit, to face up to his subject. When he chooses to convey the tranquillity of the village by having a couple of sage figures nod through the paddy fields in saffron robes and matching umbrellas, he must know how the image strikes the eye, how irredeemably it recalls a hundred airline commercials. This visual glaze never cracks; if anything, it hardens, lending a ghastly slickness to scenes that could only have worked through tact and restraint. When Le Ly is arrested, accused of aiding the Vietcong, then bound to a chair and given electric shocks, her head is haloed in a luscious blur of light, and the camera catches every drop of sweat whipped off her face by the jolts. In other words, a movie that preaches the need for self-respect is openly turned on by the prospect of humiliation, by a sneaky belief that violence is a pretty sight. "Heaven and Earth" is intended to make us muse afresh on the plight of the Vietnamese, and, in an unlikely way, it succeeds. First, they had colonial rule, then the Vietcong, then napalm, and now Oliver Stone trying to be nice to them. Haven't these poor people suffered enough? ♦



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BOOKS

TOUCH OF EVIL

BY CRAIG SELIGMAN

STEPHEN WRIGHT composes "dark," "sophisticated," "serious," "literary" novels—to use the four terms that, for commercial reasons, he has said he doesn't want tied to his newest one, "Going Native" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $22). His two earlier volumes were glowingly received, but neither of them sold many copies. "Meditations in Green," a Vietnam novel, owed a great deal to the disgusted sarcasm of Burroughs; "M31: A Family Romance," a bizarre tale about a dysfunctional family of U.F.O. bugs, was written with a blurry beauty that suggested Pynchon. Both novels were superbly crafted, but a little difficult to penetrate at the outset, which may explain their failure to move in the bookstores. "Going Native" gets off to a faster start, partly because of the way Wright has structured it. The book isn't so much a novel as it is a group of discrete tales, loosely linked by one shadowy figure, a suburban husband who vanishes from a dinner party in the first chapter only to keep popping up like a jack-in-the-box—creepier each time—in the rest of them. The stories tend toward nightmares, but even at their queasiest moments the writing is ravishing. Here is Wright describing the approach of twilight in the Midwest:

> Up above the diverging row of identically shaped and tiled roofs a trace of shade is working its way into the clean texture of the sky as if the soft tip of a dull pencil were being rubbed lightly but repeatedly across the rampant blue.

Here's a jungle snapshot from a trip to Borneo:

> They had stopped on their midmorning break and she was squatting over her bag, searching for a spare bottle of calamine lotion. When he turned, he saw that the entire back of her damp blouse from neck to waist was covered in a rich swarm of salt-hungry butterflies, a soft breathing coat of such intense color it seemed about to erupt into fiery applause. He didn't speak. He didn't move. The moment a web of frail strands he didn't dare break. It was possible to believe that beauty was a reciprocal of love and that nature bore no wiles. Then his unknowing wife straightened up, the butterflies scattered like scraps of torn paper, and everything returned to how it was before—only different.

Prose on that level, piercingly imagined and magnificently controlled, flashes at every turn with the mysteries of sensation and, underneath that, consciousness—phenomena that are the novel's fundamental subject. "A planet of wonders," one traveller marvels, shortly before he gets a knife in the chest. The mental involutions that Wright explores run from the tender to the pathological, with the range weighted heavily at the latter end. (No wonder the action rolls toward L.A.) But several trendy themes (we're brutal, we're vacuous, we're in steep decline) have been tacked on top of the deeper subject like wall-to-wall shag over a fine oak floor. And the book is gaudy with flourishes—linked images, prophetic dreams, echoing incidents—that, for all the skill they exhibit, don't do much more than gussy up the pages. No amount of ornament could obscure the strength of the edifice, but there are times when you wish that Wright would call off the decorators.

The most ostentatious of these frills



Stephen Wright's novel "Going Native" is composed of eight loosely linked stories that tend toward nightmares—and lead to L.A.

