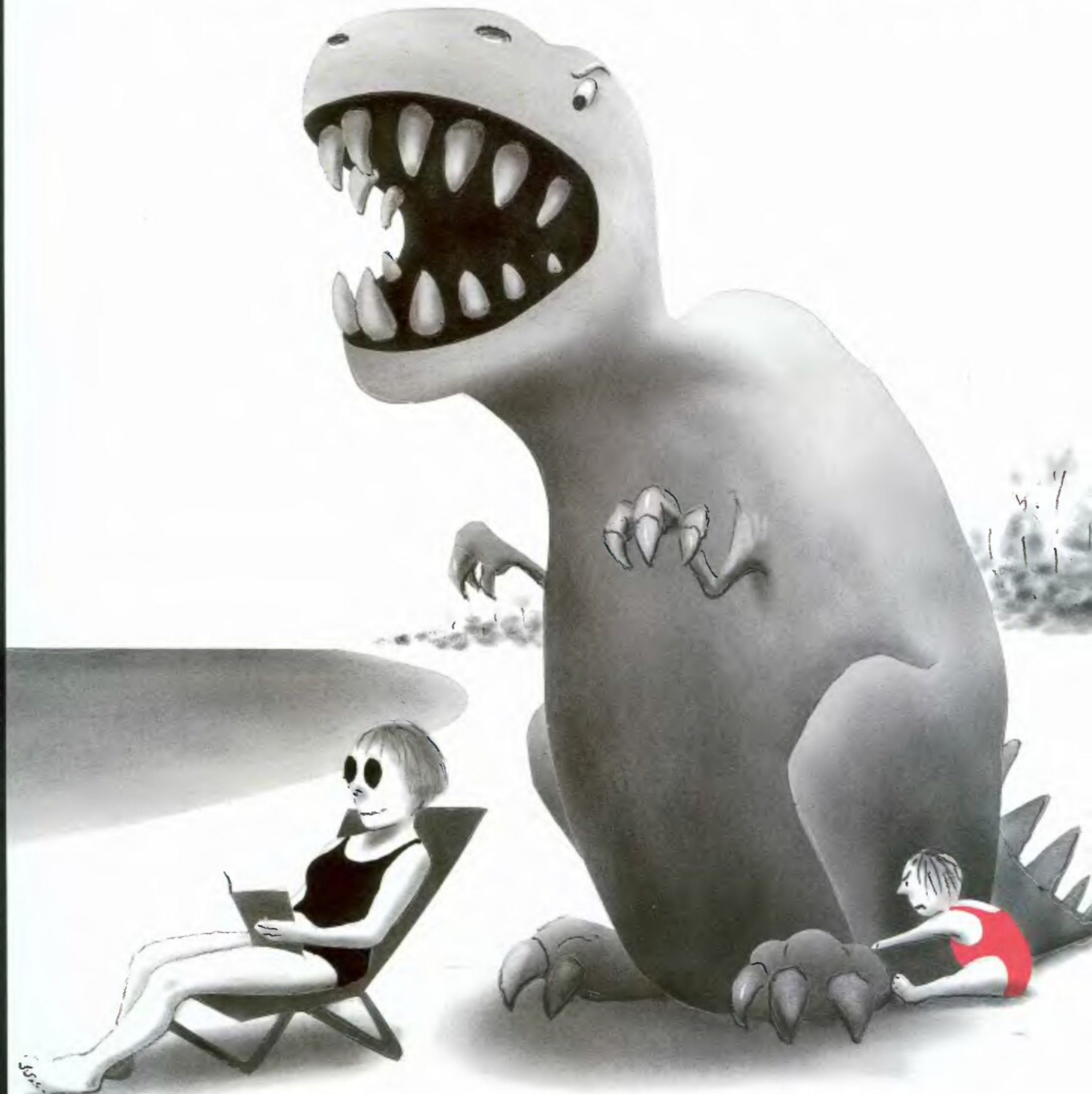
PRICE $4.95

THE NEW YORKER

JULY 12 & 19, 2004



Falconer

Pediatric monitoring equipment

YOU MAY NOT KNOW EVERYTHING WE MAKE. BUT EVERYTHING WE MAKE IS **VITAL.**

At Tyco International we make more than 200,000 products for hundreds of different industries. Including pulse oximeters from Nellcor, which provide crucial monitoring for infant and pediatric patients. From critical medical devices to electronic components to security and fire-suppression systems, everything we make is a vital part of your world.

tyco

a vital part of your world

ELECTRONICS ENGINEERED PRODUCTS & SERVICES FIRE & SECURITY HEALTHCARE PLASTICS & ADHESIVES **www.tyco.com**

We wholeheartedly support your love affair.

At Mercedes-Benz, we understand passion. And your devotion to your vehicle is something we enthusiastically support. With highly skilled technicians, genuine parts and an overall dealership experience befitting someone who drives a Mercedes-Benz. So enjoy your love affair, and be faithful – to the place and the people as committed to your Mercedes as you are. **Unlike any other.**

Mercedes-Benz

© 2006 Diesel S.p.A., N.A. and Diesel USA, N.A. Diesel, Clothing for the Global Tribe with Attitude, Live Fast Die Young and Live richly are registered service marks of Diesel S.p.A.

It didn't seem right to us, either.

We thought it a little odd that
Glenna from Duluth would spend $282
at the Screaming Needle in Hollywood.

With Fraud Early Warning,
Citi® can recognize
unusual spending

and stop it.

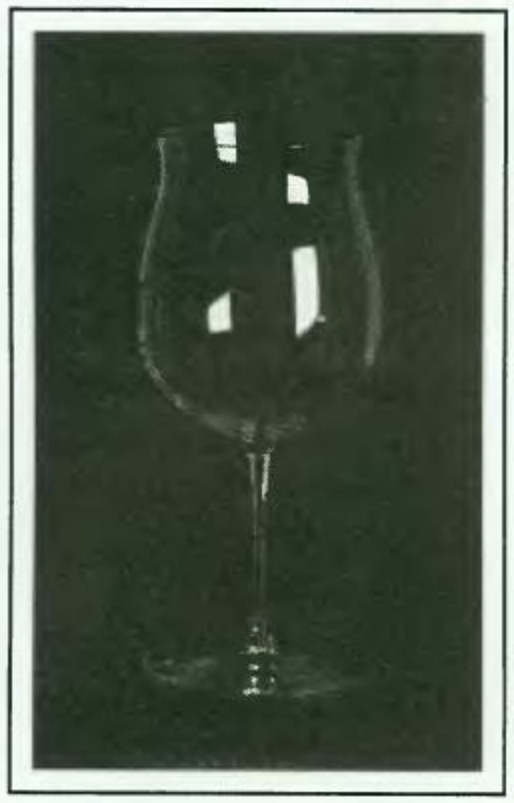
It's all part of Citi
Identity Theft Solutions.

Helping make things
right when others try
to make things wrong.

That's using your card wisely.
Call now: 1-888-CITICARD
citicards.com

citi
Live richly.®

IS IT TIME TO GET THE LEAD OUT?



While the debate continues over real or perceived dangers of lead in crystal glassware, some authorities have issued regulations or advisories on the subject.

California law mandates retailers to post a warning wherever a consumer product contains an ingredient that may cause cancer or birth defects. One of the products requiring this warning is lead crystal—though some critics say the law goes too far.

The Canadian government recommends soaking lead crystal glasses in vinegar for 24 hours before first use to remove some of the surface lead. They also advise against washing in the dishwasher as the detergents can increase the release of lead.

Lead oxide has long been used in crystal glassware to make it brilliant, clear and strong. But using modern technology and pure crystalline quartz, Rabbit Wine Glasses are hand-blown without lead (Burgundy Glass pictured). Yet they have exceptional strength, clarity and brightness.* No special handling is needed before first use. And it's perfectly safe, as well as convenient, to put them in the dishwasher.

Rabbit Crystal Wine Glasses put you where you may want to be in the debate over lead crystal. Above it.

* Brightness: 90.5% Refractive index: 1.5210

Where to go Rabbit Glass Hunting:

Amazon.com, Studio 400, Wine Hardware Stores, Gary's Wine & Marketplace, Kitchen Kapers, Gotham Wines & Liquors, Sam's Wine & Spirits (Chicago), In Home (Sag Harbor),

See Rabbit Glasses at metrokane.com

rabbit
hand-blown crystal

by Metrokane

THE NEW YORKER

JULY 12 & 19, 2004

16 GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

37 THE TALK OF THE TOWN
How real is the recovery? Capote on Brando.

Dan Baum 44 A REPORTER AT LARGE
The Price of Valor
How does killing change a soldier?

Patricia Marx 53 SHOUTS & MURMURS
Chain Letter

Tad Friend 56 LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA
Naked Profits
The struggles of a worker-owned strip club.

Nick Flynn 62 PERSONAL HISTORY
The Button Man
My father, drunk and on the streets.

Richard Avedon 69 SHOWCASE
The theatre director Simon McBurney.

David Remnick 74 LETTER FROM CAIRO
Going Nowhere
The problem with democracy in Egypt.

Judy Budnitz 84 FICTION
"Miracle"

THE CRITICS

BOOKS

David Greenberg 92 *Bush family chronicles.*

99 Briefly Noted

John Lahr 100 A CRITIC AT LARGE
The life and work of Cole Porter.

Peter Schjeldahl 105 THE ART WORLD
Childe Hassam at the Met.

Anthony Lane 107 THE CURRENT CINEMA
"Spider-Man 2," "The Clearing."

POEMS

William Logan 72 "The Fatal Shore"

Czeslaw Milosz 94 "In Kraków"

COVER *"Life's a Beach," by Ian Falconer* THE BACK PAGE *"Poetry Corner," by Roz Chast* DRAWINGS *Robert Weber, Gahan Wilson, Carolita Johnson, Liza Donnelly, Danny Shanahan, Tom Cheney, Bruce Eric Kaplan, Charles Barsotti, Leo Cullum, Roz Chast, William Hamilton, P. C. Vey, William Haefeli, David Sipress, Jack Ziegler, Frank Cotham, P. S. Mueller*

www.newyorker.com

Cestello
18kt white gold.

A private affair.

ROLEX
Cellini

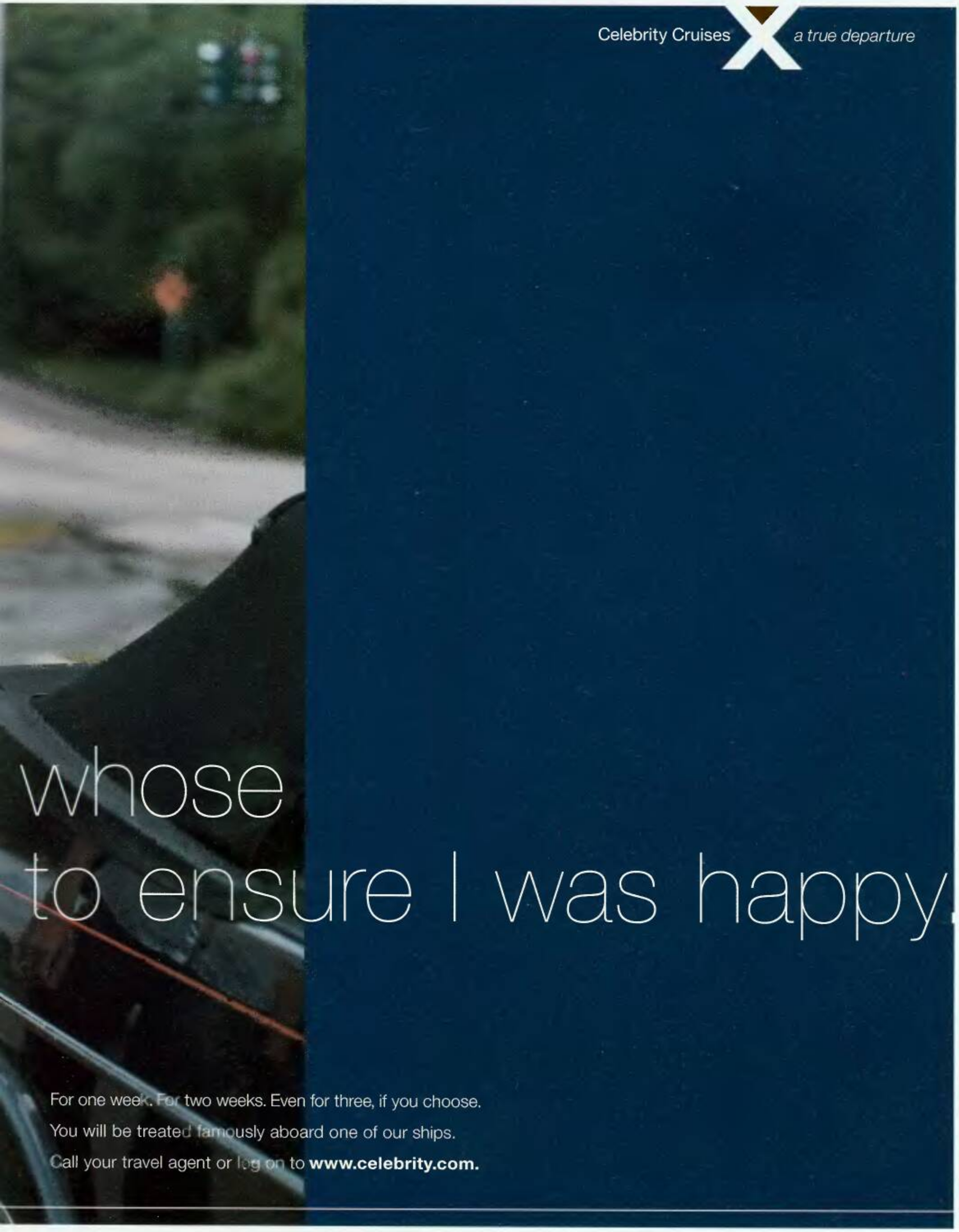
Rolex Cestello in 18kt white gold. Rolex, ⚜, Cellini and Cestello are trademarks.

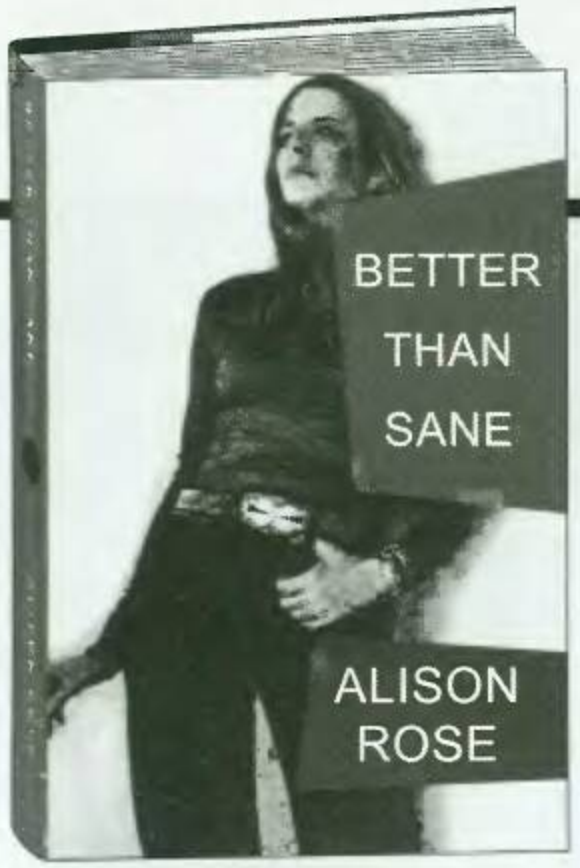
FOR THE NAME AND LOCATION OF AN OFFICIAL ROLEX CELLINI JEWELER NEAR YOU, PLEASE CALL 1-800-367-6539.

www.rolex.com

New York

Celebrity Cruises Inc., 1050 Caribbean Way, Miami, FL 33132 ©2004 Celebrity Cruises Inc. Ships' Registry: The Bahamas.


Celebrity Cruises
a true departure
whose
to ensure I was happy.
For one week. For two weeks. Even for three, if you choose.
You will be treated famously aboard one of our ships.
Call your travel agent or log on to **www.celebrity.com.**



She takes us from her childhood to her years at *The New Yorker* in a memoir like no other

Born rich, Californian, to a father who promised her (sometimes), "You're going to be a femme fatale," and called her (other times), "Personality Minus."

From age 10, flirting & flirted with. In her 20s: Manhattan and modeling (sort of). Followed by depression, Valium, sleeping in Central Park, escaping to L.A., acting, sabotaging her own career.

Then the job as a receptionist at *The New Yorker,* taken up by the writers there—"a tribe of gods," turned from a semi-recluse into a writer (The Talk of the Town) for the magazine—which she called "School," and where she worked, laughed, watched, opened out, grew. Her book is:

"Deadpan, smart, hypersensitive, mordantly funny"
—Booklist

"A haunting memoir"
—Publishers Weekly

She is "a lovely person to spend a book with."
—San Francisco Chronicle

Knopf
www.aaknopf.com

CONTRIBUTORS

Dan Baum ("The Price of Valor," p. 44) is the author of "Smoke and Mirrors: The War on Drugs and the Politics of Failure" and "Citizen Coors: A Grand Family Saga of Business, Politics, and Beer." His previous piece for the magazine, "The Casualty," was published in March.

Jane Mayer (The Talk of the Town, p. 39) is a staff writer based in Washington, D.C.

Patricia Marx (Shouts & Murmurs, p. 53) writes for film and television. She is currently working on a pilot called "The Smokers' Club."

John Cassidy (Comment, p. 37) is a staff writer and the author of "Dot.Con," which is available in paperback.

Tad Friend ("Naked Profits," p. 56) is the author of "Lost in Mongolia: Travels in Hollywood and Other Foreign Lands."

James Surowiecki (The Financial Page, p. 42) published his first book, "The Wisdom of Crowds," in May.

Nick Flynn ("The Button Man," p. 62) is the author of two collections of poetry. A memoir, "Another Bullshit Night in Suck City," comes out in September.

Judy Budnitz (Fiction, p. 84) will publish her second collection of short stories, "Nice Big American Baby," early next year.

William Logan (Poem, p. 72) has written six books of poems, including "Macbeth in Venice," and three books of criticism, the most recent of which is "Desperate Measures."

David Greenberg (Books, p. 92) is the author of "Nixon's Shadow: The History of an Image," which won *Washington Monthly's* Political Book Award for 2003.

John Lahr (A Critic at Large, p. 100), the magazine's senior drama critic, is writing a biography of Tennessee Williams.

Roz Chast (The Back Page, p. 110) contributes regularly to the magazine. Her latest book is "The Party, After You Left." ♦

"Miss Edgeworth, tear down this wall!"

hellomoto.com/producer

MOTOROLA
intelligence everywhere™

CINE MOTO

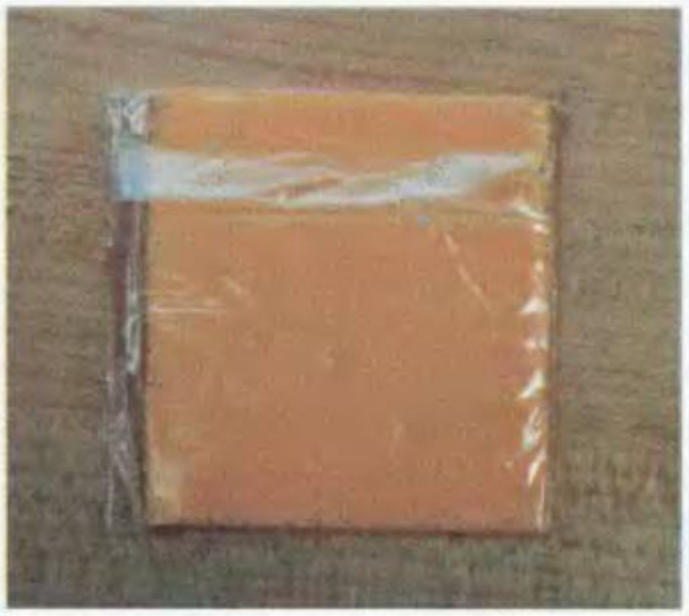
the new motorola v710

- video capture/playback
- 1.2 megapixel camera
- 256k color screen
- mp3 player/ringtones
- gps enabled*
- bluetooth® wireless
- removable memory
- speakerphone

All screen images simulated

MOTOROLA and the Stylized M Logo are registered in the US Patent and Trademark Office. The Bluetooth trademarks are owned by their proprietor and used by Motorola, Inc. under license. ©Motorola, Inc. 2004.
*Network and/or subscription dependent feature. Not available in all areas.

©2003 Volkswagen. 1-800 DRIVE VW or VW.com



Drivers wanted.®

ADVERTISEMENT

THE NEW YORKER PRESENTS

FICTION LIVE

ACTORS FROM THE STAGE AND SCREEN READ STORIES FROM *THE NEW YORKER*

THE STEPHEN TALKHOUSE
161 Main Street
Amagansett, New York

Saturday, July 31st, at 7 P.M.
(Doors open at 6 P.M.)

Tickets go on sale July 10th
Tickets available through Ticketweb.com - $20

www.ticketweb.com
TICKETWEB
866.468.7619

Net proceeds from The New Yorker's Fiction Live will go to Soldierride and The Wounded Warrior Project, a program administered by the United Spinal Association, a nonprofit organization that was founded to give assistance to soldiers who have been severely wounded in Iraq, Afghanistan, and elsewhere.

SPONSORED BY

Polaroid

GREY GOOSE VODKA

MIRASSOU WINERY

THE MAIL

FIRE IN A CROWDED THEATRE

David Denby bemoans the fact that Michael Moore, who might have created a "masterpiece" or a brilliant satire, instead made the polemical "Fahrenheit 9/11" (The Current Cinema, June 28th). But Moore doesn't aim to change the history of cinema; he aims to change history. Criticizing "Fahrenheit 9/11" for its lack of sophisticated filmic language is like deriding Bob Dylan's "Masters of War" for having too few literary references. The montage of Bush family members cozying up to Saudi leaders, or footage of executives discussing ways to make money in Iraq, may not be news to the NPR crowd but it is to many Americans. To claim that images of mutilated soldiers or bloody Iraqi children will never "change anyone's politics" is also far-fetched. Given the choice between impressing the upper stratosphere of film critics or appealing to the hearts and minds of lower-middle-class Americans—whose votes will determine a close election—Moore knew exactly what he wanted to do.

Laura Morowitz
Associate Professor of Art History
Wagner College
Staten Island, N.Y.

Denby complains that Moore's rhetoric does not challenge the audience. When I saw the movie, people cried, laughed, yelled, and applauded—and we were at a commercial theatre, not at a film festival revelling in denouncing the United States. After the show, scores of people continued discussing the content of the film, asking whether or not certain events were true and wondering where they could find out more. In one section of the film, the screen went entirely black, with only an audio track of the attack on the World Trade Center; it was stunning, and, for a brief moment, Moore united all of us, just as we once were, if only for a short time, in the weeks following the events of September 11th.

John Kuckowicz
Sacramento, Calif.

Denby writes that the great documentary filmmakers of today "at least make an attempt, however inadequate, compromised, or hopeless, to arrive at a many-sided understanding of some complex situation. Michael Moore is not that kind of filmmaker, nor does he want to be." Denby uses as counterexamples Marcel Ophuls and Frederick Wiseman. And yet Ophuls' great documentary "The Sorrow and the Pity" consisted mostly of interviews with Nazi collaborators in France and with those in the Resistance who fought them. It did not, and did not intend to, "arrive at a many-sided understanding." If ever the question of right and justice had a simple answer, it was given in the words of those interview subjects. Similarly, Wiseman's "Welfare" managed, without any editorial commentary, to indict a broken system. Whether or not Moore is a great documentary filmmaker is beside the point here. He has laid out a case—not *the* case, but a case—against Bush, and it is very powerfully stated indeed.

Robert Glatzer
Spokane, Wash.

Moore's "teasing" style strikes Denby as "tricky and too easy, or as motivated by a paranoia so engulfing that it has blocked out normal skepticism." He's right about that, but it's also irrelevant: Moore's documentary is intended as an expression of his view, shared by millions of Americans, that Bush's election has been detrimental for America. He has delivered a partisan commentary in an inherently partisan process, where subjectivity is a given. Of course, a documentary cannot be too liberal with facts—and this one isn't—but it can be subjective in its interpretations.

Valentin Lyubarsky
Brooklyn, N.Y.

•

Letters should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number via e-mail to themail@newyorker.com. They can also be faxed to 212-286-5047. Letters may be edited for length and clarity, and may be published in any medium. All letters become the property of The New Yorker and will not be returned; we regret that owing to the volume of correspondence we cannot reply to every letter.

Stunning Success.

Deadly cancer at 23. Complete remission at 24.

"Not long ago, my cancer was all I could think about. Now I feel so good, I have to remind myself I'm a cancer patient." — Erin Zammett

If her cancer had happened a few years ago, Erin might be dead now. But she was lucky. Novartis put her deadly cancer into remission quickly and completely. And today, at 26, Erin's very much alive and living life to the fullest. She's enjoying her job as a writer and editor at a leading woman's magazine, and as a tireless fundraiser for cancer causes. Novartis is proud to be the innovative force that's bringing new optimism and hope to patients and their families. No one can promise what the future holds for patients like Erin, but today she's winning the battle against her particular form of cancer, living a life filled with all the excitement and promise a twenty-five year old deserves.

Think what's possible.

NOVARTIS

www.us.novartis.com

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20				

For expanded events listings, please visit www.newyorker.com/goingson.

THIS WEEK

COUNTRY COMFORTS

At the height of the Vietnam War, Merle Haggard—a former delinquent, unsuccessful burglar, and San Quentin resident—became an unlikely hero of the right. His anti-hippie, pro-war hits "Okie from Muskogee" and "The Fightin' Side of Me" earned him a pardon from Ronald Reagan. Haggard, who comes to town for the first time in four years, has maintained his reputation as one of the most celebrated singers in country history and a fierce iconoclast. Last year, his song "That's the News" criticized the war in Iraq. (B. B. King Blues Club & Grill, July 19; see Night Life.)

REVIEWING OZU

Yasujiro Ozu's films tell their stories, which are ultimately about families, with static camera setups, talky scripts, and superior acting, and they have influenced everyone from Jim Jarmusch to Wim Wenders. Their intellectual credentials sometimes obscure the fact that Ozu was immensely popular; before his death, in 1963, he received more Japanese cinema awards than any other director. An Ozu retrospective, "Tokyo Stories," at BAM, includes "The Only Son" (1936), Ozu's first sound film, and "Late Spring" (1949), his first substantial collaboration with the actor Chishu Ryu. (See Movies.)

CHRISTMAS IN JULY

In "Forbidden Christmas," Rezo Gabriadze, the Tblisian writer-director whose puppet shows for adults were popular at the 2002 Lincoln Center Festival, assembles a new kind of poetic theatre, this time with human beings speaking lines, and dancing, too. Mikhail Baryshnikov plays a madman who believes he is a car. (His girlfriend dumped him for a man with a fancy automobile.) Also present are an angel, a doctor, and a sick little girl, all finding, on Christmas Eve, some light in the long Soviet night. (John Jay Theatre, starts July 9; see Theatre.)

Mikhail Baryshnikov in "Forbidden Christmas," at John Jay Theatre.

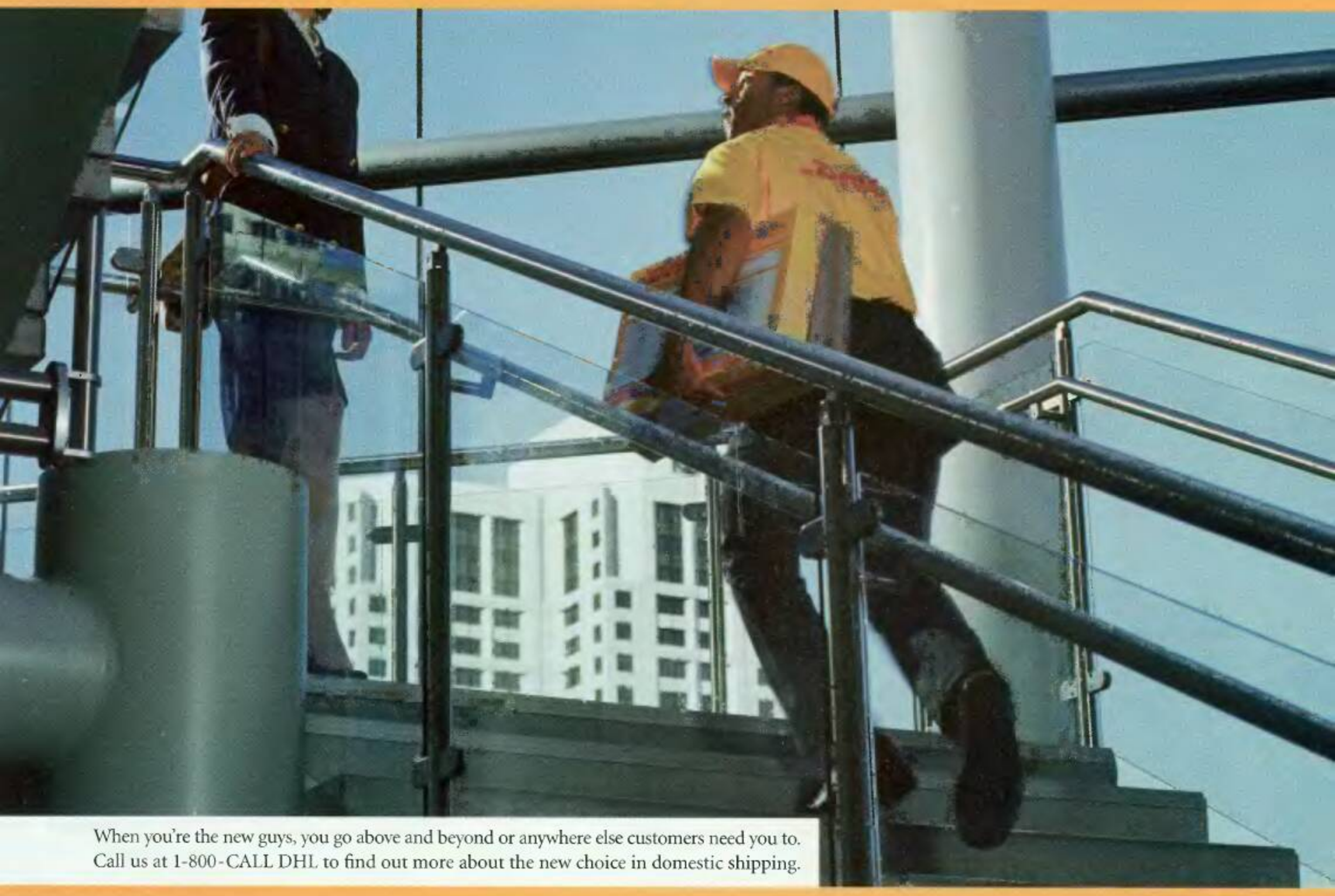
A retrospective of the films of the Japanese director Yasujiro Ozu, at BAM.

ADRIAN TOMINE

The country legend Merle Haggard, at the B. B. King Blues Club & Grill.

© 2004 DHL Express (USA), Inc. All rights reserved.

THE EXTRA MILE IS PART OF OUR REGULAR ROUTE.



When you're the new guys, you go above and beyond or anywhere else customers need you to. Call us at 1-800-CALL DHL to find out more about the new choice in domestic shipping.

www.dhl.com

WE MOVE THE WORLD DHL

THE THEATRE
OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

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

AFTER THE FALL
Peter Krause and Carla Gugino star in a Roundabout Theatre Company revival of the Arthur Miller play. Directed by Michael Mayer. In previews. (American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. 212-719-1300.)

THE FROGS
Lincoln Center Theatre inaugurates its twentieth season with an expanded production of Stephen Sondheim and Burt Shevelove's musical from 1974, based on the Aristophanes comedy. With a new book by Nathan Lane, who plays the lead, Dionysos, and six new songs by Sondheim. Directed and choreographed by Susan Stroman, with sets by Giles Cadle and costumes by William Ivey Long. In previews. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 212-239-6200.)

ICE FACTORY '04
The Obie-winning summer festival, created by the Soho Think Tank as a showcase for new work, returns for its eleventh season. The first play, "Expense of Spirit," by Josh Fox, about a Brooklyn video store that becomes a war zone, will be performed July 7-10 at 7. The second, "The Making of Eugenie Doe," by Susan Mosakowski, about a genetically engineered woman, will be performed July 14-17 at 7. (Ohio, 66 Wooster St. 212-868-4444. Through Aug. 14.)

THE INSPECTOR GENERAL
A remarkable celebration of Russian theatre, film, and opera takes place at Bard College's SummerScape Festival over the next two months, with an emphasis on the works of Nikolai Gogol. The proceedings begin with the Alexandrinsky Theatre's production of Gogol's play about mistaken identity and bureaucratic absurdity, which won the Golden Mask (Russia's Tony) this spring in Moscow—a rare feat for a St. Petersburg company. Starring Alexei Devotchenko and directed by Valery Fokin. July 8-9 at 8, July 10 at 6, and July 11 at 2. (Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y. 845-758-7900.)

MACBETH
The Classical Theatre of Harlem presents a four-week run of a revival of Alfred Preisser's staging of the play, starring Ty Jones as Macbeth. Directed by Preisser. No previews. Opens July 16 at 8. (C.T.H. Courtyard Theatre, 645 St. Nicholas Ave., near 141st St. 212-868-4444.)

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING
Aquila Theatre Company presents a staged version of the Rudyard Kipling story, in a new adaptation by Peter Meineck, starring Louis Butelli, Richard Willis, and Anthony Cochrane. Directed by Robert Richmond. In previews. Opens July 13 at 8. (Baruch Performing Arts Center, 25th St. between Lexington and Third Aves. 212-239-6200.)

MINT THEATRE COMPANY
Two short plays by J. M. Barrie are paired in a Mint Theatre production, directed by Eleanor Reissa. The first, "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," stars Frances Sternhagen. The second, "The New Word," stars Richard Easton. In previews. Opens July 18 at 7. (311 W. 43rd St. 212-315-0231.)

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING
The Public Theatre's Shakespeare in the Park summer series begins. The players include Kristen Johnston, Dominic Chianese, Jimmy Smits, and Sam Waterston. Directed by David Esbjornson. In previews. Opens July 13 at 8. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 212-539-8750.)

RUBEN TOLEDO

PARK LIFE *In a grand face-lift of the Central Park Reservoir, the glum penitentiary-style chain-link fence has given way to a version of the eighteen-sixties low iron fencing, reopening the inland waterfront to sweet vistas, including the near confluence of the bridle path and the runners' track at East Ninety-fourth Street, where local fox terriers, evening-workout brokers, and Guggenheim-worn tourists can take in the twin towers of the El Dorado across the way. The dogs, at least, will be back for the nightly reopening, when the West Side silhouette turns itself into the stage set for another New York musical.—Roger Angell*

EGYPTIAN NIGHTS
As part of the Lincoln Center Festival, Theatre-Atelier Piotr Fomenko presents an adaptation of a novel by Pushkin. July 9-10 at 8. (Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. 212-721-6500.)

FICTION
The Roundabout Theatre Company presents a new play by Steven Dietz, in which a married couple suffer the consequences of reading each other's journals. With Emily Bergl, Tom Irwin, and Julie White. Directed by David Warren. In previews. (Roundabout, Laura Pels Theatre, 111 W. 6th St. 212-719-1300.)

FORBIDDEN CHRISTMAS; OR, THE DOCTOR AND THE PATIENT
Mikhail Baryshnikov appears in a play directed by Rezo Gabriadze, part of the Lincoln Center Festival (see This Week). July 9 and July 13-16 at 8:30, July 10 and July 17 at 2 and 8:30, and July 11 at 3. (John Jay Theatre, Tenth Ave. at 58th St. 212-721-6500.)

THE SUMMER FESTIVAL: A MIRROR OF OSAKA
Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park will be transformed into a traditional *shibaigoya*, or Kabuki theatre, for the New York première of a play by the Heisei Nakamura-za company, directed by Nakamura Kankuro V. July 17-18 and July 20 at 2 and 7 and July 19 at 7. (212-721-6500.)

OPENED RECENTLY

AFTERBIRTH: KATHY AND MO'S GREATEST HITS
Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney reprise many of their old skits and add some new ones. It's not just Najimy's physical comedy and Gaffney's deliciously precise diction that make them so funny, but also the savvy writing, which is feminist without being politicized, sweet without being saccharine, and erudite without being pompous. Among the new skits is a parody of support groups, featuring the unknown mothers of Disney characters: Betty White (mother of Snow) and Ethel Mermaid (mother of Ariel). Among the old is the classic "Hank and Karen Sue," about a barstool cowboy (Najimy) and the "ver' ver' pretty" lady who endures his advances (Gaffney). Mark Brokaw directs. (Second Stage, 307 W. 43rd St. 212-246-4422.)

BUG
As written by Tracy Letts and directed by Dexter Bullard, this play is never exactly what it seems. It begins deceptively simply, in a residential hotel somewhere near Oklahoma City. Agnes White (the incomparable Shannon Cochran), who works as a bartender, stands at the door to her small, dingy room. Before long, a friend shows up with a little distraction—a guy named Peter Evans (Michael Shannon), who seems to want to hang out. Scenes of casual surrealism culminate, in the second half of the play, in acts of physical and emotional violence that do more than shock: they arouse both pity and despair. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/17/04.) (Barrow Street Theatre, 27 Barrow St., at Seventh Ave. 212-239-6200.)

FROZEN
Bryony Lavery's play about a grieving woman whose daughter was killed by a pedophile has moved to Broadway. Starring Swoosie Kurtz and Brían F. O'Byrne and directed by Doug Hughes. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 212-239-6200.)

KEEN COMPANY
Two well-executed one-act plays by Thornton Wilder, about a car trip through New Jersey ("The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden," directed by Carl Forsman) and a train trip to Chicago ("Pullman Car 'Hiawatha,' " directed by Henry Wishcamper). (Connelly, 220 E. 4th St. 212-868-4444. Through July 18.)

MONSTER
Dylan Moran is a rueful and rumpled young Irish comic with a punch so quick and deft that you feel the sting without being sure anything hit you. Don't realize your potential, he warns the audience during his ninety-minute show: "It's like your bank balance; you always have a lot less than you think. Don't look at it. It's like a locked door within yourself. Leave it that way." You can tell he doesn't mean it . . . maybe. (Village Theatre, 158 Bleecker St. 212-307-4100. Through July 17.)

THE MYSTERY PLAYS
A new work by Roberto Aguirre-Sacasa has two distinct acts, both of which tinker with the conventions of the mystery genre. In the first, a chance encounter on a Northeast-corridor train launches a young filmmaker (the excellent Gavin Creel) on a surreal quest; in the second, his best friend (Heather Mazur) flies home to confront her incarcerated brother (Peter Stadlen). Each act has startling moments, but the halves don't coalesce into a whole, despite the efforts of a Rod Serling-like narrator. A co-production of Second Stage and the Yale Repertory Theatre. Directed by Connie Grappo. (McGinn/Cazale, Broadway at 76th St. 212-246-4422.)

SIGHT UNSEEN
In a revival of Donald Margulies's subtle 1992 play at the Manhattan Theatre Club's Biltmore Theatre, under the impeccable direction of Dan Sullivan, Jonathan Waxman (Ben Shenkman), an American artist who is in England for a retrospective of his work, walks into a threadbare farmer's cottage in Norfolk to visit Patricia (Laura Linney), his former muse, and, in her words, "the sacrificial shiksa," whom he jilted fifteen years earlier. Shenkman and Linney play masterfully together; they make quicksilver shifts of mood sparkle with nervy implication. (6/7/04) (261 W. 47th St. 212-239-6200. Closes July 25.)

TOUCH THE NAMES
Randal Myler ("Love, Janis") directs a play made up of dramatized actual letters left at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial by friends and family of the fallen soldiers. Marylouise Burke, Carolyn McCormick, and Zabryna Guevara lead the cast. (Abingdon Theatre Complex, 312 W. 36th St. 212-946-1042.)

TABLES FOR TWO

NO. 1 CHINESE
50 Avenue B, at 4th St. (212-375-0677)—The fake take-out name and half-heartedly kitschy décor are warning signs that Frank Prisinzano's latest venture has more to do with his bombastic Vietnamese theme park, Hue, than with his chain of friendly neighborhood Italian joints (Frank, Supper, and Lil' Frankie's). In the entrance, backlit closeups of bamboo, lotus flowers, and pussy willows spoof the unappetizing overhead photos of dishes in cheaper Chinese spots. An open kitchen promises drama—flames do shoot up from the main wok now and then—but the conspicuously un-Chinese crew already seems to be just passing time.

The listings in the red-and-gold menu are so minimalist (#501 Pork with Cashews, #502 Spicy Pork with Bok Choy, #506 Pork with Scallions) that it's hard to fight a creeping feeling of pointlessness. The barbecued spareribs vary from bland to impossibly chewy, like a doggie toy, and the tangerine beef is so strange that it's scary to think what happened to it. The sauceless cold noodles come with bok choy and peas, both steamed nearly gray. Only the white rice seems to have been competently prepared.

The main dining rooms downstairs are trying for a rehabilitated-opium-den look (lots of pillows, carved screens, pinups in the bathrooms), but they can't quite rise above the dank basement feeling (exposed brick, visible plumbing, and a sense of being too far from a safe exit). The large gold fans, cheap decorative découpage plates, and futon-shop lanterns look like they were chosen for ease of striking, whenever No. 1 Chinese goes under. There are paper placemats, printed with the Chinese zodiac, and fortune cookies stuffed with jokes written by the restaurant's staff. Too bad the waiters often can't be bothered to serve them. (Open daily for lunch and dinner. Entrées $6.95-$24.95.)

—Owen Phillips

ALSO PLAYING

AIDA
Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 212-307-4747.

ASSASSINS
Studio 54, at 254 W. 54th St. 212-719-1300.

AVENUE Q
Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.

BOISE
Rattlestick Playwrights Theatre, 224 Waverly Pl., west of Seventh Ave. 212-868-4444.

BOMBAY DREAMS
Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 212-239-6200.

THE BOY FROM OZ
Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.

BRIDGE & TUNNEL
45 Bleecker Street Theatre, at 45 Bleecker St. 212-307-4100.

CHICAGO
Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 212-239-6200.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF
Minskoff, 200 W. 45th St. 212-307-4100.

42ND STREET
Ford Center, 213 W. 42nd St. 212-307-4100.

GOLDA'S BALCONY
Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200.

HAIRSPRAY
Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 212-307-4100.

I AM MY OWN WIFE
Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.

MAMMA MIA!
Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 212-563-5544.

MOVIN' OUT
Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 212-307-4100.

THE PRODUCERS
St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200.

WICKED
Gershwin, 222 W. 51st St. 212-307-4100.

WONDERFUL TOWN
Al Hirschfeld, 302 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.