STEPHEN LACK



"Artsy. But not fartsy."

• •

is a fretwork of allusions: the characters spew out references to movies, hit songs, and TV shows with the helplessness of those fairy-tale wretches who produce a toad or a snake every time they open their mouths to speak. For Wright, these effusions really are as foul as toads—he has it in for popular culture. Burroughs' taste for the absurd cliché has metamorphosed here into media saturation; one disintegrating character even imagines that he can "feel the media microwaves bombarding his skin, as if he were being literally baked by encoded clichés." In Wright's view, the supernatural cosmos of the ancients has degenerated into the entertainment fun house that we wander in now, and "media-addled brains" are about all we can expect to bear in this state of spiritual depletion. The mouthpiece Wright uses to expound this idea is, not surprisingly, a product of the Old World:

> The emotions cathedrals were once built to house now seem to have fled to the dark sanctuaries of our hallowed multiplexes. A temporary relocation only, I'm afraid. Each passing year the viewing rooms—who could call them theaters anymore?—get tinier, the screens shrink, become less awesome, as we approach, in all aspects of life, the dimensions of TV. Like the lady said, "it's the pictures that got small"; unfortunately, so did we.

"Nonsensical mumbo jumbo to modern ears, I know," the same speaker apologizes ironically—which is about the only part of his screed that I can go along with. Wright would have a stronger case against the cultural carnival if his constant allusions to it weren't so vibrant and kicky. They're a hell of a lot livelier than his depiction of spiritual exaltation: "Whatever creature it is that lies sleeping along the twists and turns of your nerves is awakened. . . . Your dragon calls to the dragon of the natural world and receives a gorgeous reply." There's something schoolmarmish—and, more than that, suspect—in his revulsion: pop culture has formed a large, pixillated chunk of his own sensibility. (He didn't get all those references out of an encyclopedia.) Why is he so appalled?

If Wright is a novelist of sensation bent on portraying the decline of the spirit—an intuitive artist who wants to be a reflective one—then the novel he's written isn't the one he set out to write, or thinks he wrote. That doesn't make it any less brilliant. His cultural critique fizzles; when he goes after would-be screenwriters and professional pornographers, his contempt neutralizes the creative empathy that elsewhere kindles his characters into life. But murder—the sharp dividing line between full and zero consciousness—electrifies his writing. In his violent passages, perception is exacerbated, and his vision, lurid but genuine, takes command.

The finest of the stories is the one to which the notion of going native most clearly applies: the novella-length "Night of the Long Pigs," which Wright has had the audacity to model on "Heart of Darkness," and which—astonishingly—doesn't suffer in the comparison. But where Conrad sends Marlow up the Congo River to confront the horror, the horror from which civilized society has been shielded, Drake and Amanda Copeland, at their journey's end in Borneo, find a bewildered tribe of former headhunters who are losing their children to the cash lures of the Western-style towns on the coast. This is the one tale in "Going Native" in which the cultural diatribe grows naturally out of the narrative soil, partly because of who Drake and Amanda are (a screenwriter and an actress) but, more affectingly, because Wright makes the way of life that the tribe is abandoning—"the peopled night and the forest of the spirit in exchange for outboard engines and athletic shoes and television sets"—so palpable and rich. You can feel the loss. He does a neat turn on Conrad, too. A village of former (but not all that former) headhunters is an ominous place to set down two pampered products of Hollywood, and Wright wrings every last drop of menace from the atmosphere. But the true horror is no longer breathing in the heart of the jungle. It's waiting for Drake and Amanda back home in Brentwood.