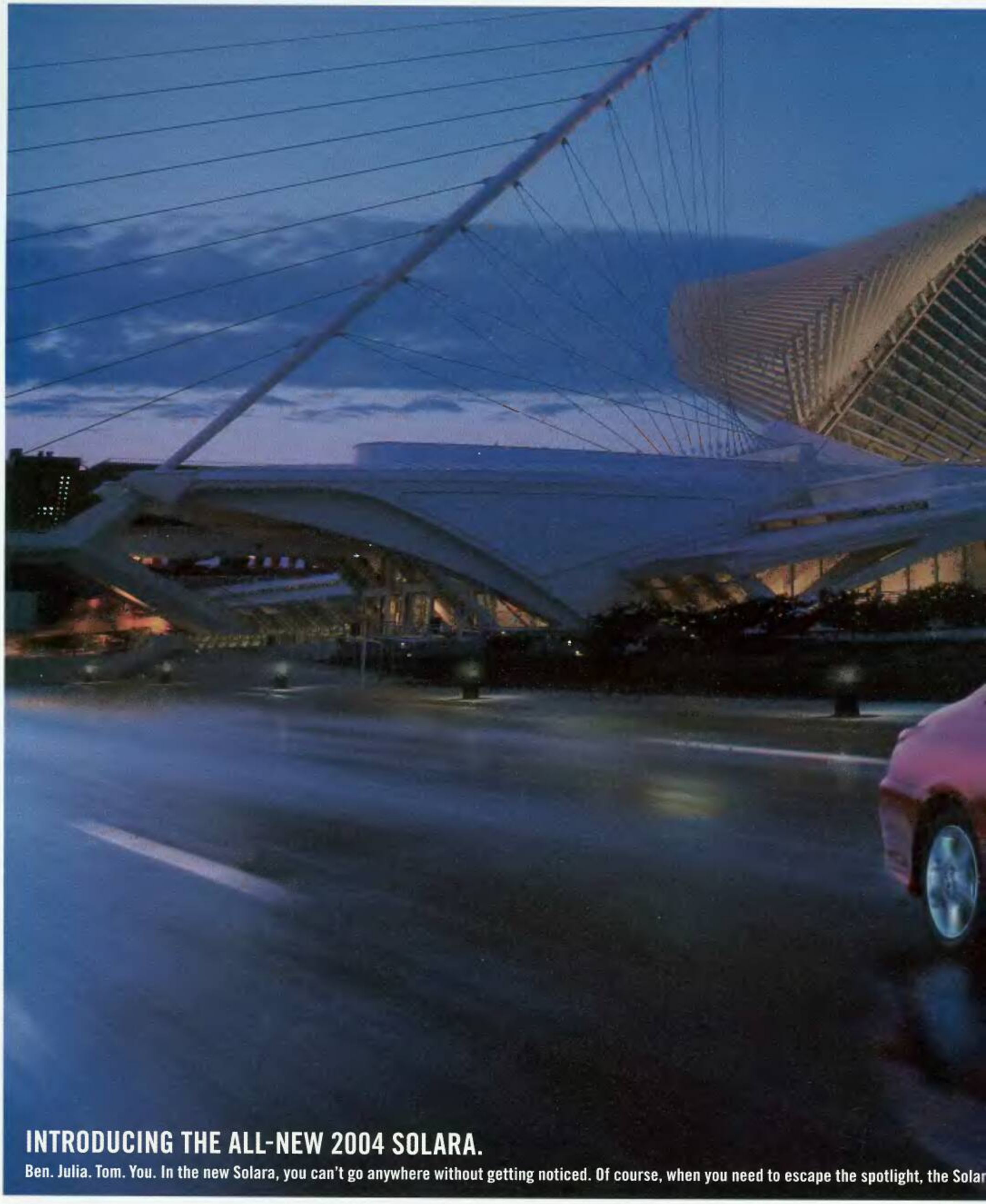
DANCE

ASHTON CELEBRATION
The Lincoln Center Festival's Frederick Ashton tribute includes a week of performances by the Joffrey Ballet of Chicago, the Birmingham Royal Ballet, and Japan's K-Ballet Company and another week devoted to London's Royal Ballet—the company on which Ashton set most of his great work. The London company presents a series of extracted pas de deux ("Divertissements") on a bill with "Scènes de Ballet" (1948) and "Marguerite and Armand" (1963), the latter starring Sylvie Guillem. The festival ends with the Royal's "Cinderella," Ashton's first full-length ballet. In the original 1948 production, Ashton played one of the stepsisters—a feat repeated here by Anthony Dowell and Wayne Sleep. ♦ July 6 at 8: The Joffrey Ballet with "Monotones I and II," the Birmingham Royal Ballet with "Enigma Variations," and K-Ballet with "Rhapsody." ♦ July 7 at 8: K-Ballet with "Rhapsody," the Birmingham Royal Ballet with "Dante Sonata" and "Five Brahms Waltzes in the Manner of Isadora Duncan," and the Joffrey Ballet with "A Wedding Bouquet." ♦ July 9 at 8: The Birmingham Royal Ballet with "Enigma Variations" and "The Two Pigeons." ♦ July 10 at 8: The Birmingham Royal Ballet with "Dante Sonata" and "The Two Pigeons." ♦ July 13-15 at 8: The Royal Ballet with "Scènes de Ballet," "Divertissements," and "Marguerite and Armand." ♦ July 16 at 8 and July 17 at 2 and 8: The Royal Ballet with "Cinderella." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 212-362-6000.)

SHEN WEI DANCE ARTS
The Chinese-born choreographer and visual artist returns to the Lincoln Center Festival with an evening of dance set to four pieces of music: Kevin Volans's String Quartet No. 6; Iannis Xenakis's piano piece "Evryali"; excerpts from György Ligeti's "Volumina," for organ; and the Andante from Ligeti's Sonatina for Piano Four Hands. The dance changes each night, as the dancers weave live-action painting into their interpretation. (Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. 212-721-6500. July 14 and July 16-17 at 8.)

PILOBOLUS DANCE THEATRE
For the seventeenth summer in a row, the quirky acrobats from Connecticut set up camp at the Joyce for a month. Three rotating programs mix repertory works with premières. (175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 212-242-0800. July 6-9 and July 12-16 at 8 and July 10 and July 17 at 2 and 8.)

RAIFORD ROGERS MODERN BALLET
The L.A.-based company presents a double bill of Rogers's abstract soft-shoe dances. Rogers has a passion for the off-kilter: he likes tilted balances



[1]Available on all models. [2]SE Sport model only. [3]V6 models only. ©2003 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

toyota.com

15 MINUTES OF FAME EVERY 15 MINUTES.

5-horsepower VVT-i V6 engine,[1] sport-tuned suspension[2] and 5-speed sequential automatic transmission[3] will get you out of there in a hurry.

and deliberately arrhythmic steps. In the 2002 piece "In C," dancers move to Terry Riley's trance-like score with fierce concentration. And in a substantially revised version of Rogers's 1985 signature piece, "Wishes and Turns," seven black-clad figures leap and turn to the sad strains of Bohuslav Martinů's Piano Quartet No. 1. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 212-924-0077. July 7-10 at 7:30.)

"TAP CITY 2004"

The New York City Tap Festival is dedicated to the memory of Gregory Hines this year. The mix, as usual, is rich: soloists and ensembles, seasoned masters and hungry upstarts, dancers from Brazil, and dancers from down the block. (The Duke, 229 W. 42nd St. 212-239-6200. July 7-10 at 7 and 9:30.)

"SUMMER PAVILION"

H. T. Chen & Dancers present their combination of modern dance and Chinese traditional dances in two weeks of performances at the Mulberry Street Theatre. (70 Mulberry St. 212-349-0126. July 15-18 at 8. Through July 25.)

OUT OF TOWN

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL

In the U.S. début of Denmark's New Danish Dance Theatre, directed by Tim Rushton, dancers in leather pants pantomime to recordings of readings by Allen Ginsberg and William S. Burroughs, while the texts are projected against the stage of the Doris Duke Studio Theatre. In the festival's larger space, the Ted Shawn Theatre, the Spanish choreographer Nacho Duato presents "L'Amoroso." Set to Italian Baroque music, it's the first work he's made specifically for CND2, the smaller and newer of his two companies. The following week, American groups share the bill. In the Doris Duke Studio, the dancers of Paradigm, Carmen deLavallade, Gus Solomons, Jr., and Dudley Williams perform "Verdi for Three," a new work by Richard Move, with costumes by Patricia Field. Among other highlights, Martine van Hamel performs a solo by Wendy Perron to a Bach Cello Suite played live by Jesse Levy. In the Ted Shawn space, Lar Lubovitch Dance Company presents repertory pieces, including "Smile with My Heart," the Richard Rodgers tribute from 2002, and "Men's Stories," from 2000. ♦ CND2: July 7-9 at 8, July 10 at 2 and 8, and July 11 at 2. ♦ New Danish Dance Theatre: July 8-10 at 8:15, July 10 at 2:15, and July 11 at 5. ♦ Lar Lubovitch: July 14-16 at 8, July 17 at 2 and 8, and July 18 at 2. ♦ Paradigm: July 15-16 at 8:15, July 17 at 2:15, and July 18 at 5. (Becket, Mass. 413-243-0745.)

Julianne Swartz's installation at the Sunshine Hotel, in the New Museum's "Counter Culture." Opens July 10 (see Art).

NIGHT LIFE
CONCERTS

"MIDSUMMER NIGHT SWING"

Alfresco dancing continues at Lincoln Center through July 16. (Fountain Plaza. Tuesdays through Saturdays. Shows are at 7:30, with dance lessons at 6:30. For more information, call 212-875-5766.)

THE STILLS

Often lumped in with the recent wave of retro-leaning indie bands from New York, the Stills are in fact a quartet of art students from Montreal who are determined to put their stamp on the post-punk sound that came out of Manchester twenty years ago. (Castle Clinton, Battery Park. July 8 at 7. Free tickets, which are required, will be distributed at 5. For more information, call 212-835-2789.)

ERIK FRIEDLANDER

Friedlander, a downtown jazz cellist, is a sharp composer, an occasional bandleader, and a crafty improviser. His new album, "Maldoror," is based on the surreal poems of the nineteenth-century writer Isidore Ducasse. (Clockwork-Apple Gallery, 32B Gansevoort St. 212-229-1187. July 8 at 8.)

"CELEBRATE BROOKLYN!"

July 9 at 7:30: The Latin pop sensation Natalia Lafourcade and the Mexican hip-hop group Control Machete. July 10 at 8: The Brooklyn Philharmonic. July 16 at 7:30: The neo soul of Van Hunt. With the Brazilian Girls. July 18 at 5: Dan Zanes and friends put on a musical picnic. (Prospect Park Band Shell, Prospect Park W. at 9th St. 718-855-7882, ext. 45.)

"GREAT AFRICAN BALL"

Youssou N'Dour, a longtime favorite of the world-music community who is perhaps best known for his work on Peter Gabriel's hit "In Your Eyes," is a pioneer of *mbalax,* the hip-shaking music based on the Wolof *sabar* percussion of his native Senegal. He is also a Muslim, and he cancelled his U.S. tour last year to protest the invasion of Iraq. His latest album, "Egypt," is another political, if more lyrical, move, a quiet meditation on the Sufi traditions of his homeland. Since those songs were recorded with a thirty-piece orchestra, N'Dour won't be performing them here. He'll stick to the highly rhythmic dance music that he's famous for. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 212-307-7171. July 9 at 10.)

CENTRAL PARK SUMMERSTAGE

July 11 at 3: Thomas Mapfumo and the Blacks Unlimited, from Zimbabwe, and Kekele, from the Democratic Republic of Congo. July 13-14 at 6: The baroque pop of Rufus Wainwright. With Guster and Ben Folds. July 16 at 7:30: "Blind Lemon Blues," a musical-theatre piece about the legendary Texas bluesman. July 17 at 3: State-of-the-art Americana with the North Mississippi Allstars, Charlie Musselwhite, and Amos Lee. July 18 at 3: Haitian music with Tabou Combo, Boukan Ginen, and Beethova Obas. (Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. 212-360-2777.)

LINCOLN CENTER FESTIVAL

July 13 at 8: Elvis Costello and the fifty-two-member Netherlands Metropole Orkest. July 15 at 8: Costello and his band the Imposters. July 17 at 8: The North American première of Costello's orchestral work "Il Sogno," backed by the Brooklyn Philharmonic. (Avery Fisher Hall.) July 21 at 8: "TransMetropolitan," a multimedia performance orchestrated by Paul D. Miller (a.k.a. DJ Spooky) and inspired by Duke Ellington's 1971 album "The Afro-Eurasian Eclipse." (Alice Tully Hall. 212-721-6500.)

SIREN FESTIVAL

The volatile Texan combo And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead, the influential Boston post-punk band Mission of Burma, the tongue-in-cheek disco rockers the Electric Six, the Italian and Japanese noiseniks Blonde Redhead, and many other excitable bands appear at this daylong free beach-side gathering. (At W. 10th St. and at Stillwell Ave., at the boardwalk in Coney Island. For more information, visit www.villagevoice.com/siren. July 17, from noon to 9.)

CLUBS

Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.

BARBÈS

376 9th St., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-965-9177)—July 8: The versatile downtown accordionist **Ted Reichman** performs songs from his latest record, "Émigré," which was inspired by the haunting photographs of Andre Kertesz. Reichman's compositions are rooted in klezmer and Gypsy music, and, like Kertesz's images, they are imbued with a mixture of humanism and wistfulness.

B. B. KING BLUES CLUB & GRILL

237 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144)—July 14: The blues guitarist **Johnny Winter.** July 16: **Bow Wow Wow,** formed by the Svengali Malcolm McLaren, courted notoriety twenty years ago by casting a teen-age vocalist, Annabella Lwin, in the role of Mohican sex kitten, although it was the band's pairing of African percussion with rockabilly guitars and silly lyrics that made them favorites of the New Wave. The guitarist Matthew Ashman died in 1995, but Lwin and the original bassist, Leigh Gorman, have reconvened (with No Doubt's drummer, Adrian Young) for a summer tour. July 19: **Merle Haggard** (see This Week).

FEZ

380 Lafayette St. (212-533-7000)—July 14 and July 16-17: The **Loser's Lounge** pays tribute to Serge Gainsbourg. The **Mingus Big Band** packs them in every Thursday.

JOE'S PUB

425 Lafayette St. (212-539-8777)—July 8: The erotic stylings of the downtown combo **Elysian Fields.** July 13: A visit from the Los Angeles singer-songwriter **Eleni Mandell.** July 15: The up-and-coming soul singer **Ricky Fanté.**

KNITTING FACTORY

74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (212-219-3055)—July 10: The local band **Vietnam** sounds like it sat in with Bob Dylan and the Band at Big Pink in the late sixties. Their ear-

LAURENT CILLUFFO

ONE COULD WISH FOR NOTHING MORE. The Plaza

A FAIRMONT MANAGED HOTEL

FIFTH AVENUE AT CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, NEW YORK • 1-800-759-3000 • WWW.FAIRMONT.COM/THEPLAZA

WISH YOU WERE IN BERMUDA?

A STAY AT THE PLAZA GETS YOU EVEN CLOSER.

FAIRMONT SOUTHAMPTON FINALLY, THE NATURAL BEAUTY OF BERMUDA HAS MET ITS EQUAL. PERCHED ROYALLY ON THE ISLAND'S HIGHEST POINT, THE FAIRMONT SOUTHAMPTON OVERLOOKS LUSH ACRES OF LAND, PINK SANDY BEACHES, AND BOUNTIFUL GARDENS.

ENJOY UNSURPASSED LUXURY AND ELEGANCE IN ONE OF THE FAIRMONT GOLD ROOMS OR SUITES. RELAX BENEATH THE UMBRELLAS AT THE BEACH CLUB, HIT THE LINKS FOR A ROUND OF GOLF, GRAB A QUICK TENNIS MATCH, SNORKEL THROUGH REEFS, RIDE THE WAVES ON A JET SKI, OR SIMPLY RELAX ON THE BEACH. AFTER ACTION-PACKED DAYS SPENT EXPLORING THE BEAUTY OF BERMUDA, DINE AT ONE OF OUR SIX AWARD-WINNING RESTAURANTS.

FAIRMONT HAMILTON PRINCESS LIVE LIFE TO THE FULLEST AT BERMUDA'S ONLY LUXURY URBAN RESORT. NESTLED AMONGST HIBISCUS AND OLEANDER, ON THE SHORES OF A PICTURESQUE NATURAL HARBOR, THE FAIRMONT HAMILTON PRINCESS IS AN ELEGANT TRIBUTE TO THE OLD WORLD SPLENDOR THAT IS BERMUDA.

STAY IN ONE OF THE FAIRMONT GOLD ROOMS OR SUITES. TAKE A DIP IN YOUR CHOICE OF FRESH OR SALTWATER POOLS, CATCH THE COMPLIMENTARY FERRY OVER TO OUR PRIVATE FAIRMONT BEACH CLUB IN SOUTHAMPTON, OR FROLIC WITH THE DOLPHINS AT DOCKYARD. THE FAIRMONT HAMILTON PRINCESS IS ANXIOUS TO SHOWCASE THE NEW 'HOTEL WITHIN A HOTEL' KNOWN AS THE FAIRMONT GOLD FLOOR. FEATURING PRIVATE CHECK-IN AND AMENITIES SUCH AS THE EXQUISITE AND PRIVATE GOLD SALON, THE FAIRMONT GOLD FLOOR OFFERS NOTHING BUT THE VERY BEST.

BOOK A NIGHT AT THE PLAZA
AND RECEIVE $500 CREDIT TOWARDS EITHER A FAIRMONT GOLD ROOM OR SUITE AT EITHER FAIRMONT BERMUDA HOTEL.

CALL 1-800-753-7622 NOW TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS LIMITED TIME OFFER.

ONE COULD WISH FOR NOTHING MORE. *The Plaza*
A FAIRMONT MANAGED HOTEL

THE BERMUDA OFFER IS VALID ON STAYS THROUGH MARCH 31, 2005 WHEN STAYING THREE OR MORE NIGHTS. GUESTS CALLING SHOULD REFER TO OFFER CODE 2U8PZP. GUESTS WHO CHOOSE TO STAY AT THE FAIRMONT HAMILTON PRINCESS MUST STAY OVER A SATURDAY NIGHT. OFFER SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY AND SALES TAX WHERE APPLICABLE. THIS OFFER MAY NOT BE COMBINED WITH ANY OTHER PROMOTIONAL OR NEGOTIATED RATES.

nestly crooned lyrics celebrating hipster night life are disappointing, although the strong guitar crescendos satisfy. Sharing the bill is the **New Year,** featuring the Kadane brothers, whose previous outfit, Bedhead, helped define indie rock in the mid-nineties, before dancing was reunited with rock music.

S.O.B.'S
204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (212-243-4940)—July 8: **Natalia Lafourcade** (see "Celebrate Brooklyn!"). July 12: The turntable wizards known as the **X-ecutioners.** July 16: The Haitian bad-boy singer **Sweet Mickey.** July 20: Dancehall reggae with **Yellowman.**

JAZZ AND *STANDARDS*

BIRDLAND
315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080)—July 7-10: Two lyrical pianists, the ubiquitous **Bill Charlap** and the rarely seen **Roger Kellaway,** play duets.

BLUE NOTE
131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (212-475-8592)—**James Cotton,** the noted Chicago blues harmonica player and singer, performs with a few friends: **Marcia Ball** (July 6-8), **Maria Muldaur** (July 9-10), and **Bobby Rush** (July 11).

IRIDIUM
1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (212-582-2121)—Through July 11: The inveterate hipster **Bob Dorough** joins his occasional collaborator **Dave Frishberg** for witty songs and equally amusing piano playing. July 13-18: In the earliest days of jazz-rock fusion, the saxophonist **John Handy's** feisty quintet featuring the electric violinist **Michael White** and the guitarist **Jerry Hahn** caused a sensation at the 1965 Monterey Jazz Festival. The bassist **Henry Grimes,** another figure from the sixties, shares the bill.

LE JAZZ AU BAR
41 E. 58th St. (212-308-9455)—July 14-18 and 21-25: **Ruth Brown** is fondly remembered as one of the queens of postwar R. & B., thanks to her hits "This Little Girl's Gone Rockin'" and "Lucky Lips," but she's always been firmly rooted in jazz (she was reportedly signed to Atlantic records on the recommendation of Duke Ellington). Since her late-eighties comeback, she's reinvented herself as a mature song stylist who can shape a ballad with heart and plenty of soul. This is her first New York City show in five years.

JAZZ STANDARD
116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232)—July 9-11: The saxophonist **Sonny Simmons,** a onetime associate of Eric Dolphy, the brilliant sixties multi-instrumentalist, pays tribute to him, along with the trumpeter **Steven Bernstein** and the drummer **Billy Drummond.** July 15-18: The **Larry Willis** quintet. The veteran pianist is joined by the saxophonist **Gary Bartz.**

TONIC
107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503)—July 16: A "Jazz Against the War" show brings in two of the most significant leaders in new jazz—the trumpeter **Ralph Alessi** (here with his Modular Theatre group) and the pianist **Vijay Iyer** (with his quartet featuring the saxophonist **Rudresh Mahanthappa**).

VILLAGE VANGUARD
178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (212-255-4037)—Through July 11: The piano dynamo **Mulgrew Miller** teams up with the bassist **Derrick Hodge** and the drummer **Karriem Riggins,** the rhythm section that drives his propulsive new album, "Live at Yoshi's, Volume One." July 13-18: **Jeremy Pelt.** Another of the whip-smart trumpeters that seem to abound these days, Pelt has seen action with the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra. The **Vanguard Jazz Orchestra** holds sway on Mondays.

ART
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

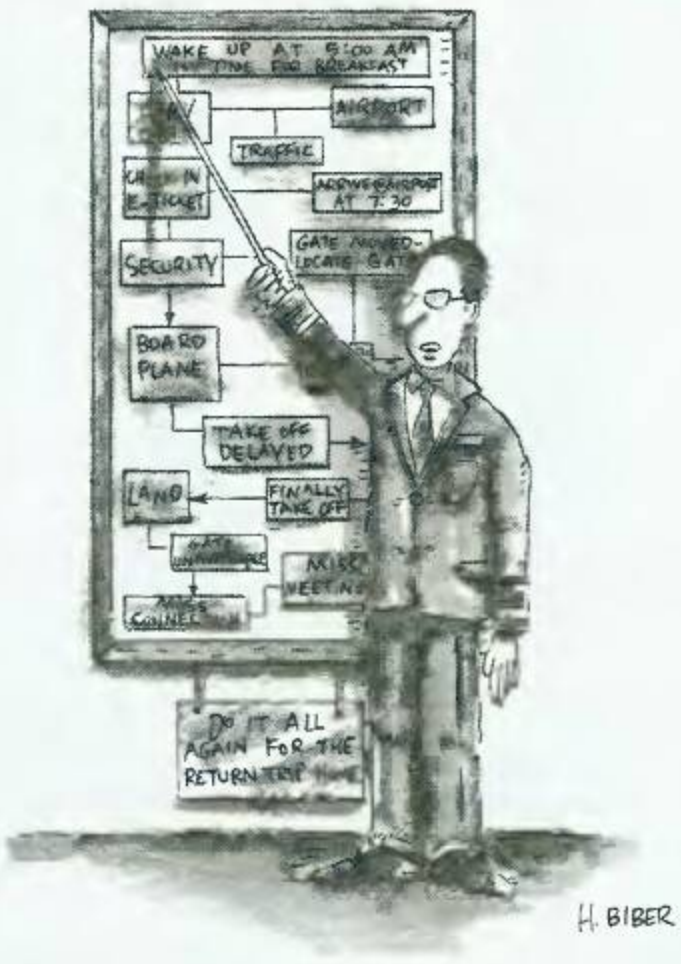
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (212-879-5500)—In Paris between the wars, an aristocrat desiring a chic look for the ménage would put in a call to Jacques-Émile Ruhlmann, purveyor of marquetry cabinets inlaid with ivory, dressing tables sporting silk-tasselled drawer pulls, alabaster lamps upheld by snaky nymphs, mirrors etched with geometric patterns, and satin daybeds begging to be swooned upon. In the first such exhibition since a retrospective at the Louvre in 1934, **"Ruhlmann: Genius of Art Deco"** gathers photographs, sketches, plans, textile swatches, wallpaper samples, and giddy, gorgeous furniture. "Such ensembles do not address themselves to the middle classes," the master decorator proclaimed. Through Sept. 5. ♦ **"Painters of Reality: The Legacy of Leonardo and Caravaggio in Lombardy."** Through Aug. 15. ♦ **"August Sander: People of the Twentieth Century, a Photographic Portrait of Germany."** Through Sept. 19. ♦ **"Childe Hassam, American Impressionist."** Through Sept. 12. ♦ **"Dangerous Liaisons: Fashion and Furniture in the Eighteenth Century."** Through Aug. 8. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (MOMA QNS)
33rd St. at Queens Blvd., Long Island City (212-708-9400)—**"Tall Buildings,"** a state-of-the-structure review of ambitious contemporary architecture, documents twenty-five skyscrapers around the world with photographs, models, diagrams, and blueprints. Opens July 16. ♦ Selections from the permanent collection are on display. (Open Thursdays through Mondays, 10 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:45.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (212-423-3500)—**"Constantin Brancusi: The Essence of Things."** The room of four "Bird" sculptures unfolds a staggering range of stylistic genius, from mythic poetry to Jazz Age elegance. Certain pieces are epiphanic. The all-pedestal "Caryatid" (1914 and 1926) remains radical for its union of art and furniture, and "Mlle. Pogany II" (1919) is a surprising, sublime sculpture from a dozen or so viewpoints. Through Sept. 19. (Open Saturdays through Wednesdays, 10 to 5:45, and Fridays, 10 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART
Madison Ave. at 75th St. (212-570-3676)—**"Cotton Puffs, Q-Tips, Smoke and Mirrors: The Drawings of Ed Ruscha"** and **"Ed Ruscha and Photography"** are exhilarating shows. The first tracks the forty-five-year course—"development" does not apply to a talent that hit the ground running—of Ruscha's graphic adventures with words, signs, and strange materials (gunpowder, lettuce juice). The second combines rarely seen photographs, notably a prescient group of forty-four from a sojourn in Europe in 1961, with others that relate to the artist's influential books, which are on hand to be thumbed through. Once identified with Los Angeles, Ruscha's suave sorcery is now as global as air. Through Sept. 26. ♦ **"Ana Mendieta: Earth Body Sculpture and Performance 1972-1985."** Through Sept. 19. ♦ **"Evidence of Impact: Art and Photography 1963-1978"** samples avant-garde works from the period just before photography shed its marginal status among the arts. Through Oct. 10. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and weekends, 11 to 6, and Fridays, 1 to 9.)

FRICK COLLECTION
1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700)—Circa 1600, Hendrik Goltzius failed to finish etching the plate for his "Adoration of the Shepherds." Gathered in candlelight, a rapt group of peasants gaze piously downward, but at blankness, as though the infant Jesus had disappeared in a flash of dazzling light. This accidental masterwork is part of a show called **"The Unfinished Print,"** which includes incomplete images by Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Piranesi, Rodin, and Degas, among others. Experiments with color, additions or substitutions of compositional elements, and adjustments in facial expressions make for effects as subtle as Goltzius's omission was profound. Through Aug. 15. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)



Challenged by commercial air travel?

Contact NetJets, the leader in Fractional Jet Ownership.

877-356-0758 • www.netjets.com/fc

NETJETS®

Leave nothing to chance℠

Copyright 2004 NetJets Inc.

JEWISH MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. (212-423-3200)—"Modigliani: Beyond the Myth." Through Sept. 19. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 11 to 5:45; Thursdays, 11 to 8; and Fridays, 11 to 3.)

MUSEO DEL BARRIO
Fifth Ave. at 104th St. (212-831-7272)—"MOMA at El Museo" distills from the collections of the Museum of Modern Art a parallel Latin-American history of Mexican muralists, Caribbean Surrealists, Venezuelan geometricians, and Brazilian Conceptualists. Through July 25. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

NEW MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART
235 Bowery (212-219-1222)—New neighbors often bring each other casseroles to break the ice; the New Museum, which will be moving into its new building, at Prince and Bowery, in 2006, is bringing "Counter Culture," a collection of site-specific pieces that incorporate businesses near the museum's new home. Julianne Swartz, for instance, is building a network of pipes rigged with mirrors from the Sunshine Hotel down to Bari Restaurant Supply, which will allow people on the different levels to catch visual and aural glimpses of each other. Other artists include Jean Shin, Flux Factory, and Raul Vincent Enriquez, who is making a self-guided audio walking tour of the whole thing. Opens July 10. (For information and to download the walking tour, go to www.newmuseum.org.)

GALLERIES–UPTOWN

Summer-hours warning: many galleries are open Mondays through Fridays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. Others follow the normal Tuesday-to-Saturday schedule. It's best to call ahead.

ROBERT BARIBEAU
A third-generation Abstract Expressionist who's added plenty of tricks to the original New York School bag, Baribeau has the expected drips and heavy impasto, but his palette is considerably—and irreverently—brighter than those of de Kooning et al. Embedded in the paint are scraps of fabric, plastic sheeting, and wallpaper samples à la Rauschenberg's "Combines." Baribeau ventures into installation as well, clustering canvases and painted cigar boxes in willfully clashing formations. There are also a few singular flowers and glasses that rise up from their stems like periscopes, comparatively quiet and contemplative amid the heavily worked abstractions. Through July 23. (Stone, 113 E. 90th St. 212-987-4997.)

GALLERIES–CHELSEA

BURT BARR
In one video on display here, a woman lip-synchs "The Banks of the Ohio," a classic love-crime ballad, while taking a shower; the famous scene from "Psycho" is called to mind. Another video, "The Mile: Running Time: 7:25," forces the viewer to endure a structuralist-style one-take shot of a woman running down a road for almost seven and a half minutes. A lovely installation in the back room redeems the show from dryness: black-and-white footage of a rotating fan is projected onto an actual rotating fan, creating a silhouette on the wall behind it. An oval of light reflected from the fan's blades moves across the other three walls like a spaceship traversing the night sky. Through July 30. (Sikkema, 530 W. 22nd St. 212-929-2262.)

ANDREA FRASER
Fraser holds the current title for Most Notorious Art Work on View in New York: a video at Petzel in which she has sex with a paying collector. The artist as whore, dealer as pimp, and patron as john are hardly new ideas, but this stunt is up there with Manzoni's canned "Artist's Shit" or Yves Klein selling empty space for gold. The video itself is surprisingly dull. Fraser and her patron are relatively still for long minutes, engaged in pillow talk we can't hear. Visitors come and go, hoping to catch the "lovers" in flagrante delicto. "Official Welcome," at A.F.A., is in many ways more engaging, as Fraser impersonates both a fawning museum curator and a painfully tongue-tied (but still bombastic) artist. Through July 9 and July 10, respectively. (Petzel, 535 W. 22nd St. 212-680-9467; American Fine Arts, 530 W. 22nd St. 212-727-7366.)

RICHARD LONG
A narrow thirty-five-foot rectangle of white granite stones is installed with minimalist simplicity along the gallery's concrete floor. Like all of Long's sculptures, "Little Tejunga Canyon Line" refers to a real place, in this case a canyon in the San Gabriel Mountains at the edge of California's Angeles National Forest. Traces of dirt and algae on the stones remind us of their origin, but the landscape and the artist's experience of moving through it are left to the imagination. Through Aug. 13. (Van de Weghe, 521 W. 23rd St. 212-929-6633.)

"MARILYN: FROM ANASTASI TO WEEGEE"
Marilyn Monroe is more than just a tragic star, as this delectable group show of twenty-three artists and photographers confirms. Photographed impersonations by Cindy Sherman, Yasumasa Morimura, and Zoe Leonard mingle with paintings and prints by Billy Sullivan, Keith Haring, William Anastasi, and, of course, Andy Warhol. Warhol's iconization of Monroe leads a life of its own, recurring in works by numerous artists; Vik Muniz renders the immortal image in photographed diamond dust in one case, blood in another. Through July 23. (Sean Kelly, 528 W. 29th St. 212-239-1181.)

"SEEING OTHER PEOPLE"
Elective affinities between artists can be illuminating, but "Seeing Other People," a buddy-system invitational in which each gallery artist selects a guest, has hits and misses. Hannah van Bart flatters herself by hanging a doodly drawing of her own next to an August Sander photograph; Anneè Olofsson's choice of Cindy Sherman dulls them both. But Donald Moffett's quietly opulent pair of silver paintings acquires new resonance beside Jean Genet's black-and-white film "Un Chant d'Amour," and a silly-brilliant ballet of scale unfolds between Sarah Sze's busily delicate assemblage and the Charles and Ray Eames film "Powers of Ten." Through Aug. 13. (Boesky, 535 W. 22nd St. 212-680-9889.)

"I Love McDonald's," by Liu Jian and Zhao Qin, at the International Center of Photography's show "Between Past and Future."

Short List

ANA MENDIETA
Lelong, 528 W. 26th St.
212-315-0470. Through July 30.

"HELLO, CHELSEA"
Bellwether, 134 Tenth Ave.
212-929-5959. Through July 24.

GALLERIES–DOWNTOWN

"ALTERED STATES"
The star of this group show of distorted portraits, and the downfall of the less intense works around it, is "Total Torpor, Mad Malaise," Tony Matelli's life-size silicone male odalisque, whose otherwise sound body sprouts massive growths. Lumpy brown flesh spreads across the neck, chest, back, and extremities, obscuring the left hand and doubling the size of the gut. One foot is topped by a dollop of brown tissue, but the other is untouched, as is the tumescent penis, the sad face, and the long comb-over that frames it. The good elbow rests on a stack of Victoria's Secret catalogues. Through July 31. (Koenig, 249 Centre St. 212-334-9255.)

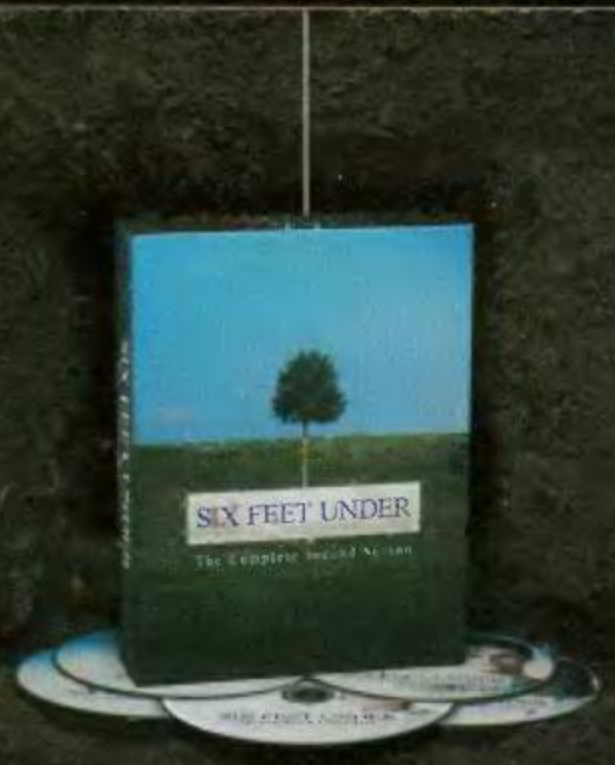
"PLAYPEN"
In one of the Drawing Center's regular "Selections" exhibitions, Valerie Hegarty constructs an interior (her childhood bedroom) from paper and proceeds to tear it up, and David Brody maps a fractal-like pattern on a wall. Charles Goldman enlists viewers to curate their own arrangements of his drawings, providing a

Office, LLC. All rights reserved. | "HBO" and Six Feet Under" are service marks of Home Box Office, Inc.

HBO VIDEO

May we recommend

A more ENJOYABLE WAY to GET INSIDE a FUNERAL HOME.



SIX FEET UNDER® The Complete Second Season. 13 episodes of HBO's critically acclaimed series, including an exclusive feature "Anatomy of a Working Stiff" and audio commentaries. Now on DVD.

See all new episodes of SIX FEET UNDER, Sundays 9PM/8C.

metal wall and magnets for the purpose, and Austin Thomas has installed a sort of public studio where artists she selects can work in the gallery. The effect of all this is to emphasize the direct gesture and the properties and possibilities of paper. Through July 24. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. 212-219-2166.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

LARRY FINK
Vintage black-and-white prints from Fink's "Social Graces" series, which was shown at the Museum of Modern Art in 1979 and secured Fink's reputation as a master of social-documentary photography. The pictures portray New York gallery openings, balls, and late nights at Studio 54 juxtaposed with birthday and graduation parties and an American Legion dance in rural Pennsylvania. The rich folk look a little bored and sometimes stoned out of their minds, and the farming family appears to be having a pretty good time, dirty fingernails and weight problems notwithstanding. Through July 23. (Edwynn Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. 212-688-4848.)

JOSHUA LUTZ
In his first solo show, Lutz takes the "New Topographics" of Adams, Shore, and Sternfeld into the current era of urban sprawl. In one picture, mountains in the distance are squeezed out of view by the minarets, domes, and neon camels of Las Vegas's Sahara Casino. Crossed wires, scraggly trees, and a sad swing set add to the claustrophobia of a small-town Pennsylvania subdivision. Some wide-open spaces are included—an abandoned palm-tree farm in California, a huge, bizarrely fenced-in cement foundation in Westchester County—but the extra room to roam is presented with a relentless lack of sentimentality. Through Aug. 7. (Gitterman, 170 E. 75th St. 212-734-0868.)

AUGUST SANDER
This show, which complements the Metropolitan's current Sander retrospective, presents thirty-three of the photographer's portraits of women from his epic "Citizens of the Twentieth Century" project. They include farm girls, a real-estate agent, an actress, circus performers, a group of well-dressed girls at a party, and a nun. "Rural Bride," in which a young, freckled woman with flowers in her hair blinks just as the shutter is released, and "Girl in a Circus Caravan," a portrait of a sad-faced girl reaching through the window of a trailer door to unlatch it, are among his most emotionally affecting works. Through July 9. (Yancey Richardson, 535 W. 22nd St. 646-230-9610.)

EZRA STOLLER
A small show (eleven black-and-white prints) of work by the master photographer of modernist architecture. Stoller, who was trained as an architect, began photographing buildings in the thirties. The pictures here, which were taken between 1949 and 1977, include dramatic, stark views of Eero Saarinen's T.W.A. Terminal at JFK, Mies van der Rohe's buildings at the Illinois Institute of Technology, in Chicago, Frank Lloyd Wright's Johnson Wax Tower, and Louis Kahn's Salk Institute, in La Jolla. Stoller emphasizes pure shapes. There are just a few people in the pictures, and sometimes a strategically placed car. The buildings look the way the architects meant them to. Through July 30. (Henry Urbach Architecture, 526 W. 26th St. 212-627-0974.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY / ASIA SOCIETY
A show of recent photography and videos from China, "Between Past and Future," fills both museums with a hundred and thirty works by sixty young artists. The incredibly fast transformation of Chinese society is the central theme. Riffing on traditional Chinese scroll painting, Wang Qingsong places an officially denounced art critic at the center of his updating of the "Night Revels of Lao Li," from the tenth century. Wang Wei backlights a long line of color transparencies placed on the floor, portraits of himself underwater, forcing the viewer to walk across his face. Liu Zheng's black-and-white portraits of women mourning at a country funeral and masked revellers at a New Year's Eve party elegantly evoke the stark contrasts in the new China. Sze Tsung Leong's large color prints showing demolished traditional architecture are sad reflections on the country's manic race to build. Through Sept. 4. (International Center of Photography, 1133 Sixth Ave. 212-857-0000; Asia Society, 725 Park Ave. 212-288-6400.)

Short List

RUVEN AFANADOR
Throckmorton, 145 E. 57th St. 212-223-1059. Through July 31.

WEEGEE
Ubu Gallery, 416 E. 59th St. 212-753-4444. Through July 23.

"GOVERNORS ISLAND"
Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave. 212-935-3960. Through July 8.

CLASSICAL MUSIC
CONCERTS IN TOWN

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS IN THE PARKS
Two personalities dominate this summer's round of free concerts: David Robertson, the energetic American conductor who's been all but anointed by the Philharmonic as a successor to Lorin Maazel, and Leonidas Kavakos, a fiery but introspective Greek violinist whose career finally seems to be taking off. They collaborate in three programs, the first of which features music by Ives, Barber (the Violin Concerto), and Adams (the grand and gritty "Harmonielehre," one of the signature orchestral works of the nineteen-eighties). (Prospect Park, Brooklyn. July 13. ♦ Great Lawn, Central Park. July 14. ♦ Cunningham Park, Queens. July 15. ♦ Van Cortlandt Park, the Bronx. July 16.) ♦ Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, Debussy's "Nuages" and "Fêtes," from the "Nocturnes," and Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra." (Heckscher State Park, East Islip, Long Island. July 17.) ♦ Kavakos repeats the Mendelssohn on the final program, which also features works by Smetana and Rimsky-Korsakov ("Scheherazade"). (Great Lawn, Central Park. July 19.) (All concerts begin at 8, followed by fireworks. No tickets required. For further information, call 212-875-5709.)

BARGEMUSIC
July 10 at 7:30 and July 11 at 4: The violinist Mark Peskanov, the cellist Semyon Fridman, and the pianist Paul Ostrovsky perform all three of Beethoven's Op. 1 Piano Trios. ♦ July 15-17 at 7:30 and July 18 at 4: Chamber Domaine, a plucky young group from London that débuted at the barge last summer, returns with music by Schumann—the Piano Quartet and the Piano Quintet, each played twice, which form the foundation for four concerts featuring works by Pärt, Mozart, Birtwistle (the American première of the "Niedecker Songs"), and others. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-2083. For details, see www.bargemusic.org.)

INTERNATIONAL KEYBOARD INSTITUTE AND FESTIVAL
July 16 at 8: Schumann's "Papillons" is the starting block for the daring Marc-André Hamelin, whose concert ranges off into Liszt's "Dante" Sonata and two big sonatas (Op. 110 and Op. 111) by Beethoven. ♦ July 17 at 3: Jay Gottlieb offers a lecture-concert focussing on new works by Lindberg, Jolas, Ruders ("Event Horizon"), and others. ♦ July 17 at 8: The indefatigable Earl Wild performs sonatas by Haydn and Beethoven along with salon-style dazzlers by Respighi, d'Albert, and Moszkowski; he returns for a master class at 2 on the following day. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. 212-580-0210, ext. 336. For a full schedule, see www.ikif.org.)

POP NOTES

SUMMER SHORTS
Stan Ridgway has been turning out distinctive noirish rock and roll since the late seventies, first as a member of the group Wall of Voodoo and then as a solo artist. **Snakebite** (Redfly) is among the better outings of his long, off-kilter career. In sixteen songs, Ridgway blends together rock, jazz, and blues in the service of his always strange, but never frivolous, storytelling. Over the years, his songwriting has become more personal, and, in addition to intimately narrated songs like "Our Manhattan Moment" and "Wake Up Sally (The Cops Are Here)," there's "Talkin' Wall of Voodoo Blues, Pt. 1," a rollicking retelling of the rise and fall of his former band.

When John Wesley Harding's writing isn't at its strongest, he can seem derivative and superfluous, like a less self-important version of Elvis Costello. But **Adam's Apple** (DRT), Harding's tenth studio album, is one of his best, a sharp collection of pop compositions that cleverly weds sunny melodies to dark matters. "It Stays" is a heartbreaking love story, "Sluts" is a self-lacerating look at promiscuity, and "Sussex Ghost Story" brings the murder ballad into the modern day. Only "Protest Protest Protest," a bouncy essay about the differences between activism in the sixties and the present, breaks the flow: it would have been better as a B-side—or, as is the fashion these days, an iTunes-only single.

Alejandro Escovedo, the Austin-based singer-songwriter who has family throughout the music world—he is related to Pete Escovedo, who played with Santana, and to the former Prince drummer Sheila E.—has released a decade's worth of meticulously observed alternative-country records. Last year, Escovedo developed advanced cirrhosis of the liver from hepatitis C. He had no insurance, and medical costs quickly became unmanagable. **Por Vida** (Or Music), a two-disk record whose proceeds will help pay for treatment, enlists a wide range of performers to sing Escovedo's songs, including Lucinda Williams, Lenny Kaye, Jennifer Warnes, John Cale, and Calexico. Escovedo's strong voice as a songwriter keeps the proceedings consistently lyrical, wistful, and occasionally (as in contributions from Los Lonely Boys and Ian Hunter) exuberant.

—Ben Greenman

OUT OF TOWN

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL
July 8 at 7:30: The pianist Michael Boriskin's Music from Copland House ensemble, based at the composer's longtime residence in Peekskill, performs works by other Westchester luminaries (Barber's "Dover Beach," Griffes's "Poem for Flute and Piano"), along with more recent works by Tower and Bermel and Copland's own Sextet. ♦ July 9 at 8: Michael Barrett, the conductor-pianist newly installed as the festival's general director, joins up with his old colleague Steven Blier for a New York Festival of Song concert of "Spanish Love Songs," which will feature the mezzo-soprano Lorraine Hunt Lieberson and the tenor Joseph Kaiser in songs by Wolf, Schumann, Turina, and others. ♦ July 10 at 8: Will Crutchfield has chosen Gluck's **"Paride ed Elena"**—that's Paris and Helen to you—as this summer's big bel-canto rediscovery; like the far better known "Orfeo ed Euridice," it's one of the crucial works with which the composer transformed the Baroque opera style. Crutchfield conducts the Orchestra of St. Luke's and a cast headed by the mezzo-soprano Kristina Szabó and the soprano Amanda Borst. ♦ July 17 at 8: The orchestra returns for a concert of Beethoven (including the Symphony No. 7) and Brahms (the Violin Concerto, with Joshua Bell), conducted by Donald Runnicles. (Katonah, N.Y. 914-232-1252. For a full schedule, see www.caramoor.org.)

TANGLEWOOD
Boston's musical duchy gets into full swing; some highlights follow. July 8 at 8:30: The Juilliard String Quartet, graying but forceful, performs an evening

Important information:

LIPITOR® (atorvastatin calcium) is a prescription drug. It is used with a low-fat diet to lower cholesterol.

LIPITOR is not for everyone. It is not for those with liver problems. And it is not for women who are nursing, pregnant, or may get pregnant. It has not been shown to prevent heart disease or heart attacks.

If you take LIPITOR, tell your doctor if you feel any new muscle pain or weakness. This could be a sign of serious muscle side effects. Tell your doctor about all the medicines you take. This may help avoid serious drug interactions. Your doctor should do blood tests to check your liver function before and during treatment and may adjust your dose. The most common side effects are gas, constipation, stomach pain, and heartburn. They tend to be mild and often go away.

Please see additional important information on next page.

Why not help reduce one of your risk factors for heart disease. Like high cholesterol, for example. You can eat right. You can exercise. But for many people diet and exercise may not be enough. In fact, 2 out of 3 adults with high cholesterol may need medicine. The good news is that adding LIPITOR can help. It can help lower your total cholesterol 29% to 45%.* And it can help lower your bad cholesterol 39% to 60%.*(*The average effect depends on the dose.) Talk to your doctor today. Find out if LIPITOR is right for you. And why it is the most prescribed medicine of its kind. Call us at 1-888-LIPITOR or find us on the web at www.lipitor.com.

Go Red for women

LIPITOR
atorvastatin calcium
tablets
FOR CHOLESSTEROL®

LIPITOR® (Atorvastatin Calcium) Tablets

Brief Summary of Prescribing Information

CONTRAINDICATIONS: Active liver disease or unexplained persistent elevations of serum transaminases. Hypersensitivity to any component of this medication. **Pregnancy and Lactation** — Atherosclerosis is a chronic process and discontinuation of lipid-lowering drugs during pregnancy should have little impact on the outcome of long-term therapy of primary hypercholesterolemia. Cholesterol and other products of cholesterol biosynthesis are essential components for fetal development (including synthesis of steroids and cell membranes). Since HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors decrease cholesterol synthesis and possibly the synthesis of other biologically active substances derived from cholesterol, they may cause fetal harm when administered to pregnant women. Therefore, HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors are contraindicated during pregnancy and in nursing mothers. ATORVASTATIN SHOULD BE ADMINISTERED TO WOMEN OF CHILDBEARING AGE ONLY WHEN SUCH PATIENTS ARE HIGHLY UNLIKELY TO CONCEIVE AND HAVE BEEN INFORMED OF THE POTENTIAL HAZARDS. If the patient becomes pregnant while taking this drug, therapy should be discontinued and the patient apprised of the potential hazard to the fetus.

WARNINGS: Liver Dysfunction — HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors, like some other lipid-lowering therapies, have been associated with biochemical abnormalities of liver function. **Persistent elevations (>3 times the upper limit of normal [ULN] occurring on 2 or more occasions) in serum transaminases occurred in 0.7% of patients who received atorvastatin in clinical trials. The incidence of these abnormalities was 0.2%, 0.2%, 0.6%, and 2.3% for 10, 20, 40, and 80 mg, respectively.** One patient in clinical trials developed jaundice. Increases in liver function tests (LFT) in other patients were not associated with jaundice or other clinical signs or symptoms. Upon dose reduction, drug interruption, or discontinuation, transaminase levels returned to or near pretreatment levels without sequelae. Eighteen of 30 patients with persistent LFT elevations continued treatment with a reduced dose of atorvastatin. **It is recommended that liver function tests be performed prior to and at 12 weeks following both the initiation of therapy and any elevation of dose, and periodically (eg, semiannually) thereafter.** Liver enzyme changes generally occur in the first 3 months of treatment with atorvastatin. Patients who develop increased transaminase levels should be monitored until the abnormalities resolve. Should an increase in ALT or AST of >3 times ULN persist, reduction of dose or withdrawal of atorvastatin is recommended. Atorvastatin should be used with caution in patients who consume substantial quantities of alcohol and/or have a history of liver disease. Active liver disease or unexplained persistent transaminase elevations are contraindications to the use of atorvastatin (see CONTRAINDICATIONS). **Skeletal Muscle — Rare cases of rhabdomyolysis with acute renal failure secondary to myoglobinuria have been reported with atorvastatin and with other drugs in this class.** Uncomplicated myalgia has been reported in atorvastatin-treated patients (see ADVERSE REACTIONS). Myopathy, defined as muscle aches or muscle weakness in conjunction with increases in creatine phosphokinase (CPK) values >10 times ULN, should be considered in any patient with diffuse myalgias, muscle tenderness or weakness, and/or marked elevation of CPK. Patients should be advised to report promptly unexplained muscle pain, tenderness or weakness, particularly if accompanied by malaise or fever. Atorvastatin therapy should be discontinued if markedly elevated CPK levels occur or myopathy is diagnosed or suspected. The risk of myopathy during treatment with drugs in this class is increased with concurrent administration of cyclosporine, fibric acid derivatives, erythromycin, niacin, or azole antifungals. Physicians considering combined therapy with atorvastatin and fibric acid derivatives, erythromycin, immunosuppressive drugs, azole antifungals, or lipid-lowering doses of niacin should carefully weigh the potential benefits and risks and should carefully monitor patients for any signs or symptoms of muscle pain, tenderness, or weakness, particularly during the initial months of therapy and during any periods of upward dosage titration of either drug. Periodic creatine phosphokinase (CPK) determinations may be considered in such situations, but there is no assurance that such monitoring will prevent the occurrence of severe myopathy. **Atorvastatin therapy should be temporarily withheld or discontinued in any patient with an acute, serious condition suggestive of a myopathy or having a risk factor predisposing to the development of renal failure secondary to rhabdomyolysis (eg, severe acute infection, hypotension, major surgery, trauma, severe metabolic, endocrine and electrolyte disorders, and uncontrolled seizures).**

PRECAUTIONS: General — Before instituting therapy with atorvastatin, an attempt should be made to control hypercholesterolemia with appropriate diet, exercise, and weight reduction in obese patients, and to treat other underlying medical problems (see INDICATIONS AND USAGE in full prescribing information). **Information for Patients** — Patients should be advised to report promptly unexplained muscle pain, tenderness, or weakness, particularly if accompanied by malaise or fever. **Drug Interactions** — The risk of myopathy during treatment with drugs of this class is increased with concurrent administration of cyclosporine, fibric acid derivatives, niacin (nicotinic acid), erythromycin, azole antifungals (see WARNINGS, Skeletal Muscle). ***Antacid:*** When atorvastatin and Maalox® TC suspension were coadministered, plasma concentrations of atorvastatin decreased approximately 35%. However, LDL-C reduction was not altered. ***Antipyrine:*** Because atorvastatin does not affect the pharmacokinetics of antipyrine, interactions with other drugs metabolized via the same cytochrome isozymes are not expected. ***Colestipol:*** Plasma concentrations of atorvastatin decreased approximately 25% when colestipol and atorvastatin were coadministered. However, LDL-C reduction was greater when atorvastatin and colestipol were coadministered than when either drug was given alone. ***Cimetidine:*** Atorvastatin plasma concentrations and LDL-C reduction were not altered by coadministration of cimetidine. ***Digoxin:*** When multiple doses of atorvastatin and digoxin were coadministered, steady-state plasma digoxin concentrations increased by approximately 20%. Patients taking digoxin should be monitored appropriately. ***Erythromycin:*** In healthy individuals, plasma concentrations of atorvastatin increased approximately 40% with coadministration of atorvastatin and erythromycin, a known inhibitor of cytochrome P450 3A4 (see WARNINGS, Skeletal Muscle). ***Oral Contraceptives:*** Coadministration of atorvastatin and an oral contraceptive increased AUC values for norethindrone and ethinyl estradiol by approximately 30% and 20%. These increases should be considered when selecting an oral contraceptive for a woman taking atorvastatin. ***Warfarin:*** Atorvastatin had no clinically significant effect on prothrombin time when administered to patients receiving chronic warfarin treatment. **Endocrine Function** — HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors interfere with cholesterol synthesis and theoretically might blunt adrenal and/or gonadal steroid production. Clinical studies have shown that atorvastatin does not reduce basal plasma cortisol concentration or impair adrenal reserve. The effects of HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors on male fertility have not been studied in adequate numbers of patients. The effects, if any, on the pituitary-gonadal axis in premenopausal women are unknown. Caution should be exercised if an HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor is administered concomitantly with drugs that may decrease the levels or activity of endogenous steroid hormones, such as ketoconazole, spironolactone, and cimetidine. **CNS Toxicity** — Brain hemorrhage was seen in a female dog treated for 3 months at 120 mg/kg/day. Brain hemorrhage and optic nerve vacuolation were seen in another female dog that was sacrificed in moribund condition after 11 weeks of escalating doses up to 280 mg/kg/day. The 120 mg/kg dose resulted in a systemic exposure approximately 16 times the human plasma area-under-the-curve (AUC, 0-24 hours) based on the maximum human dose of 80 mg/day. A single tonic convulsion was seen in each of 2 male dogs (one treated at 10 mg/kg/day and one at 120 mg/kg/day) in a 2-year study. No CNS lesions have been observed in mice after chronic treatment for up to 2 years at doses up to 400 mg/kg/day or in rats at doses up to 100 mg/kg/day. These doses were 6 to 11 times (mouse) and 8 to 16 times (rat) the human AUC (0-24) based on the maximum recommended human dose of 80 mg/day. CNS vascular lesions, characterized by perivascular hemorrhages, edema, and mononuclear cell infiltration of perivascular spaces, have been observed in dogs treated with other members of this class. A chemically similar drug in this class produced optic nerve degeneration (Wallerian degeneration of retinogeniculate fibers) in clinically normal dogs in a dose-dependent fashion at a dose that produced plasma drug levels about 30 times higher than the mean drug level in humans taking the highest recommended dose. **Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility** — In a 2-year carcinogenicity study in rats at dose levels of 10, 30, and 100 mg/kg/day, 2 rare tumors were found in muscle in high-dose females: in one, there was a rhabdomyosarcoma and, in another, there was a fibrosarcoma. This dose represents a plasma AUC (0-24) value of approximately 16 times the mean human plasma drug exposure after an 80 mg oral dose. A 2-year carcinogenicity study in mice given 100, 200, or 400 mg/kg/day resulted in a significant increase in liver adenomas in high-dose males and liver carcinomas in high-dose females. These findings occurred at plasma AUC (0-24) values of approximately 6 times the mean human plasma drug exposure after an 80 mg oral dose. *In vitro*, atorvastatin was not mutagenic or clastogenic in the following tests with and without metabolic activation: the Ames test with *Salmonella typhimurium* and *Escherichia coli*, the HGPRT forward mutation assay in Chinese hamster lung cells, and the chromosomal aberration assay in Chinese hamster lung cells. Atorvastatin was negative in the *in vivo* mouse micronucleus test. Studies in rats performed at doses up to 175 mg/kg (15 times the human exposure) produced no changes in fertility. There was aplasia and aspermia in the epididymis of 2 of 10 rats treated with 100 mg/kg/day of atorvastatin for 3 months (16 times the human AUC at the 80 mg dose); testis weights were significantly lower at 30 and 100 mg/kg and epididymal weight was lower at 100 mg/kg. Male rats given 100 mg/kg/day for 11 weeks prior to mating had decreased sperm motility, spermatid head concentration, and increased abnormal sperm. Atorvastatin caused no adverse effects on semen parameters, or reproductive organ histopathology in dogs given doses of 10, 40, or 120 mg/kg for two years. **Pregnancy — Pregnancy Category X: See CONTRAINDICATIONS.** Safety in pregnant women has not been established. Atorvastatin crosses the rat placenta and reaches a level in fetal liver equivalent to that of maternal plasma. Atorvastatin was not teratogenic in rats at doses up to 300 mg/kg/day or in rabbits at doses up to 100 mg/kg/day. These doses resulted in multiples of about 30 times (rat) or 20 times (rabbit) the human exposure based on surface area (mg/m^2). In a study in rats given 20, 100, or 225 mg/kg/day, from gestation day 7 through to lactation day 21 (weaning), there was decreased pup survival at birth, neonate, weaning, and maturity in pups of mothers dosed with 225 mg/kg/day. Body weight was decreased on days 4 and 21 in pups of mothers dosed at 100 mg/kg/day; pup body weight was decreased at birth and at days 4, 21, and 91 at 225 mg/kg/day. Pup development was delayed (rotorod performance at 100 mg/kg/day and acoustic startle at 225 mg/kg/day; pinnae detachment and eye opening at 225 mg/kg/day). These doses correspond to 6 times (100 mg/kg) and 22 times (225 mg/kg) the human AUC at 80 mg/day. Rare reports of congenital anomalies have been received following intrauterine exposure to HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors. There has been one report of severe congenital bony deformity, tracheo-esophageal fistula, and anal atresia (VATER association) in a baby born to a woman who took lovastatin with dextroamphetamine sulfate during the first trimester of pregnancy. LIPITOR should be administered to women of child-bearing potential only when such patients are highly unlikely to conceive and have been informed of the potential hazards. If the woman becomes pregnant while taking LIPITOR, it should be discontinued and the patient advised again as to the potential hazards to the fetus. **Nursing Mothers** — Nursing rat pups had plasma and liver drug levels of 50% and 40%, respectively, of that in their mother's milk. Because of the potential for adverse reactions in nursing infants, women taking LIPITOR should not breast-feed (see CONTRAINDICATIONS). **Pediatric Use** — Safety and effectiveness in patients 10-17 years of age with heterozygous familial hypercholesterolemia have been evaluated in a controlled clinical trial of 6 months duration in adolescent boys and postmenarchal girls. Patients treated with LIPITOR had an adverse experience profile generally similar to that of patients treated with placebo, the most common adverse experiences observed in both groups, regardless of causality assessment, were infections. **Doses greater than 20 mg have not been studied in this patient population.** In this limited controlled study, there was no detectable effect on growth or sexual maturation in boys or on menstrual cycle length in girls (see CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY, Clinical Studies section in full prescribing information; ADVERSE REACTIONS, Pediatric Patients (ages 10-17 years); and DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION, Heterozygous Familial Hypercholesterolemia in Pediatric Patients (10-17 years of age) in full prescribing information. Adolescent females should be counseled on appropriate contraceptive methods while on LIPITOR therapy (see CONTRAINDICATIONS and PRECAUTIONS, Pregnancy). **LIPITOR has not been studied in controlled clinical trials involving pre-pubertal patients or patients younger than 10 years of age.** Clinical efficacy with doses up to 80 mg/day for 1 year have been evaluated in an uncontrolled study of patients with homozygous FH including 8 pediatric patients (see CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY, *Clinical Studies: Homozygous Familial Hypercholesterolemia* in full prescribing information). **Geriatric Use** — The safety and efficacy of atorvastatin (10-80 mg) in the geriatric population (≥65 years of age) was evaluated in the ACCESS study. In this 54-week open-label trial 1,958 patients initiated therapy with atorvastatin 10 mg. Of these, 835 were elderly (≥65 years) and 1,123 were non-elderly. The mean change in LDL-C from baseline after 6 weeks of treatment with atorvastatin 10 mg was -38.2% in the elderly patients versus -34.6% in the non-elderly group. The rates of discontinuation due to adverse events were similar between the two age groups. There were no differences in clinically relevant laboratory abnormalities between the age groups.

ADVERSE REACTIONS: LIPITOR is generally well-tolerated. Adverse reactions have usually been mild and transient. In controlled clinical studies of 2502 patients, <2% of patients were discontinued due to adverse experiences attributable to atorvastatin. The most frequent adverse events thought to be related to atorvastatin were constipation, flatulence, dyspepsia, and abdominal pain. **Clinical Adverse Experiences** — Adverse experiences reported in ≥2% of patients in placebo-controlled clinical studies of atorvastatin, regardless of causality assessment, are shown in the following table.

Adverse Events in Placebo-Controlled Studies (% of Patients)

BODY SYSTEM Adverse Event	Placebo N = 270	Atorvastatin 10 mg N = 863	Atorvastatin 20 mg N = 36	Atorvastatin 40 mg N = 79	Atorvastatin 80 mg N = 94
BODY AS A WHOLE					
Infection	10.0	10.3	2.8	10.1	7.4
Headache	7.0	5.4	16.7	2.5	6.4
Accidental Injury	3.7	4.2	0.0	1.3	3.2
Flu Syndrome	1.9	2.2	0.0	2.5	3.2
Abdominal Pain	0.7	2.8	0.0	3.8	2.1
Back Pain	3.0	2.8	0.0	3.8	1.1
Allergic Reaction	2.6	0.9	2.8	1.3	0.0
Asthenia	1.9	2.2	0.0	3.8	0.0
DIGESTIVE SYSTEM					
Constipation	1.8	2.1	0.0	2.5	1.1
Diarrhea	1.5	2.7	0.0	3.8	5.3
Dyspepsia	4.1	2.3	2.8	1.3	2.1
Flatulence	3.3	2.1	2.8	1.3	1.1
RESPIRATORY SYSTEM					
Sinusitis	2.6	2.8	0.0	2.5	6.4
Pharyngitis	1.5	2.5	0.0	1.3	2.1
SKIN AND APPENDAGES					
Rash	0.7	3.9	2.8	3.8	1.1
MUSCULOSKELETAL SYSTEM					
Arthralgia	1.5	2.0	0.0	5.1	0.0
Myalgia	1.1	3.2	5.6	1.3	0.0

The following adverse events were reported, regardless of causality assessment in patients treated with atorvastatin in clinical trials. The events in italics occurred in ≥2% of patients and the events in plain type occurred in <2% of patients.

Body as a Whole: *Chest pain*, face edema, fever, neck rigidity, malaise, photosensitivity reaction, generalized edema. ***Digestive System:*** *Nausea*, gastroenteritis, liver function tests abnormal, colitis, vomiting, gastritis, dry mouth, rectal hemorrhage, esophagitis, eructation, glossitis, mouth ulceration, anorexia, increased appetite, stomatitis, biliary pain, cheilitis, duodenal ulcer, dysphagia, enteritis, melena, gum hemorrhage, stomach ulcer, tenesmus, ulcerative stomatitis, hepatitis, pancreatitis, cholestatic jaundice. ***Respiratory System:*** *Bronchitis, rhinitis,* pneumonia, dyspnea, asthma, epistaxis. ***Nervous System:*** *Insomnia, dizziness,* paresthesia, somnolence, amnesia, abnormal dreams, libido decreased, emotional lability, incoordination, peripheral neuropathy, torticollis, facial paralysis, hyperkinesia, depression, hypesthesia, hypertonia. ***Musculoskeletal System:*** *Arthritis,* leg cramps, bursitis, tenosynovitis, myasthenia, tendinous contracture, myositis. ***Skin and Appendages:*** Pruritus, contact dermatitis, alopecia, dry skin, sweating, acne, urticaria, eczema, seborrhea, skin ulcer. ***Urogenital System:*** *Urinary tract infection,* urinary frequency, cystitis, hematuria, impotence, dysuria, kidney calculus, nocturia, epididymitis, fibrocystic breast, vaginal hemorrhage, albuminuria, breast enlargement, metrorrhagia, nephritis, urinary incontinence, urinary retention, urinary urgency, abnormal ejaculation, uterine hemorrhage. ***Special Senses:*** Amblyopia, tinnitus, dry eyes, refraction disorder, eye hemorrhage, deafness, glaucoma, parosmia, taste loss, taste perversion. ***Cardiovascular System:*** Palpitation, vasodilatation, syncope, migraine, postural hypotension, phlebitis, arrhythmia, angina pectoris, hypertension. ***Metabolic and Nutritional Disorders:*** *Peripheral edema,* hyperglycemia, creatine phosphokinase increased, gout, weight gain, hypoglycemia. ***Hemic and Lymphatic System:*** Ecchymosis, anemia, lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia, petechia. **Postintroduction Reports** — Adverse events associated with LIPITOR therapy reported since market introduction, that are not listed above, regardless of causality assessment, include the following: anaphylaxis, angioneurotic edema, bullous rashes (including erythema multiforme, Stevens-Johnson syndrome, and toxic epidermal necrolysis), and rhabdomyolysis. **Pediatric Patients (ages 10-17 years)** In a 26-week controlled study in boys and postmenarchal girls (n=140), the safety and tolerability profile of LIPITOR 10 to 20 mg daily was generally similar to that of placebo (see CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY, *Clinical Studies section* in full prescribing information and PRECAUTIONS, *Pediatric Use*).

OVERDOSAGE: There is no specific treatment for atorvastatin overdosage. In the event of an overdose, the patient should be treated symptomatically, and supportive measures instituted as required. Due to extensive drug binding to plasma proteins, hemodialysis is not expected to significantly enhance atorvastatin clearance.

Please see full prescribing information for additional information about LIPITOR.

℞ **only**

©2003 Pfizer Ireland Pharmaceuticals

Manufactured by:
Pfizer Ireland Pharmaceuticals
Dublin, Ireland

Distributed by:
Parke-Davis
Division of Pfizer Inc, NY, NY 10017

Rev. 4, August 2003

LP182394A © 2004 Pfizer Inc. All rights reserved. Pfizer U.S. Pharmaceuticals

of Haydn, Bartók (the First Quartet), and Beethoven (the Quartet in A Minor, Op. 132). ♦ July 9 at 8:30: "Opening Night at Tanglewood" finds Kurt Masur conducting Wynton Marsalis's oratorio "All Rise," performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Tanglewood Festival Chorus, a host of guest vocalists, and the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra—fronted by the composer himself. ♦ July 10 at 8:30: An all-Ravel program featuring Leon Fleisher (the soloist in the Concerto for the Left Hand) and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus (in "Daphnis et Chloé"); Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducts. ♦ July 11 at 2:30: Ingo Metzmacher conducts the B.S.O. in music by Mozart (including the Piano Concerto No. 27 in B-Flat Major, with Emanuel Ax) and Shostakovich (the Symphony No. 1 in F Minor). ♦ July 13 at 8:30: Bryn Terfel offers songs by Britten, Vaughan Williams, Copland, and Tosti with Malcolm Martineau at the piano. ♦ July 16 at 8:30: Masur is back, conducting the B.S.O. in a populist program of Glinka, Tchaikovsky (the Violin Concerto, with Midori), and Dvořák (the "New World" Symphony). ♦ July 17 at 8:30: Terfel returns to sing excerpts from "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," backed by de Burgos and the B.S.O. (who begin the evening with Beethoven's Eighth Symphony). (Lenox, Mass. 888-266-1200.)

NEWPORT MUSIC FESTIVAL

A whirl of concerts given in the yachting town's legendary "cottages" begins with a lunchtime recital of piano rarities (including works by Lully, Schubert, Wagner, and Liadov) performed by Alain Jacquon, Pedja Mužijević, and Daniel del Pino at the Elms. (Newport, R.I. 401-849-0700. July 9 at 11 A.M. Through July 25.)

MUSIC FESTIVAL OF THE HAMPTONS

July 9 at 7:45: The composer-conductor Lukas Foss directs this East End festival, which opens with a gala featuring the violinist Michael Guttman and the violist Jesse Levine (in Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante in E-Flat Major) and the tenor Scott Murphree (in Britten's "Serenade"). ♦ July 10 at 8: It's not Tanglewood, but the festival has gained notoriety for commissioning works for the Atlantic Chamber Orchestra and locomotive whistle obbligato (kindly provided by the Long Island Rail Road, whose track is nearby). This year's entry—"Mourning Madrid," by the young composer Christian Carey—will remind us of the darker aspects of contemporary travel; it complements a program of Haydn and Bach (the Piano Concerto in D Minor, with Foss as soloist). (Snake Hollow Rd., Bridgehampton, N.Y. 800-644-4418.)

ASTON MAGNA FESTIVAL

July 10 at 6: Music for the plays of Shakespeare (by Morley, Arne, and Purcell), performed by the soprano Sharon Baker, the baritone David Ripley, and the keyboardist Peter Sykes. ♦ July 17 at 6: The clarinettist Eric Hoeprich is featured in the Clarinet Quintets by Mozart and Weber. (St. James Church, Great Barrington, Mass. 413-528-3595.)

GLIMMERGLASS OPERA

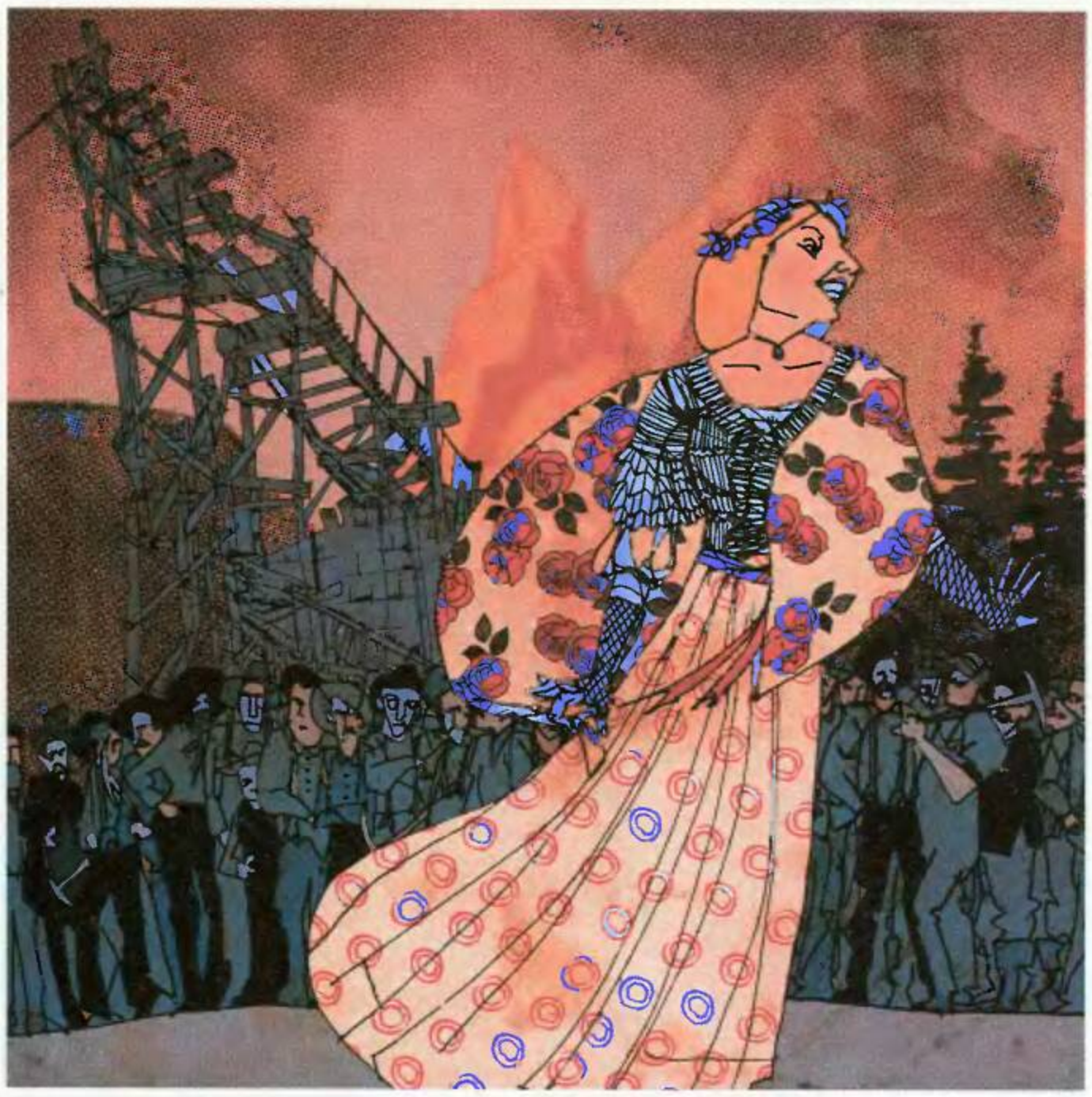
July 10 at 8 and July 18 at 2: **"Patience,"** Gilbert and Sullivan's sendup of the airs and vapors of Oscar Wilde's aesthetic movement, in a new production directed by Tazewell Thompson with a cast that includes Sarah Coburn, Jeffrey Lentz, Kevin Burdette, and Joyce Castle; Andrew Bisantz conducts. ♦ July 11 at 2: Puccini's **"La Fanciulla del West,"** with Emily Pulley, Roger Honeywell, and Earle Patriarco in the leading roles; Stewart Robertson. ♦ July 17 at 8 and July 19 at 2: Handel's **"Imeneo"** ("Hymen"), a gracious and affecting treatment of the myth of the Greek god of marriage, in a new production by Christopher Alden. With John Tessier, Michael Maniaci, Amanda Pabyan, and Craig Phillips; William Lacey. (Cooperstown, N.Y. 607-547-2255.)

NORFOLK CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL

Two concerts by the Tokyo String Quartet highlight mid-July at Yale School of Music's summer outpost. July 10 at 8: The pianist Boris Berman joins the group in Dvořák's Piano Quintet; music by Bartók and Haydn completes the concert. ♦ July 17 at 8: Works by Mozart, Beethoven (the Quartet in F Minor, "Serioso"), and Ravel. (Routes 44 and 272, Norfolk, Conn. 860-542-3000.)

MAVERICK CONCERTS

July 10 at 8: "Songs Degenerate and Otherwise," a cabaret program with the actor-singers Alvin Epstein and Beth Anne Cole that features songs from Kurt Weill's German and American years (with lyrics by Bertolt Brecht, Ira Gershwin, and Langston Hughes). ♦ July 11 at 3: A concert by the Miami String Quartet features Brahms's Quartet in C Minor along with Dvořák's Piano Quintet in A Major; Lydia Artymiw, the pianist, begins the program with solo works by Judith Lang Zaimont. ♦ The Ying Quartet performs Ned Rorem's Fifth String Quartet (along with Mendelssohn's Quartet in E-Flat Major, Op. 44, No. 3) and teams up with the pianist Elinor Freer for Dvořák's Piano Quartet No. 2. (Woodstock, N.Y. For more information, call 845-679-8217.)



Glimmerglass Opera stages Puccini's "La Fanciulla del West," through August 23.

MUSIC MOUNTAIN

July 11 at 3: The Shanghai String Quartet, in residence for a summer of Beethoven, performs the first of the "Razumovsky" Quartets (in F Major) and the Quartet in B-Flat Major, Op. 130. ♦ July 18 at 3: Tian Ying joins the Arianna String Quartet for Brahms's Piano Quartet in A Major, in a concert that also includes string quartets by Mozart and Shostakovich (the Quartet No. 10). (Routes 63 and 126, Falls Village, Conn. 860-824-7126.)

SOUTH SHORE MUSIC SERIES

Konstantin Soukhovetski, the winner of the 2003 Gina Bachauer Competition, plays music by Debussy, Beethoven (the "Moonlight" Sonata), and Schumann. (Saugatuck Congregational Church, 245 Post Rd. E., Westport, Conn. 866-776-8745. July 16 at 8.)

CONCERTS AT TANNERY POND

The Borromeo String Quartet teams up with the mezzo-soprano Margaret Lattimore for a program of Haydn, Respighi, Chausson (the delectable "Chanson Perpetuelle"), and Beethoven (the Quartet in A Minor, Op. 132). (Darrow School, New Lebanon, N.Y. 888-846-5848. July 17 at 8.)

MARLBORO MUSIC FESTIVAL

The Northeast's shrine for lovers of German chamber music opens its doors with a pair of concerts. (Marlboro, Vt. July 17 at 8:30 and July 18 at 2:30. For information on programs, and to purchase tickets, see www.marlboromusic.org.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

PROUST FEST

The Proust Society of America celebrates the birthday of the French novelist with a marathon reading of the "Combray" sections of "À la Recherche du Temps Perdu." Marilyn French, Betty Fussell, Vivian Gornick, Jessica Hagedorn, and Pete Hamill are among those doing the honors. Madeleines will be served. (The Mercantile Library of New York, 17 E. 47th St. 212-755-6710. July 10, starting at 10 A.M.)

"LIGHT SHOW"

Joshua White, a light-show artist who created the installations at the Fillmore East in the sixties, and Gary Panter, an illustrator and comic-book artist who designed the set for "Pee-wee's Playhouse," return to the psychedelic days of yore, with live improvisational performances of projected color. (Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. 212-505-5181, ext. 15. July 15-16 at 7 and 9; July 17 at 3, 7, and 9; and July 18 at 2.)

MORE READINGS

July 8 at 7: Stacey D'Erasmo offers selections from her novel "A Seahorse Year." (Barnes & Noble, Sixth Ave. at 21st St. No tickets necessary.) ♦ July 11 at 3: The novelists George Hagen and Robert Reuland and the poet Hal Sirowitz read from their work. (Sunny's, 253 Conover St., Red Hook, Brooklyn. For more information, call 718-875-3677.) ♦ July 13 at 7: Patrick McGrath reads from his novel "Port Mungo." (192 Books, 192 Tenth Ave. For reservations, call 212-255-4022.) ♦ July 14 at 7: The former senator Gary Hart and the Yale history professor John Gaddis read from their respective new books, "Fourth Power" and "Surprise, Security, and the American Experience." (The Society for Ethical Culture, 53 Prospect Park W., Park Slope, Brooklyn. For more information, call the Community Bookstore, at 718-783-3075.)

JASHAR AWAN

MOVIES
OPENING

ANCHORMAN: THE LEGEND OF RON BURGUNDY
A macho San Diego newscaster (Will Ferrell) adjusts to feminism, in a comedy set in the seventies. With Christina Applegate, Fred Willard, and Paul Rudd. Directed by Adam McKay. Opening July 9.

A CINDERELLA STORY
Hilary Duff plays the lead in this tween update of the classic fairy tale. Directed by Mark Rosman. Opening July 16.

THE DOOR IN THE FLOOR
Tod Williams adapts John Irving's novel "A Widow for One Year," about a children's book author (Jeff Bridges) and his wife (Kim Basinger), whose marriage has been marred by tragedy. Opening July 14.

FREESTYLE: THE ART OF RHYME
A documentary history of hip-hop, directed by Kevin Fitzgerald. With Supernatural, Craig G, Black Thought, the Last Poets, Lord Finesse, and others. Opening July 16. (Cinema Village.)

THE INHERITANCE
An heir to a Danish steel fortune must leave behind his quiet life in Stockholm after his father's suicide, in a drama directed by Per Fly. With Ulrich Thomsen. In Danish. Opening July 9. (Cinema Village.)

I, ROBOT
In a sci-fi thriller set in a future where everyone trusts robots, Will Smith plays a detective who stumbles upon a conspiracy involving androids. Directed by Alex Proyas ("Dark City"). Opening July 16.

KING ARTHUR
Antoine Fuqua ("Training Day") directed this medieval epic with Clive Owen as Arthur, Keira Knightley as Guinevere, and Stephen Dillane as Merlin. Opening July 7.

LET'S GET FRANK
Reviewed below in Film Notes. Opening July 14. (Film Forum.)

MARIA FULL OF GRACE
A drama about a seventeen-year-old Colombian girl (Catalina Sandino Moreno) who becomes a drug mule—transporting cocaine to New York inside her stomach. Joshua Marston wrote and directed. Opening July 16.

METALLICA: SOME KIND OF MONSTER
Reviewed below in Film Notes. Opening July 9.

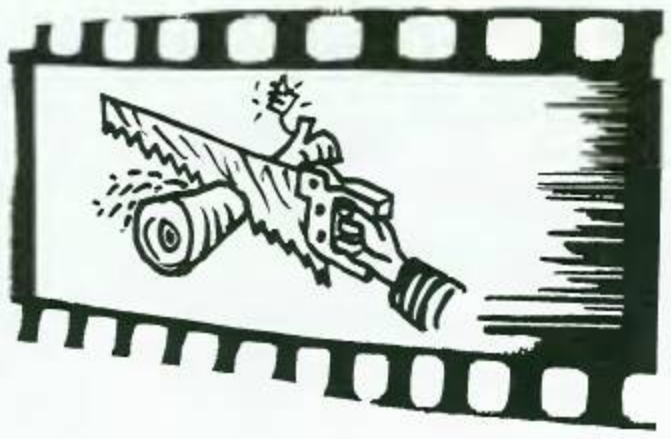
RIDING GIANTS
Stacy Peralta ("Dogtown and Z-Boys") directed this documentary about big-wave surfing. With Greg (the Bull) Noll, Laird Hamilton, Jeff Clark, and others. Opening July 9.

TOUCH OF PINK
The life of a gay South Asian man (Jimi Mistry) who idolizes Cary Grant takes a turn for the worse when his devout Muslim mother (Suleka Mathew) shows up in London, in a comedy directed by Ian Iqbal Rashid. Opening July 16.

ZHOU YU'S TRAIN
A love story set in modern China, in which a young woman (Gong Li) is having affairs with two men, a poet (Tony Leung Ka Fai) and a doctor (Honglei Sun). Directed by Sun Zhou. In Mandarin. Opening July 16.

FILM NOTES

BEFORE SUNSET
A lovely sequel to "Before Sunrise," the charmingly diminutive romantic movie that Richard Linklater made in 1995, in which Jesse (Ethan Hawke), a footloose young American, and Celine (Julie Delpy), a student from Paris,



spent a night talking and making love in Vienna. Nine years have gone by, and Jesse, now a novelist, is hawking a book in Paris, where he runs into Celine, who has become an earnest international health worker. Jesse is supposed to fly home later that day, but they agree to kill some time together and walk around the Left Bank. Like the earlier movie, "Before Sunset" turns into an orgy of talk—flirtatious, soulful, boastful, self-deprecating talk, some of it borderline pretentious but all of it utterly convincing as the intelligent and foolish things said by people who connect through their tastes, ideas, and passions. "Sunrise" was fresh and easy and ardent; this movie is enchanting, too, but it goes deeper—it's more emotional and direct, with intimations of sharp disappointment and unhappiness. The drama of the movie emerges from its form: it plays in real time, and for about eighty minutes, as Linklater's camera gravely follows these two around, we wonder whether Jesse will go home to his wife and child or allow himself to be fascinated, once again, by a serious young woman given to melancholy self-revelation.—*David Denby* (Reviewed in our issue of 7/5/04.) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Square.)

THE CLEARING
Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. (Chelsea Cinemas, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and Village Theatre VII.)

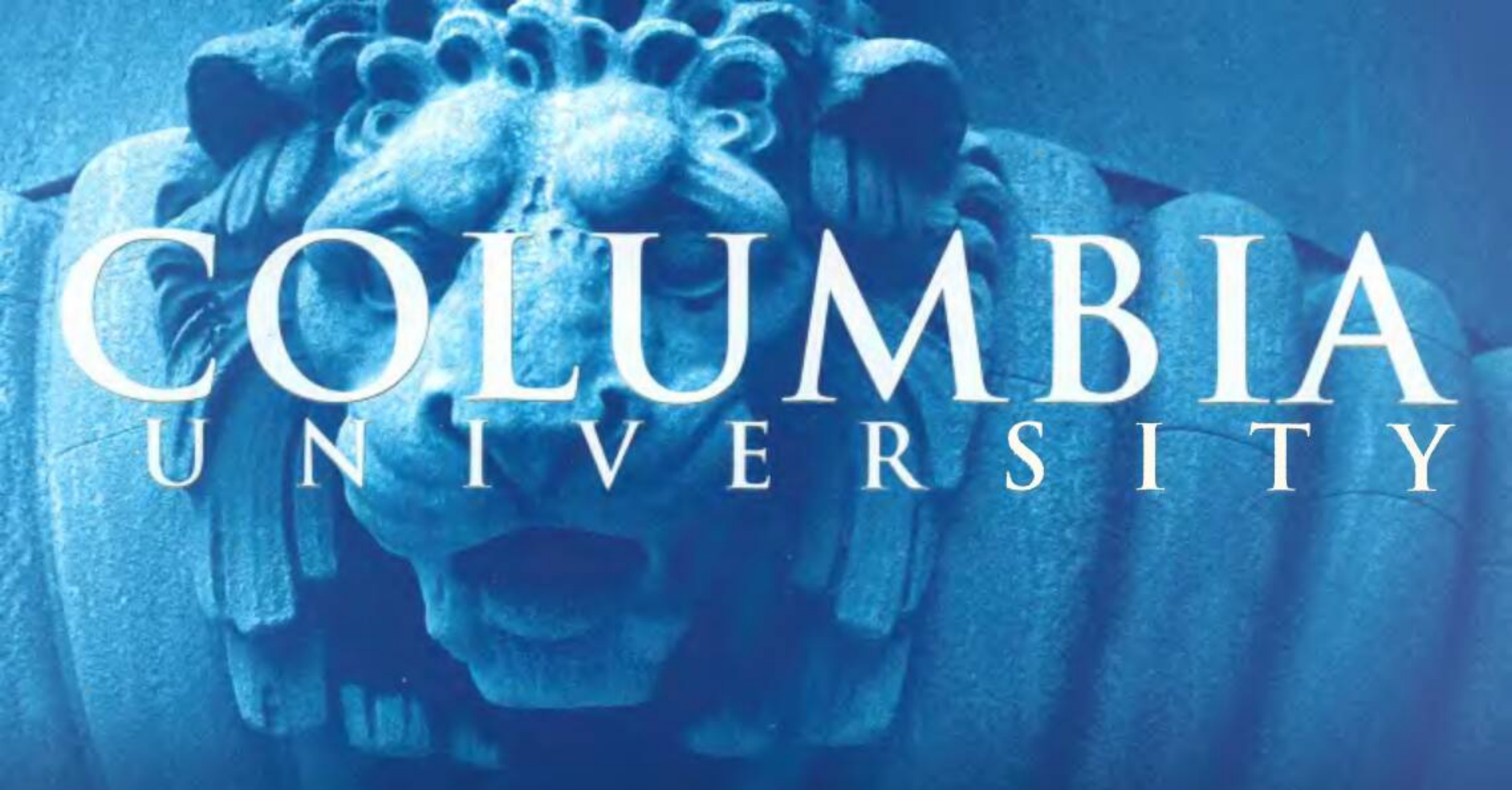
CONTROL ROOM
A documentary, directed by Jehane Noujaim, about Al Jazeera, the Arab television station that pulls in forty million viewers without a single game show. The film was made during the invasion of Iraq by Coalition forces, an event that it covers from an angle not entirely shared by Fox News. On every side, there was a measure of wishful thinking; the staff at Al Jazeera, for example, most of them perspicacious and engaging in the extreme, appear genuinely dumbstruck when reports stating that American forces have reached the heart of Baghdad turn out to be true. More surprising still, the pivotal figure in the picture is an American—Lieutenant Josh Rushing, a press officer, who gives the Al Jazeera side of the argument a far more sympathetic hearing than the White House would consider wise. In fact, the film itself is more judicious in its choice of talking heads than in its delivery of basic information; by the end, we still know dangerously little about the origins, schedules, and funding of the station. Those who know Al Jazeera only as a bête noire of the Secretary of Defense, however, will relish the chance to see inside.—*Anthony Lane* (5/24/04) (Sunshine Cinema.)