For sheer virtuosity, "A Headful of Corpses"—which follows two suburban crackheads as they stumble around the house, fight, light up, fuck, go to a movie, smoke some more, fight some more, and finally attack each other with pieces of furniture—is just as triumphant. Working from sense impressions inward, Wright conveys stoned perception so persuasively that he puts you at the business end of the pipe. The story isn't much more than a delineation of

(warped) character, and it takes a novelist of profligate talent to abandon two creatures with so much unmilked potential for mayhem after just thirty pages. (I felt a stab of disappointment when I realized they were gone for good.) At the other end of the spectrum, the beauty of "The Queen of Diamonds" settles on you unexpectedly after the weirdness and the violence of the chapters that have preceded it. One of several marriage tales, this one—about lesbian partners on the graveyard shift at a Las Vegas wedding chapel (it's not as campy as it sounds)—is Wright's fullest depiction of the quotidian disappointments, betrayals, adaptations, and forgivenesses that make up the texture of love. Even here, threat smolders at the edges of the plot, in the form of an abusive and potentially dangerous ex-husband. But the emotional nakedness of the story comes as a surprise. It also ups the ante on the bloodletting in the rest of the book, by reminding you that something really is at stake: when these characters bleed, it's not ketchup running down their chests.

"Going Native" doesn't have quite as many killings as your average Hollywood slasher, but the ones it does have are so swift, so ruthless, and so numbingly devoid of meaning that they cast a red glare of horror over the rest of the book. The grace of the writing separates it from pulp fiction, but it's still pulpy enough: Wright dances constantly on the edge of the hard-boiled, and occasionally he dips in more than a toe. No wonder Hollywood nauseates him—who doesn't hate recognizing himself? His book has more to do with the movies than just that flood of references. Brutal subject matter and a knife-edged style are the formula for noir, and "Going Native" is glitteringly noir. Often it reminded me of Orson Welles' deliciously sleazy "Touch of Evil"—one of the zillion movies to which Wright alludes. All the glitter in the world, though, couldn't conceal his fixation on consciousness—a subject that I've never seen a Hollywood thriller deal with. His dark (sophisticated, literary, serious) style is a boat up a river in his very own jungle, headed for an outpost deep in the tangle of the mind. ♦



BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

Indira Gandhi: An Intimate Biography
by Pupul Jayakar
(Pantheon; $30)

JAYAKAR was a close friend of the late Indian leader, and her treatment of her subject's public and private life is uniformly admiring and exculpatory. Mrs. Gandhi's political and diplomatic triumphs, such as her successful prosecution of the 1971 war with Pakistan, are described in heroic terms. More controversial episodes, such as the 1975 Emergency, when she suspended constitutional rights and jailed substantial numbers of her political opponents, are passed over with as light and caressing a hand as possible, and so are the many anguished dramas of her family life. The passionately partisan approach employed here is by no means without value, however: one of the things that Mrs. Gandhi's tragic assassination has deprived us of is her political memoir, and in its absence this panegyric is a useful substitute. Still, on finishing it the reader will most likely be left ruminating not on the character of an impressively complicated and remarkable woman but, instead, on the subjective and fugitive nature of historical truth.

There's No Such Thing as Free Speech and It's a Good Thing, Too
by Stanley Fish
(Oxford; $25)

FREE speech is just one of many things that Professor Fish, who teaches at Duke, believes do not exist; tolerance, merit, fairness, reason, and neutrality are also on the list, and in the eighteen essays (plus one interview) collected here he explains why. Terms like "free speech" and "reason" are empty abstractions, he argues, since in practice there is always some speech that even advocates of free speech don't mind suppressing, just as there is behavior that advocates of tolerance will not tolerate, and qualifications that believers in merit refuse to count. Such terms are just "high-sounding words and phrases" for whatever we good guys prefer—as when we choose to regard having high S.A.T. scores as meritorious and being the dean's daughter as not. After making this point forcefully, wittily, and repeatedly, Fish does not seem to be entirely sure what comes next. In his essays on law, literature, and rhetoric he suggests that we can only keep on doing what we already do—that is, claiming that the policies we favor are fair, reasonable, and so forth. But in the essays written for a series of debates with the conservative writer Dinesh D'Souza he argues that recognizing the political nature of these values demolishes objections to multicultural curricula, affirmative action, campus speech codes, and other reforms he favors. Readers may find the first conclusion more persuasive than the second.