DANZÓN
There's an authentic low-key poetry to the dance scenes—and to the gentle choreography of flirtatious strolls—in this women's-novelette-like story of a fortyish single mother, Julia, from Mexico City (María Rojo), bereft by the disappearance of her longtime ballroom-dance partner. Too bad his exit happens before the director, María Novaro, can make the heroine's bond with him as compelling as her robust friendships with her fellow telephone operators or her push-pull relationship with her daughter. Once Julia's search for him leads to the port city of Vera Cruz, the freshness of the surroundings gives both her performance and the film a lift. But even with an exotically antique and indolent vacation atmosphere, the film's longueurs outnumber its epiphanies. The frame springs completely to life only when Novaro's camera roams over the bodies and faces of dancers who with small yet dashing steps and half-shifts of expressions create their own unique courtly ecstasies. Originally released in 1991; in Spanish.—*Michael Sragow* (Film Forum; July 20.)

DODGEBALL: A TRUE UNDERDOG STORY
The year of Ben Stiller (this is his fourth film to be released since January) continues with this hit-and-miss comedy. Stiller plays the owner of a corporate fitness center who's plotting to drive a local gym out of business. The cool-as-sweat Vince Vaughn plays the gym's owner, and, in classic "Bad News Bears" style, he puts together a team of misfits to win a tournament and save the day. Rawson Marshall Thurber's ragtag direction and writing leave plenty of room for the great supporting cast to let it rip. Especially so in the case of Rip Torn,

Jeff Bridges and Kim Basinger in "The Door in the Floor."

TOMER HANUKA



COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

EVENING EXTENSION PROGRAM

A unique collection of open enrollment courses.
Recapture your intellectual curiosity by exploring
a classic or contemporary subject.

Classes are held once a week and
begin on September 20, 2004.

Visit our Web site to view
course details and enroll.

extension.columbia.edu

SCHOOL OF Continuing Education
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
Keep thinking.™

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
EVENING EXTENSION PROGRAM
COURSES

ART HISTORY AND ARCHAEOLOGY
- Masterpieces of Western Art I: From Ancient Greece to Chartres Cathedral
- Landscape and the Visual Arts in China
- Civilizations of Mesoamerica: From Aztec to Zapotec
- Safeguarding the World's Heritage in an Age of Globalization
- Exhibiting Controversy: Museums and Censorship

CAREER AND BUSINESS
- Personal Investment Planning
- Developing and Managing a Successful Business Plan
- Achieving Perfection: Understanding Six Sigma
- Introduction to Urban Real Estate Development I
- Public Speaking

HISTORY
- The Vikings: 400–1100
- The Arab-Israeli Conflict in Its Historical Context: From Hertzl to Hamas

LANGUAGE
- American Sign Language I
- Spanish for Medical Practitioners

LITERATURE
- Classics of Western Literature I: from Homer to St. Augustine
- The Bible as Literature
- Voyages in the British Novel
- James Joyce's Ulysses
- History of the Comic Book
- The Smell of Literature

MUSIC
- The Language of Music
- Introduction to the Symphony: From Haydn to Corigliano
- Traditional and Folk Music of the Americas

NEW YORK CITY
- The Great White Way: A History of Broadway I, 1700–1900
- Landmarking New York City

POLITICAL SCIENCE
- The Politics of Nationalism: Mobs and Multitudes
- International Human Rights

SCIENCE
- An Intelligent Guide to the Natural World: Popular Myths and Realities
- Basics of Biotechnology

extension.columbia.edu

who plays a tough, wheel-chair-using trainer. Jason Bateman and Gary Cole provide laughs as clueless sports commentators, and a host of cameo performers (including Lance Armstrong and William Shatner) hurtle their lines at the audience with glee. The movie is goofy, ridiculous, and, all in all, somewhat inspiring.—*Bruce Diones* (Battery Park 11, Chelsea Cinemas, East 85th Street, 84th Street Sixplex, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.)

FAHRENHEIT 9/11

Michael Moore's new documentary is an incendiary and viciously funny attack on the Bush Administration—a whirlwind of political charges, sinister implications, and derision—in which the President comes off as a betrayer and fool who has all the substance of a stuffed doll. Moore accuses Bush of handing part of America's sovereignty over to the Saudis; he implies that the President, after 9/11, was more effective at frightening the electorate than at pursuing the terrorists; he presents America as an oligarchy in which the wealthy control everything while luring the dispossessed to "volunteer" in endless wars. Saying that pieces of this are true, or partly true, or true when joined to counterclaims—isn't the Army mostly a boon for the working class?—doesn't settle the journalistic issue. The movie's more radical allegations, which arrive like a shower of poison darts, are impossible to sort out and evaluate, and Moore often joins facetious narration to highly edited clips in a way that recalls the agit-prop techniques of dictatorial regimes. The movie is sensational entertainment for those already convinced but may repel the uncommitted. There are a number of powerful sections, however, that are impossible to dismiss, particularly the story of Lila Lipscomb, a Flint, Michigan, mother who loses her son in the Iraq war and, giving way to unappeasable grief, makes a half-crazed pilgrimage to the White House.—*D.D.* (6/28/04) (BAM Rose Cinemas, Battery Park 11, East 86th Street Cinemas, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.)

FLAMINGO ROAD

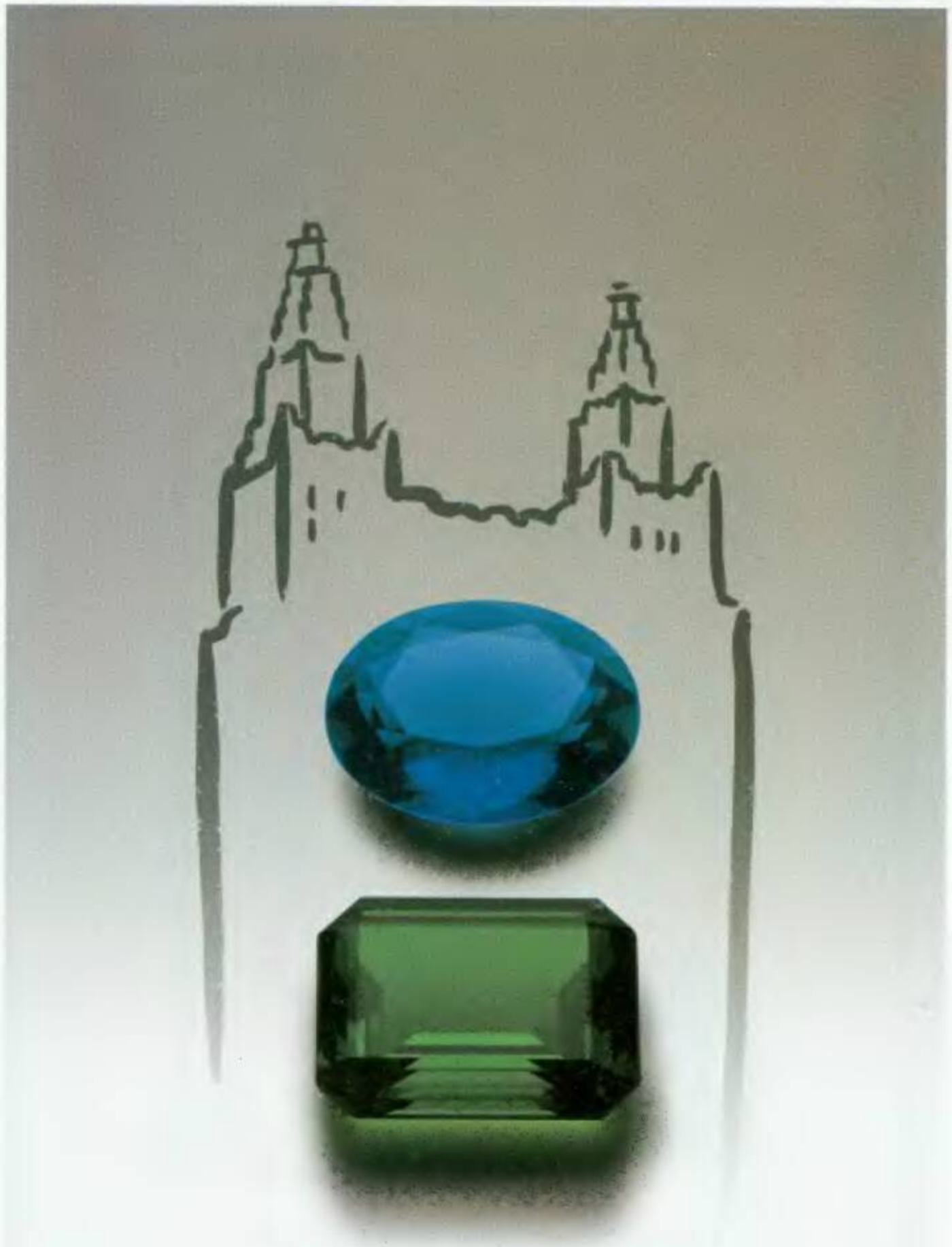
The screen's supreme masochist—Joan Crawford—at it again. This time, she's a carnival hootchy-kootchy dancer stranded in a small town; she gets involved with a weakling—Zachary Scott, the same heel who betrayed her in "Mildred Pierce"—and she's implicated in murder again, and with the same director, Michael Curtiz, and the same producer, Jerry Wald. But the script lacks the mythic, overwrought James M. Cainisms of the earlier film. It's just garishly overwrought. The ostentatious miscasting of Sydney Greenstreet as a sheriff gives the picture a campy charm; he's a mean villain, persecuting the brave, suffering heroine—framing her, running her out of town, railroading her into prison. David Brian is the local political boss who falls in love with her; he seems not to see what we do—that she's rigid, monstrous. Originally released in 1949.—*Pauline Kael* (BAM Rose Cinemas; July 7.)

THE KILLING

Stanley Kubrick had made two pictures before this one, but they were juvenilia; this shrewdly worked out suspense film, which he made at the age of twenty-seven, is the real beginning of his career. Centering on a racetrack robbery, it has fast, incisive cutting; a nervous, edgy style; and furtive little touches of characterization. The cast includes many familiar second-string actors, but they go through enough unfamiliar movements to keep one in an agreeable state of anxious expectation. Sterling Hayden is impressive as the ex-convict who plans the crime (there's a slight melancholy about him). With Elisha Cook, Jr., and fierce, tight Marie Windsor as his mismate, and the generally underrated fine actress Coleen Gray. Originally released in 1956.—*P.K.* (BAM Rose Cinemas; July 18.)

LET'S GET FRANK

Barney Frank's role in the Clinton-impeachment hearing gets the spotlight in this documentary about the outspoken representative from Massachusetts. The filmmaker Bart Everly began following Frank in 1998, and he captures an unvarnished portrait of Frank's work on and off the floor of the



Two brilliant hotels. One legendary location.

In the heart of Manhattan under the same roof are two landmarks of New York City. The Waldorf=Astoria.® Grand. World-renowned. Above it rests The Waldorf Towers.® A secret and exclusive retreat where privacy is jealously guarded. Each hotel a singular experience. Each a gleaming tribute to all that is New York.

THE WALDORF-ASTORIA
A HILTON HOTEL
301 PARK AVENUE
NEW YORK, NY 10022
212-355-3000

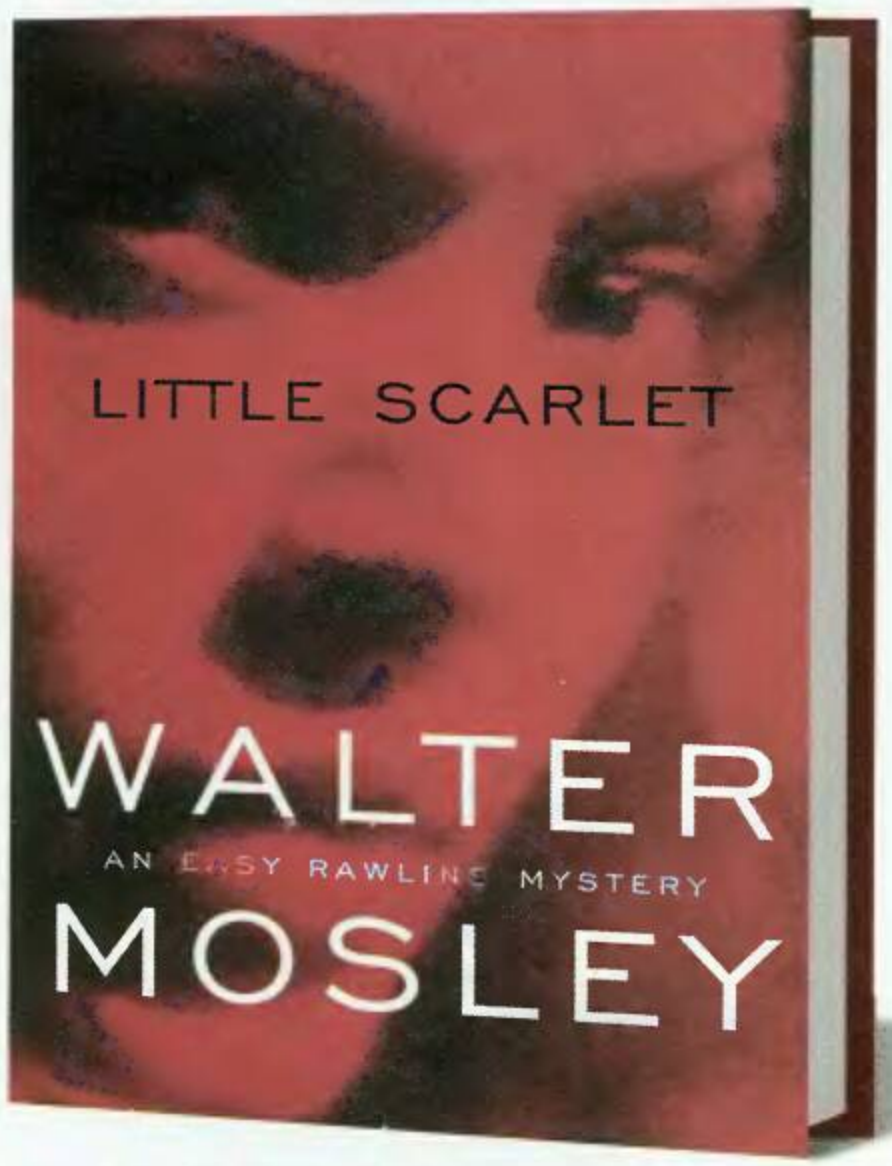
THE WALDORF TOWERS
A CONRAD HOTEL
100 EAST 50TH ST.
NEW YORK, NY 10022
212-355-3100

WWW.WALDORF.COM
© 2004 Hilton Hospitality, Inc.

CHIP COOPER

WALTER MOSLEY'S

"BEST NOVEL TO DATE."*



"COMPELLING."
—Jonathan Kellerman, author of *Therapy*

"POWERFUL."
—*Time Out New York*

"WONDERFUL."
—Oscar Hijuelos, author of *A Simple Habana Melody*

"A MASTERWORK."
—George Pelecanos, author of *Hard Revolution*

Sometimes the whole world sees red.

LITTLE SCARLET

Read an Excerpt Online at www.twbookmark.com

Also available as a Time Warner AudioBook™ and as an eBook

Little, Brown and Company
Time Warner Book Group

** Publishers Weekly*

House. As one of the top-ranking minority members of the House Judiciary Committee during the impeachment hearings, Frank—a gay politician who survived a sex scandal of his own—displayed an intelligence and fearless wit, and he became one of Clinton's staunchest defenders. The film's calm, no-nonsense approach is laudable. It does something rare: it gives an uplifting glimpse into the workings of modern politics.—*B.D.* (Film Forum.)

METALLICA: SOME KIND OF MONSTER

A documentary by Joe Berlinger and Bruce Sinofsky about life off the road, and off the rails, for the mega-selling metal rock band. The filmmakers worked for almost two years, during a turbulent and disturbing time in the group's long career. When egos clash during the recording of a new album, the group's label hires a high-priced therapist to sort through the conflict (as time goes on the therapist takes himself so seriously he ostensibly becomes part of the band). The movie captures sometimes funny, sometimes uncomfortable scenes of the creative process, and also includes interviews with old and new band members, as well as the seemingly obligatory lead-singer-in-rehab scenario. And, while it can be argued that all of this is the norm for a high-end rock-and-roll lifestyle, the film works hard to demystify the multimillionaire band, showing them as a bunch of guys, embarrassingly exposed, like teen-agers on a first date.—*B.D.* (Empire 25 and Sunshine Cinema.)

NAPOLEON DYNAMITE

Deadpan Idaho Dada. The very young married team of Jared Hess (writer and director) and Jerusha Hess (writer), working in Preston, Idaho, Jared's home town, dig into the weird, flat tonalities of loserdom. Their hero, Napoleon (Jon Heder), a high-school senior, can't find anyone to play tetherball with him and gets ritually slammed into lockers by the school toughs. Yet Napoleon is oddly self-possessed; he speaks with an indignant snarl and confronts people without doing them the honor of opening his eyes and looking at them. The Hesses surround this stubborn nerd with wan dreamers and dim failures who don't see themselves as failures—their inexplicable belief in themselves is the movie's most hopeful element. Many of the scenes are brief vignettes punctuated with intentionally awkward physical comedy. The Hesses make jokes out of affectlessness and drabness—the nowheresville prefab tackiness of the houses and the emptiness of a patch of country so remote that not even popular culture touches it. The movie might have worked if it weren't so dead-aired, malicious, and cool.—*D.D.* (BAM Rose Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and Sunshine Cinema.)

THE NOTEBOOK

Another story from the sap-filled pen of Nicholas Sparks ("Message in a Bottle," "A Walk to Remember") is given the familiar golden-hued treatment by the director Nick Cassavetes and the screenwriter Jeremy Leven. This love story, told through flashbacks to the nineteen-forties, concerns a woman (Gena Rowlands) who is suffering from Alzheimer's and the attempt by her old flame (James Garner) to rekindle a memory of their romantic past. Their younger selves are played by Ryan Gosling and Rachel McAdams, and their idealized love story is filled with clichés. Cassavetes unapologetically lifts romantic set pieces from earlier films like "On Golden Pond" and "East of Eden" in an attempt to rustle up some first-love tension, but the film is as bland and sentimental as a greeting card.—*B.D.* (Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema 2, East 86th Street Cinemas, Empire 25, Lincoln Square, and Union Square.)

SPIDER-MAN 2

Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. (Astor Plaza, Battery Park 11, Chelsea West, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Metro Twin, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.)

THE STEPFORD WIVES

This updated version of the Ira Levin novel, first adapted for the movies (drearily) in 1975, is bright and funny for about an hour. A bunch of drippily unattractive and frightened husbands, retreating to the wealthy, bland Connecticut town of Stepford, turn their high-powered wives into perfect slave ro-

bots. The script, by Paul Rudnick, and the set design, by Jackson De Govia, transform Levin's thriller material into spoof. The dresses of the robot wives are a riot of patterned gingham, the wives' exercises, as choreographed by Patricia Birch, imitate the gently spinning movements of washing machines, and the sparkling mansions are high-windowed and strewn with flowers. In essence, the movie represents Rudnick's riff on the square world, which he takes to be everywhere outside of New York. The heroines include two yet to be robotized women—Bette Midler, slamming into scenes like a runaway truck, and Nicole Kidman, who has energy and spark. But Matthew Broderick, as her husband, a Caspar Milquetoast with a flap of hair falling over his forehead, never seems to get into the movie at all, and, somewhere in the middle, the rusty gothic-horror mechanics underneath the comedy bring everything to a grinding halt. With Glenn Close and Christopher Walken, giving their all as the smoothly malicious leaders of Stepford. Directed, shakily, by Frank Oz.—*D.D.* (Battery Park 11, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 72nd Street East, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.)

SUPER SIZE ME

Fascinating and nauseating. As a life-style stunt, the documentary filmmaker Morgan Spurlock eats only at McDonald's for thirty days. It's not a happy set of meals: he puts on twenty pounds, develops heart palpitations, and is rendered impotent (much to the smirking dismay of his vegan girlfriend). While even "heavy users" of McDonald's don't eat fast food as often as Spurlock does during the experiment, he becomes an overweight case in point that Big Macs and their brethren have contributed to the supersizing of Americans. Even more worrying are Spurlock's forays into school cafeterias, which have become nutritional wastelands. He tells this toxic story with visual flair and the statistical punch of an inspired muckraker. And, if you want to eat something after the movie, be sure to look away during the shots of stomach-reducing surgery.—*Michael Agger* (Angelika Film Center and Empire 25.)

THE TERMINAL

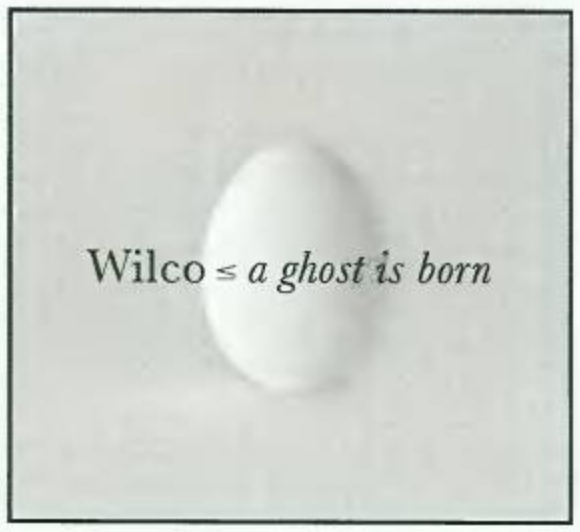
As Viktor Navorski, a stolid, jazz-loving bachelor from Eastern Europe, Tom Hanks speaks only a few words of English and walks with his feet turned out in a rapid waddle. Viktor's tiny country has fallen into chaos, and he's left stranded and stateless at JFK airport. For months, he sleeps in a lounge, scrounges for food and work, and carries on a wan flirtation with a slightly masochistic "stew" (Catherine Zeta-Jones). Viktor's nemesis, an ambitious customs bureaucrat (Stanley Tucci), tries to stymie him, but the phantom of the terminal turns into a modern-day Robinson Crusoe. The movie is essentially an exploration of the inner life of an airport—the humming lights and glaring emptiness of the late-night lounges, the quirks of the food-service and maintenance men who become Viktor's allies, suppliers, and then his adoring fans. Steven Spielberg directs this fable with his customary fluency and warmth, and the movie has some charming passages—a dinner party served by the maintenance men is a highlight—but the narrative lacks drive and a serious reason to exist.—*D.D.* (7/5/04) (Battery Park 11, Beekman, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Metro Twin, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Theatre, Village Theatre VII, and Ziegfeld.)

ALSO PLAYING

THE CORPORATION
Film Forum.
DE-LOVELY
Lincoln Square and Village Theatre VII.
HARRY POTTER AND THE PRISONER OF AZKABAN
Battery Park 11, Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema 1, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.

Words on Music

Borders' music expert Bob Reamer says:
"With the daring that has become their badge of honor, Wilco continue to re-invent themselves on a much-anticipated new album that offers delicate acoustic poetry and flat-out rocking – often within the same song – and an avant spirit that manages to ground itself in real emotion."



NONESUCH

"May be the year's most addictive rock release... it reflects Jeff Tweedy's newfound confidence in both his writing and the band's musicianship...a band whose ability to evoke classic idioms of American pop music...is matched only by their determination to defy them." – *TIME*

BORDERS.
BOOKS MUSIC MOVIES CAFE

SAVED! (5/31/04)
Chelsea Cinemas, Empire 25, Lincoln Square, and Union Square.
SEDUCING DOCTOR LEWIS
Paris.
TIME OF THE WOLF
Cinema Village.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

Unless noted, call 212-777-FILM for show times.

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
BAM Rose Cinemas, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn.
Battery Park 11, West St. at Vesey St.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinemas 1, 2, and 3, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363).
East 86th Street Cinemas, Third Ave. at 86th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
Empire 25, on 42nd St. near Eighth Ave. (212-398-3939).
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (212-727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
42nd Street E Walk, 42nd St. near Eighth Ave.
Kips Bay Theatre, Second Ave. at 32nd St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St. (212-757-2280).
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 66th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800).
Pioneer Theatre, 155 E. 3rd St. (212-254-3300).
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
Sunshine Cinema, 143 E. Houston St. (212-330-8182).
Sutton 1 and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
34th Street Theatre, 312 W. 34th St.
Union Square, Broadway at 13th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE
35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—Through July 18: "Paradise (Lost): Los Angeles on Film." July 10 at 2: "The Decay of Fiction" (2002, Pat O'Neill). ♦ July 10 at 4:30: "Los" (2001, James Benning). ♦ July 11 at 2: "The Savage Eye" (1960, Ben Maddow, Sidney Meyers, and Joseph Strick). ♦ July 11 at 4: "Model Shop" (1969, Jacques Demy). ♦ July 17 at 2: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950, Billy Wilder). ♦ July 17 at 4:30: "Heat" (1972, Paul Morrissey). ♦ July 18 at 2: "A Star Is Born" (1937, William A. Wellman). ♦ July 18 at 4:30: "Tarzan and Jane Regained . . . Sort Of" (1964, Andy Warhol). ♦ Repertory nights. July 10-11 at 6:30: "Battle of Algiers" (1965, Gillo Pontecorvo; in French and Arabic). ♦ July 17-18 at 6:30: "I Vitelloni" (1953, Federico Fellini; in Italian).

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES
32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (212-505-5110)—July 8 at 7, July 9 at 9, July 10 at 7, and July 11 at 9: "The Circle" (2000, Jafar Panahi; in Farsi). ♦ July 8 at 8: "Old and New" (1929, Sergei Eisenstein; silent). ♦ July 8 at 9, July 9 at 7, July 10 at 9, and July 11 at 7: "Crimson Gold" (2003, Panahi; in Farsi). ♦ July 9 at 8: "Alexander Nevsky" (1938, Eisenstein; in Russian). ♦ July 10 at 6: "Film Portrait" (1971, Jerome Hill). ♦ July 10 at 8: "Une Simple Histoire" (1958, Marcel Hanoun; in French). ♦ July 11 at 5: "The General" (1927, Buster Keaton). ♦ July 11 at 7:30: "Still" (1971, Ernie Gehr). ♦ July 15 at 8: "Un Chant d'Amour" (1950, Jean Genet; in French) and "Pull My Daisy" (1959, Robert Frank and Alfred Leslie). ♦ July 16 at 8: "Composition #2 Contrathemis" (1941, Dwinell Grant), "Little Stabs at Happiness" (1959-63, Ken Jacobs), and other shorts. ♦ July 17 at 5: "Listen to Britain" (1941, Humphrey Jennings), "Menilmontant" (1924-25, Dimitri Kirsanoff), and other shorts. ♦ July 17 at 8: "Rapt" (1934, Kirsanoff). ♦ July 18 at 4: "Bells of Atlantis" (1952, Ian Hugo), "In the Street" (1952, Helen Levitt), and other shorts. ♦ July 18 at 6: "Intolerance" (1916, D. W. Griffith). ♦ July 18 at 9: "Broken Blossoms" (1919, Griffith).

The group-therapy documentary "Metallica: Some Kind of Monster" opens July 9.

BAM ROSE CINEMAS
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-777-3456)—July 7 at 4:30, 6:45, and 9: "Flamingo Road" (†). ♦ A Rainer Werner Fassbinder retrospective. All films are in German. July 8 at 4:30, 6:45, and 9:30: "Beware of a Holy Whore" (1971). ♦ July 10 at 2, 4:30, 6:45, and 9: "Ali: Fear Eats the Soul" (1974). ♦ July 12 at 4:30, 6:45, and 9: "Love Is Colder Than Death" (1969). ♦ July 15 at 4:30, 7, and 9:30: "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant" (1972). ♦ July 17 at 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30: "Fox and His Friends" (1975). ♦ July 19 at 4:30, 6:45, and 9: "Katzelmacher" (1969). ♦ A Yasujiro Ozu retrospective. All films are in Japanese. July 9 at 2, 4:30, 6:45, and 9: "Late Spring" (1949). ♦ July 13 at 4:30, 6:45, and 9: "What Did the Lady Forget?" (1937). ♦ July 16 at 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30: "Early Summer" (1951). ♦ July 20 at 4:30, 6:45, and 9: "Brothers and Sisters of the Toda Family" (1941). ♦ Repertory favorites. July 11 at 2, 4:30, 6:45, and 9: "Night of the Hunter" (1955, Charles Laughton). ♦ July 14 at 4:30, 6:45, and 9:30: "Gideon of Scotland Yard" (1958, John Ford). ♦ July 18 at 2, 4:30, 6:45, and 9: "The Killing" (†).

BRYANT PARK
Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.—Mondays, starting at dusk: Free drive-in-style moviegoing. July 12: "Cat Ballou" (1965, Eliot Silverstein). ♦ July 19: "Dial M for Murder" (1954, Alfred Hitchcock).

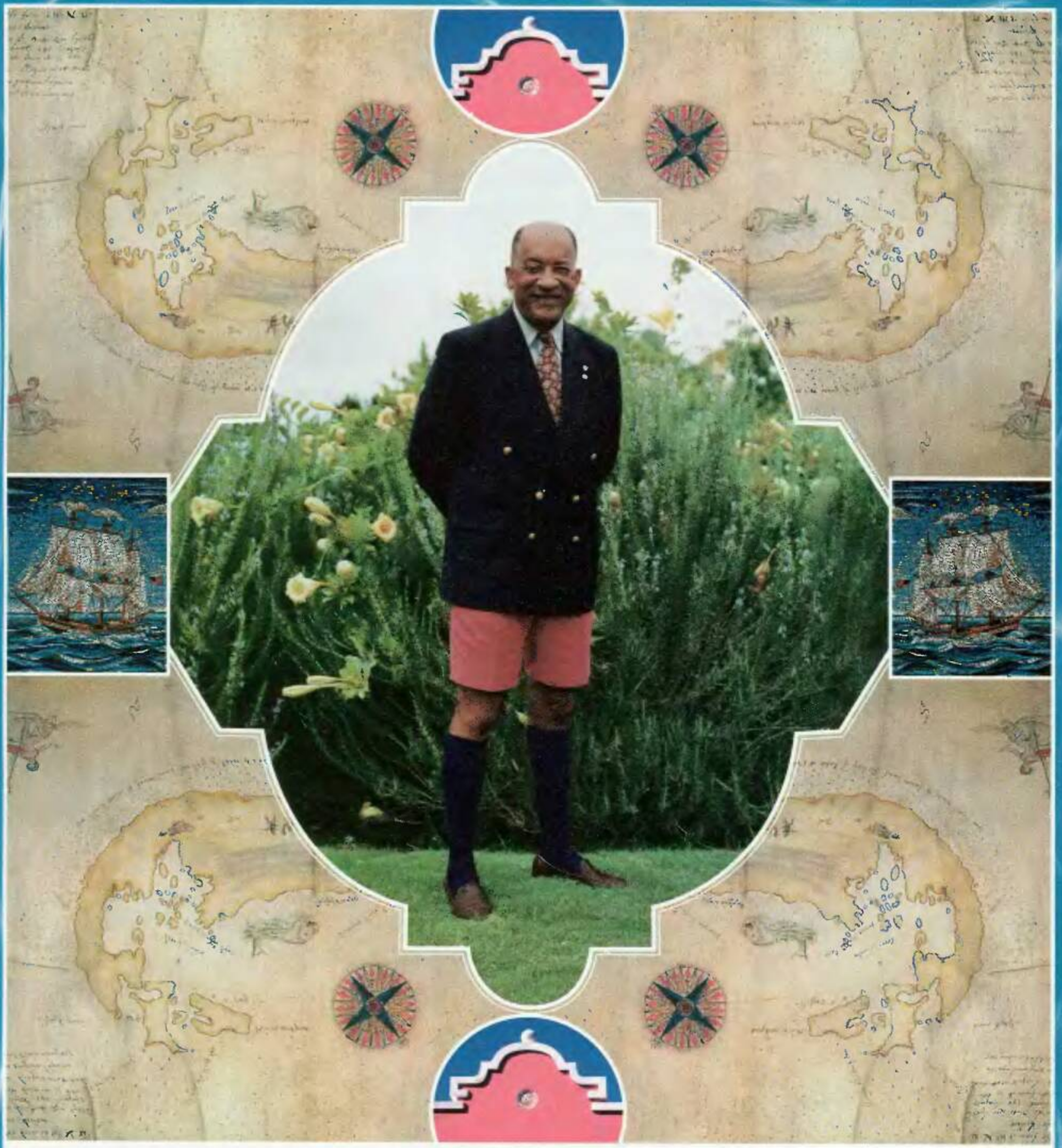
FILM FORUM
W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (212-727-8110)—Through July 22: "Cine México." All films are in Spanish. July 7-8 at 3:50 and 7:30: "Macario" (1959, Roberto Galvadón). ♦ July 7-8 at 2, 5:40, and 9:20: "María Candelaria" (1943, Emilio Fernández). ♦ July 9-10 at 2:50, 6:20, and 9:50: "Los Olvidados" (1950, Luis Buñuel). ♦ July 9-10 at 1, 4:30, and 8: "Nazarín" (1958, Buñuel). ♦ July 11 at 1, 4:40, and 8:10: "The Beginning and the End" (1993, Arturo Ripstein). ♦ July 12 at 1, 5:10, and 9:30: "The Wave" (1936, Emilio Gómez Muriel and Fred Zinnemann). ♦ July 12 at 3:20 and 7:40: "Iron Fist" (1927, Gabriel García Moreno). ♦ July 13 at 1, 5:25, and 9:50: "Canoa" (1976, Felipe Cazals). ♦ July 13 at 3:10 and 7:35: "The Bricklayers" (1976, Jorge Fons). ♦ July 14-15 at 3:25 and 7:40: "Frida" (1984, Paul Leduc). ♦ July 14-15 at 1:15, 5:30, and 9:45: "Reed: Insurgent Mexico" (1971, Leduc). ♦ July 16-17 at 1, 5:25, and 9:50: "Aventurera" (1950, Alberto Gout). ♦ July 16-17 at 3 and 7:30: "One Family Among Many" (1948, Alejandro Galindo). ♦ July 18-19 at 1:20, 5:30, and 9:50: "That's the Point" (1940, Juan Bustillo Oro). ♦ July 18-19 at 3:30 and 7:40: "Tender Little Pumpkins" (1949, Gilberto Martínez Solares). ♦ July 20 at 3:40 and 7:30: "Love in the Time of Hysteria" (1991, Alfonso Cuarón). ♦ July 20 at 1:40, 5:30, and 9:20: "Danzón" (†).

SUNSHINE CINEMA
143 E. Houston St. (212-330-8182)—Midnight movies. July 9-10: "This Is Spinal Tap" (1984, Rob Reiner). ♦ July 16-17: "Play It Again, Sam" (1972, Herbert Ross).

THALIA THEATRE
Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (212-864-5400)—Through Aug. 28: "Five-Star Films: Fifty Years of Audience Favorites." July 10 at 6: "Casablanca" (1942, Michael Curtiz). ♦ July 10 at 8: "The Last Metro" (1980, François Truffaut; in French). ♦ July 17 at 6: "Breathless" (1959, Jean-Luc Godard; in French). ♦ July 17 at 7:45: "Raging Bull" (1981, Martin Scorsese).

WALTER READE THEATRE
Lincoln Center (212-875-5600)—Through July 29: "Every Man for Himself: The Films of Maurice Pialat." All films are in French. July 9 at 2 and 6:30 and July 11 at 1:30: "Naked Childhood" (1968). ♦ July 9 at 4 and 8:30 and July 11 at 3:15: "We Will Not Grow Old Together" (1972). ♦ July 10 at 2:15 and July 12 at 6: "The Human Eye" (1999, Xavier Giannoli). ♦ July 10 at 4 and July 19 at 2:30: "The House in the Woods: Part One" (1971). ♦ July 10 at 7:45 and July 20 at 2:30: "The House in the Woods: Part Two" (1971). ♦ July 11 at 5:30 and July 19 at 8:15: "Loulou" (1980). ♦ July 11 at 7:45: "Van Gogh" (1991). ♦ July 12 at 2:30 and 7:30 and July 19 at 6:30: "The Mouth Agape" (1974). ♦ July 12 at 4:15 and 9:15 and July 20 at 6:30: "Graduate First" (1979). ♦ July 20 at 8:15: "To Our Loves" (1983). ♦ July 14-19: The New York Video Festival. See http://www.filmlinc.com for a complete schedule.

MICHAEL WELDON

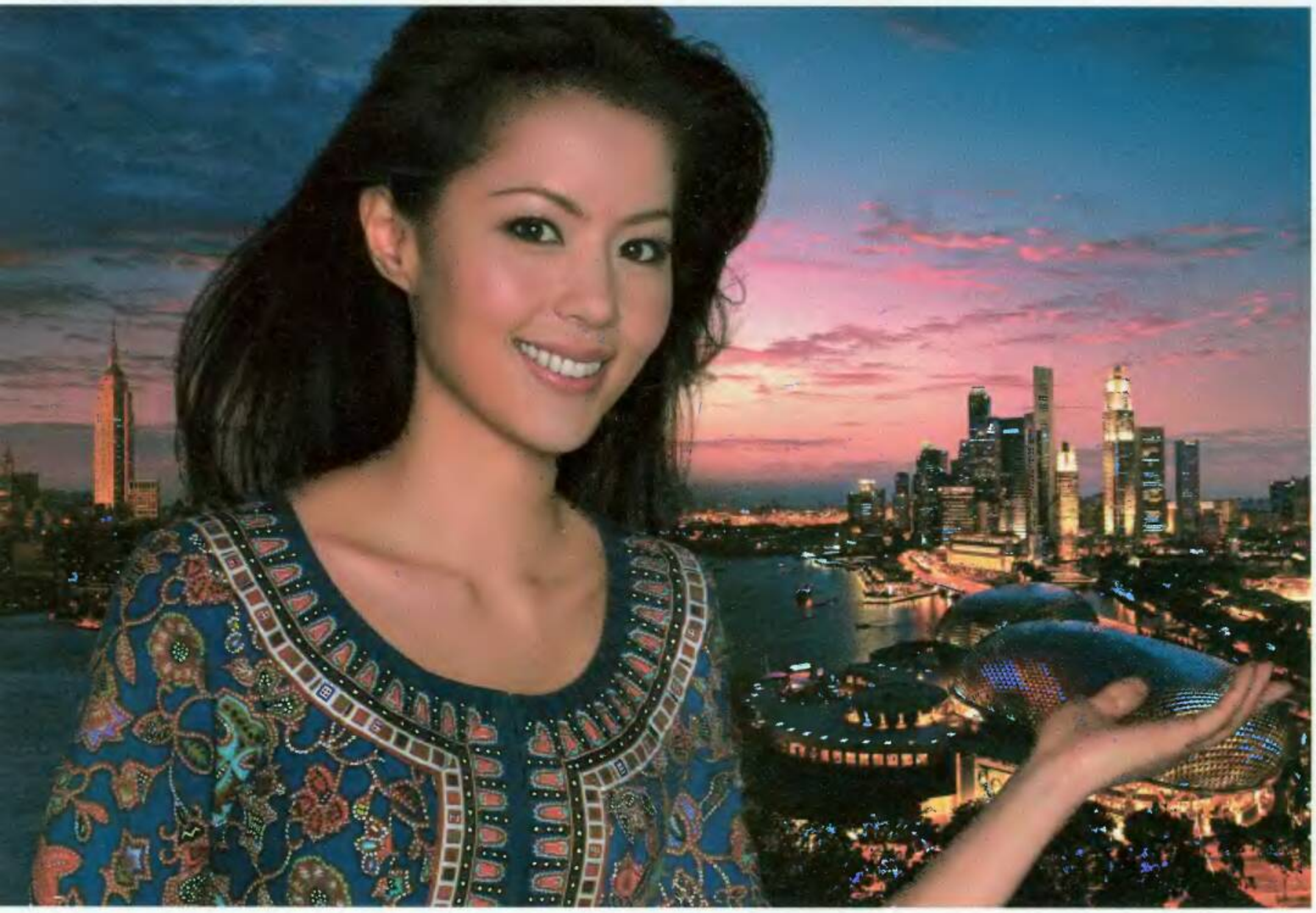


Centuries ago, men would arrive pirates
and leave gentlemen.

When you're surrounded by pink sand and blue water, you tend to lose your rough edges. And there's nothing like Bermudian hospitality to put one at ease. It's all just two short hours from the East Coast. By plane, not pirate ship.

1.800.bermuda x 131 ~ www.bermudatourism.com | BERMUDA

FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER,
FLY NON-STOP FROM NEW YORK TO SINGAPORE.



Now the world is an even smaller place. After introducing the first non-stop flight between Los Angeles and Singapore in February, Singapore Airlines now offers daily non-stop service between New York (Newark) and Singapore. Enjoy more comfort and space on our new Airbus 340-500 while reducing travel time by up to four hours. Experience a more luxurious *Raffles Class* or our new *Executive Economy Class*, both specially designed with the executive traveler in mind. And of course, the inflight service even other airlines talk about.

A great way to fly
SINGAPORE AIRLINES™

A STAR ALLIANCE MEMBER

www.nonstop2singapore.com

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

COMMENT

BLOWING BUBBLES

Next March, Alan Greenspan will turn seventy-nine. Sound health persisting—he plays tennis and golf regularly—he will be well into his eighteenth year as chairman of the Federal Reserve Board and, depending on what happens in November, will be serving his fourth or his fifth President. Greenspan's lugubrious face and nasal monotone are as familiar and as comforting to ordinary Americans as Prozac and "The Simpsons," both of which débuted in 1987, the same year President Reagan appointed him to office. Greenspan's absence, like that of Lord Palmerston in Victorian Britain, has come to seem unthinkable.

But, in our system of checks and balances, Greenspan's position is an anomaly. The Fed is at once an independent institution and part of the government. Its chairman is Presidentially nominated and senatorially confirmed, but he takes orders from no one. The Fed's decision last week to raise short-term interest rates by a quarter of a point cannot be appealed—not to the White House, not to Capitol Hill, not to the Supreme Court. Although Congress obliges the Fed chairman to report to it twice a year on the conduct of monetary policy, politicians rarely challenge his authority. Last month, when the Senate Banking Committee endorsed Greenspan's nomination for a fifth four-year term, Senator Jim Bunning, Republican of Kentucky, cast the only vote against him. (Bunning objected to Greenspan's voicing opinions on subjects such as tax cuts and the budget deficit, which he believes are outside the Fed's jurisdiction.)

Given Greenspan's role in promoting and prolonging the stock-market bubble that burst in 2000, the deference that surrounds him seems a little overdone. A few months ago, he argued that the unusually mild recession in 2001, and the subsequent recovery, however uncertain, had vindicated the Fed. "There appears to be enough evidence, at least tentatively, to conclude that our strategy of addressing the bubble's consequences rather than the bubble itself has been successful," Greenspan told a meeting of economists. Perhaps. It's true that he has quashed fears that post-bubble, post-9/11 America would resemble post-bubble Japan, which experienced a decade of economic stagnation following the 1991 collapse of the Nikkei. He has also done his best to boost the election prospects of George W. Bush. With four months left until Election Day, employers are finally creating jobs in significant numbers—more than a million of them in the past four months, according to the Labor Department. The rise in business productivity that began in 1995 appears to have accelerated since 2001, with the annual growth rate approaching five per cent. Since productivity ultimately determines wages and living standards, this is an important development.

Nevertheless, Greenspan's claim of vindication is premature. Although the recovery looks genuine, there are serious questions about its sustainability. Between the start of 2001 and the middle of 2003, the Fed cut its target interest rate from 6.5 per cent to one per cent, the lowest level since the Eisenhower Administration. With the cost of borrowing lower than the rate of inflation, the Fed was essentially giving money away. At the same time, the Bush Administration cut taxes by trillions of dollars. This one-two dose of stimulus boosted spending throughout the economy, as such a stimulus usually does, but it left the nation's finances chronically unbalanced, with consumers and the federal government both spending well beyond their means.

The President's fiscal policy, most of which Greenspan publicly endorsed, has been widely criticized, but the consequences of the Fed's cheap-money policy have largely escaped attention. Tempted

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

by unprecedentedly low interest rates, Americans have taken on unprecedented levels of debt, particularly in the real-estate market, which has replaced the stock market as the favored vehicle for get-rich-quick schemes. For many families, the soaring value of their home offset the slump in their stock portfolio, but, with one-bedroom apartments in Manhattan selling for more than half a million dollars, and with California banks being forced to introduce forty-year mortgages so that their customers can afford to buy a house, even some of Greenspan's colleagues are concerned that one bubble has given way to another.

In addition, over-all inflation is rising, albeit from a low base, with prices for some middle-class staples, such as gasoline and health-care premiums, increasing especially sharply. Most worrying of all is the prospect of a currency crisis—a phenomenon practically unknown to Americans but familiar to citizens of many other countries whose governments have pursued irresponsible economic policies. For years, Americans lent more money to foreigners than they lent us. Now we owe the rest of the world about two and a half trillion dollars, and the debt burden is rising every day.

History demonstrates that countries can increase their foreign borrowing only so far before creditors start to lose confidence that they will be repaid in full. The limit tends to come when the trade deficit reaches about five per cent of G.D.P., which is about where the United States' trade deficit is now. Once lenders' confidence disappears—as it did in Britain in 1967, in Mexico in 1994, and in Russia in 1998—panic selling ensues, precipitating a collapse in the currency. Interest rates rise, the stock market plummets, and the economy enters a severe recession.

Greenspan refuses to contemplate such a catastrophe. On Capitol Hill recently, he insisted that the economy "seems to be on track," while conceding that the task of weaning it from its addiction to cheap money is "not a gimme putt." Last week's interest hike will probably be the first of many, as the Fed raises the federal funds rate to a more normal level. Since Greenspan prefers to move slowly, the process of policy tightening will almost certainly extend into the second half of next year, and maybe into early 2006, when, around the time of his eightieth birthday, he is expected to retire. By then, it will be easier to judge whether Greenspan deserved all the plaudits he received or whether he was ultimately more of a cheerleader than a responsible central banker.

—John Cassidy

DEPT. OF RABBLE-ROUSING
THE CHICAGO PRECEDENT

A case can be made that no political assembly in history has inspired more elaborate and widespread opposition planning than the impending Republican National Convention. At the Web site CounterConvention.org, more than a hundred and thirty organizations, with such names as the Campaign to Demilitarize the Police, the Mad Anarchist Bakers League, and the Vomitorium, have registered in solidarity against the President's renomination gala. *High Times* is publishing a special "Activists' Guide" to protesting the Republicans' arrival. And, according to *The Nation*, "the city itself may become a giant art installation," featuring a variety of as yet unspecified "visual interventions" directed at airplane passengers.

Pat Buchanan

"It's going to be a little bit like the Battle of Seattle," Pat Buchanan, the former Presidential candidate, predicted the other day, alluding to the large-scale demonstrations against the World Trade Organization conference in 1999, during which police fired rubber bullets at overzealous protesters. Buchanan himself was there among the hordes, he said, marching peacefully in support of labor unions, when the anarchists stole the show. "I had some things in common—but not a great deal—with the folks dressed up as sea turtles," he said.

Buchanan also has some things in common, but not a great deal, with the throngs expected in Manhattan this August. He has experience, for example, in counter-conventioneering. In 1968, as a twenty-nine-year-old campaign aide to Richard Nixon, he set up an opposition outpost in Chicago, the site of the riotous Democratic Convention. "The old man was going to Key Biscayne," Buchanan recalled of Nixon. "He was down there with Bebe Rebozo. And I asked to be sent to the Convention to be sort of his eyes and ears." Buchanan was joined there by, among others, a young speechwriter named William Safire and a local congressman named Donald Rumsfeld. As far as we know, they were not there to perform any dirty tricks, and they stopped short of making an art installation of Lake Shore Drive. Ever businesslike, they organized some rebuttal speeches, and if their clean-cut presence provoked a hippie or two, and added to the general unrest, Nixon wouldn't complain.

"I remember when the Grant Park demonstrators—when that whole thing started—I was watching from the Conrad Hilton Hotel," Buchanan said. "We'd been teargassed down there on the street, and we got back into the hotel and watched from the nineteenth floor as the so-called police riot took place. And I was hanging out the window with Norman Mailer and that boxer Jose Torres. Torres was rooting for the demonstrators, and I was rooting for the other side. I'd been down there the night before, and the demonstrators were a very obnoxious bunch. I probably shouldn't have worn my coat and tie."

Buchanan quickly realized that images of the most rabid, unruly protesters—inevitably the focus of television coverage—provided better counter-spin than any Republican sound bite could. "As soon as it started, I told Nixon we should really stop bringing in people to

make statements and the rest of it, and just get out of the way of this story," Buchanan said. "The best thing for us to do up there in that room was to serve drinks to visiting correspondents."

This year's preëlection fervor calls to mind 1968 in many ways, though clearly the scenarios are not quite parallel. Democratic activists are intending to undermine the Republicans' Convention, not their own. And Pat Buchanan is no longer a Republican operative. For nearly two years, he has been waging his own steady protest against the Bush Administration, in the form of an upstart magazine, *The American Conservative*, which has charged that the Administration "alienated friends and allies all over the Islamic and Western world through [its] arrogance, hubris, and bellicosity." He said, "That's the reason we came into existence: to argue against a massive invasion of Iraq and to argue against, if you will, the neoconservative takeover—the hijacking of American foreign policy."

Buchanan plans to be in New York for the Convention, as a journalist. He will be wearing a coat and tie, of course, and some lessons of Chicago and Seattle will linger in his mind.

"I thought the demonstrators in Seattle"—the anarchist minority, that is—"destroyed the effectiveness of a protest by union people and a broad-based coalition," he said. He imagined a swarm of his anti-war brethren: "If the image is of the President and Republicans assembled inside, having a strong, united, purposeful Convention, and you've got a bunch of ragtag, you know, anarchists and leftists and long-haired demonstrators and foulmouthed accusers outside, well, the contrast—I can tell you who will win that one."

—*Ben McGrath*

IN THE BELTWAY

THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S DOCTOR

When George W. Bush chose Dick Cheney to be his running mate four years ago, Dr. Gary Malakoff, Cheney's personal physician, assured the nation, in a letter released that July by the Bush campaign, that Cheney, despite having suffered three heart attacks and undergone quadruple-bypass surgery, was "up to the task of the most sensitive public office." Four months later, Cheney suffered a fourth heart attack, and Malakoff joined Cheney's cardiologist in declaring him fit to return to work. Now Cheney has dropped Malakoff from his medical team, after nine years of service. In June, Malakoff was relieved of his position as chairman of George Washington University Medical Center's General Internal Medicine Division. Hospital officials said last week that Malakoff was on leave until September.

It turns out that Malakoff has a history, going back to 1997, of abusing prescription narcotics. At the same time that he was attesting to Cheney's physical fitness, he was privately struggling with problems that call into question his own fitness to practice medicine and to treat one of G.W.U. Medical Center's most prominent patients. The Vice-President's office severed its professional ties with him after learning about the problems.

"Dr. Malakoff is no longer a member of the team that treats the Vice-President," Kevin Kellems, Cheney's press secretary, confirmed in an e-mail. "The office of the Vice-President does not make a practice of commenting on the private lives of private citizens." Kellems added, "The results of the Vice-President's most recent comprehensive checkup were very good; he was advised by his physicans that there is no health issue that would interfere with his running for reëlection or holding office for a second term." Calls and e-mails to Malakoff himself went unanswered.

According to colleagues, and to sealed legal records from his 2002 divorce (which include medical invoices, pharmacy records, sworn depositions, and reports by treating physicians), in November, 1999, Malakoff was placed in a program for impaired physicians, which required him to undergo urinalysis and other monitoring. According to pharmacy records and customer invoices, in July, 2000, for example, the month that Malakoff wrote the letter certifying Cheney's good health, he purchased thirty bottles of a synthetic narcotic nasal spray called Stadol from two mail-order drug-supply companies. Stadol, which can be addictive, is ordinarily used to treat migraine headaches. Each bottle contains an estimated fifteen d[illegible]s. In the previous two months, he had bought eighteen bottles. In August, he bought twenty-eight more bottles. During the two-and-half-year period ending in December, 2001, Malakoff spent at least $46,238 online on Stadol and such medications as Xanax, Tylenol with codeine, and Ambien.

Pharmacy and other records show that, on several occasions, he prescribed Stadol and other drugs for himself by falsely using the name and the Drug Enforcement Agency license number of a colleague under his supervision. In the summer of 1999, a suspicious pharmacist alerted the doctor who had supposedly written the prescriptions. The doctor, Jehan El-Bayoumi, then reported Malakoff to Alan Wasserman, the chairman of G.W.U.'s Department of Medicine. And Malakoff may have written a prescription under another doctor's name as well. According to the records, during a two-year period beginning in February, 1997, Dr. Robert L. Jayes, who also worked with Malakoff, ostensibly wrote Malakoff twelve prescriptions for Stadol. Asked about these prescriptions last week, Dr. Jayes, who still works at G.W.U., said, "I've never been Dr. Malakoff's treating physician, to my knowledge. This is news to me. But I don't remember every prescription I've ever written."

Fraudulent prescribing of controlled substances is both a civil and a criminal offense and can result in the suspension of a medical license and imprisonment for up to five years. But it appears that Wasserman and the other authorities at G.W.U. did not notify either law-enforcement officials or the Washington, D.C., Board of Medicine, which licenses physicians. James Granger, the executive director of the D.C. board, said a search of the agency's records showed no "adverse information" about Malakoff. Gail Povar, who chairs the ethics committee at G.W.U., wouldn't comment specifically on Malakoff, but, in general, she said, "Prescribing under another name is illegal, and that should be reported to both the Medical Board of the District of Columbia and the D.E.A."

Deposition testimony shows that when Wasserman learned of the fake prescriptions and the drug use he referred Malakoff to two specialists. According to Wasserman, one determined that Malakoff was not a danger to himself or his patients. The other testified that Mala-

koff told him that he had taken approximately a hundred and fifty urine tests and passed them all.

In a recent conversation, Dr. John Williams, the vice-president and provost of G.W.U. Medical Center, said that G.W.U. had taken Malakoff's case "extremely seriously." Williams and other supervisors involved insisted that they had seen no evidence that Malakoff's problems had impaired his medical judgment. In fact, Williams noted that Malakoff was still his own personal physician.

Wasserman refused to explain why Malakoff had left his position at the hospital. Williams, meanwhile, said, "I have been in touch with Dr. Malakoff, who does not want anything said. He has clearly stated that it would be a violation of his confidentiality."

—Jane Mayer

POSTSCRIPT
MARLON BRANDO

Marlon Brando, who died last week in Los Angeles, was the subject of a Profile, "The Duke in His Domain" (November 9, 1957), which is excerpted here:

Though Brando is not a teetotaller, his appetite is more frugal when it comes to alcohol. While we were awaiting the dinner, which was to be served to us in the room, he supplied me with a large vodka on the rocks and poured himself the merest courtesy sip. Resuming his position on the floor, he lolled his head against a pillow, drooped his eyelids, then shut them. It was as though he'd dozed off into a disturbing dream; his eyelids twitched, and when he spoke, his voice—an unemotional voice, in a way cultivated and genteel, yet surprisingly adolescent, a voice with a probing, asking, boyish quality—seemed to come from sleepy distances.

"The last eight, nine years of my life have been a mess," he said. "Maybe the last two have been a little better. Less rolling in the trough of the wave. Have you ever been analyzed? I was afraid of it at first. Afraid it might destroy the impulses that made me creative, an artist. A sensitive person receives fifty impressions where somebody else may only get seven. Sensitive people are so vulnerable; they're so easily brutalized and hurt just because they *are* sensitive. The more sensitive you are, the more certain you are to be brutalized, develop scabs. Never evolve. Never allow yourself to feel anything, because you always feel too much. Analysis helps. It helped me. But still, the last eight, nine years I've been pretty mixed up, a mess pretty much. . . ."

The voice went on, as though speaking to hear itself, an effect Brando's speech often has, for, like many persons who are intensely self-absorbed, he is something of a monologuist—a fact that he recognizes and for which he offers his own explanation. "People around me never say anything," he says. "They just seem to want to hear what I have to say. That's why I do all the talking." Watching him now, with his eyes closed, his unlined face white under an overhead light, I felt as if the moment of my initial encounter with him were being re-created. The year of that meeting was 1947; it was a winter afternoon in New York, when I had occasion to attend a rehearsal of Tennessee Williams's "A Streetcar Named Desire," in which Brando was to play the role of Stanley Kowalski. It was this role that first brought him general recognition, although among the New York theatre's cognoscenti he had already attracted attention, through his student work with the drama coach Stella Adler and a few Broadway appearances. But ten years ago, on the remembered afternoon, he was still relatively unknown; at least, I hadn't a clue to who he might be when, arriving too early at the "Streetcar" rehearsal, I found the auditorium deserted and a brawny young man stretched out atop a table on the stage under the gloomy glare of work lights, solidly asleep. Because he was wearing a white T-shirt and denim trousers, because of his squat gymnasium physique—the weight-lifter's arms, the Charles Atlas chest (though an opened "Basic Writings of Sigmund Freud" was resting on it)—I took him for a stagehand. Or did until I looked closely at his face. It was as if a stranger's head had been attached to the brawny body, as in certain counterfeit photographs. For this face was so very untough, superimposing, as it did, an almost angelic refinement and gentleness upon hard-jawed good looks: taut skin, a broad, high forehead, wide-apart eyes, an aquiline nose, full lips with a relaxed, sensual expression. Not the least suggestion of Williams's unpoetic Kowalski. It was therefore rather an experience to observe, later that afternoon, with what chameleon ease Brando acquired the character's cruel and gaudy colors, how superbly, like a guileful salamander, he slithered into the part, how his own persona evaporated—just as, in this Kyoto hotel room ten years afterward, my 1947 memory of Brando

receded, disappeared into his 1957 self. And the present Brando, the one lounging there on the *tatami* and lazily puffing filtered cigarettes as he talked and talked, was, of course, a different person—bound to be. His body was thicker; his forehead was higher, for his hair was thinner; he was richer (from the producers of "Sayonara" he could expect a salary of three hundred thousand dollars, plus a percentage of the picture's earnings); and he'd become, as one journalist put it, "the Valentino of the bop generation"—turned into such a world celebrity that when he went out in public here in Japan, he deemed it wise to hide his face not only by wearing dark glasses but by donning a surgeon's gauze mask as well. Those were some of the alterations a decade had made. There were others. His eyes had changed. Although their *caffè-espresso* color was the same, the shyness, any traces of real vulnerability that they had formerly held, had left them; now he looked at people with assurance, and with what can only be called a pitying expression, as though he dwelt in spheres of enlightenment where they, to his regret, did not.

—Truman Capote

In Pennsylvania Dutch Country, horse power is everything.

ROOMS
$79
(more or less)

From Lancaster County's rolling farmland to Hersheypark's roller coasters to the legendary Harley-Davidson factory, our Dutch Country roads are sure to move you. So pack up your horseless carriage and plan a 3, 4 or 7-day road trip with one of our great online itineraries.

Hit the country roads in the **STATE OF INDEPENDENCE.**

800·VISIT·PA | visitPA.com

Don't be surprised if you see a buggy with a bumper sticker that reads "I brake for shoofly pie."

> ready > set > go

pennsylvania roadtrips

THE FINANCIAL PAGE
PAYING TO PLAY

Pop music thrives on repetition. You know a song's a hit when you've heard it so often that you'll be happy never to hear it again. Even by Top 40 standards, though, the playlist adopted a few weeks ago by the Nashville radio station WQZQ was extreme. On May 23rd, *Billboard* reported, the station played "Don't Tell Me," the new single by Avril Lavigne, three times an hour, every hour, between midnight and 6 A.M. This didn't have much to do with the tastes of WQZQ's d.j.s or listeners. Instead, an independent promoter working for Lavigne's record label had effectively paid the station to play the song. "Don't Tell Me" had been hovering just outside *Billboard's* list of the country's ten most frequently played songs, which radio programmers use to decide what singles get airtime. The extra spins the promoter bought—sometimes called "spot buys," because what's really being bought are blocks of ad time, as with an infomercial—were meant to bump "Don't Tell Me" up the list. By early June, Lavigne had a Top 10 hit.

She also had a lot of angry music fans to contend with. Spot buys may be legal, but to most people they're the "new payola," a modern-day equivalent of Alan Freed's taking money under the table to play rock-and-roll records. (Freed called the payments "consulting fees.") It's an obvious comparison, but a misplaced one. Spot buys aren't the same as old-fashioned payola. They're worse.

"Payola" became a household word in the fifties, when a host of d.j.s were found to be playing songs in exchange for favors and money, but the practice is as old as pop music itself. A century ago, songwriters routinely paid vaudeville singers to perform their tunes, hoping to goose demand for sheet music. In the thirties, music publishers paid off radio bandleaders. And although some forms of payola were outlawed after the mid-century scandals, various loopholes allowed other incarnations to thrive, under the guise of independent promotion. With money from the record companies, promoters used oblique tactics—subsidies, gifts, "research funds"—to encourage radio stations to add new singles to their playlists. By 2000, tens of millions of dollars a year were being spent on what you might call legal payola, and although bad publicity has severely curtailed the promotion business, paying to play is still integral to the way radio works.

Despite its sleazy reputation, payola has a certain rationale. In a typical year, upward of seven or eight hundred CDs are issued each week. Not even the most dedicated program director can hope to sift through all the new songs. So stations need a way to filter the possible hits from the certain bombs. Pay-for-play schemes provide one rough-and-ready way to do this, because they involve what economists call signalling. By putting money

behind a record, a label signals its belief that the record has a chance to be a hit; no company will spend a lot of money trying to sell something it doesn't have high hopes for. And hits, of course, are the only thing that radio cares about.

You can see the same process at work in many other businesses, too. Supermarkets and drugstores accept billions of dollars a year in "slotting fees" to position products at the end of an aisle or at eye level. Book chains sell space on the tables at the front of their stores. And record stores accept advertising dollars from labels to push certain albums. Here, too, being willing to shell out for a good space on the shelf is a statement about how much you think people will want your product.

This is, at best, a flawed way to find hits. Unless a record label has a good sense of what people want to hear, it could be buying airtime for flops. And labels that don't have the cash to promote their records are out of luck. But the surprising truth is that, historically speaking, payola has often fostered musical diversity, rather than squelching it. In the fifties, the music industry was dominated by a few giant labels, much as it is today; because of payola (and payola-takers, like Alan Freed), the smaller labels that revolutionized the industry—including Atlantic, Chess, and King Records—were able to get their music on the air. In retail, too, paying for space hasn't necessarily hindered innovation. Even as slotting fees have become more common in supermarkets, for instance, the number of new products that reach the shelves each year has exploded. And the same is true with books. We tend to assume that payola favors the big players because they are the ones with the big money. But the big players also have big sales forces, big brand names, and big connections. They'd win without having to ante up to get in on the action. Paying to play, then, creates a rough marketplace democracy: if you can come up with the cash, you get a shot. But that's all. Labels can buy themselves exposure; they can't buy themselves a hit. If people don't want to hear a record, radio stations won't keep playing it of their own accord.

And that's where spot buys come in. Unlike conventional pay-for-play deals, spot buys like the one that propelled Avril Lavigne into the Top 10 aren't meant to introduce listeners to songs; they're meant to game the playlist system. It's a salient feature of modern media that being thought to be popular can make you more popular. Best-selling books and records are discounted more than slow-selling ones and are positioned more prominently. Songs in *Billboard's* Top 10 automatically end up being spun more. And if you invest lots of money in creating an illusion of popularity—by, say, buying hours of airplay on the radio—you may end up making yourself more popular. In the process, what real listeners want matters less than it ever did. In "Payola Blues," Neil Young sang to Alan Freed, "The things they're doing today / Will make a saint out of you." He didn't know the half of it.

—James Surowiecki

CHRISTOPH NIEMANN

Starfish days, starlit nights.
Only seven years old, I was the Belle of the Beach.
I dreamed of returning as one
of the ladies in big round sunglasses.
Here I am.

CANEEL BAY
A ROSEWOOD RESORT
ST. JOHN, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

LITTLE DIX BAY
A ROSEWOOD RESORT
VIRGIN GORDA, BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

JUMBY BAY
A ROSEWOOD RESORT
ANTIGUA, WEST INDIES

SOMETHING EXTRAORDINARY HAPPENS

THE CARLYLE New York • HOTEL SEIYO GINZA Tokyo • THE MANSION ON TURTLE CREEK Dallas
LAS VENTANAS AL PARAISO Los Cabos, Mexico • HOTEL CRESCENT COURT Dallas • CANEEL BAY St. John, USVI • LITTLE DIX BAY Virgin Gorda, BVI
JUMBY BAY Antigua, West Indies • THE DHARMAWANGSA Jakarta • AL FAISALIAH HOTEL Riyadh • HOTEL AL KHOZAMA Riyadh
KING PACIFIC LODGE Princess Royal Island, BC, Canada • FUTURE PROPERTIES: ACQUALINA Sunny Isles, Miami Beach (Opening December 2004)
LA SOLANA Punta Mita, Mexico • LAGUNA KAI Riviera Maya, Mexico • TAUNOVO BAY Viti Levu, Fiji

ROSEWOOD
HOTELS & RESORTS

CONTACT YOUR TRAVEL PROFESSIONAL, CALL 888-ROSEWOOD OR VISIT WWW.ROSEWOODHOTELS.COM.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE PRICE OF VALOR

We train our soldiers to kill for us. Afterward, they're on their own.

BY DAN BAUM

Carl Cranston joined the Army in 1997, when he was still a junior at Sebring McKinley High School, not far from Canton, Ohio. He and his girlfriend, Debbie Stiles, had just had a baby, and they thought the Army offered the easiest path to job security. The country was enjoying what President Clinton liked to call "the longest peacetime expansion in history," and Carl's duties as an infantryman, they thought, would largely be a matter of his getting into shape, shooting awesome weapons, and learning skills like rappelling and land navigation. The Army allowed Carl to finish high school and, once he'd completed basic training, sent him to Schofield Barracks, outside Honolulu. Debbie gladly accompanied him. "The Army was the best choice we could have made, and I'd do it again," she says. "Suddenly we were on our own, paying our bills. Eighteen years old, our first time away from home."

The attacks of September 11th changed everything. The Cranstons were moved to Fort Benning, in Columbus, Georgia, so that Carl could join the 3rd Infantry Division's 3rd Brigade, a mechanized unit known as the Sledgehammer Brigade. He and his men were assigned to accompany Bradley fighting vehicles—the fast, heavily armed personnel carriers that became the backbone of the attack on Iraq. Seven soldiers, or "dismounts," would squeeze into the Bradley's stifling rear compartment, and Carl, by now a sergeant, was their team leader. The Sledgehammers were among the first units to cross into Iraq after the war started, in March, 2003, and Carl was involved in eleven firefights, seven of them "major," by his reckoning. They fought from the Kuwait border to central Baghdad, and finally rotated back to Fort Benning last July.

I met Carl and Debbie in February, at a Red Lobster restaurant in Columbus. He's a big man of twenty-four, with a high-fade military buzz cut and a well-padded face that relaxes into a wide smile. She is small and blond, with a sharp chin and a quick, alert look honed by rimless glasses. Carl tends to be guileless and cheerful, Debbie more clipped and wary.

Some in the military fear that Iraq's close-quarters fighting could haunt future vets.

FILIP PAGOWSKI

Carl still marvels at the lethality of the Sledgehammers. Iraqi soldiers, believing they were concealed by darkness or smoke, would expose themselves to the Bradley's thermal sights and the devastating rapid fire of its twenty-five-millimetre cannon. Carl and his squad would tumble out the back of the Bradley and attack Iraqi soldiers who had survived. "We killed a lot of people," he said as we ate. Later, Carl and his men had to establish roadblocks, which was notoriously dangerous duty. "We started out being nice," Carl said. "We had little talking cards to help us communicate. We'd put up signs in Arabic saying 'Stop.' We'd say, '*Ishta, ishta*,' which means 'Go away.' " But people would approach with white flags in their hands and then whip out AK-47s or rocket-propelled grenades. So Carl's group adopted a play-it-safe policy: if a driver ignored the signs and the warnings and came within thirty metres of a roadblock, the Americans opened fire. "That's why nobody in our whole company got killed," he said. Debbie stopped eating and stared into her food. "You're not supposed to fire warning shots, but we did," Carl said. "And still some people wouldn't stop." He went on, "A couple of times—more than a couple—it was women and children in the car. I don't know why they didn't stop." Carl's squad didn't tow away the cars containing dead people. "You can't go near it," he said. "It might be full of explosives. You just leave it." He and his men would remain at their posts alongside the carnage. "Nothing else you can do," he said.

Debbie watched the waitress clear our plates, then she leaned forward to tell about a night in July, after Carl's return, when they went with some friends to the Afterhours Enlisted Club at Fort Benning. Carl had a few drinks, Debbie said, and started railing at the disk jockey, shouting, "I

want to hear music about people blowing people's brains out, cutting people's throats!" Debbie continued, "I said, 'Carl. Shut up.' He said, 'No, I want to hear music about shit I've seen!'" Carl listened to Debbie's story with a loving smile, as though she were telling about him losing his car keys. "I don't remember that," he said, laughing. Debbie said, "That was the first time I heard him say stuff about seeing people's brains blown out. Other times, he just has flashbacks—like, he sits still and stares." Carl laughed again. "Really, though, I'm fine," he said. Beside him in the booth, Debbie shook her head without taking her eyes from mine and exaggeratedly mouthed, "Not fine. Not fine."

In November, 1943, a bespectacled United States Army lieutenant colonel named S. L. A. Marshall waded ashore with the troops attacking the Japanese on Makin Island. Marshall, who was known as Slam, had fought in the First World War, and had then left college to report news and sports stories for the El Paso *Herald*. In 1940, he published "Blitzkrieg," the first of his many military histories, and earned good reviews from prominent war historians. After Pearl Harbor, Marshall returned to the Army, as one of twenty-seven officers in a new historical branch. On Makin, where the fighting lasted four days, he toted a carbine and tagged along with the infantry—once collapsing from dehydration under a pandanus tree—all the while taking notes for an official account of the battle. Shortly after the island had been secured, Marshall was stymied by a dispute between a lieutenant and a private named Schwartz over whether Schwartz, who helped hold off eleven Japanese attacks with a machine gun, had taken charge of the gun on his own initiative or on the lieutenant's. To sort it out, Marshall lined up the battalion and asked every man what he'd seen and done. No single soldier had a sense of the entire incident, but each added a piece, as in a jigsaw puzzle, until a detailed account emerged, not only of the Schwartz question—as it turned out, Schwartz was the hero—but of the whole gruelling campaign. Delighted with this G.I.'s view of battle, Marshall used his technique—which he called the "after-action interview"—throughout the Pacific and European theatres for the next nineteen months, buttonholing soldiers immediately after firefights: "Did [your squad] rush or did it crawl?" "What fire was delivered against you?" "Did you lose any equipment?" He produced his accounts so quickly and in such detail that the Army mined them for tactical lessons and distributed them to commanders in the field. By the end of the war, Marshall had become the Army's chief historian in Europe.

In 1947, in a slim volume entitled "Men Against Fire: The Problem of Battle Command in Future War," Marshall took the military by surprise. Throughout the war, he declared, only about fifteen per cent of American riflemen in combat had fired at the enemy. One lieutenant colonel complained to Marshall that four days after the desperate struggle on Omaha Beach he couldn't get one man in twenty-five to voluntarily fire his rifle. "I walked up and down the line yelling, 'God damn it! Start shooting!' But it did little good." These men weren't cowards. They would hold their positions and willingly perform such tasks as delivering ammunition to machine guns. They simply couldn't bring themselves to aim a rifle at another human being—even an armed foe—and pull the trigger. "Fear of killing, rather than fear of being killed, was the most common cause of battle failure in the individual," Marshall wrote. "At the vital point, he becomes a conscientious objector."

Today, Marshall's methodology seems questionable—he claimed to have interviewed more than four hundred units, which would have meant interviewing a company a day, leaving no time for travel—but the spirit of his conclusions is still generally accepted. "We are reluctant to admit that essentially war is the business of killing," Marshall wrote, while the soldier himself "comes from a civilization in which aggression, connected with the taking of life, is prohibited and unacceptable." The Army, having just fought the Second World War, embraced Marshall's findings.

Within months, Army units were

THE NEW YORKER
ONLINE

newyorker.com

THIS WEEK'S WEB EXCLUSIVES

David Greenberg talks about the Bush family and its critics.

A conversation with James Surowiecki about the music industry and payola.

THE HARD DRIVE

An archive of hundreds of past Web exclusives, including Q. & A.s, cover galleries, slide shows, Web sightings, and more.

THE FILM FILE

A decade of New Yorker Film Notes.

EVENTS

A calendar of New Yorker events across the country.

"I was wondering when you'd notice there's lots more steps."

• •

receiving a "Revised Program of Instruction," which instituted many of Marshall's doctrines. It was no longer sufficient to teach a man to shoot a target; the Army must also condition him to kill, and the way to do it, paradoxically, was to play down the fact that shooting equals killing. "We need to free the rifleman's mind with respect to the nature of targets," Marshall wrote. A soldier who has learned to squeeze off careful rounds at a target will take the time, in combat, to consider the humanity of the man he is about to shoot. Along with conventional marksmanship, soldiers now acquired the skill of "massing fire" against riverbanks, trees, hillcrests, and other places where enemy soldiers might lurk. "The average firer will have less resistance to firing on a house or tree than upon a human being," Marshall added. Once the Army put his notions into practice, they bore spectacular results. By the time of the Vietnam War, according to internal Army estimates, as many as ninety per cent of soldiers were shooting back. And some were paying a price.

The country's ambivalence toward Vietnam, the prevalence of drugs, and the inability to distinguish civilians from the enemy all may help explain why Vietnam veterans appear to have suffered greater psychological trauma than veterans of, say, the Second World War. It may also be true that, while earlier vets suffered in silence, the Vietnam generation was willing to display its psychological wounds; the country as a whole was more conversant with psychological jargon. But the high rate of fire in Vietnam may have been a factor as well. Rachel MacNair, who studies the psychological effects of violence, earned her Ph.D. at the University of Missouri-Kansas City in 1999 with a dissertation that examined data from the congressionally funded National Vietnam Veterans Readjustment Study, which, in the nineteen-eighties, interviewed almost seventeen hundred Vietnam veterans. MacNair found that soldiers who had killed in combat—or believed they had—suffered higher rates of post-traumatic stress disorder (P.T.S.D.). The fact that in Vietnam more soldiers were firing their weapons, MacNair argues, suggests that there was more killing for soldiers to be troubled by.

Since Vietnam, the Army has not had to dwell on how soldiers are affected by the killing they do. The first Gulf War was very short, and the wars in Bosnia and Kosovo were largely fought from long range, with airpower and artillery, which rendered the killing abstract. In the current Iraq war, though, soldiers are killing with small arms on battlefields the length of a city block. Exactly how many Iraqis American forces have killed is not known—as General Tommy Franks said, "We don't do body counts"—but everyone agrees that the numbers are substantial. Major Peter Kilner, a former West Point philosophy instructor who went to Iraq last year as part of a team writing the official history of the war, believes that most infantrymen there have "looked down the barrel and shot at people, and many have killed." American firepower is overwhelming, Kilner said. He ran into a former student in Iraq who told him, "There's just too much killing. They shoot, we return fire, and they're all dead." Even some of the most grievously wounded Iraq-war veterans seem more disturbed by the killing they did than they are by their own injuries. I spent a week in December among amputees at Walter Reed Army Medical Center, in Washington, D.C., and was struck by how easily they could tell the stories of the horrible things that had happened to them. They could talk about having their arms or legs blown off in vivid detail, and even joke about it, but, as soon as the subject changed to the killing they'd done, a pall would settle over them.

Kilner and a number of observers inside and outside the Army worry that the high rate of closeup killing in Iraq has the potential to traumatize a new generation of veterans. Worse, they say, the Army and the Department of Veterans Affairs avoid thinking or talking about it. Although both organizations have produced reams of studies on every other aspect of combat trauma—grief, survivor's guilt, fear, and so on—the aftereffects of taking an enemy's life are almost never studied. "The blind spot in the scholarship is glaring," said MacNair, whose book "Perpetration-Induced Traumatic Stress: The Psychological Consequences of Killing" is devoted, in part,

to soldiers. "I kept thinking there must be a huge amount of research on this that I'm missing, but I never found it." Lieutenant Colonel Elspeth Cameron Ritchie, an Army psychiatrist based in Bethesda, has called killing "the dead elephant in the living room that nobody wants to talk about."

A regular soldier can serve years in the Army and hardly ever hear the word "kill" outside bayonet practice, a vestigial relic of the days before the use of assault rifles. (No American soldier has participated in an organized bayonet charge since the Korean War.) Army manuals and drill sergeants speak of "suppressing enemy fire," "engaging targets," and "attritting" the enemy. "We attempt to instill reaction," said Captain Tim Dunnigan, who trains infantry in the woods of Fort Benning, Georgia. "Hear a pop, hit the ground, return fire. Act instinctually." Captain Jason Kostal, a twenty-eight-year-old former commander at Fort Benning's sniper school, says that, even in a unit whose motto is "One Shot One Kill," explicit discussion of the subject is avoided. "We don't talk about 'Engage this person,' 'Engage this guy.' It's always 'Engage that target,' " he said. "You're not thinking, I wonder if that guy has three kids."

In his West Point classes, Peter Kilner found what he called "an institutional resistance" to the topic. "I don't think people saw it as a great problem, as I do, so it hasn't been integrated into the curriculum," he said. When "60 Minutes" approached Kilner in 2002, shortly before the invasion of Iraq, he recalled an Army public-affairs officer telling him, "On the verge of war, we don't need to be talking about this upsetting thing." Colonel Thomas Burke, the director of mental-health policy for the Defense Department, told me that young soldiers shouldn't be burdened with moral questions during training. As far as killing is concerned, he said, "Trying to get too deeply into it, I don't know how much good it would do."

Kilner argues that killing in war is morally justifiable, and that military leaders should impress this justification on their soldiers. This may help protect their long-term mental health, and it also readies them for combat. Without a good grasp of why they

IT'S AS EASY AS

one, two, three
uno, dos, tres
un, deux, trois
一、二、三
eins, zwei, drei
אחת, שתיים, שלוש
jeden, dwa, trzy
एक, दो, तीन
moja, mbili, tatu
일, 이, 삼
een, twee, drie
один, два, три
uno, due, tre
unus, duo, tres
یو، دوه، درې

in any of these languages

Arabic • Chinese • Danish • Dutch • English
French • German • Hebrew Hindi • Indonesian
Italian • Japanese • Korean • Latin • Pashto
Polish • Portuguese • Russian Swahili • Swedish
Spanish • Thai Turkish • Vietnamese • Welsh

Immerse yourself in a language.

Rosetta Stone® software is the fastest, easiest way to learn a language. The reason is our award-winning Dynamic Immersion™ method. Thousands of real-life images and the voices of native speakers teach you faster than you ever thought possible.

Don't force-feed yourself endless grammar exercises and agonizing memory drills. Learn your next language the way you learned your first — the natural way. **Order by Sept. 15 and save 10%!**

"Stupendous...the juxtaposition of text, sound, and picture is masterful."
The Boston Globe

"I have learned more in two weeks with Rosetta Stone than I did in 2 years of college Spanish!"
Mona,
Takoma Park, MD

The guaranteed way to learn.

Rosetta Stone will teach you a language faster and easier than other language-learning methods. We guarantee it. If you are not satisfied for any reason, simply return the program within six months for a full refund!

Learn what NASA, the Peace Corps, thousands of schools, and millions around the world already know: Rosetta Stone is the most effective way to learn a new language!

SAVE 10%!
Order by September 15, 2004.
(Use promotion code nyd074a.)

Level 1 CD-ROM
~~Reg. $195~~
Now $175.50

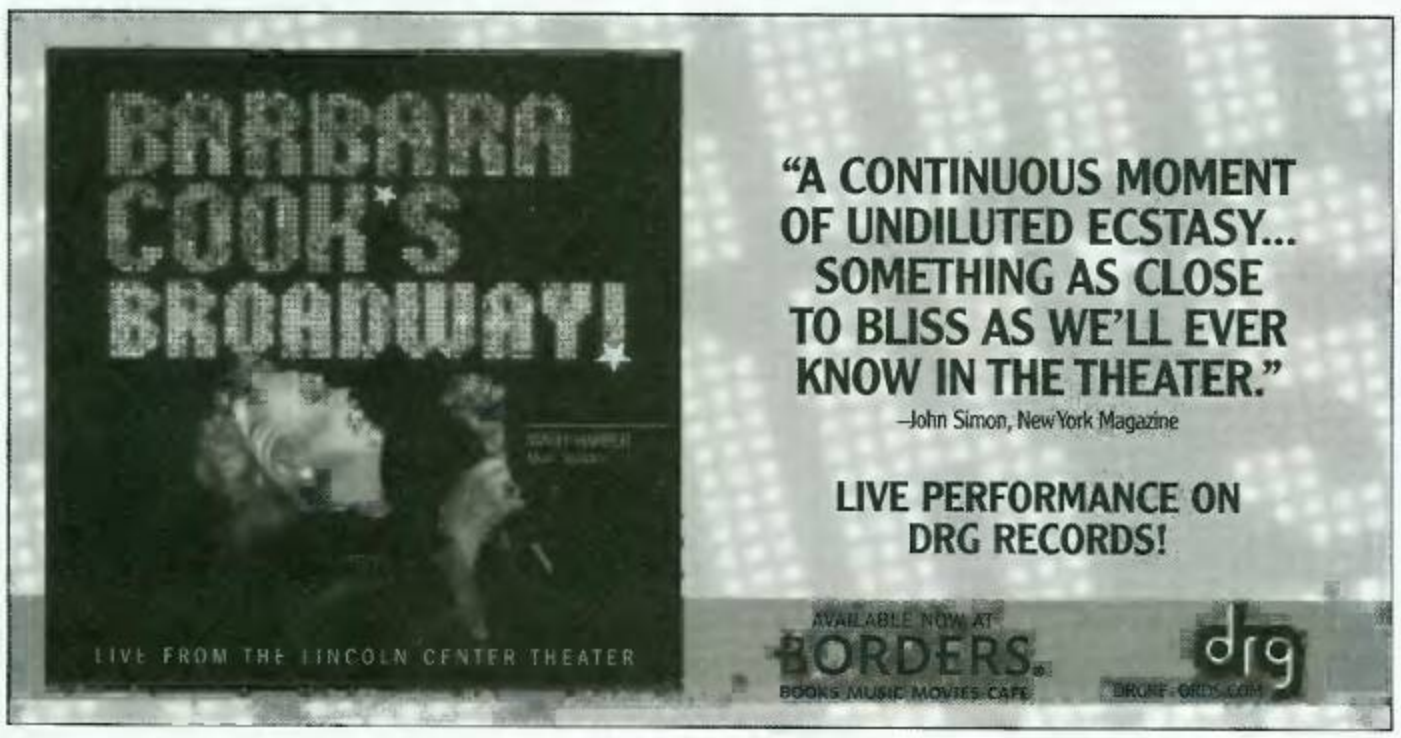
Level 2 CD-ROM
~~Reg. $225~~
Now $202.50

Level 1 & 2 CD-ROM
~~Reg. $329~~
Now $296.10

RosettaStone.com/nyd074a

RosettaStone®
Language Learning Success

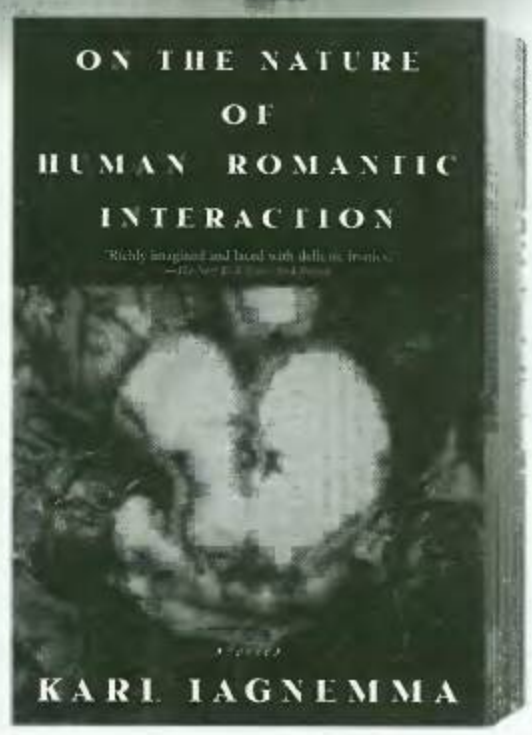
1-800-577-6938



A wry and hilarious debut novel that explores one man's bittersweet past—while his present threatens to come crashing down on him.

As he waits for his girlfriend to take a home pregnancy test, 28-year-old Joel Miller reflects on his childhood, the girl who got away, and how little he really knows about love.

The Novel
Experience...
Opening your mind, reaching your soul.



Inventive and wise, Karl Iagnemma's debut story collection is "richly imagined and laced with delicate ironies" (*The New York Times Book Review*).

An academic seeking a mathematical formula for affection, a love-struck 19th-century phrenologist, and a jaded forestry researcher are just a few of the restless, romantic protagonists in this captivating volume.

An exquisite tale of a friendship that transcends the deepest of cultural divides and family betrayals.

Long separated, now reunited, two stepsisters-once-removed face a crisis that tests their relationship as never before in this lyrical, evocative, and richly imagined novel.

The Bantam Dell Publishing Group
A Division of Random House, Inc.

Wherever books are sold
To read excerpts visit **www.bantamdell.com**

are being asked to kill, he says, many soldiers may hesitate in dangerous and ambiguous circumstances. Kilner, who operates a Web site for Army captains, told me about a tank commander in Iraq who ordered his men to fire on an oncoming car, only to have the gunner and the loader freeze up. "The loader responded in a slow, numbed voice, 'You're, you're killing people. And it doesn't even seem to bother you,' " the captain said. Soldiers who are morally prepared to accept the justification for killing in war "fight with the assurance of moral rightness," Kilner says.

Dave Grossman, a retired Army lieutenant colonel and a professor of psychology at West Point, travels constantly to sell the idea that the killing warriors do is one of the major factors that cause them to crack both in battle and later. I met Grossman, who is the author of "On Killing: The Psychological Cost of Learning to Kill in War and Society," outside Washington in February at a seminar for the Diplomatic Security Service, the protective force of the State Department. Rail thin at forty-seven, Grossman waves his arms and gestures with his entire body as he talks, shouting and stomping across the stage as if he were a cross between Elmer Gantry and Harold Hill. "We're going to use a dirty, nasty four-letter word you'll hardly ever hear," he told a roomful of burly agents. "If you're truly ready to kill, you'll be better able to avoid panic, better able to deter your opponent, and better able to live with it afterward." A soldier traumatized by the killing he has done is a casualty, he said, but such casualties can be avoided if soldiers are taught, mentally, to confront the act of killing. A military "conspiracy of silence" surrounds the topic, Grossman argues, because the Army hasn't confronted the issue of how psychologically fraught is the killing that its soldiers are ordered to do. In "On Killing," Grossman writes, "If society prepares a soldier to overcome his resistance to killing and places him in an environment in which he will kill, then that society has an obligation to deal forthrightly, intelligently, and morally with the psychological event."

To win wars, the Army must turn soldiers, momentarily, into reflexive, ro-

botic killers. But, as a volunteer force dependent on the good will of the public, it cannot send home generation after generation of combat-traumatized veterans. Commanders who are trying to win battles and keep their men alive feel that they can't afford to worry about a soldier's long-term mental health. "I want that reflexive killing," a captain wrote to Kilner. "That serves *me* better in combat, but am I responsible for them after the fact?" As for the Army's psychiatric corps, it has a contradictory mission. During the Second World War, the American military lost more front-line soldiers to psychological collapse than to death by enemy fire. Since Korea, every Army division (of about three thousand soldiers) has been assigned nine combat-stress experts, six of whom are enlisted personnel and three of whom are officers. A soldier troubled by the killing he has done—or by anything else—can, theoretically, ask to see a psychologist. But almost half of the American soldiers in Iraq who have screened positive for mental-health problems tell the Army that they're rarely given the time to do so, and more than half say that they fear the stigma. Last year, an Army staff sergeant, disturbed by the sight of an Iraqi's mutilated body, confided his concern to his unit's combat-stress officer and, according to the Army, asked to be sent back to the United States. He was charged with cowardly conduct. (The charge was subsequently reduced to dereliction of duty and ultimately dismissed.) Although this was an extremely unusual case, military psychiatrists agree that their first job is to keep soldiers fighting. Even when a soldier is on the verge of cracking up, "if he's more of a benefit to the unit than a detriment," the Defense Department psychiatrist Thomas Burke told me, an Army shrink's job is to "get him back to duty."