Stories from My Life with the Other Animals
by James McConkey
(Godine; $19.95)

THESE are not stories but anecdotal essays about this Cornell professor's family, pets, land, and old friends—and therefore about fate, fortune, and history. The pivotal event in the writer's early life was the desertion of his family by his father (who was to return after four years, but there was no way the boy could know that), and it seems to have made McConkey unusually tenacious, not only of family but of anything that has touched him. His mother is living with him when she dies, at a hundred, and one grown son returns home to farm goats. The author's favorite horse blames him for the death of its companion and refuses treats from him thereafter, and a dog who sleeps with a devoted cat against her belly one day turns on her. One almost wishes that McConkey had revised these individual and overlapping memoirs (one of which appeared in this magazine) into a continuous musing chronicle. But doing so might have made it, as he suggests in his foreword, "an entirely different book"—and that would have been our loss. ♦



SHOUTS AND MURMURS

ADDRESSING THE SCANDAL GLUT

BY JOHN UPDIKE

At the recent meeting of the O.C.S.D. (Organization of Celebrity Sleaze Distributors), the chairman was in an understandable dudgeon. "Too much, too much," he moaned, adding, for the benefit of the Francophone members of the global organization, "*Embarras de richesses.* This Clinton thing on top of this Jackson thing—all the news programs are complaining they have no slots left for the sports and the weather, let alone the stock report and Somalia. Surveys show that nearly a third of the sleaze consumers are under the impression that Cliff Jackson, the Arkansan former Clinton friend and fellow Oxford student now allegedly devoting his life to embarrassing the President, is one of the former Jackson Five and close kin to the world's twelfth-highest-paid entertainer and most famous sexual cipher."

An average consumer extraordinaire, known to the organization by the acronym ACE, volunteered into his table mike, "I do find that lately I have some trouble distinguishing Larry Patterson, one of the state troopers who claim to have arranged liaisons and scooped dog turds for the then Governor, from Larry Feldman, the attorney for the unnamed father, a Beverly Hills dentist, of the pop singer's thirteen-year-old accuser. After I read, in *Vain Affairs,* all thirty-two and a half columns of Maureen Orth's masterpiece of investigative journalism 'Nightmare in Neverland,' my capacity to take in alleged facts from Arkansas was definitely impaired. And when I realize that I might soon have to scan the two million words of Senator Packwood's diary, my heart, frankly, quails. Maybe it was following all the twists and turns of the Burt Reynolds–Loni Anderson splitup last summer that weakened my concentration." His testimony sadly concluded, "Some days, everybody seems to be called Pam and Vic and to be laughing into a flashbulb."

"It's the Hollywood divorces," eagerly interjected a prominent industry spokesperson. "They're overproducing tawdry revelations by a factor of two to three. Couldn't a quota be imposed, just till the national reserves are somewhat depleted?"

"Why should Hollywood be the one to shut down?" indignantly queried an esteemed West Coast–monger. "We've been *there* for you distributors when the rest of the planet had dried up. Let the New York gossip mills go to a four-day week. After all, this glut began with Mia and Woody, on top of that Amy Fisher thing."

The delegates from the Big Apple were characteristically quick to respond. "It ain't us," they chorused, in Bronx-style harmony. "It's the foreign imports. Shut down London—without the royals and Mick Jagger, sleaze would go back up to twenty bucks a barrel. If that doesn't do it, slap higher tariffs on Monaco. It's like their attitude is 'What's a bodyguard for if not to make a princess pregnant?' "

"Too many wildcatters," a Midwestern representative opined. "Virginia fertility doc uses own sperm, impregnates hundreds," he recited, sarcastically. "Once-mousy Florida housewife gets breast implants, beds hundreds while sheriff's-deputy husband takes graphic notes in closet and lawyer's son videotapes trysts."