In March, the Defense Department released the results of the first mental-health survey it has done of soldiers who are still in combat, and found that almost three-quarters of the troops were experiencing low or very low unit morale. Suicide rates in the Army are generally lower than the national average for young men—nobody in the military is left alone long enough to brood—but the rate of suicide among soldiers in Iraq is nearly a third higher than the Army's historical average. At least twenty Army men and women have committed suicide in Iraq since the war began, and seven others killed themselves after returning home. "I haven't killed anybody here and I hope I never have to kill anybody," one soldier, a father of two, wrote to his mother from Baghdad before killing himself.

Traditionally, neither the Army nor the Department of Veterans Affairs surveys soldiers about the circumstances under which they killed, let alone how the incident affects them. The congressionally funded study of Vietnam veterans conducted in the nineteen-eighties asked only, "Did you ever kill or do you think you killed someone in or around Vietnam?" Researchers using the data have no idea whether a soldier's action was isolated and done in self-defense or whether it was carried out in "a village full of people because they were in a rage," MacNair said. Soldiers returning from combat in Iraq are asked even less. They fill out a four-page form called the DD-2796, checking boxes that describe their experiences. ("During this deployment, did you ever feel that you were in great danger of being killed?" "Did you see anyone wounded, killed, or dead during this deployment? Mark all that apply.")

The closest that the DD-2796 comes to asking about killing is the question "Were you engaged in direct combat where you discharged your weapon?" Retired Colonel Harry Holloway, who was an Army psychiatrist for thirty years, told me that the Army would benefit from knowing a lot more about the mental state of its combat troops. "We should be asking questions right now that would let us know if soldiers have killed," he said. Knowing the extent and the severity of stress related to killing in combat would help the government ease the soldiers' transition to civilian life, he added. "We should be in a position to help them, and we absolutely don't know how."

Colonel Jim Stokes, a psychiatrist who monitors the work of the six hundred or so Army psychologists assigned to combat-stress-control roles, said that, while many soldiers are able to cope with the killing they've done, killing is "a stressor in its own category." He is particularly concerned about the "extremely close-up" killing that is taking place in Iraq. But, like other Army psychiatrists, Stokes has a difficult time explaining the Army's squeamishness on the subject. He wrote the Army's "Field Manual 22-51: Leaders' Manual for Combat Stress Control," which discusses killing only with respect to civilians or fellow-Americans; the book doesn't mention the act of killing enemy soldiers, even though in the Iraq war, as in Vietnam, it is often impossible, even at close range, to distinguish between civilians and the enemy. "I guess I'd have to ask myself in retrospect why I didn't include that," Stokes said. The latest edition of the V.A.'s two-hundred-and-seven-page "Iraq War Clinician Guide," issued in June, discusses the trauma of killing only with regard to civilian casualties. Nowhere does the guide suggest that killing enemy combatants might be traumatic.

"War Psychiatry," the Army's five-hundred-page medical-corps textbook on combat trauma, contains a chart that lists twenty "Combat Stress Factors," including "fear of death," "disrupted circadian rhythms," "loss of a buddy," and "breakdown of Ur (narcissistic) defenses." The chart makes no mention of killing, and offers no suggestions for ameliorating any psychological after-effects. Elsewhere, the text acknowledges that "casualties that the soldier inflicted himself on enemy soldiers were usually described as the most stressful events," and it quotes a company commander who says, "Shooting people has

been harder for most soldiers to come to grips with than the death of a friend." The book also speaks of "the aversion most mammals have to killing conspecifics (members of their own species)," and notes that "pseudospeciation, the ability of humans and some other primates to classify certain members of their own species as 'other,' can neutralize the threshold of inhibition so they can kill conspecifics." But, because of "phylogenetically strong inhibitions," the soldier who kills "is left with his psychological afterburn."

Holloway, who as an Army psychiatrist repeatedly argued against denying the psychological impact of killing, can understand the Army's wariness. "As soon as we ask the question of how killing affects soldiers, we acknowledge we're causing harm, and that raises the question of whether the good we're accomplishing is worth the harm we're causing," he said. The Army, Holloway said, is reluctant to label any of its heroes as psychological casualties. The military's concern, he said, is that "if we get into this business of talking about killing people, we're going to pathologize an absolutely necessary experience."

Only one job in the Army doesn't require putting the mission first: chaplains aren't even addressed by rank, only as "chaplain." They are already ordained clergy when they enter military service; the Chaplain Center and School, at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, teaches no theology. Chaplains respond to soldiers coping with the aftermath of combat according to the denomination of the chaplain and the religion of the soldier. Chaplain Kenneth Bush, a Presbyterian minister and a lieutenant colonel who is the school's senior training developer, met me in his office wearing a black cross sewn to the collar of his camouflage fatigues. "As a Christian, I'd tell soldiers that their feelings are normal and help them understand the context in which killing takes place in war," he said. "If a soldier is going to war, it's because he raised his right hand and swore to defend the United States against all enemies foreign and domestic. It's not like he's committing murder." When I mentioned the Ten Commandments, Chaplain Bush was quick to respond. "The word in the original Hebrew is *ratzach*, which the King James Bible, written in 1611, translates as 'kill'—as in 'Thou shalt not kill,' " he said. "But the later, more accurate translations translate that word as 'murder,' making the commandment 'Thou shalt not commit murder.' The Old Testament is full of killing and war."

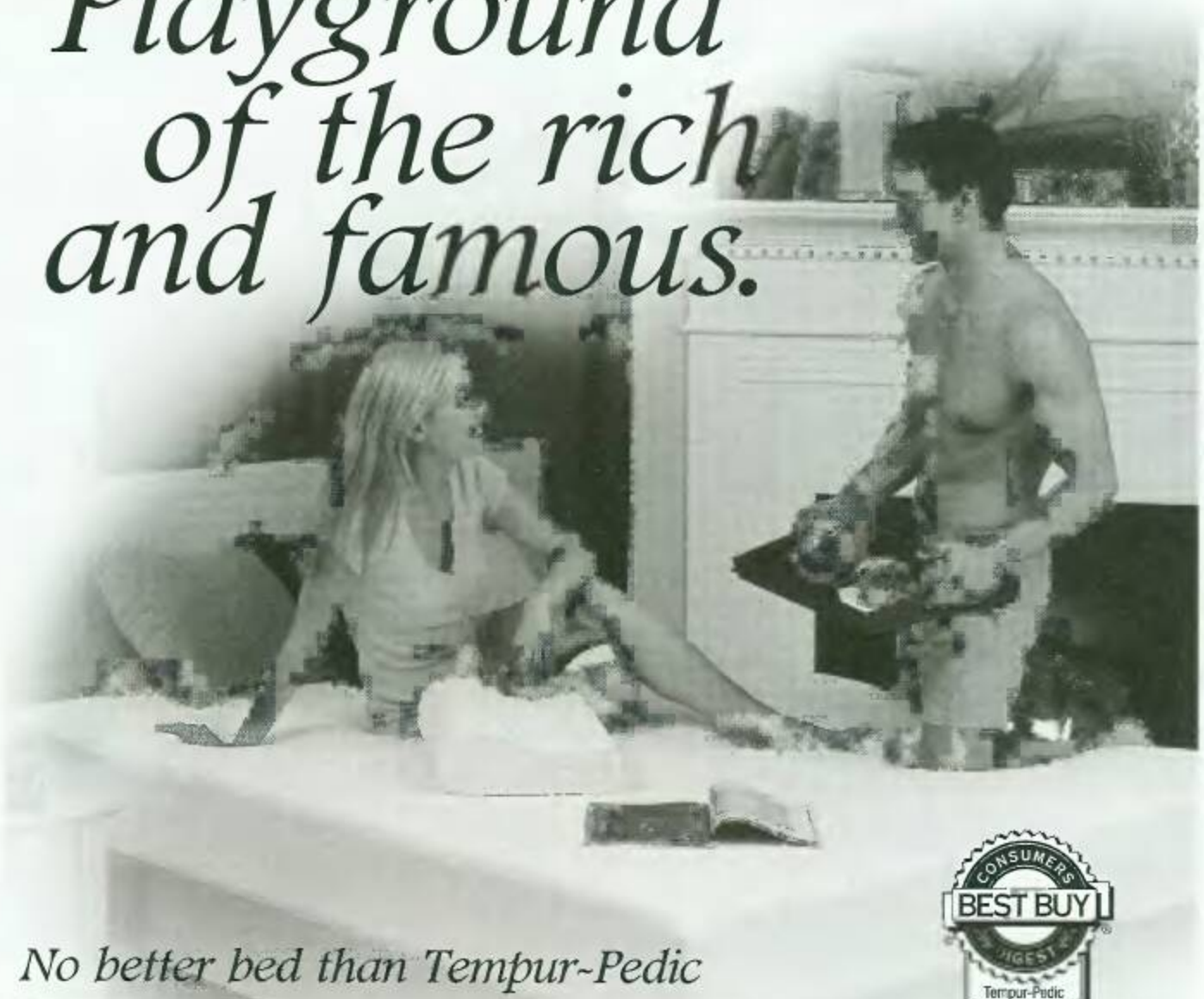
"For your birthday, I've made a list of annoying tics you might want to take care of before you're too old to give a damn anymore."

Dan Knox, the son of a Presbyterian minister (he is my wife's cousin), takes no comfort from the Old Testament; he figures that his moral upbringing not only got him into a war but also left him disabled by it. A compact, wiry man of fifty-seven, Knox joined the Army in 1966, after seeing a photo essay on the depredations of the Vietcong in *Life*. He felt that it was his duty to defend Southeast Asia from Communism. Knox's infantry suffered huge casualties, but what bothers him most, more than three decades later, is not the fear, the carnage he witnessed, or the loss of friends but the faces of the people he killed while serving as a helicopter door gunner. "If they told me to kill a whole village, that's what I'd do," he said. "I still see images—a woman and her children rolling in the dust." When I asked Knox how often such images arise, he thought for a moment and said, "Every ten minutes." Later, he added, "Really, it's more like I'm always looking at a double image. I see you sitting there in that chair, and I'm also watching this funeral party I gunned. In a few minutes, it will be a sampan I gunned on a river, with a woman and her babies falling out of it into the water and kicking around as I shoot them." After serving two tours, he was honorably discharged in 1969. Knox got married, had children, and held himself together while earning a law degree and pursuing a series of short-lived careers. But in 1995 one of his children died suddenly from a congenital asthma condition, and his mental health deteriorated. When he told psychologists at the V.A. hospital that the killing he had done was torturing him, they changed the subject. "Their basic response was 'Soldier, you did your duty,' " Knox said. He finally found a support group through a V.A.-affiliated local facility in suburban San Francisco, where he lives, and he has been meeting with the group's members ever since. In addition, he recently found a sympathetic V.A. psychiatrist, and is now getting disability payments from the V.A.; he has also returned to Vietnam to help build schools

with the Veterans Vietnam Restoration Project. On the day we were talking, the *Times* ran a page-one story on Army snipers in Baghdad. A sniper who had killed seven men in a day was quoted as saying that he felt no remorse. "He's got the thousand-yard stare," Knox said, tapping the accompanying photograph with his index finger. "Go back and find him in fifteen years." In order to properly treat combat veterans, Knox said, the V.A. would have to change its mission. "They'd have to change from the 'me' to the 'I.' Not just 'What happened to me?' but 'What did I do?' But they can't go there." The V.A., Knox said, "is not there for the veteran. They're there as a palliative for the non-veteran. To make people feel good, like they're doing something for the vet." Knox occasionally speaks to high-school students about war, but he is rarely invited back. The message he tries to leave behind is: "Killing people sucks."

Even though the V.A., which was elevated to Cabinet status in 1989, isn't charged with responsibility for pushing soldiers back into combat, it is just as ambivalent about killing as the Army is. V.A. psychologists I spoke with, at all levels, say that the organization doesn't have a clear, medically oriented treatment model for helping soldiers cope with the killing they've done. Many veterans seek treatment from the V.A.'s network of some two hundred "storefront centers," which are operated independently of the psychiatric departments of V.A. hospitals. Stew Brown, the head of a storefront center in Boulder, Colorado, said that, unlike losing a buddy or witnessing terrible things, coping with having killed is a spiritual, not a psychological, task. "You recognize you did the unthinkable. You blasted away a piece of yourself, violated some trust with God," he said. No V.A. official was able to explain why, when other combat traumas have been so carefully studied and treatment models formulated, the V.A. focusses so little attention on this one. Dr. James Marquardt, who ran the inpatient psychiatric ward of the veterans' hospital in Denver for twenty-five years, dismissed the utility of the exercise. "You kill somebody and you feel bad about it," he said. "What more is there to say?" The V.A. will try to treat veterans who are struggling with the aftereffects of

Playground of the rich and famous.



No better bed than Tempur-Pedic

Our Weightless Sleep bed embodies an *entirely new* sleep technology. It's recognized by NASA. And widely acclaimed by the media. And it's the *only* mattress recommended to patients by no less than 25,000 medical professionals worldwide.

Moreover, our high-tech miracle bed is preferred by countless Hollywood stars, sports figures, and famous celebrities—discriminating consumers who demand the *very* best.

Tempur-Pedic scientists invented an amazing viscoelastic sleep surface: TEMPUR® pressure-relieving material. It reacts to bodyshape, bodyweight, *bodyheat*. Nothing mechanical or electrical. Yet it molds precisely to your every curve and angle.

Tempur-Pedic brings you a profoundly relaxing, buoyantly energizing quality of sleep you've never experienced before.

That's why an unheard-of 91% of our enthusiastic owners recommend Weightless Sleep beds to their friends and relatives.

CERTIFIED SPACE TECHNOLOGY

THE ONLY MATTRESS RECOGNIZED BY NASA AND CERTIFIED BY THE SPACE FOUNDATION

CONSUMERS DIGEST BEST BUY

Tempur-Pedic Swedish Mattress
"This is the mattress that set the industry abuzz!"
–Consumers Digest 2003

For free demonstration kit, call toll-free

888-359-8418

or send fax 866-795-9367

Name

Address

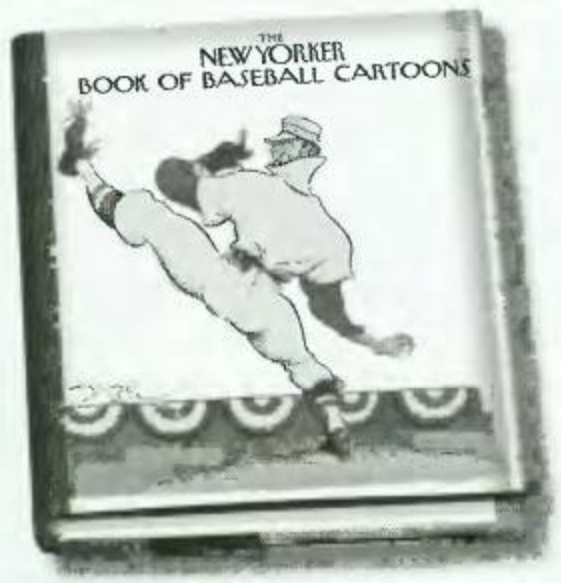
City/State/Zip

Phone (optional)

Please call us toll-free, without the slightest obligation, for a FREE DEMONSTRATION KIT!

TEMPUR-PEDIC
PRESSURE RELIEVING
SWEDISH MATTRESSES AND PILLOWS

© Copyright 2004 by Tempur-Pedic Direct Response, Inc. All Rights Reserved. 1713 Jaggie Fox Way, Lexington, KY 40511



© 2003 Bloomberg L.P. All rights reserved.

THE NEW YORKER BOOK OF BASEBALL CARTOONS

A front row seat to a great series

AVAILABLE WHEREVER BOOKS ARE SOLD

Bloomberg PRESS

also at www.bloomberg.com/books or call 800-869-1231

combat, he said, but he added that "the vast majority of the guys do O.K. with killing armed enemy soldiers." He went on, "I think the training insulates the average troop. The gestalt that goes with it—'I have a just cause, I'm fighting for my country, my group's doing it, God is on my side'—relieves the guy of this individual sense of conscience that might otherwise come to bear."

The V.A. also feels an obligation to protect its own. The clinician's guide that it published warns that those working with combat veterans may be disturbed by stories of killing, and several V.A. psychologists mentioned to me the risk of "secondary trauma"—clinicians absorbing at second hand the horrors experienced by their patients. A lot of V.A. psychologists are themselves combat veterans who must live with their own memories.

Last week, the Army released a new study, published in *The New England Journal of Medicine*, which found that roughly sixteen per cent of Iraq veterans suffer from P.T.S.D. or depression; of these, fewer than forty per cent have sought professional help. Al Batres, a Vietnam veteran who runs the network of storefront centers, says that nearly eight thousand veterans of the Afghanistan and Iraq wars have come to the clinics so far. Some thirty-three hundred Iraq veterans have been treated for mental-health problems at V.A. hospitals; the V.A. is girding itself for a flood of psychological cases. "We're very busy," Batres said. "The more conflicted the community that sent you, the more difficult is the readjustment period."

The study released by the Army last week did ask soldiers about specific combat experiences, and it confirmed, finally, that one of the factors responsible for P.T.S.D. cases was "killing enemy combatants." But the Army, understaffed and underequipped in Iraq to begin with, is struggling to win a war and to keep as many of its soldiers alive as possible. As for the V.A., its budget has been strained by rising medical costs and by an aging veteran population; providing the same level of therapy that, say, the New York Police Department gives a cop involved in a shooting incident would be an unimaginable burden. Veterans since the American Revolution have complained that the government doesn't do enough for them. Given what combat does to soldiers, it's hard to imagine any amount of services being "enough."

After Carl and Debbie Cranston told me about Carl's experiences in Iraq, we paid our check at Red Lobster and went back to their house, in a married-sergeants' compound at Fort Benning. Their two boys—seven-year-old Anthony and two-year-old Andrew—were brought in from a neighbor's house. Carl's mother, Geraldine, who lives with the couple, was just getting home from her job at an Army and Air Force Exchange Service convenience store, a kind of mini-PX on the base, and was still in her red-white-and-blue uniform. Carl asked if I'd ever seen "Band of Brothers," and his mother gave a sigh that sounded like a locomotive clearing its brakes. "Band of Brothers" is a ten-part HBO series that follows a company of Second World War paratroopers through the European theatre; Geraldine said that Carl has watched it "millions" of times. Carl put on the episode about D Day, and, as Andrew climbed around on his daddy and Anthony dozed on the carpet, men on the screen were falling from the sky in flames, spewing blood from severed arteries, tommy-gunning enemy prisoners to death. "I'm surprised he can watch this," Geraldine said, bustling back and forth. As we watched, I asked Carl if he'd been given any counselling since being in combat; he said no. Upon leaving Iraq, his unit was sent to a camp in the Kuwaiti desert to rest for a few days, but there was nothing to do but lie in hot, sandy tents and fill out DD-2796 forms.

We watched two episodes of "Band of Brothers," and when I rose to go Debbie told me how the Army had prepared her for Carl's return. "When he was coming home, the Army gave us little cards that said things like 'Watch for psychotic episodes' and 'Is he drinking too much?' " she said. "A lot of wives said it was a joke. They had a lady come from the psych ward, who said—and I'm serious—'Don't call us unless your husband is waking you up in the middle of the night with a knife at your throat.' Or, 'Don't call us unless he actually chokes you, unless you pass out. He'll have flashbacks. It's normal.' " ♦

advertisement

AN INVITATION TO RESPOND DIRECTLY TO THE NEW YORKER'S ADVERTISERS.

RSVP

READER SERVICE VALUE PROGRAM

ART & ANTIQUES

TAI GALLERY/TEXTILE ARTS is one of the world's finest galleries featuring the art of traditional textiles and Japanese bamboo art. For more info and show schedule visit: www.textilearts.com.

BOOKS & PUBLICATIONS

DAEDALUS BOOKS. Thousands of books and CDs in all subjects and genres at much less than half price. For the best browse in bargain books call for a free catalog: 1-800-395-2665 or visit www.salebooks.com.

MURDEROUS CROSSWORDS — Nero Blanc's mystery novels combine good old-fashioned whodunits with wonderfully sly crosswords. July, 2004: "ANATOMY OF A CROSSWORD." In bookstores and at www.CrosswordMysteries.com.

POETS & WRITERS. Information on grants and awards, contests, and conferences for creative writers. Visit www.pw.org.

STONE SOUP MAGAZINE. "The New Yorker of the eight to thirteen set." –Ms. This beautiful children's magazine makes a great gift for budding writers and artists! $33, six issues. For more information, call 1-800-447-4569 or visit www.stonesoup.com.

EDUCATION

STEWART HOME SCHOOL. Progressive education and a home community for the intellectually disabled child and adult on an 850-acre bluegrass campus. For information, write Stewart Home School, 4200 Lawrenceburg Road, Dept. K, Frankfort, KY 40601, or call 1-502-227-4821, or visit www.stewarthome.com.

HEALTH CARE

GREEN MOUNTAIN AT FOX RUN. Over 31 years experience helping women take charge of their weight, eating and fitness through lifestyle change. The oldest women-only weight loss program in the US. Proven results. Professionally directed. In Vermont. Visit www.fitwoman.com or call 1-800-448-8106.

HILTON HEAD HEALTH INSTITUTE. Located on beautiful Hilton Head Island, Hilton Head Health Institute has been the world's premier weight loss spa for over 25 years. Visit www.hhhealth.com or call 1-800-292-2440.

TRAVEL

THE ANDREWS HOTEL. Come visit San Francisco and stay in the heart of the city, just two blocks from Union Square. Enjoy our continental breakfast and an evening glass of wine, all included in our rates. Call 1-800-926-3739 or visit www.andrewshotel.com.

TOURISME MONTREAL. We love that you really know how to party. For our celebration packages or last minute deals, visit www.tourism-montreal.org/deals.

For more information, log on to www.newyorkerreaderlink.com

IF UNABLE TO REACH TELEPHONE LISTINGS, SEND REQUESTS, WITH ISSUE DATE NOTED, TO THE NEW YORKER READER SERVICES, 4 TIMES SQUARE, 21ST FLOOR, NEW YORK, NY 10036.

040712

© 2004 by The Condé Nast Publications, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

SHOUTS & MURMURS

CHAIN LETTER

BY PATRICIA MARX

TO: Americans and fellow-acquaintances
FROM: George W. Bush, President
SUBJECT: How to Fixate Medicare

You can help in the war on health!!! This is not an Internet hoax!!! Do not read this after deleting it first!!!

HERE'S WHAT YOU DO: Send a million dollars, or, if you're a wealthy-oriented individual, send more than a million, to Health Care, c/o The Department of Treasury. Then, in the next twenty-four hours, coplicate this e-mail and e-mail it to ten friends who also have a million dollars. In something like ninety-six hours, we will have billions—or what's that bigger one?—of dollars.

WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU BREAK THE CHAIN? I can assure you, and you have my word on this, that God will bring you to justice. If you compare the folks who sent the letter on the one hand with the ones who broke the chain on their other hand, you will definitely see a luck gap. There was one fellow in New York who thought the letter was "bull." He deleted it and the next day he was investigated because of some government secrets he spilled the beans about. And his wife, too. Another fellow we know—oops! I was about to spill the beans on myself that time!

IS THIS LEGAL? Most chain letters that involve monetary are against the law, but this one is testifiably legal because the law and us are simultaneous.

DOES THIS REALLY WORK? As a test, I sent the e-mail to myself, and in about two seconds my assistantist told me it was already in my e-mail mailbox. So, yes, the system works.

WHY IS IT IMPORTANT TO RAISE THIS MONEY? I, like you, if you agree with me, want to make sure our children do not run out of money relevant to federal programs. And that is why I've tried not to allocate too much expenditure to a better tomorrow. But now the press, as well as the media and those fellows who do the news, started saying that our Medicare program or Medicaid or whatever you want to call it is going broke. They said the prescription-drug bill I just passed will cost more than I said it would, which is stupid because even I don't know how much it costs. They also said doctors would charge too much to their lower-incomed patients, but one thing those pundit guys have to remember before they go around obfusticating matters—it's expensive to life-style like a doctor.

See, one of the reasons we don't have enough funds is that there is too little money. But I could remedify that by making the taxes less high again. I hope to aspire to do that.

Now, you are probably asking yourself, "Why do we even need a program like that one I just said? Do we really need to embetter the elderly and disabled? Is it the government's job to encourage sickness? Shouldn't we leave that up to the free market?" Those are good questions and I agree. Since when is helping people what America is about? But if we don't do something my opponent will come up with ideas—and, sadly, everything will be revampished by someone else.

HOW MANY TIMES HAS THIS CHAIN LETTER BEEN AROUND THE WORLD? It used to be that we thought chain letters had to go around the world at least seven times to be official, and by the world I mean the countries not counting the United States. It used to be that we had to travel to see the world, but now the good parts of the world came here—Au Bon Pain, International House of Pancakes, Banana Republic, Borders, Amazon.com, Yoplait, the Cadillac Seville, cappuccino, to name just one thing. So, in answer to your question, a chain letter's job does not require going to foreign places anymore.

IS THIS A VIRUS? My Administration is against viruses. So if you're concerned in trying to eliminate not just the virus but also the person who has the virus, why don't you lend a hand with your money? ♦

FASTER THAN
CORNERS BETTER THAN
0-60 MPH
GERMANY

SUBARU
DRIVEN BY WHAT'S INSIDE.

IN MOURNING

PORSCHE BOXSTER
BMW 330XI
AUDI A4 QUATTRO

5.8 SECONDS

BMW 530I
AUDI TT QUATTRO

The all-new 2005 Subaru Legacy. The outstanding traction, balance and control of the Subaru Symmetrical All-Wheel Drive System, standard. The power of a 250-hp, turbocharged boxer engine. Intuitive, driver-oriented cockpit. Leather upholstery. Sport-design electroluminescent instrument panels. Momo -designed steering wheel with optional SPORTSHIFT transmission controls. 17-inch alloy wheels. Honored as the Car of the Year in Japan.* You can close your mouth now. The Subaru Legacy. For more information, see a dealer for a test-drive, visit subaru.com or call 1-800-WANT-AWD. Non-turbo models starting from $20,995. (GT Limited model shown.)

GT Limited, as shown, $28,495. MSRP excludes destination, tax, title, license and registration fees due at signing. 0-60 mph and dry-cornering comparisons based on USAC-certified testing results on the '05 Legacy GT Sedan (MT), '04 Porsche Boxster (MT), '04 BMW 330xi (MT), '04 Audi A4 Quattro (MT), '04 BMW 530i (MT) and '04 Audi TT Quattro (MT). *2003-2004 Car of the Year Japan. The ABC's of Safety: Air bags. Buckle up. Children in backseat.

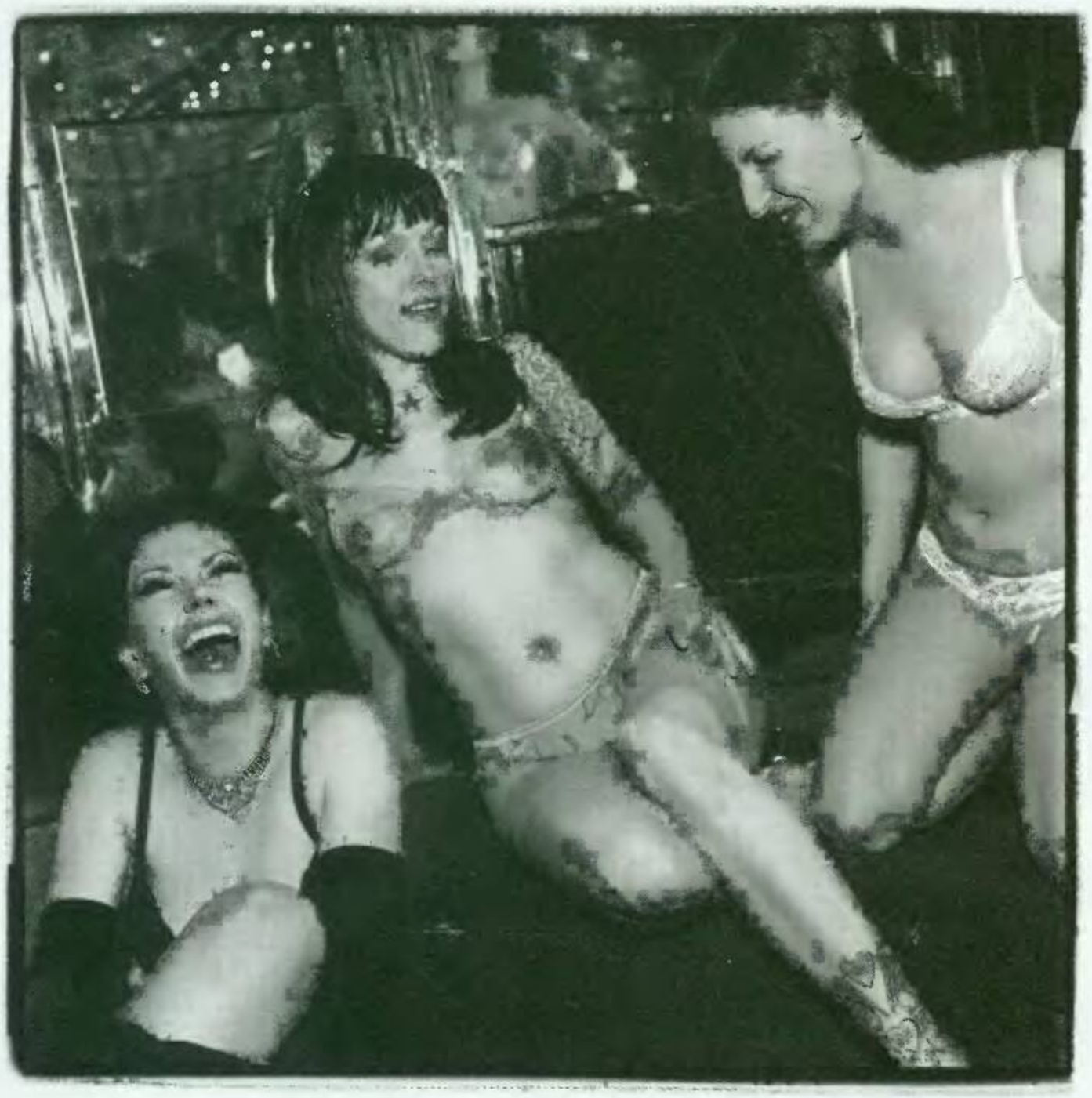
LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA

NAKED PROFITS

The employees take over a strip club.

BY TAD FRIEND

San Francisco has led the sexual revolution since 1964, the year a teen-age dancer named Carol Doda caused a sensation by appearing onstage at the Condor night club in a Rudi Gernreich swimsuit that lacked a top. In subsequent months, the sensation grew, as Doda pioneered the silicone-injection craze and ballooned to a size 44-DD. Before long, a sailor in North Beach could buy a cone at a topless ice-cream stand, eat it while getting a topless shoe shine, then take in a show starring "a topless mother of eight."



Dahlia, Pepper, and Ruby at the Lusty Lady. Photograph by Thomas Kern.

Feminism came to San Francisco early, too. In the Nixon era, women of evolved consciousness picketed the Condor, claiming that Doda was being exploited. "They said, 'Burn your bra!' " Doda recalls. "I said, 'I'm not even wearing a bra!' "

Today, Carol Doda is marketing lingerie and the Condor is a sports bar, but a new sexual experiment is in progress at the Lusty Lady Theatre, around the corner from the Condor. Last year, the Lusty, as it is known, became the first employee-owned strip club in the country. It has been the thinking woman's strip club since it was founded, in 1984; its dancers, rather than taking the usual stage names of Barbie or Angel, called themselves Virginia Dentata or Attila the Honey. (At their request, the dancers mentioned in this story are identified only by their stage names.) Lili Marlene is currently using her experience with customers to refine her thinking on the socialization of male sexuality; Donna Delinqua is writing a doctoral thesis, "Narrative and the Production of Lesbian Identity," between shifts. The dancers respect one another's sensitivities by avoiding "scented or perfumed grooming products," and Cayenne, who has a master's degree in social work and a shaved head, says that part of her work is "to model self-respecting behavior for the customers." In other words, she explains, "I won't put up with shit."

In 1997, the dancers took their polemics outside, picketing for the right to have a union. Chants such as "Two, four, six, eight, don't go here to masturbate!" and "No contract, no pussy!" made their point, and the Lusty became the only one of the country's twenty-five hundred strip clubs to unionize. "Those dancers are our most functional chapter," Lawanna Preston, the staff director of Local 790 of the Service Employees International Union, says. "They alone negotiated the majority of their last contract"—in January, 2003, resulting in a three-dollar-an-hour raise for some employees.

A month later, the club's manager, Darrell Davis, announced that the owners had asked him to close down the Lusty. In May, however, the dancers bought the business for four hundred thousand dollars—all borrowed from the old owners—and reorganized it as a coöperative: dancers, janitors, and cashiers pay a three-hundred-dollar fee to become co-owners and share in the profits. They sought business advice from the Rainbow Grocery and Good Vibrations, two local coöperatives that market organic produce and sex toys, respectively. A dancer named Havana incorporated the club as the Looking Glass Cooperative, after consulting the "Co-Op Incorporation Sourcebook," and another dancer, Miss Muffy, a high-school graduate, drew up the co-op's buy-sell agreement, promissory note, and membership paperwork with the help of sample forms downloaded from the Internet.

Traditionally, stripping is capitalism at its most explicit: men sell women's bodies to other men. The idea behind the new Lusty Lady was that capitalism would give way to the utopian glories of self-ownership. Rather than capital (the owner) renting labor and forcing it to do dull and repetitive tasks, labor would rent capital (borrow money) and be free to reinvent not only the notion of tasks

LOOKAT

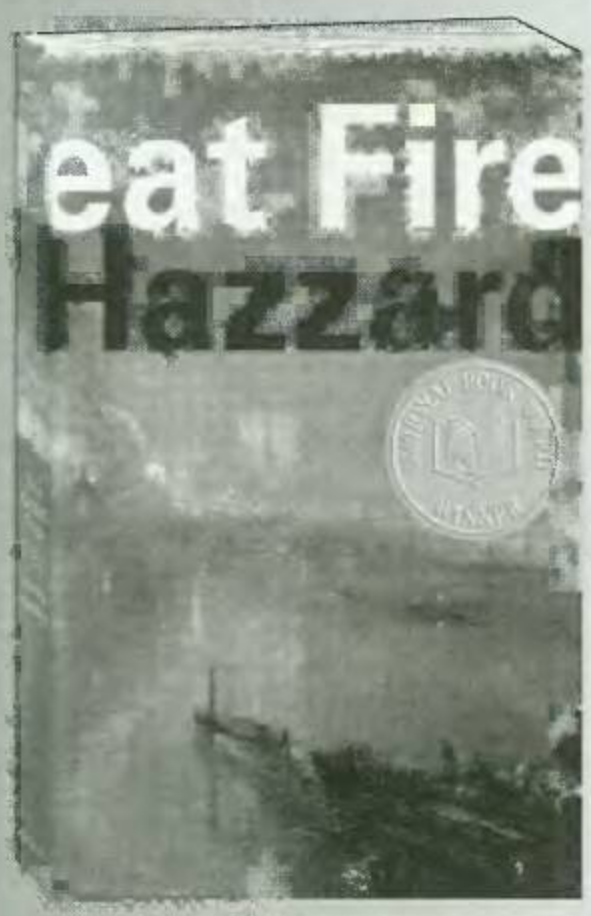
but also the master-slave dynamic inherent in sex work. "We extinguish the concept of hierarchy," the club's new mission statement declared; everyone would take turns hiring and firing, debating corporate strategy, and maintaining client relations (an executive function previously viewed as mere entry-level wiggling around in the nude).

Morale at the club improved after the takeover, and a wave of new customers—a more respectful, less drunk sort of customer—came in to support employee ownership. But some observers remained dubious. A manager at Roaring 20's, a club up the street, who identified himself only as Anthony, snickered when he was asked about the Lusty Lady's prospects. "I've been working here for three years and *I* don't know how to run a club, so how could they?" he said.

"Workers always believe management is full of shit," Darrell Davis told me. A soft-spoken man, Davis had spent the past twenty years in the sex business, and was relieved to be getting out of it. He hopes to become a teacher. "That antagonism was much more powerful at the Lusty, because the women were nude, and vulnerable, and from San Francisco," he continued. "During the first union negotiations, the dancers told me I was 'raping' new dancers by paying them less than more senior dancers. I offered to start everyone at the highest wage and cut their salary by a dollar every few months, but they didn't want that, either. The real problem was that some of the dancers felt that *any* profit the company made was immoral." He added, "But they are now what they never wanted to be: corporate owners."

The façade of the Lusty Lady Theatre testifies to the sex industry's peculiar faith in alliteration: the "Lovely Lusty Ladies" inside are billed as not only "Hot Hard Horny" but also "Naked Naughty Nasty." Should these traditional enticements fail, an "Under New Management!" banner flaps from the building's marquee, and a sandwich board proclaims that the club is "Worker Owned." Inside the club, however, the Barbary Coast-style décor remains unrefreshed. Shabby velvet curtains droop from the entrance, blocking out any ambient light. Rules are posted by the cashier's desk: "No loitering! One guy per booth! Don't tap booth glass! Clean up after yourself!"

PICADOR PAPERBACKS



THE GREAT FIRE
SHIRLEY HAZZARD

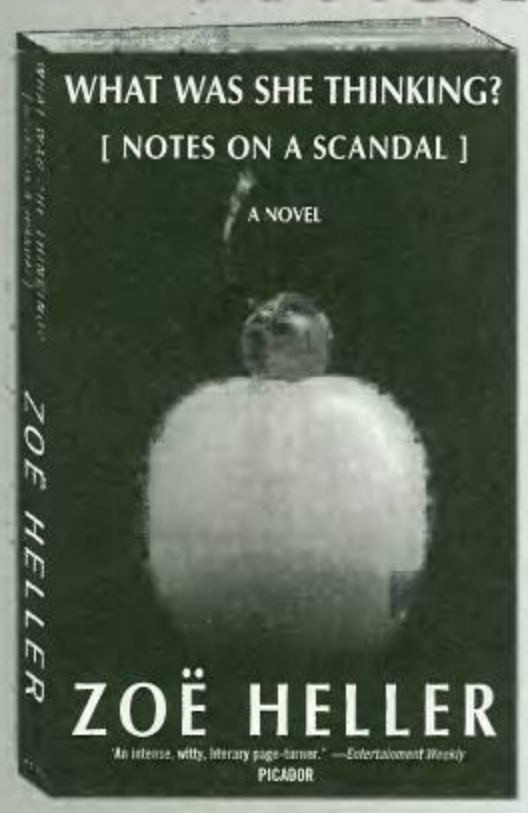
NATIONAL BOOK AWARD WINNER

A *Today's* Book Club Selection
A *New York Times* Notable Book

"Beauty is felt in almost every line of this austerely gorgeous work."
—*Chicago Tribune*

"Among the most transcendent works I've ever had the pleasure of reading."
—Anita Shreve

What to



WHAT WAS SHE THINKING?
ZOË HELLER

Shortlisted for the Man Booker Prize
A Runaway UK Bestseller

"A deliciously perverse, laugh-out-loud funny novel." —*Vogue*

"Equally adroit at satire and psychological suspense."
—*The New Yorker*

Read Next

THE PARIS REVIEW BOOK
FOR PLANES, TRAINS, ELEVATORS, AND WAITING ROOMS

CONTRIBUTORS INCLUDE:
Rick Moody, Philip Roth, Edward P. Jones, Jamaica Kincaid, and many more of the best writers of the last half-century.

PICADOR
www.picadorusa.com

At a conventional strip club, a dancer gyrates on a stage ornamented with a pole and a disco ball and, often, dry-ice vapor, while other strippers work the room looking for lap-dance customers; the Lusty Lady, by contrast, is a peep show. After navigating a dim hallway, customers enter one of twelve small booths that surround a stage covered in red carpet. Inside, when they drop a quarter into a slot, a shutter rises, and for seventeen seconds they can gaze through a glass window at three women, naked except for high heels, who strut and grind.

On the other side of the hallway are private video booths, and around the corner is the Private Pleasures booth, where, for ten or twenty dollars, a solitary dancer behind glass will take requests; for a customer, it's the equivalent, one dancer says, of "having your car valet-parked."

Downstairs, behind a locked door, is the dancers' lounge and changing room, and off the lounge there is a windowless office that contains three battered metal desks and a vintage poster of Rosie the Riveter that declares, "We Can Do It!" The Lusty Lady has seven board members, who meet here every Monday afternoon. Although an atmosphere of good humor prevails, the business's problems have proved to be as incessant as the solutions are makeshift. The coöperative's work-in-progress bylaws, for instance, explain that share ownership is "pursuant to subsection (b) of Bylaw Section 8.03 (of the Rainbow Grocery Cooperative Bylaws, which we have yet to fully understand)."

A board meeting in mid-November began when Pepper, a thirty-three-year-old blonde with two piercings curling up from her lower lip, said, "O.K., I'm going to do my usual bullish facilitation, because, remember, in high school I was on student council."

"I was in the bathroom with vodka and cocaine," Miss Muffy, a baby-faced brunette, said.

The board listened to a status report on the club's negotiations with its landlord, Roger Forbes, who, in the past three years, had more than doubled the rent, to $13,442 a month. The dancers had requested a new lease at a lower rate, but Forbes had initially demanded a sixty-thousand-dollar security deposit.

"I want to send Roger Forbes a turd box," Ruby, a dancer, said.

"It would just fester alongside the fifty turd boxes people already sent him," Pepper said, looking up from a pink scarf she was crocheting. "Somebody probably already signed him up for Turd-Box-of-the-Month Club."

Forbes finally gave the coöperative a new lease at the same rate—with no security deposit required. "It would behoove them, after they get the lease set, to spend some money sprucing up their facility," he told me. "As far as I can tell, no one's spent a dime on that place in twenty years."

Forbes has an ownership stake in several of the properties owned by Déjà Vu, Inc., the country's largest strip-club chain. Déjà Vu has taken over seven clubs in the Lusty Lady's neighborhood, including Roaring 20's and the Hungry i, where Lenny Bruce developed his act in the nineteen-fifties. At Déjà Vu clubs (and at most clubs in San Francisco), dancers have to pay the management "stage fees," as high as two hundred and forty dollars a night, for the privilege of working a shift as an "independent contractor." On a good night, a dancer at a conventional strip club can make far more money than a dancer at the Lusty Lady—as much as a thousand dollars. But because they begin each shift in debt, and know that they can be fined for chewing gum or for clapping out of time onstage, strippers at other clubs often feel pressure to use the private lap-dancing booths to engage in "dirty dancing" or "extras."

Sex work is as subject to the iron laws of economics as any other form of labor. The advent of the Internet has given strip-club patrons the opportunity to post reviews of individual dancers, often in the

"You can say anything you want, or you can say nothing. But most people say 'Wheeeeee!!!'"

raunchiest language imaginable, on Web sites; this dissemination of information has, as the Chicago School of economists would have predicted, led to increased competition and falling prices. A "bareback blow job"—that is, oral sex performed without a condom—which local call girls charged three hundred dollars for in the mid-nineties, can now routinely be had at a strip club for twenty dollars, or no more than a lap dance. "Things are so bad in other clubs that the Lusty Lady is a great ray of hope," says Daisy Anarchy, a stripper who has worked at numerous clubs and is attempting to unionize the city's erotic dancers and legalize prostitution. "It's, like, 'You haven't got all of us!' "

The Lusty Lady's board went on to discuss plans for a fund-raiser that would feature a spanking booth and an auction of the dancers' underwear. Havana, a slim strawberry blonde, said, "We'll make more money if a dancer takes off her underwear for the winner right there."

"I wish we could get through one of these meetings without talking about vaginas," Aesop, a soulful-looking male cashier, said.

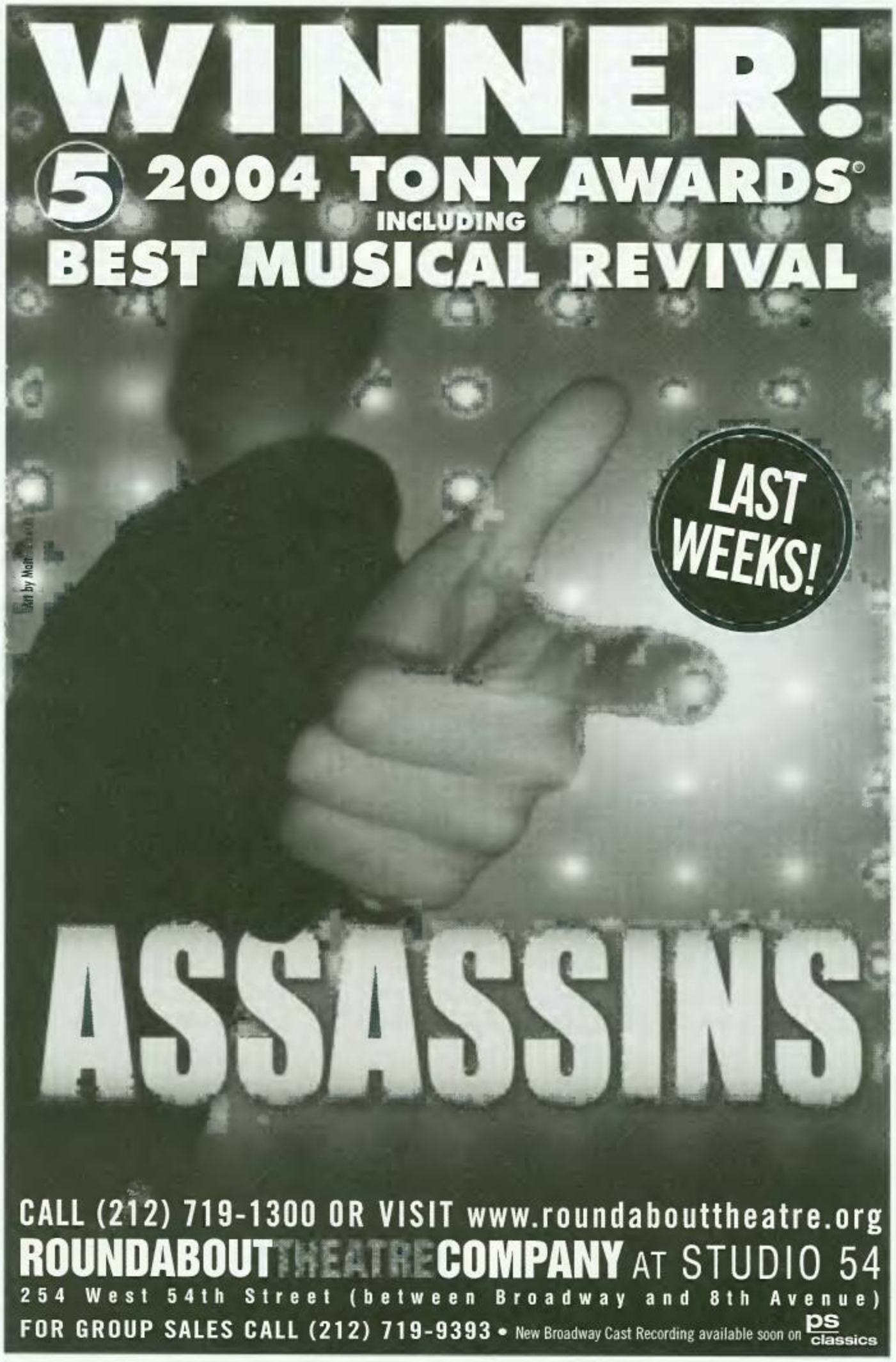
Pepper steered the meeting back to the agenda: the Lusty Lady was broke. When the employees bought the club, they knew that revenues from the live shows, buffeted by the rise in Internet porn and the soft local economy, had fallen forty per cent since 1996, when the club grossed nearly three million dollars. But they suspected that Darrell Davis had underplayed the club's profitability all along, and hoped that incentives and new ideas would invigorate the business.

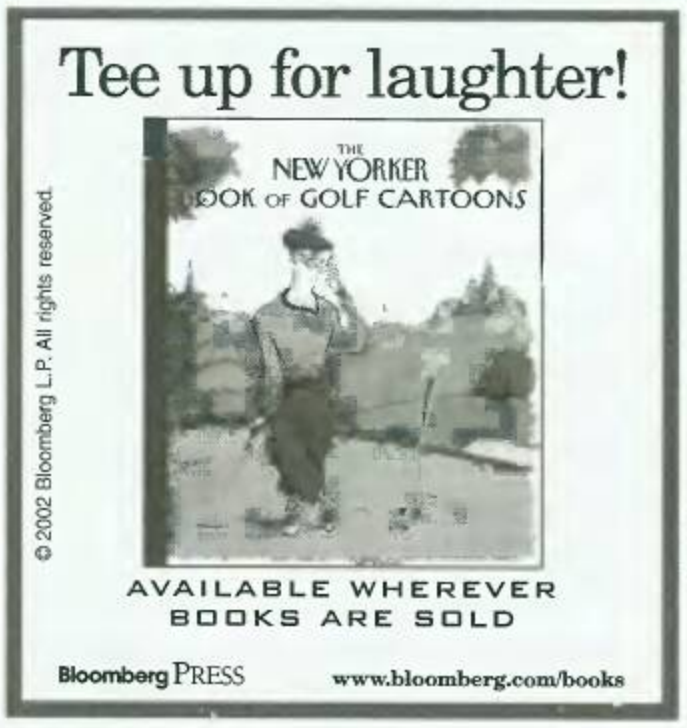
The new management tried ladies' nights, but it turns out that women aren't as eager as men are to look at naked women. A plan to blanket the city with ads was scotched when the dancers discovered that they didn't have the money to do it, even though Davis had given them twelve thousand dollars in cash to get started, and had suspended their debt payments for five months. The co-op's most profitable innovation had turned out to be the installation of a Pepsi machine.

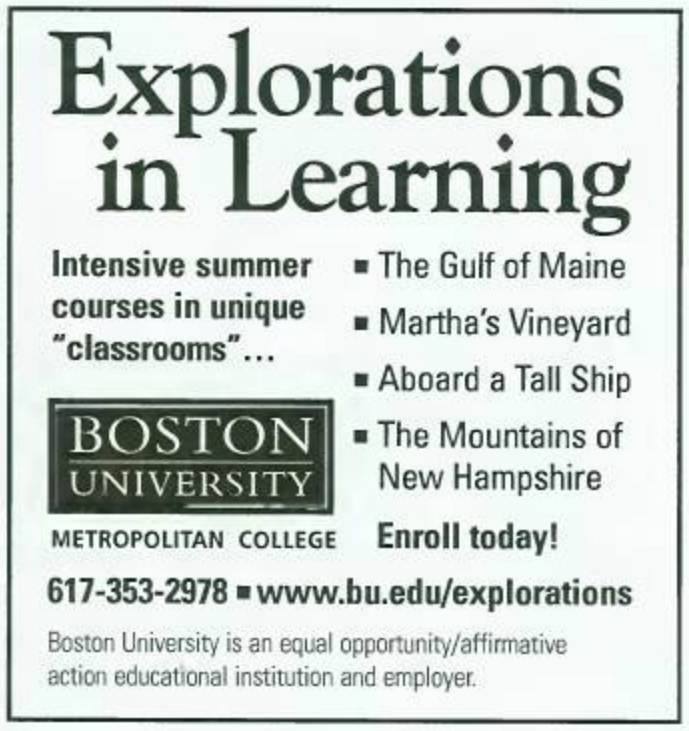
The situation was such, Pepper reminded everyone, that they would have to close if they didn't cut costs by two thousand dollars a week. "We need to think outside the box," she said.

"Again with vaginas," Aesop said.

The board had polled the workers







to learn which of fifteen possible cuts had the greatest support. Health insurance and pay for the dancers' prep time were being eliminated, late shifts would be curtailed, and the workers also strongly favored reducing the top dancers' wage, from twenty-six dollars an hour to twenty-three.

Donna Delinqua, speaking to a hand mirror as she applied lipstick for her upcoming shift, suggested that, instead, the board recommend cutting the top dancers' pay by two dollars an hour, and other dancers' by a dollar. Pepper agreed, saying, "We need to spread the cuts around, because I need to eat something other than brown rice."

"Do we still believe in additional money for seniority?" Havana asked, returning to the radical issue that had so vexed Davis.

"I do," Pepper said. End of subject. "But we also have to make sure it all seems super-super-democratic and everyone feels super-super-heard," she continued. Pepper and Donna are union shop stewards, positions that—until a few dancers volunteered to serve as temporary union reps—would have required them to negotiate salary cuts with themselves.

"We have to have the illusion of two different parties with different ideas," Pepper continued, "although, ultimately, I'm going to make the whole fucking thing happen in half an hour by just"—she made a sound of chewing through flesh.

"That's so Darrell," Tony, another support staffer, said.

"You've learned," Aesop said. "You've learned from the best."

A few weeks later, the dancers voted to cut their pay by between one and three dollars an hour, with the highest paid among them taking a larger hit. "In our last contract discussions with Darrell," Pepper told me, "he couldn't negotiate us to the position that we have to accept from ourselves now. Nobody could be more shocked and unhappy about that fact than me."

A dancer named Una Puna stretched her legs on the cashier's counter, loosening up before her morning shift. "Political correctness goes into everything we do," she said. "Since we took over, we've even asked, 'Why can't the guys here dance onstage, too?' "

Criptid, a bald cashier who is a member of the co-op—and who is one of the few employees to have worked at the club long enough to qualify for the health benefits that the co-op just eliminated—glanced up from his newspaper. "I'm a pretty good dancer," he said.

"You should dance!" Una Puna said.

"I'd rather do that than this," he said. "In this job, you see humanity in its rawest form—guys call their wives from the pay phone and say, 'No, no, I'm at the post office.' "

"Yeah," Una Puna said, "but, still, this place is progressive as far as female image." Most dancers at other clubs are young, blond, and voluptuous. At the Lusty, some dancers are slight, some are heavy, some are hairy, some are bald, and one, Calipso, recently became a grandmother. The "madams"—dancers elected to replace the previous regime's shift supervisors—still hire according to the old personnel policy, which requires dancers to have a "trim stomach," "a minimum of cellulite," and "clean, healthy teeth," but they no longer classify dancers by body type. "Under old management, I was hired as a 'blond, small-breasted, slim, tall,' and if I needed to have someone fill my shift it could only be another body type like mine," Vega, a madam, says. "You were just a piece of meat, filling their quota."

"The old management made me wear a wig over my mohawk," Una Puna said, bending along the counter to touch her toes. "*We* don't make me wear the wig. And I'm giving the customers a lot more attention now, I'm finally getting to know the faces. These days, I go by the White Tigress Handbook, an old set of Taoist sex teachings. In stripping, you do rotations and touch yourself—which is pretty much what the White Tigresses were doing hundreds of years ago to remain youthful and healthy. The difference is that we're doing it behind glass, which creates a voyeur's privacy."

"The glass turns it into an erotic confessional," Pepper told me. "I remember when I realized I had an esoteric job. A guy in one booth was really intent on shining a flashlight on his butt, and I went to the next booth, and the guy there was rubbing himself through his diaper." Such is the clay from which the new owners hope to mold the liberated man.

"In the Private Pleasures booth, every man's greatest anxiety is penis size," Cayenne says. "You can play that and make money off it—'You're so big!'—and sustain the anxiety. But I myself don't measure up to the female ideal. So I find something else to affirm in men, without playing into that insecurity." Still, she acknowledges, "It's hard to have a humanitarian coöperative in an environment where you need to make money. So many things that save money just suck. It sucks that you save by having high turnover and paying new employees less. It sucks that regular customers want you to work your shifts at different times so they keep seeing new dancers. It sucks that eventually your tits are going to sag and you won't be able to do the job anymore. And, most of all, it sucks that, even working with other women, it's hard to ameliorate the nature of the business we're in, which is the commodification of an image produced by a white, supremacist, capitalist patriarchy."

As their responsibilities sink in, a few of the new owners are growing weary of theory. "I totally support the performers—they're amazing women," Aesop told me. "But some of the men feel we need to look at this more as a business and less as a sociology experiment. I mean, I know it's controversial, but I do think the women should be attractive and the place should be kept somewhat clean."

At the November board meeting, Ruby, who had changed for work into a skimpy maroon dress and a string of pearls, mentioned that no one was getting enough shifts. Suddenly, everyone was talking at once. Havana pointed out, to general agreement, that three shifts a week—about two hundred and forty dollars for the average dancer—was just enough to not quite live on. (Most of the dancers have at least one other job.)

In years past, dancers often became dissatisfied and left; now that they're staying, there are too many of them. Many laid the blame for this state of affairs not on the law of unintended consequences but on the new madams. They used to grumble about the old shift supervisors, too, calling them "Aunty Toms." Like many low-wage workers, the club's dancers are accustomed to the politics of resentment, to resisting whatever management—even a management that they have elected—suggests.

Miss Muffy said, "A lot of people who complain about shifts aren't doing their fucking jobs and *shouldn't* get shifts." Penny, a madam, gave Miss Muffy a high

five. After the takeover, revenues from the live shows dropped, and customers complained that the dancers were just standing around—or, worse, just standing around discussing "sex-positive" feminism. So Miss Muffy put in everyone's pay envelope a note that began, "Yo, we need to check ourselves before we wreck ourselves." For two weeks, revenues rose by more than ten per cent, before levelling off again.

"If Miss Muffy was dictator," Miss Muffy continued, "she would hire new dancers and replace fifteen of the people here now."

"*Heil* Hitler," Aesop said.

"And she would talk about vaginas *all the time*," she went on. A few minutes later, she unveiled a new plan. "I've been reading a book about creative organizational management," she said. "I'm proposing we have an Employee of the Week and give her a five-dollar coupon to Vesuvio's"—a local bar.

Several of the board members snapped their fingers approvingly. The longest discussion of the afternoon ensued, with a vocal constituency arguing for an Employee of the Month, who would receive twenty dollars in cash. Tony pointed out that the janitors and cashiers had already chosen the Pepsi machine as the Employee of the Month. A vote determined that three members favored creating an Employee of the Week, three favored an Employee of the Month, and one was so deeply ambivalent that she abstained. With Lyndon Johnson-like instincts for the expedient compromise, Miss Muffy proposed that the award be biweekly. By a unanimous vote, the board approved the creation of an Employee of the Fortnight.

The last serious piece of business concerned payroll. When Penny, who had been doing payroll for years, left the room, Miss Muffy said, "Lots of people want her job. And when we started doing the coöperative we were all about people learning new skills and getting the chance to move into management."

"That's kind of good in *theory*," Tony began. Pepper interjected, "Whenever anyone who isn't Penny does payroll, it's all fucked up." The vote to keep Penny in place was six for, Miss Muffy against. "What about our original ideas?" she said. "What is this coöperative all about?"

"Staying in business," Pepper said. "Let's move on."

Another iron rule that the owners have discovered—one as familiar to the Bolsheviks as it became to the American colonists—is that the needs of the collective soon trump those of its members, even though those individual needs were the reason that the collective had formed in the first place. "What we have here now is the closest I can get to a matriarchy," Havana told me. "But it's hard to take it further." She understands that self-ownership alone cannot mitigate the fact that you can make money off women in a glass cage. "In a perfect world," Havana said, "we would make a little more money and the work would be intellectually stimulating—it's very monotonous. And, in a truly perfect world, I could put the job on my résumé." ♦

PERSONAL HISTORY

THE BUTTON MAN

Finding my father on the streets of Boston.

BY NICK FLYNN

My father claims that his father invented both the life raft and the power window, though sometimes it is the life raft and the push-button locks on car doors, or some sort of "four-gig carburetor that saves gas." In this story, my father's family is rich, with gardeners and chauffeurs during the Depression. His grandfather, he says, owned a roofing company that had the contracts for Faneuil Hall and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts—big public-works projects that kept the family flush while the country struggled. Look inside the grasshopper weathervane on the roof of Faneuil Hall and you will see my great-grandfather's name, Thaddeus, which is also my brother's name. My father will tell you this, but how to get inside the grasshopper he doesn't say.

My father first told me this story one winter night in 1989, when I found him sleeping on a bench on Commonwealth Avenue in Boston. He sat upright when I touched his shoulder. Snow dusted his eyebrows; the blanket fell to his lap. I'd been working at the Pine Street Inn, the city's largest homeless shelter, for five years. My father had been a resident for two. I stayed at Pine Street for six years, all told; my father remained homeless for nearly five years, making it off the streets a year after I quit.

If you'd asked me about my father then, during the years he slept in a doorway, in a shelter, in a cardboard box, I'd say, "Dead"; I'd say, "Missing"; I'd say, "I don't know where he is." I'd say whatever I felt like saying, and it would all be true. "I don't know him," I'd say. "My mother left him shortly after I was born." But this story did not hold still for long. It wavered.

Ask me about him now and I'll say, "Housed. Twelve years. Subsidized. A Section 8. A disability." The first of the month, he gets his check, and from this he pays his rent (I hope), then buys a gallon of vodka. If it is near the first, he will be in his room drinking. If it is later in the month, he will have to venture out to soup kitchens for meals, and then he will be harder to track down, at least at midday. He has no phone. If I want to see him, I have to go to his apartment building and ring his bell. It will take about a minute for him to buzz me in, his finger stuttering on the button. Or else his apartment will be empty. Then I'll either wander down Commonwealth Avenue looking for him or sit in the local Dunkin' Donuts and wait for him to appear. Or he will never appear—this is always the third option.

My father, christened Jonathan, was born a month after the crash of 1929, in Hingham, Massachusetts. When he was five, the family moved to Scituate, a fishing village twenty miles south of Boston. He was the youngest of four children—two half brothers, from his father's previous marriage, and a sister. Jonathan's father, a staunch Catholic, was an engineer. "We never got along—I never understood why," Jonathan says. "I was the only one who did any work around the house—I filled the oil tanks, mowed the lawn. My two half brothers never lifted a twig. I was an altar boy for ten years, for Chrissakes. He was madly in love with my sister—me, never." Jonathan was ambitious in high school—vice-president of his class three years running, serving on committees and joining clubs—perhaps in failed attempts to earn his father's respect. When sober, he seems genuinely bewildered by his father's lack of affection for him. When drunk, he refers to his father simply as "that bald-headed fuck, playing his violin."

Jonathan went to Boston College but dropped out after one semester. He didn't tell his family right away, because he knew they would cut off his funding. It was around this time, apparently, that he discovered the liberating effects of alcohol. In 1950, he started working winters on charter fishing boats out of Palm Beach. In the summers, he lived at his parents' house in Scituate but often stayed on Beacon Hill, on the couch of

COURTESY FLYNN FAMILY

Opposite: Jody Flynn with Thaddeus, left, and Nick, 1965; Nick and Jonathan Flynn, 1960; Jonathan with Thaddeus, 1958. Above: Jonathan's car dealership, with an unidentified woman; Jonathan and Nick, 2004; Jonathan, far right, in Miami, 1954.

"Today we built a cell tower."

• •

his best friend, Ray. (All names have been changed except those of my relatives.) Ray was a philosophy student at Harvard and supported himself by making jewelry—fashioning rings and bracelets out of bent forks, soldering moonstones into spider settings. (In later years, he opened a factory and made a fair bit of money manufacturing optics used in missiles. His children called him Daddy Warbucks.) Ray was from a working-class French-Canadian Catholic family. He paid his bills on time and was generous to his friends, a quality that was becoming more and more important for someone like Jonathan. Jonathan viewed himself as a poet—the Next Great American Poet, in fact—possessing what passed for ambition in those beatnik days. Cocky, yet slightly cross-eyed ("Gave him an intense look," Ray says), his dark hair slicked back, Jonathan would often wander through Harvard Square dressed in tennis whites, with a racquet tucked under his arm, even though he didn't play tennis. "Trawling for Radcliffe girls," he called it. He was slight, and overcompensated with a swagger.

One day in the summer of 1956, Ray told me, he and Jonathan were walking down Charles Street, when Jonathan nudged him and nodded toward the crowded sidewalk. "You watch," Jonathan said. "There's going to be a girl walking down that street, and she'll be from a wealthy family. She'll have artistic aspirations but not much talent. She's coming to Beacon Hill to be part of the scene, looking for someone with talent that she can latch onto, looking to be the power behind a diamond in the rough, even if she still believes that she is the one with talent." Jonathan squinted into his sun-drenched future. "She doesn't know it yet, but she's looking for me." A few weeks later, back in Scituate and employed as a ditchdigger, he met my mother.

Jody, seventeen, rebellious, and adrift, worked in a coffee shop. She had been kicked out of Dana Hall, a girls' boarding school in Wellesley, and was planning to spend her senior year at House in the Pines, in Norton, another prep school. A photograph from that time shows a girl with a dark-brown ponytail, deep-green eyes, and a difficult smile. I once asked my father to describe their first meeting. He told me that he ordered coffee and chatted her up. He knew of her family, and their house on First Cliff. It was one of the biggest houses in town. Jody's father ran a profitable wool business, based in Boston. (Jonathan's family lived on Second Cliff, which was slightly less fancy than First Cliff.) In Palm Beach, he told her, he was known as "Barracuda Buck, Native Guide." He mentioned the novel he planned to write about life on the docks. " 'Barracuda,' " he mused aloud. "Not a bad title. I might even call it that." She told him what time she got off. After her shift, he was waiting, in "some shitbox I'd borrowed or finessed," he said. They drove to Peggotty Beach, a strip of sand leading to the rocky Atlantic, and parked facing the water as the sun set behind them. He opened a pint of whiskey and offered her some. He told her about his problems with his father. She told him how she'd found a letter addressed to her father from his secretary: "Not long now, dearest, before we're in Reno and all this is behind us."

For the rest of the summer, they met on the beach that connected the two cliffs. They read "The Catcher in the Rye" out loud to each other, and he told her more about the writing he wanted to do. "To be a poet digging ditches is very different from being a mere ditchdigger," he informed her. His family had thrived through the Depression, and he would thrive, too, but on his own terms. For a writer, the place to be was Beacon Hill—he had friends there, he promised to take her.

In the fall, Jonathan went back to Palm Beach, and that winter he made several trips to Boston. Jody took a train from House in the Pines and met him for weekend parties in the city. She was forbidden to stay out all night but did so anyway, sneaking back into her dorm the next day. Her father had gone to Reno for six weeks to finalize his divorce, and her mother had stopped answering the phone. Years later, when I was having trouble at school, my mother told me that when teachers yelled at her she simply blurred her eyes until the teachers ceased to matter. She even showed me how, look-

ing straight at me, narrowing her eyes slightly, heavy-lidded.

Ray's girlfriend, Clare, had just graduated from Wellesley. Jody, she told me, was the most beautiful woman she had ever seen—"But not too bright," she added quickly. "After all, she was just a child." I considered this a strange thing to say, as I always thought of my mother as brilliant. "We'd have these big parties, and she'd always help out," Clare said. "She'd get very concerned that everyone had enough to eat. In the kitchen at one of the parties, I remember, she asked me, 'Is China a country or a continent?' Can you imagine?"

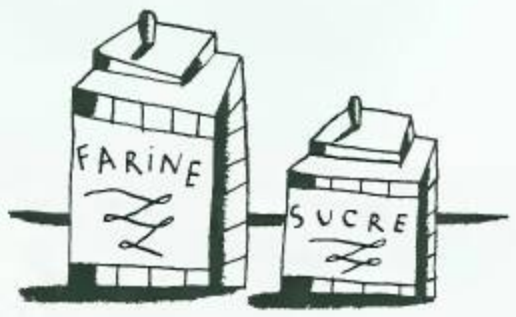
Jonathan left Palm Beach in May and moved into Ray's apartment. Jody had discovered that she was three months pregnant. She'd been spirited out of House in the Pines to the Florence Crittenton Home, which provided help to unwed mothers. Adoption was a possibility. So was abortion, though it was illegal. Jody's father and his new wife arranged a meeting with Jonathan at Locke-Ober, an elegant restaurant in Boston, and asked him what he planned to do. "Don't worry," Jonathan assured them. "I'm not going down to Florida anymore. I'll marry the poor girl." In exchange, Jody's father said he would set Jonathan up in business with a car dealership.

That August, Ray drove Jonathan to the home for unwed mothers and served as the one witness to my parents' shotgun wedding. When my brother was born, a few months later, Ray drove my mother to the hospital. Jonathan showed up just after the birth. Car trouble, he said.

In 1958, Jonathan opened European Engineering, one in a row of car dealerships on Trapelo Road in Belmont, Massachusetts. He sold Renaults and Peugeots and, later, Citroëns. As president, he wore a new suit, drove a new car, and had a few people working under him. He and his pretty young wife and their newborn rented a house in Cohasset, south of Boston, near Scituate—an hour's commute to Belmont. But soon there was a cash-flow problem. My father had hired several of his old drinking buddies, including Ray, and none of them knew the first thing about selling cars. Nothing much moved for the first few months, until my father hired an acquaintance named Duffy. Duffy, it was said, could sell sand to a beach. Everything was unfolding nicely until the folks who had bought the cars began returning to redeem the new radios or custom paint jobs or whitewall tires that Duffy had promised them.

After nearly two years of diminishing returns, my grandfather fired Jonathan and closed the dealership. My mother, though wary of her ne'er-do-well husband, was relieved that she was no longer beholden to her father. Jonathan leased the garage next door to his former dealership, dubbed himself "Trader Jon," and started taking in used foreign cars to sell on commission. He had no problem selling the BMWs, Mercedeses, Fiats, and M.G.s that his rich clients left with him, but he tended to spend the money and fail to notify them that their cars had sold, assuming that they were so rich that they wouldn't notice. He claims that the treasurer set him up—"I was born to be a president, not a treasurer, and I didn't keep track of the books"—but in the next breath he says gleefully that the entire "caper" was front-page news. I once searched through microfilm records of newspapers from that time but didn't find a word.

I was born in January, 1960. Again Ray drove my mother to the hospital. Six months later, my mother, who was twenty years old, left my father and moved us back to Scituate. "It's a complete mystery to me why she'd leave. I wasn't drinking. I never drank, not when I was working"—that's how he remembers it. What I remember is that we moved every six months for the first five years of my life, all within the same town. We rented houses; we rented rooms; we crashed with my mother's co-workers or with friends. Each place was a rat hole, a sty, a step down. My mother's father had moved back into the big house on First Cliff with his new wife, having relocated my grandmother to a more modest house across town. They looked after us sometimes, when my mother was at work or on a date, but my brother and I knew not to ask them for much. My mother was determined to make it on her own. I never met my father's parents, who also lived in Scituate.



My mother held two or three jobs, in bars, in restaurants, in convenience stores. She had a certificate from hairdressing school, but the only hair she cut was my brother's and mine. Sometimes she was bottle-blond; other times, she wore a platinum wig whose bangs almost touched her eyes. The first time I saw her in this wig, when I was three, I refused to believe that the stranger before me was my mother. As I got a little older, I could tell she was struggling, and I tried to entertain her as best I could. I showed her a jail I'd built out of blankets and chairs, and how I'd made the cat my prisoner. She'd say, "What d'ya want me to do, stand on my head and spit nickels?" I had no idea what she meant, but I loved the goofy way she said it. When I misplaced something, a mitten or a Matchbox car, and asked her if she'd seen it, she barely looked up from whatever she was doing, but said playfully, "If it was up your ass you'd know where it was." My brother was more bookish than I was, seemingly not as desperate to please and distract her. According to a family story, he was found reading a newspaper as a toddler, before he'd uttered a word.

When I was five, she took a job as a bank teller, so that she could get insurance and a mortgage. For two thousand dollars, she bought a ramshackle house near enough to downtown Scituate that she could walk to work if her car died. Every night, raccoons raided the garbage. We'd watch from the kitchen, with the lights out, amazed at how organized they were: one held open the lid as another reached into the pail and passed out bones and scraps; a lookout would raise a paw and hiss if we came to the door. At some point, my mother bought a handgun—for protection, she said, but she never said from what—and hid it in her lingerie drawer, with the painkillers for her migraines and Henry Miller's "Sexus." She still worked nights and weekends in bars and

in restaurants. The Bell Buoy. Pier 44. The Ebb Tide, with its unintentionally tragic name.

My father's first extended stay in jail was in Palm Beach, in 1963, three years after my mother left him. He says that the arresting officer found him behind the wheel of the local sheriff's family car, drunk, impersonating a taxi-driver, with several "fares" in the back seat. My father was in a blackout, though he'd call it "toxic amnesia."

My father, it seemed, could not stop drinking. For almost twenty years, since high school, he'd identified himself as a writer, but he had yet to write much, beyond notes scribbled on cocktail napkins, titles for his novels-to-be. He says the judge sentenced him to "six months' hard labor" in the county jail, and, rather than pay a few hundred dollars' fine, he decided to use the jail time to sober up and write his novel. He was determined to turn this setback into a victory: he would write a prison novel, like "The House of the Dead" or "The Gulag Archipelago." "Solzhenitsyn will be green with envy when he reads this shit," he said later.

Except that he wasn't in prison. He was in a county jail—in Palm Beach, no less. The prisoners played Monopoly in the hallways. He wasn't doing time for any grand or noble purpose. It was an everyday drunk charge. His job in jail was to sit in a booth and punch the button that lets people in and out of the front gate. "The Button Man," he decided, would be the title of his novel.

After he was released from the Palm Beach county jail, Jonathan made his way back to Boston. His jail time gave him a story to tell, and over the next few years he wrote "The Button Man," had a friend type it, and sent it to Little, Brown. While awaiting his advance, he supported himself by selling encyclopedias door-to-door. ("Broads'd answer the door in their nightgowns and say, 'No, my husband ain't here, come on in for a drink.'") He wore a black, flowing cape, which suited his poetic vision of himself, and, later, a Sherlock Holmes hat. He sometimes slept on a friend's roof, on Beacon Hill, and, for six months, finagled a suite at the Ritz. "Encyclopedia Americana's relocating to Boston," he had told the desk clerk. "Room service, the works," he said to me recently. Little, Brown rejected the manuscript.

He wandered up to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where he worked as a longshoreman and assumed the alias Sheridan Snow, in order to avoid a warrant my mother had taken out for nonpayment of child support. On the side, he sold tables that he fashioned out of salvaged driftwood. Eventually, he remarried and fathered another child, calling her Anastasia, after the Romanov Anastasia—the same reason he named me Nicholas. (My father claims to be a descendant of the missing princess.) My only childhood memory of him is from this period: when I was eight, and Anastasia was an infant, he visited us at my grandmother's house, in Scituate. I thought that he looked like the Cowardly Lion, and that his wife looked like Cher. Within a year, she left him. He moved to Cotuit, and wrote theatre reviews for the Cape Cod *News*. In a review from 1969, he named Richard Gere the best young actor on the Cape for his performance in "Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead" at the Provincetown Playhouse. The next year, his father died. In his will, he left Jonathan one dollar.

Jonathan sent "The Button Man" out again, this time to Viking. ("Kurt Vonnegut told me to try Viking. I wanted to stay with Little, Brown, but Vonnegut insisted," I have heard him say.) A Viking editor, Ann Hancock, rejected it with a hand-signed letter, which Jonathan has since photocopied dozens of times and sent to Ted Kennedy, among others, to prove, apparently, that he was "known." The editor described the book as "a virtuoso display of personality," but, unfortunately, "the dosage would kill hardier readers than you've had here." In 1974, back in Boston, Jonathan fell in with a pair of small-time hoods—he nicknamed them Dippy-do Doyle and Suitcase Fiddler (he nicknamed every-

"Here comes another one."

one)—and soon he presented the first of what would be many forged checks for deposit at a bank. Dippy-do was the brains, Suitcase was the forger, and my father was the face, since he still had enough charm to work the female tellers. Posing as a country gentleman in town buying antiques, he wore a tweed jacket and carried a Nikon camera around his neck. One morning in 1975, my mother arrived at the bank to find a photograph of my father staring up from a wanted poster on her desk. The poster said that he'd stolen thousands of dollars and asked for any information leading to his whereabouts.

Jonathan robbed banks for more than two years, until he was apprehended hitchhiking on a desolate back road outside Miami, on his way north. This time, he was sentenced to three to five years in federal prison, not a county jail.

"Who cares? The emperor is really buff."

• •

In 1971, my mother had married a Vietnam vet ten years younger than she was. Travis, sexy and shell-shocked, had wild hair and a "U.S.M.C." tattoo on his right biceps, and he'd smuggled his M16 and various sidearms out of Vietnam. A carpenter, he was perpetually renovating our new house, a converted summer cottage on Third Cliff. To me, Travis was a reckless older buddy, scary-fun. He taught me how to steal Christmas trees at midnight from St. Mary's field, the big lot next to the Catholic church ("Twenty bucks is too much for a goddam tree," he snorted), and rewarded me with a lukewarm beer. After building a master bedroom for my mother and himself, he planted a small patch of marijuana in our back yard. He and his friends would occasionally drink a case of beer each before noon. He ended up spending most nights on the couch.

When Travis left, in the summer of 1975, my mother cut off all her hair, became a vegetarian, and grew ghostly thin. She started taking pills to wake up in the morning, pills to sleep. I had been raised to be independent—I'd never had an allowance and had cooked for myself since I could reach the stove—and my mother had made it clear to me that she wouldn't be around forever. She'd say, "If something happens to me . . ." Now to look in her eyes filled me with dread. My brother and I hovered around her, but soon he left for college, at Worcester Polytechnic Institute. He'd held the house together after Travis left, unfreezing the pipes, chasing the squirrels out of the eaves. I was in ninth grade and high every day by then, on marijuana and the occasional pill, and drinking whatever liquor I could get my hands on, believing, despite all evidence to the contrary, that it would get me laid.

"Your father's in prison," my mother said to me one day in 1976, when I was sixteen.

"Oh yeah?" I said.

"Interstate transportation of stolen securities," she said. (The forged checks had originated in California and been cashed in Massachusetts.)

"Hmm," I said. I never expressed any interest in my father, mostly because it seemed to hurt her even to mention his name.

A letter arrived soon afterward, addressed to me, handwritten on prison stationery: "Tell me of yourself—I regret our mutual loss—perhaps—soon—in our future—we can regain our lost knowledge of each other." It was the first of hundreds of letters that my father has sent me. When he was released, in 1978, after serving two years, thick, creamy envelopes started to arrive. His letterhead, for a dummy corporation called The Fact Foundation of America, Inc., listed as an address a private post-office box on Beacon Hill, the kind you pay for by the month—a "high-class" address, good for a nonprofit think tank, which seemed to be an image he was striving for. Below the address was a phone number I never tried. His name, pierced by a quill, was listed as "President." President, founder, and sole member. There was a quote in the upper left from Benjamin Disraeli: "To be conscious that you are ignorant of the facts is a great step to knowledge." All I could think was that this was the basis for a larger scam, one that never panned out, like those half-completed houses you sometimes pass, skeleton walls and a concrete base, the plastic torn and blowing.

On Fact Foundation letterhead he sent a note to Patty Hearst, who would soon be released from prison, where she was serving time for bank robbery. Hearst replied:

October 10, 1978

Dear Mr. Flynn:

Thank you for your kindness in letting me hear from you.

To know that you are concerned enough about my welfare and the recent ruling of the court to take the time to write has helped me a great deal. Your thoughtfulness and understanding are very much appreciated.

I send you my prayers and best wishes.

Sincerely,
Patricia Hearst

My father has sent me copies of this letter from Patty Hearst a dozen times. Over the years, the date on the top has

faded further into the past, and the signature has begun to break up from being photocopied too often. On the bottom of one copy, he wrote, "If you don't think a letter from Patty Hearst is heavy—you're gone."

When all my friends were heading off to college, I found I was unable to leave my home town. "To hell in a handbasket," my grandmother said, describing my future with a conspiratorial wink. I had a motorcycle, a girlfriend, and a drinking habit, all of which kept me too busy for college. I also wanted to keep an eye on my mother.

She got back together with an old boyfriend, Liam, who worked at a fish pier in Plymouth. He'd disappear to South America for two or three months at a time, on "fishing trips." I asked my mother if he was a drug smuggler, and she denied it in such a way—"What makes you say that?"—that I knew it was true. I told her that I wanted to work with him at the pier. I didn't say it, but I saw myself working my way up the ladder of "the Organization," making a run to Colombia. I figured that the drug business could finance college, if I ever went, and, if not, it would still be better than the jobs in restaurants and banks that I saw my mother drag herself to day after day. As far as I could see, it was the only way out. Besides, I had nothing against marijuana. After my mother reluctantly arranged it, Liam picked me up for my first day of work. He told me that I'd hear a lot of bullshit around the pier, not to believe it all, to just keep it to myself, and I understood.

I never made it very far in the Organization, but I did learn that a gangster's main job is to launder all the money that's coming in. My mother was still working at a bank, and her presence there eased the flow of stacks of bills. What she did was not exactly criminal but not exactly legal, either. If a teller notices someone consistently depositing just under the minimum required for her to notify the feds, she should become suspicious. My mother just chose not to become suspicious. When Liam deposited the cash, he'd slip her a couple of thousand in an envelope, "for safekeeping." She and I were closer at this point than we'd ever been. We drank together sometimes, and she showed me a quote that she kept in her wallet: "Never trust anyone who doesn't drink." We never discussed the details, but working for the gangsters bound us together. We both hoped that the money would transform us.

After a year and a half, I got a letter from the University of Massachusetts–Amherst, telling me I'd been accepted, with a full scholarship. All I had to do was sign my name. I couldn't even remember applying—maybe I'd done it during my senior year, in conjunction with the S.A.T.s, a cafeteria-full of students signing up for the public university, like a Moonie wedding. I'd somehow graduated in the top ten per cent of my class, though I wouldn't call myself a star candidate. Perhaps the university had had a low enrollment that year. I decided to go.

One night, during my sophomore year, I went to a party and overheard a girl named Emily—someone I'd met in a writing class and briefly dated the previous semester—telling a story about a friend of her family's, an eccentric guy who came to their house, outside Boston, for Thanksgiving and Christmas. Emily was generally soft-spoken, but telling this story animated her. When she said the man's name, I turned to listen. Sitting around her family's dinner table, this eccentric friend had told of encountering an ex-wife in a bar and trying to pick her up. After a while, the woman said, "You don't even know who I am, do you?" And, thinking she might be famous, he said, "Should I?" She answered, "Well, you should, you bastard, you married me."

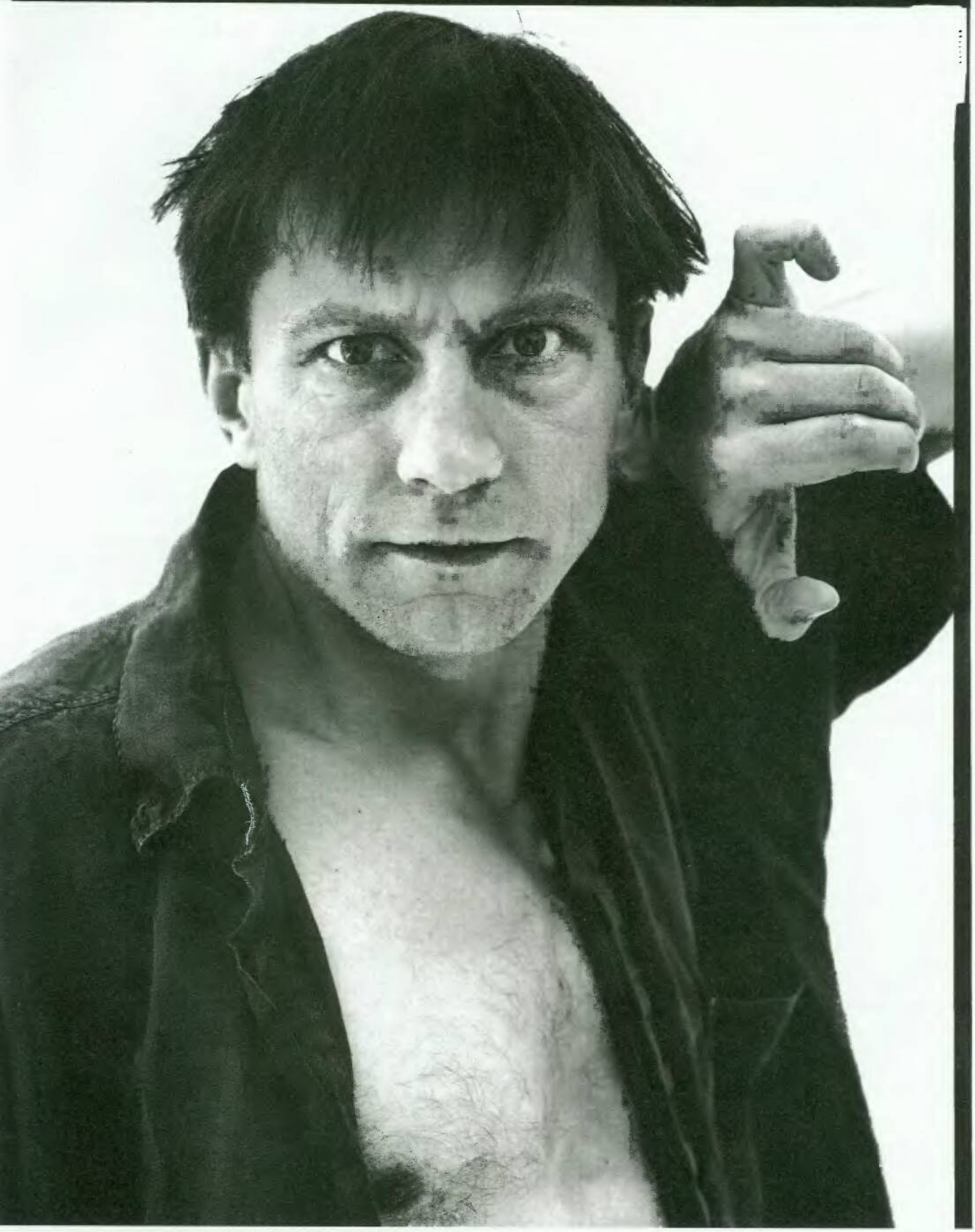
I watched Emily's face. She said that he drank too much and that he'd spent time in federal prison. He lived in Boston but stored boxes in their basement, and kept a suit at their local dry cleaner's. He liked to travel light. He claimed to have written a novel but no one had ever seen it. She said the name of the novel was "The Button Man." I'd heard that title before.

The party moved on to other stories, and I let its white noise wash over me. After a few minutes, I tapped Emily's shoulder. "That guy you were talking about," I said, "that's my father." I was known to not always speak the truth, but she stared at me in horror. "I'm serious," I said. We went back to her room that night, and she showed me some albums she had pilfered from my father's stuff. There was his name, written in an unmistakable scrawl across the covers of War's "The World Is a Ghetto" and the soundtrack to "Zorba the Greek." I stayed over that night. Her parents, I learned, were Ray and Clare. When I told my mother about Emily on the phone the next day, she was silent. My mother never asked to meet Emily, and I rarely mentioned her name. I never found out if the ex-wife in the story was my mother or my father's second wife.

A year later, home for the long Thanksgiving weekend, I accidentally left my notebook in the bathroom. I had begun a story about a woman who works two jobs, as my mother did throughout my childhood. Trying to create a semblance of normal family life, she wants her kids in the kitchen with her while she cooks them dinner in the harried hour between her morning and night shifts. The kids sit on the counter while she chops carrots, and she asks them about their day. That was as far as I had got. The woman was modelled on my mother, and the scene was clearly autobiographical. Those moments we had together between her jobs were precious, but I didn't write that; in school I was learning to let the reader come to her own conclusions. My mother read the notebook, put it back where she found it, and started to write a suicide note. She began by remarking how perceptive my story was.