"Things have gotten so bad," blurted ACE, rendered bold by his proximity to the great and near-great, "that some days I can no longer tell Carla Bruni from Marla Heasley."

"One is a leggy Italian model who has denied having an affair with Mick Jagger, who is presently reconciled with his wife, the former model Jerry Hall," impatiently advised a *National Quagmire* higher-up, "and the other is Wayne Newton's ex-fiancée, who claims to have been kept a 'prisoner of love' on his Las Vegas ranch by the insanely jealous yet compulsively unfaithful bankrupt millionaire entertainer."

"Gushers, gushers everywhere," wailed the chairman. "Why can't the celebrities just *behave*, at least till we get a handle on this supply-and-demand thing?"

"Whaddya think they are, inhuman?" snarled a highly placed staffer for the weekly *Peephole*. "Listen, here's an idea. If we can't cut production, what about—"

The chairman adroitly completed his thought for him: "Upping consumption! Yes! Redesign the consumer for improved insatiability! Wider bodies, twin carburetors, more ponderous cams, more sludge in the engine! We'll start with this one." Seconded by his minions, he pounced on ACE. "Have you ever heard," he murmured in the goggle-eyed little fellow's helpless ear, "of guzzling?" ♦



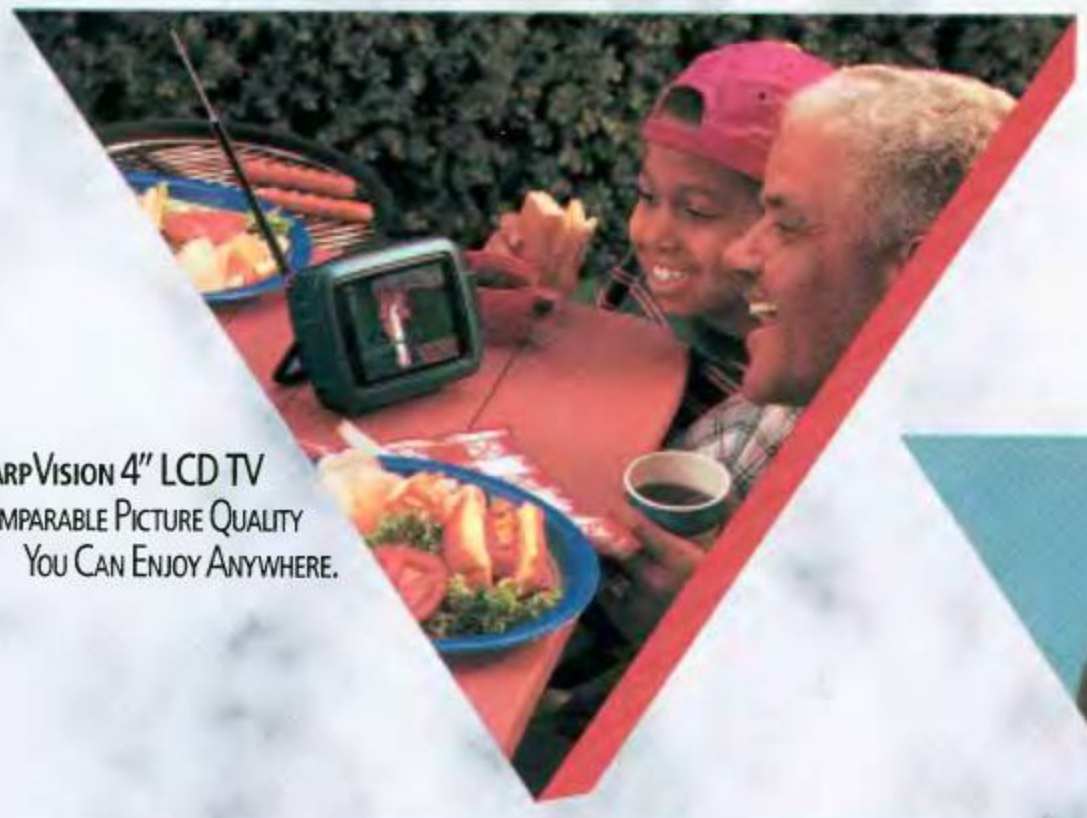
VICTORIA ROBERTS

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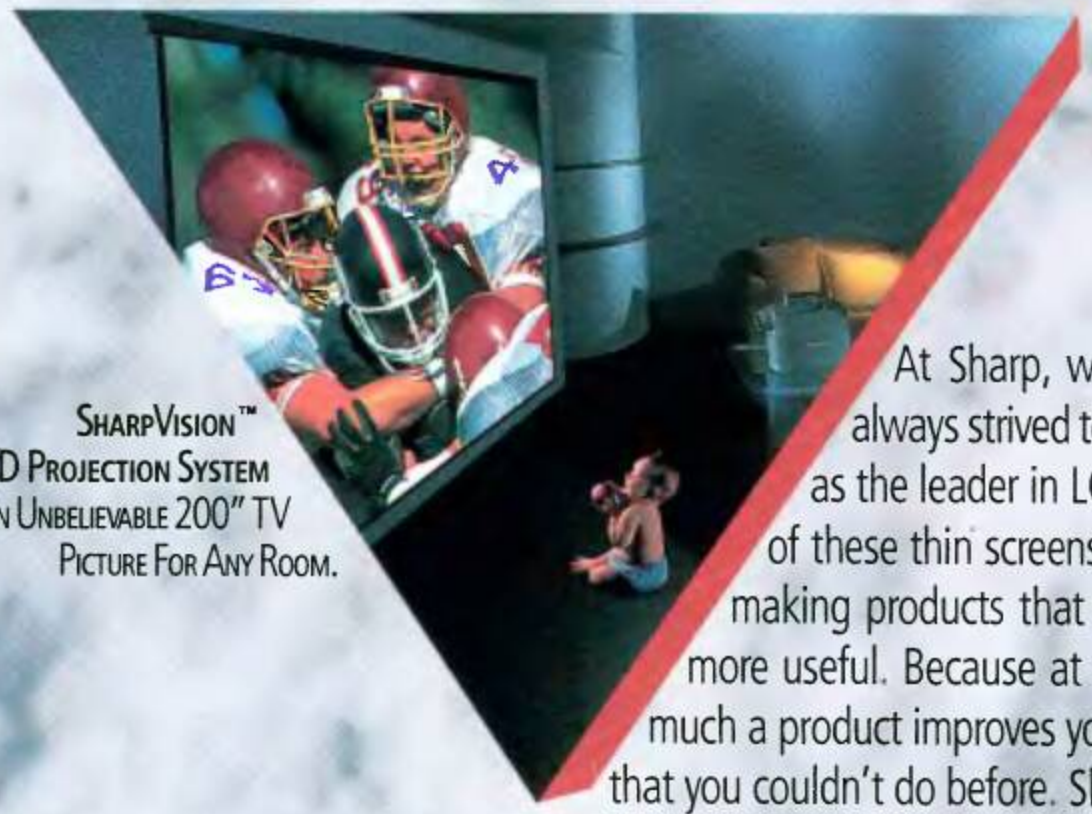
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It Takes Two To Tango. That's Why We Created The New 2-Door Camry Coupe.

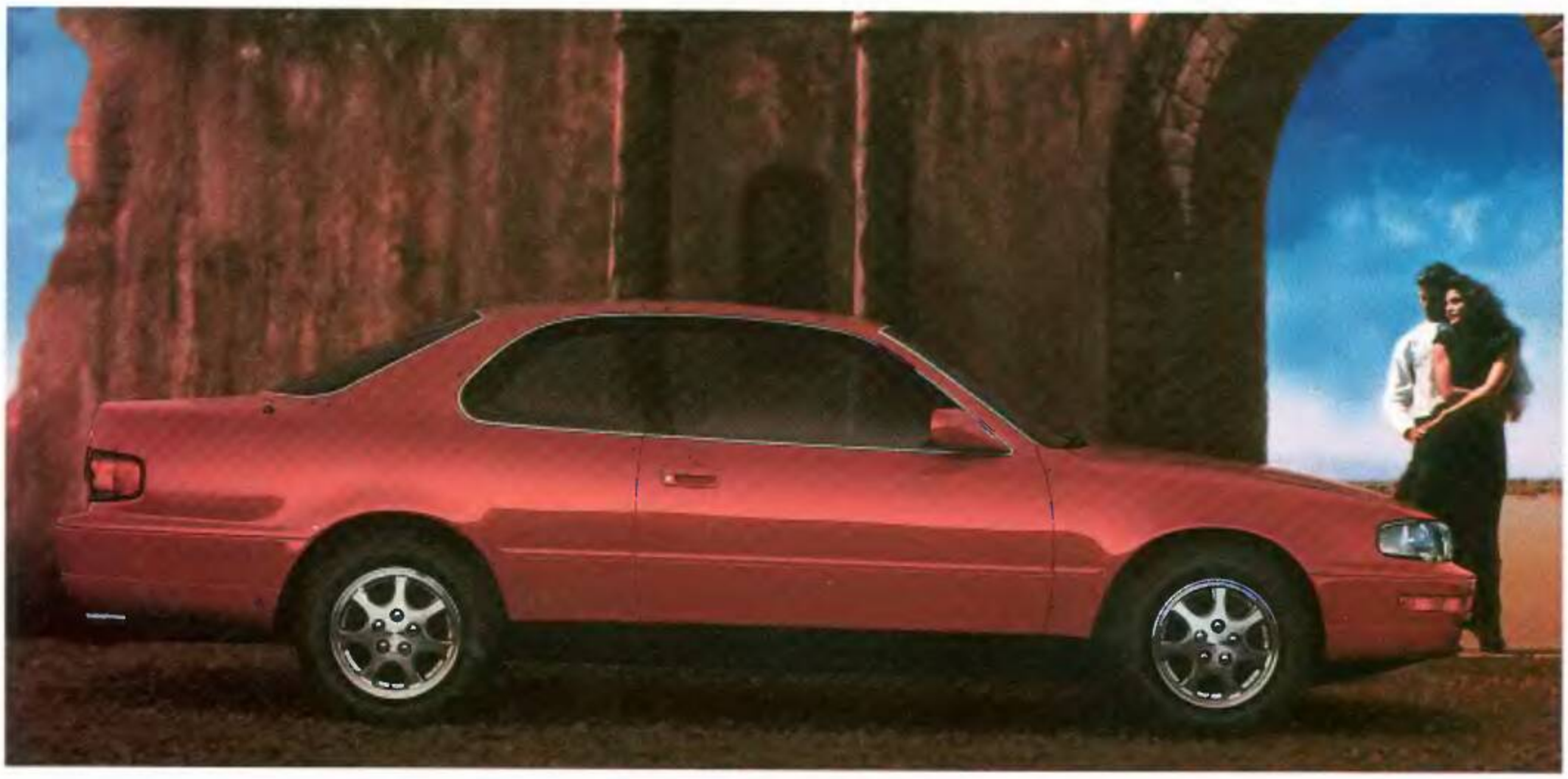


Table for two. Two's company. Two to tango. It's fairly obvious where we got the idea for the new 2-Door Camry Coupe. Two doors that open the way to a more personal driving experience. What's not so obvious is that it's still everything a Camry ought to be. Elegant. Responsive. With a flair for the dramatic.

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