One morning two weeks later, when I was back at school getting ready for exams, she swallowed a fistful of painkillers, took a walk along Peggotty Beach, and came home to finish the note. "I was unable to throw myself in the ocean," she wrote, the handwriting more erratic as the painkillers took effect. On the last of four pages, she wrote that she loved me and my brother and her father and her mother, and then, her handwriting almost illegible, she wrote, "Why don't you use the gun?"

My brother, who had finished college and was living at home, working at a supermarket, called me that afternoon and said, "Something's happened, something awful." Two friends drove me home from Amherst. As we sat at my grandfather's kitchen table the next morning, my step-grandmother tried to console me, saying that the handwrit-



SHOWCASE BY RICHARD AVEDON *Simon McBurney, of London's Complicite theatre, directs actors from Tokyo's Setagaya Public Theatre in "The Elephant Vanishes," based on stories by Haruki Murakami, at the Lincoln Center Festival.*

"No, no, I like you. I only meant that we have to make you likable to the jury."

• •

ing in the note showed that my mother had been deranged in some way, but I knew it was the overdose that had made her hand tremble. When my brother and I found fifty thousand dollars in her safe-deposit box, that afternoon, my step-grandmother pointed out that my mother had always been frugal. I explained that it was drug money, her cut for the laundering favors. The money itself was troubling. I had told myself that she'd been tired of working so hard, tired of being poor—yet here was fifty thousand dollars, squirrelled away in a box.

I turned twenty-three in January, and that spring I dropped out of school and moved back to Scituate. My childhood friend Eric was home, too. His mother had died of cancer a few months after mine. That summer, we tried to have fun, but it was strained; we couldn't get drunk enough or high enough, not anymore. We bought a run-down forty-two-foot Chris-Craft for three thousand dollars, and, with Emily's help, we restored it. I was determined to have it in the water before the mid-December anniversary of my mother's death. Before the first freeze, we set out for Boston, and docked at a marina in Fort Point Channel, home to a small community of live-aboards. The three of us lived there that winter, and through the following year. A punked-out girl on the boat next to ours said that she worked at a homeless shelter in the South End, and that I could probably fill in for some shifts if I was interested. At twenty-four, full of nonspecific, scattershot yearning, I went to Pine Street. Before long, my father found his way there, too.

Living in Boston, I had sensed that my father was close. I knew that he lived in a rooming house on Beacon Hill; I even knew the name of the street. Ray and Clare, Emily's parents, kept trying to arrange a reunion at their house, but I always found an excuse not to make it. (Usually, I said my truck had broken down.) I knew that he drove a cab, a black-and-white Town Taxi. I involuntarily checked the driver of each cab that passed, uncertain what I would do if my father was behind the wheel. We both did construction, off and on, so perhaps we'd find ourselves on the same job site one day. Since we both considered ourselves writers, we might have listened to the same poet at some literary event. We both drank, so we might have been in the same dive, on the same night, vying for the same waitress's attention. I was taking night classes in social work; my father was turning out to be a textbook case.

Eventually, I moved to a tiny apartment in the North End: two hundred and fifty dollars a month allowed me to lie in bed and contemplate the refrigerator. Ray and Clare gave my father my new address, and he sent me letters, which I sometimes didn't open for weeks.

When my father was getting evicted from his rooming house, in the winter of 1987, he called me: "Get over here with your truck." It was the first time I had spoken to him since his visit to Scituate almost twenty years before. Emily came with me, and waited in the hall. I found him taking a bath in a galvanized-tin tub in the center of his room, drinking straight vodka from a silver chalice. He stood up as I entered—his breasts sagged, soap suds funnelled off his cock. His hair was longish and combed back, but graying. I was surprised at how familiar his face was to me. As he got dressed, I looked around his space, crammed with old magazines and what appeared to be worthless junk. "Anything you want, kid, I'm serious," he said. I noticed a painting, all spatters and drips. "That's a real Pollock, kid. He was a friend. Worth a fortune now. It's yours." Emily came in, and my father smirked at her knowingly. He had never seen the two of us together before. Half an hour later, I gave him a few hundred dollars to put his stuff in storage or find another place, and asked only that he not show up at the shelter and screw up my job. I took the painting and we left. A few days later, my brother, who had managed to avoid all contact with my father, pointed out that Pollock had misspelled his name.

Rather than find a new place to live, my father moved into his cab, leasing it from the taxi company for twenty-four hours at a stretch—three back-to-back shifts—and began working more. Overnight, the taxi became his room, the city his floor plan. Logan to Kenmore, Beacon Hill to Harvard Square, back to the garage in the Fenway to refuel. He parked down by the waterfront, in Southie, in Winthrop, watched the planes take off, stashed a bottle under the seat, drove to his storage unit in the South End, picked out a few days' worth of clothes, ate a sandwich. He took showers at the Y in Charlestown, just over the bridge from the North End, and went to Dunkin' Donuts for breakfast. He kept a spiked club between the cab door and the seat, where his left hand could reach it quickly—"Bammo, spike to the jugular, lowlife won't know what hit him."

One Tuesday night in early April, he forgot to stop drinking. He puts it this way: "The police said they found an empty fifth beside me. Said I hit someone or some-fucking-thing down by the Common. What could I say to that?" He spent the night in jail, paid a fine, and stepped out into the cold sunshine without his hack license, a free man on probation.

That night, he found himself an isolated bench on Commonwealth Avenue and slept outside for the first time in years. Over the next few months, he probably spent a night or two at the Salvation Army, or at the Greyhound station, upright in a plastic chair, feeding coins into a tiny television bolted to the armrest. Between places is all, he'd have told himself, scoping out the next thing. He still had friends; he could make a few calls. Or there was always an A.T.M. booth. Any card with a magnetic strip would let you in; all the street guys figured this out fast. On the first beautiful day of spring, I saw him sleeping on a bench on the Esplanade. As he woke up and staggered over to the river to urinate, I watched a little girl out walking with her family stop and point at him.

One day in June, the supervisor at Pine Street took me aside. My father had come in that morning, he said, and demanded to stay, saying that I was his son and that I would get him a bed. A few hours later, my father returned and presented the bed ticket he'd been given earlier that day. I saw him check in like any other new guest. I didn't say hello. After his first stay, I got a letter in the mail.

6/22/87

Dear Nick,

Many deep thanks for your recent help. All grist for the mill. 12 or 13 years ago—a title entered my mind—I was a guest at the Harbor Light [shelter]—briefly. Had just come in from Palm Beach—waiting for another bank run with the great Dippy-do Doyle. The title—"Down and Out in Boston and Cambridge"—George Orwell's first was "Down and Out in Paris and London"—The past 3 months have brought the title back to me.

Writers, especially poets, are particularly prone to madness. There exists a striking association between creativity and manic depression.

Why are more creative people prone to madness? They have more than average amounts of energies and abilities to see things in a fresh and original way—then because they also have depression, I think they're more in touch with human suffering.

I really enjoyed—as a writer my 3 days and nights at the Pine Street Inn. It was a pure pleasure to merely stand with my back against a wall—watching my son at work. It has been a very, very long 25 years. Whether you like it or not—you are me. I know. I thought my last evening at Pine Street—waiting for 8:00 PM to come—I thought if your very beautiful mother were alive and if she could somehow see this scene—her youngest son at work and his Father a resident—in Pine Street—a shelter for the homeless—the beaten—the sad—the losers in life's great game—Jody would have laughed loudly at the entire macabre scene.—I don't get my license back for a month—I am trying for other work. It is very, very hard.—

Closing lines—Nick—it is a disgrace that the Pine Street Inn allows cigarette smoking within its walls. A shame. A pure shame. I am an avid non-smoker.

Eno the Beano tells me you are into drugs—if so—good luck.

With love and respect, Nicholas—

Your Father, Jonathan

My father had lived on his own for years and had been on the streets for only a short time. He was broke but still put together, lucid, somewhat clean. On his first day at Pine Street, he was described in the log as "W/M, 5'7", white hair, slanted eye, gray stubble, 150 lbs." Later, one of my colleagues described him as "unusually entitled in his presentation of himself." He didn't appear psychotic, and claimed he'd never been institutionalized, never been on meds, never even been in detox. A blustering, damaged man, but many were worse off. Where else was he to go?

After my father had been sleeping most nights at Pine Street for two years, I applied for a full-time job on the outreach van. The van program had been

"You are a very beautiful woman. May I buy you a Coke?"

started the year before as a way to offer food, coffee, and blankets to those who wouldn't come into the shelter, either because they were barred or because the shelter seemed like its own little hell. In the time that my father had been sleeping at Pine Street, we hadn't had a real conversation. We tended to stay on opposite sides of the lobby, or, even better, in separate lobbies. If we found ourselves face to face, we'd nod, maybe say, "How are you?" The answer was always "Fine." I was having trouble making myself go to work, with my father likely to pop up at any moment like a drunken jack-in-the-box. Working the van, I started to believe, rightly or wrongly, that there was more hope out on the streets than inside the shelter. I told myself that those who chose to sleep out hadn't been as institutionalized: outside, there were no lines to wait in; you had to make your own way. The people we saw lived in abandoned buildings and in train stations, in cardboard boxes and in doorways. Near the library one cold night, I saw what I thought at first was a discarded blanket. Moving closer, I saw that it was a man curled up on a grate. Hot, wet air steamed up from the grate, warming the man like a dumpling. I'd seen this before, bums sprawled out and drinking, but I'd never actually stood above the blowers and let the hot air seep into my clothes. I heard the dim whirr of machinery below me as the air got sucked out of the library, the excess from its heating system. When it snowed, the snow didn't stick; in a whiteout, the grate became a dark, wet spot. The drunks fell there, driven by cops, by clubs, by the cold. Once they landed, they couldn't leave, because one step off the blower means hypothermia when you are sodden.

I worked the graveyard shift, and no longer had to see my father at all. He was in bed when I came on, and just waking up when I punched out.

Friday the 13th, 1989 [January]
Dear Nick,

What does it feel like to drive a van for Pine Street—scooping bodies off our filthy streets to carry them to the well run Pine Street Palace?—

A gentle-old man—in our fully fucked up clothing line this morning—smiled—as he said to me—behind him—'This place has died since Mr. Sullivan [the founder of the Pine Street Inn] died. This new man is an asshole—he hires assholes and they work like assholes—!'

I fully agree—Up Pine Street! A Palace of Serfs—

Respectfully—Jonathan

THE FATAL SHORE

The horseshoe crab in frail armor plate,
broken open as if by a javelin throw,
lay in the sand like a cracked jam jar,
the son of some Trojan.

Achilles, too, arrived *in medias res*
at his mortal scene.
The booming foghorn, the groaning buoy
tide by tide by tide

kept their mockeries to themselves.
Was there no end to them?
Lost Renaissance studies with a sepia cast,
the dunes receded in perspective.

Fog lounged in the marsh shallows.
A soda-colored dawn again and again
rubbed salt into the clapboards,
collapsing upon a radiant wild-eyed dailiness.

Dullness, too, was my god.
Tangled knobs of seaweed
drifted up the beach on the curt tide,
like Myrmidons out of work.

—*William Logan*

As the weeks passed, I saw my father less and less, but I knew that he was starting to slide. One night in late January, a counsellor was unable to rouse him from the bench outside the communal shower. Slumped and naked, he stared at himself in the mirror, repeating, "But I'm only twenty-eight years old. Why do I look like this? What happened to my body?" (Strangely, I was the one who was twenty-eight.) Several weeks later, this note appeared in the log:

3/9/89
8:20 Jonathan Flynn responded to a guest's request that he share a can of deodorant with an intense verbal assault toward the other guest on racial and sexual themes. Mr. Flynn would not respond to intervention. In fact he accelerated his verbal assault still on racial and sexual themes, but with more focus on verbal ridicule and perhaps a more colorful group of slurs.

I came in to work at nine that night, stopping first to read the log. I saw the note about my father, and saw the way the woman at the desk watched me as I read it. Crossing through the lobby on my way to load up the van, I saw my father, upright and ranting, his head lolling from side to side, his naked body wrapped in a sheet. I walked past him, past my co-workers, who had spent the last hour wrestling him down from the showers and had finally given up trying to get him dressed again. I'd never seen this before: a man dressed only in a sheet in the lobby; Roman, almost imperial, his bare feet in a pool of his own piss.

Each night, he came into the shelter drunker, more abusive, and more out of control. By the end of the week, when I arrived for my shift, my co-workers looked at me wearily—they'd had another long night battling him. Finally, he was stamped in for "BH_2O or Bar," meaning that if he refused to go to the thirty-day lockup detox at Bridgewater, a state correctional facility, we would vote whether to bar him for the next two months or more. I knew my father would never voluntarily check himself back into prison. I went to the meeting to vote on his future at Pine Street. The vote went nine to one in favor of barring him, with one abstention. I would like to say that I abstained from the

voting, but I don't remember if this is true. It is just as likely that I voted to bar my father, in support of my co-workers.

Now there was nowhere inside for him to go. The nights dropped below freezing and still he slept outside, his coat stuffed with newspaper. "My toes," he wrote me, "are being cut off." On wet nights, he wrapped himself in a Hefty trash bag sealed with duct tape, making a cocoon by lying on the ground, pushing his feet down to the bottom, and taping the plastic at his ankles and his waist. This way, in the night, the bag wouldn't slide down his body. "When this is over, I'll be sleeping inside the Ritz, where I belong," my father told me, when I found him awake one night, on a bench outside Mass General Hospital.

Six months later, he was unbarred, and when the weather began to turn cold again he made his way back to Pine Street. In the days leading up to Christmas, he worked for the Salvation Army as a fake Santa—the belted suit with faux trim, the ringlet beard. Stationed on a sidewalk before a black pot, he rang a bell. He told me this when I ran into him at the shelter one morning as he was on his way to get into his suit. Later, walking down the street, I passed dozens of Santas, one on every corner, with the same black pot, the same worn suit. I'd never noticed just how many there were. Each face was disguised—rosy-cheeked, rosy-eyed, rosy-nosed—and each bleated out a bleary "Ho ho."

It could be that I just got tired, or terrified that my father was my Ghost of Christmas Future, but around this time I began psychotherapy. The therapist said he wouldn't waste his time treating me unless I stopped drinking and using drugs, and after a year he got me to quit working at Pine Street. Shortly after that, Emily and I broke up.

One day, that first winter away from Pine Street, I saw my father poking through a trash barrel—something I'd never seen him do before. This will go on forever, I thought; he will die outside like this. But, within a year, once he turned sixty, he qualified for an apartment in government-subsidized senior housing—some strings had been pulled by someone I once worked with. He also began getting a disability check, for phlebitis. "Nixon had it; everybody knows it can kill you," he was quick to point out. After five years on the streets, my father suffered from delusions that had become more acute, his toes had been severely frostbitten, and his alcohol abuse had moved into its next demented phase. But he made it off the streets alive. After finally getting my undergraduate degree, in 1990, I moved to New York to begin graduate school in poetry.

My father's room is filled with boxes. Inside the boxes, he says, are his masterpieces, his novels-in-progress, along with notes for future masterpieces, the blueprints for his stories. But if you open the boxes you find only torn photographs, check stubs, cocktail napkins covered with notes. No one could reconstruct a life from these scraps.

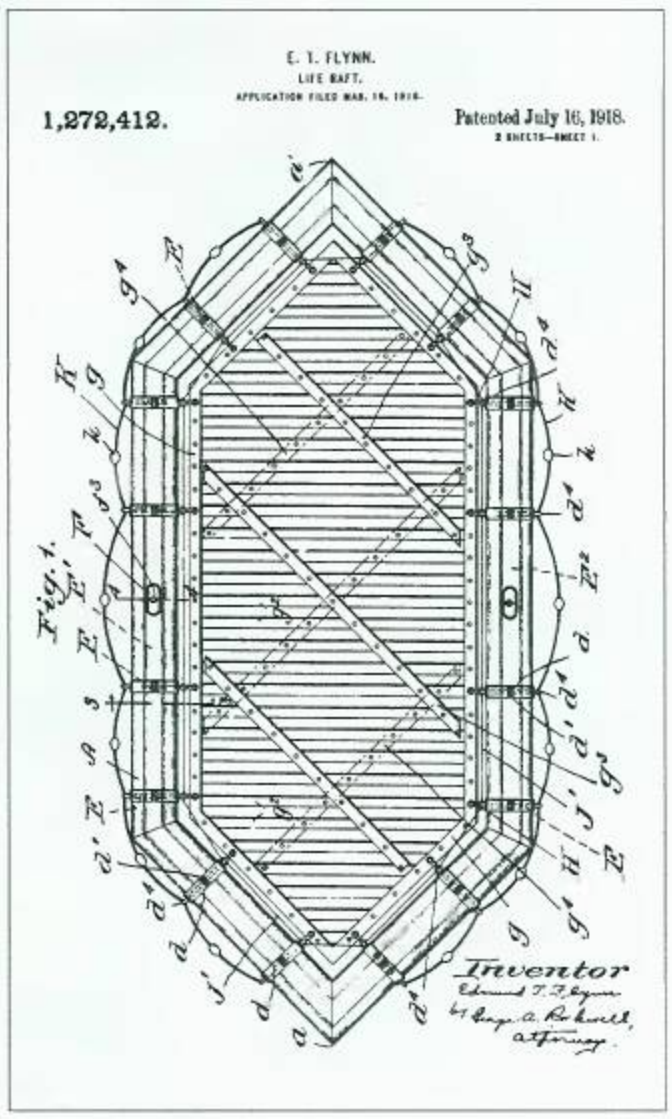
My father tells me he cannot die until his novel is completed. "Can I see it?" I ask, every few months or so, when we're together. He feigns shock, indignant at my doubts, and points to a corner of his room where yet another box is buried beneath a pile of unread newspapers—"It must be there. It's the only place untouched." I offer to dig into it with him. He asks how much time I have, and if I say a couple of hours he says it'll take ten. If I say a couple of days, he says a week. Of course there's a book, the book he's been working on his entire life, "The Button Man," though sometimes it's called "The Adventures of Christopher Cobb." The letters from Little, Brown and Viking are framed on his walls. He walks to these letters and points to them as proof. At the bottom of one, my father has written, "Ann Hancock and I are still close friends. She loves my work. 'The Adventures of Christopher Cobb'!—It shall be an American classic! I never quit! I never give up!" Yes, I say, I've seen the letters, but can I see the book?

When asked for a synopsis, he says that it is a novel of an innocent dream of glory, of a man who believes that the world can be made whole again by a story, that he can change the world by what he creates.

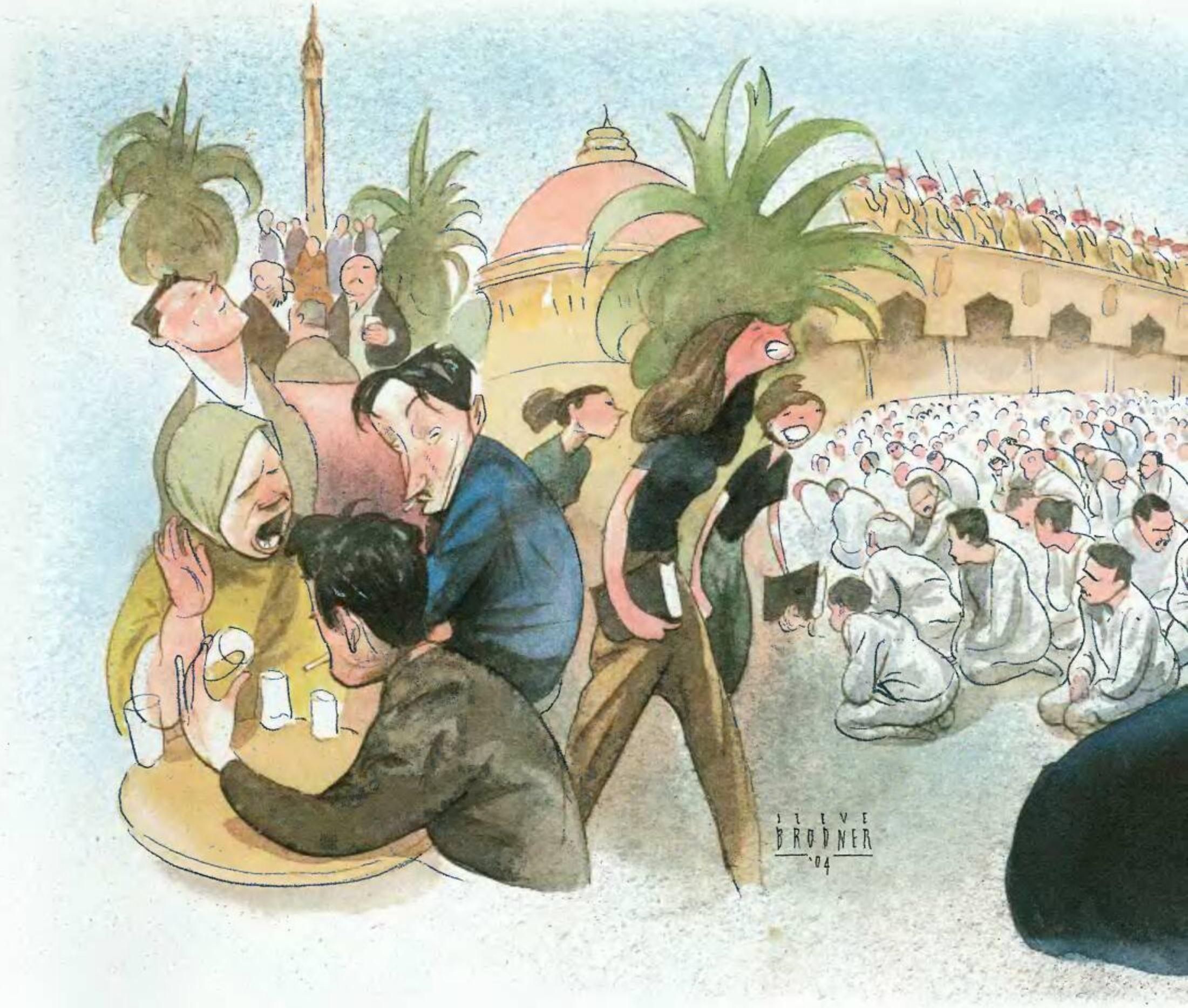
Countless times, my father has told me the story of watching his father drop a prototype of his life raft over and over from a crane into Scituate Harbor, testing it. After months of calling the U.S. Patent Office, in Washington, asking where I might locate the original of the patent, I am directed to the Science, Industry, and Business Library, on Madison Avenue in New York. There I waste a few more days online, looking under "life raft." I find innumerable slight variations and modifications to life rafts dating back as far as the eighteenth century, before someone finally takes pity on me and directs me to the back room, which houses the actual books of all the patents issued since before the Civil War. As I don't know the date of the supposed invention, I look in each volume, under the last name Flynn. In 1931, an Edmund J. got a patent for the manufacture of zinc sulfide. In the early twenties, Edward P. was given many patents for film processing. I get excited when I find that in 1929 Thaddeus J., who, I assume, is my great-grandfather, secured a patent for a new and improved roof drain. Fifteen minutes before closing time on my third day, I find it:

To all whom it may concern:

Be it known that I, Edmund T. Flynn, of Cambridge, in the county of Middlesex and State of Massachusetts, have invented a new and useful Life-Raft, of which the following is a specification.


E. T. FLYNN.
LIFE RAFT.
APPLICATION FILED MAR. 14, 1918.
1,272,412. Patented July 16, 1918.
2 SHEETS—SHEET 1.
Fig. 1.
Inventor
Edmund T. Flynn
by Hugo A. Bilgram
Attorney

My grandfather's 1918 patent, which he updated in 1941, was used in Europe and the United States during both world wars. Thousands of lives saved, thousands of heads kept floating above the waves. I'll be damned. ♦



LETTER FROM CAIRO

GOING NOWHERE

In Mubarak's Egypt, democracy is an idea whose time has not yet come.

BY DAVID REMNICK

Last November, President Bush delivered a speech at the National Endowment for Democracy, in Washington, spelling out the loftiest of his rationales for the war in Iraq—a determination to remake the political world from North Africa to the Arabian peninsula. It was a radical conservative's most radical address. The end of the twentieth century, Bush said, had marked "the swiftest advance of freedom in the twenty-five-hundred-year story of democracy," an advance that began with Portugal, Spain, and Greece more than thirty years ago, spread to South Korea and Taiwan, and then, finally, to South Africa and the entire Soviet imperium. By the President's accounting, there were forty democracies in the world in the early nineteen-seventies and a hundred and twenty by 2000. Never mind the reassertion of authoritarian regimes in Central Asia and elsewhere. For Bush, one region in particular remained stubbornly unfree. "Are the peoples of the Middle East somehow beyond the reach of liberty?" he asked. The United States, he declared, had "adopted a new policy, a forward strategy of freedom in the Middle East" that would depend on American "persistence and energy and idealism" but also on the Arab countries—not least, the most populous, powerful, and influential country

STEVE BRODNER

in the region. "The great and proud nation of Egypt has shown the way toward peace in the Middle East," Bush said, "and now should show the way toward democracy in the Middle East."

The logic of that rhetorical instruction was not lost on the Egyptians: just as Anwar Sadat, a quarter-century earlier, had flown to Jerusalem to make peace with Israel, Hosni Mubarak, an unchallenged four-term President, a modern pharaoh, should take the equally bold step of creating a constitutional democracy, even at the risk of surrendering power. Egypt is historically central, a civilization of more than seven thousand years' standing, and, unlike the sectarian societies of Syria and Iraq or the arriviste dynastic oil depots of Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, it is a true nation-state, the center of nearly all currents, intellectual and ideological, in the Arab world. In Bush's own mind, at least, he was encouraging a revolution from above, an Arabian perestroika. And the revolution, he made plain, ought to begin in Cairo.

There has, of course, been no such revolution in Cairo, and no sign of one. Part of the collateral damage of the Bush Administration's prosecution of the war in Iraq is the erosion of American prestige and influence all over the world. Rather than take the democratizing cue from Bush, Mubarak's regime has offered itself as an example to the United States: Spare us the pretense of an open society, its leaders imply. Your greatest fear, like ours, is terrorism, and the only way to defeat such an enemy is by crushing it. Not long after September 11th, Atef Ebeid, the Egyptian Prime Minister, seemed to give sympathetic counsel to an ally still stunned by its encounter with the capacities of jihad. "The U.S. and U.K., including human-rights groups, have, in the past, been calling on us to give these terrorists their 'human rights,' " he said. "You can give them all the human rights they deserve until they kill you. After these horrible crimes committed in New York and Virginia, maybe Western countries should begin to think of Egypt's own

For years, Hosni Mubarak's regime has been at war with the Muslim Brotherhood, which some see as a shadow government.

fight against terror as their new model."

Ebeid was referring to a long history. Modern Islamic radicalism was born in the twenties in the villages of the upper Nile and the streets and mosques of Cairo. In communiqués over the years, Osama bin Laden has often referred to that period as one of calamity and humiliation—an allusion, clear to anyone in the Islamic world, to the collapse of Islam's imperial seat, the Ottoman caliphate, based in Constantinople. In the nineteen-twenties, Kemal Atatürk, a secular revolutionary, banned the caliphate and established the Republic of Turkey. Islamic Constantinople became cosmopolitan Istanbul. At the same time, much of the Arab world was being parcelled out by the strongest powers in Europe, and nationalism came to displace the idea of a greater unified Islam.

In reaction, in 1928 Hassan al-Banna, a religiously educated teacher living near the Suez Canal, established the Muslim Brotherhood. Banna believed in Islam as a complete system, which provides divine instruction on everything from daily rituals, law, and politics to matters of the spirit, and to which all other forms of thought and social organization—secularism, nationalism, socialism, liberalism—are alien. In his essay "Between Yesterday and Today," Banna wrote that the colonialist Europeans had expropriated the resources of the Islamic lands and corrupted them with "their murderous germs":

> They imported their half-naked women into these regions, together with their liquors, their theaters, their dance halls, their amusements, their stories, their newspapers, their novels, their whims, their silly games, and their vices. . . . The day must come when the castles of this materialistic civilization will be laid low upon the heads of their inhabitants.

The Brotherhood's slogan was, and remains, "God is our objective; the Koran is our constitution; the prophet is our leader; struggle is our way; and death for the sake of God is the highest of our aspirations." The Brotherhood, like many groups that bear its imprint decades later—Hamas, Hezbollah—established charitable organizations, clinics, schools, and underground paramilitary groups to further the cause of an Islamic polity. Initially, the spectacularly corrupt Egyptian king, Farouk, used the Brotherhood as a stabilizing force against a stronger opposition, the Communists and the secular nationalists. And, as the Brotherhood grew in membership, it was able to act with a degree of freedom. But when terrorist challenges to the monarchy began, the government came to see the Brotherhood as a real threat. At the end of 1948, a member of the Brotherhood assassinated Prime Minister Mahmud Fahmi Nuqrashi; in 1949, the secret police retaliated, shooting Hassan al-Banna dead as he was getting into a taxi in Cairo.

"A great shock occurred in the Brotherhood after Hassan was killed," Banna's surviving brother, Gamal, told me not long ago, when we met at his apartment on the outskirts of the capital. The strongest ideological voice among the factional leaders in the Brotherhood was also the most extreme—Sayyid Qutb. Gamal said that "Qutb was a man of complexes" who had been radicalized by an extended journey to the United States in the late nineteen-forties. In books of theology and political theory—the most famous of which are "In the Shadows of the Koran" and "Signposts on the Road"—Qutb popularized an interpretation of the Koran that, to this day, is used as a justification for political violence in the name of establishing an Islamic state. According to the Koran, mankind, before the advent of Islam, lived in *jahilyya*, a state of ignorance and paganism. During Qutb's travels through America, he saw people living in a decadent swamp of commercial obsession and sexual permissiveness—a modern incarnation of *jahilyya*.

In 1952, Gamal Abdel Nasser toppled the monarchy and came to power with promises of socialism and pan-Arab nationalism. Nasser was a hero throughout the Arab world for opposing the West, but Qutb charged that he was just as barbaric as the leaders of the West, and declared him *kafir*, an infidel. In short, Qutb excommunicated the head of state from the Community of the Faithful and placed him beyond the protection of Islamic law.

At first, Nasser tried to co-opt the Muslim Brotherhood, but in 1954 the government claimed that the group had tried to assassinate him, and it carried out a series of arrests and executions. For the next twenty years, the Brotherhood went underground. Many of its members were forced into exile, and established the group in Jordan, Syria, Saudi Arabia, and Lebanon. Qutb's brother, Muhammad, edited and published Qutb's works in Saudi Arabia, and they were soon available in much of the Arab world. In 1965, Qutb was arrested in Cairo, and a year later he was tried and hanged. Yet his influence persisted. Along with Mawlana Mawdudi, the principal leader of Islamic radicalism in Pakistan, and Ayatollah Khomeini, in Iran, Qutb remains one of the founding ideologists of Islamic radicalism.

Nasser died in 1970, of a heart attack, and when Sadat came to power he began to release Islamists from jail as a way of building his political base. Under Nasser, the Egyptians had suffered a humiliating military loss to Israel in 1967, and by 1972 members of the Brotherhood at Cairo University and elsewhere were among the loudest voices calling for another confrontation. The Lebanese-born scholar Fouad Ajami says, in his 1981 book "The Arab Predicament," that after the shock and despair of the 1967 war Egypt required "solace and consolation" and felt a "nostalgia for purity" that only Islam could provide. But by allowing the Islamists back into the political picture Sadat was making an enormous concession. As Gilles Kepel writes, in his recent historical account "Jihad," "Sadat gave up the Egyptian state's monopoly on ideology, as well as the strategy of containing religion on which his predecessor had relied."

Sadat had hoped to distinguish himself from Nasser by appearing to be a man of prayer and relative liberalism. He allowed the Brotherhood to publish its own magazine, *Al Dawa* (The Call to Islam); he tolerated the rise of the Gama'a al-Islamiya (Islamic Association), an even more fundamentalist group, which urged the "pure Islamic life" and began to have an impact at the universities in Cairo. He also restored a measure of Egypt's self-image when the Army crossed the Suez Canal in the 1973 war with Israel. Yet when Sadat made his overture to Menachem Begin and signed a peace pact at Camp David, in 1979, the Islamists turned on him. They could not accept the idea of a Middle Eastern political order, an accommodation that would concede Israel a permanent place

on what they insisted were Islamic lands.

In Cairo, and in Upper Egyptian towns such as Asyut and Minia, the radical heirs of Sayyid Qutb began organizing cells and issuing calls to overthrow Sadat's regime. One of the radical sects, under the leadership of a young electrical engineer, Abd al-Salam Faraj, declared Sadat "an apostate of Islam fed at the tables of imperialism and Zionism," and in 1981 Sadat was murdered while attending a military parade. Faraj wrote a pamphlet, "The Hidden Imperative," consistent with Qutb's guidelines of justifiable political murder. At the trial, one of the assassins declared, "I am guilty of killing the unbeliever, and I am proud of it."

Sadat was succeeded by Hosni Mubarak, the commander of the Air Force, who was a far more cautious figure and had no ideological ambitions. For twenty-three years, power and its maintenance has been Mubarak's obsession. Ever since the assassination of Sadat, he has maintained a state of emergency to justify a war against religious radicals. Over the years, tens of thousands of Islamists and other political opponents have passed through the jails, usually without trial or charge. According to both Egyptian human-rights groups and international organizations like Human Rights Watch, torture is "widespread and systematic": beatings, electric shock, isolation. And Mubarak has always proved himself ready to employ maximum force to quell protest or unrest.

In time, Mubarak wore down the Islamist movement in Egypt, a fact that was all but admitted when, in 1997, the two main radical groups declared that they were ending all violent operations. There was an incident later that year, when terrorists killed seventy people in Luxor, but since then there has been nothing.

A squat, middle-aged lawyer named Montasser al-Zayat has been a public face of radical Islam in Cairo for many years. He is the principal attorney for Gama'a al-Islamiya and promotes a notion of law very different from that of the relatively secular Egyptian constitution. A sign outside his office door reads, in Arabic, "Only God Rules." He has been jailed four times and counts among his prison friends Ayman al-Zawahiri, the Egyptian Jihad leader who is Osama bin Laden's chief ideologist and lieutenant.

"Definitely, the Islamic groups in Egypt are suffering a period of weakness," he told me. "They've been beaten down by prison, attacks, torture, interrogations. Most of the leaders were killed. There are large numbers still in prison. Those who have been released are in search of a future, trying to find a way to combat what the regime has done to them. But the Islamic state of affairs in general is still strong. The people feel endangered, and they are moving toward Islamic groups, more so since the American attacks" in Afghanistan and Iraq. "This sense of a threat to our national security, to our identity, is having a profound effect on people."

In radical circles, the Muslim Brotherhood is considered to be passive, generationally divided, and far too accommodating to the regime. Its demonstrations are invariably orderly, its platform for an Islamic state purposefully vague. But Zayat said he thought that the Brotherhood was the one "dissident" organization in Egypt that had a chance to displace the current regime. "Although I'm not a member of the Muslim Brothers, I believe they are the political future of Egypt," Zayat said. "In the event of true reform and elections, they are trained and competent and ready to take the reins of power."

In all corners of official Cairo—at government offices, at the newspapers—that was the word: the radical groups were in eclipse (or hiding or exile), and the Muslim Brotherhood was, in an authoritarian state, the shadow opposition. Its members hold sixteen of the four hundred and forty-five seats in the parliament, and are prominent in the professional associations. In 2002, when one of the Brotherhood's leaders died, two hundred thousand people turned out for the funeral. A recent article in *Egypt Today* wondered whether the Brotherhood might someday take power and resemble the moderate Islamic parties that now rule Bosnia-Herzegovina and Turkey.

But when you enter the offices of the Muslim Brotherhood, after taking off your shoes at the door, it is hard to reconcile its reputation for competence and even power with the listless scene before you: a shabby warren of rooms in which a few dozen men stand around chatting, drinking tea, and shuffling papers. I made two visits, and both times everyone was unfailingly polite. An elderly assistant gave me glasses of cool lemon squash and translated the posters on the wall. One showed a portrait of Sheikh Yassin, the Hamas leader who was killed by Israeli airstrikes in Gaza. The old man squinted at the caption and told me, "It says, 'Sheikh Yassin: Congratulations on Your Martyrdom!'"

When I met with Mohamed Mahdi

"We're a day late and four hundred million dollars short."

Akef, the new Supreme Guide of the Muslim Brotherhood, I could only wonder what Hosni Mubarak had to fear. Akef belongs to a generation in its seventies and eighties that, almost to a man, spent years in prison during the Nasser regime. He is broad-bellied and has close-cropped white hair and a white beard. He gestured with his hand around the offices as if to acknowledge their modesty: "What can I say? We live and work to assist our religion, and despite these limited resources we do what we can to press the greatness of Islam and to reform life in all of its aspects."

I said that it probably didn't help that the Brotherhood is officially banned and the emergency laws are still in effect.

Akef smiled. "We no longer think of ourselves as banned," he said. "We just don't compete with the government."

Not surprisingly, almost no one in Cairo today has anything good to say about the American invasion of Iraq—people are convinced that the U.S.'s purpose was to seize the oil fields, protect Israel, and gain a permanent foothold in the Middle East—and so I began with what I thought would be a less lecture-provoking question. I asked Akef how he had reacted to the attacks on September 11, 2001.

"The incidents of September 11th were criminal, and only a professional criminal would have done such a thing," he said. "That is why, until now, there's been no clear evidence of who did this. Talk of Mohammad Atta and Al Qaeda is all lies, an illusion. Al Qaeda is an American illusion. Is there any power on earth that can stand up to the United States of America and its power? Whenever America claims there is another power to challenge it, it is an illusion used to serve other purposes. For example, the United States wanted to invade Afghanistan in order to ship its oil by pipeline across that country. The U.S. wanted to plant its bases there and ship the oil. So they claim there is a Taliban there with Al Qaeda functioning there, too. But how much power does the Taliban really have?"

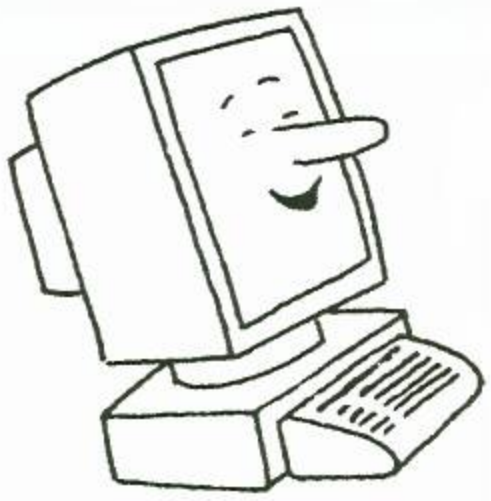
In the nineteen-sixties, Sayyid Qutb said that the Jews were behind "materialism, animal sensuality, the destruction of the family, and the dissolution of society." As for the West, he said, "Should we not issue a sentence of death? Is this not the verdict most appropriate to the nature of the crime?" The intervening decades have not much changed this aspect of ideology within the Brotherhood, at least among the reigning elders. Akef saw Sadat's treaty with the Israelis as a grievous heresy and, again, turned conspiratorial when it came to the existence of a Jewish state in the Middle East. "In the West, they wanted to get rid of the Jews, and so the Europeans and the United States implanted the Zionists in the Holy Land to get rid of them and their evils," he said. "At the same time, they implanted this evil in the Middle East so the Muslims could busy themselves with it. The Europeans and Americans knew that Israel would never survive. Israel cannot stand before one and a half billion Muslims. This is temporary. Israel has no future! And I am not the only one saying this. There are scholars saying this."

The Muslim Brotherhood leadership, even the younger generation, is realistic about the Brotherhood's current inability to compete for power. Its public position is that through its community organizations it will slowly change the values of Egyptian society, and build a legal party; Islam will flourish and public opinion will eventually put pressure on the regime, either during Mubarak's reign or after. For now, senior leaders of the Muslim Brotherhood are kept out of sight, banned from speaking at universities and appearing on state-run television.

"Mubarak fears that if he widens the margins of democracy things will happen," Essam al-Eryam, one of the Brotherhood's most prominent middle-aged leaders, told me at the Brotherhood's headquarters. "There will be de-

The 3-Step Guide to Successful Presentations:

1.



Visit the all new

www.cartoonbank.com/pro

and choose from thousands of *New Yorker* cartoons.

2. Select the perfect cartoons for your presentation

"Great PowerPoint, Kevin, but the answer is no."

3. Download your cartoons instantly and put them into your presentation for

just $ 19.95 each!

www.cartoonbank.com/pro

GIVE SOMEONE THE CREEPS

with a classic cartooon by

CHARLES ADDAMS

Published December 21, 1946

Limited edition lithographic print with a letter of authorization and authenticity stamp of the Addams estate.

(size when framed: 26" x 32")

$395 MATTED AND FRAMED

$280 MATTED ONLY

Order online at

WWW.CARTOONBANK.COM

OR CALL 1-800-897-8666

CARTOONBANK.COM

A New Yorker Magazine Company

mocracy here, sooner or later. It requires patience, and we are more patient because we are, as an organization, seventy-six years old. You have already seen some countries—Saudi Arabia, Afghanistan, Sudan, Iran—describe themselves as Islamic regimes. There's a diversity of models, even among the Sunni and the Shia. Egypt can present a model that is more just and tolerant."

The Mubarak government's policy is simple: finesse—periods of tolerance followed by crackdown. Ali Heilal Dessouki, a Cabinet minister, met me at his office one afternoon and reeled off the decades-long history of Islamist violence directed at various government leaders. "Whether it is the Muslim Brotherhood or Islamic Jihad, the goal in the end is the same: the establishment of a Muslim state," he said. "When the mujahideen returned from Afghanistan in 1989, 1990, the level of military professionalism among the Islamists had increased. Somewhere in 1990, 1991, the strategy of reconciliation showed itself to be a failure. For us to say 'Come share with us' was considered a sign of weakness. So the government got tough."

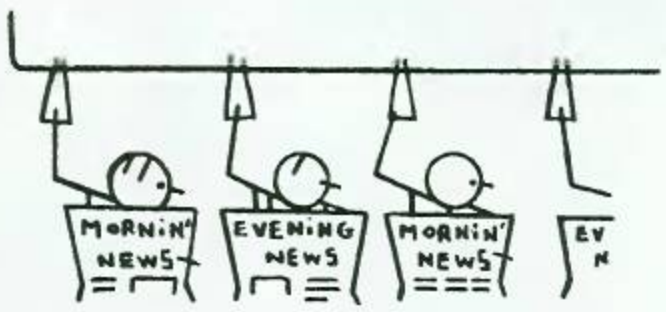
Actually, nearly all the Islamists who committed terrorist acts in the early nineteen-nineties were members of groups more radical than the Brotherhood, but the government does not spin it quite that way. Fouad Allam, who was Egypt's chief of intelligence under Nasser, Sadat, and Mubarak, until 1988, when he retired, compared the Brotherhood to the Italian Red Brigades and the German Baader-Meinhof gang. "They are the most dangerous organization in the Arab world," he said. "In reality, they created terrorism in the region. Despite this, they claim they are not a terrorist organization. When you ask them about the assassination of the Prime Minister under Farouk in 1948, killing people in movie theatres, the assassination of other government officials, the robbery of the Bank of Egypt, putting explosives in police stations, blowing up certain Jewish shops—there have been six hundred crimes since 1928—when you ask them, they say these are isolated, individual acts. They declare themselves innocent of any wrongdoing. What I respect about Jihad and Gama'a al-Islamiya is that they operate in the open. The Muslim Brothers are liars, even today.

"It's been a long time since they last committed a terrorist act," he continued, "but every now and then a clandestine cell is discovered. I can't say whether they have renounced terrorism or they are dormant, like a volcano. But why are they still forming clandestine cells?"

In mid-May, the government carried out the most extensive crackdown on the Muslim Brotherhood in a decade, making more than fifty arrests, closing down twenty companies aligned with the group, and shutting off its Web site. According to *Al-Ahram*, a newspaper that tends to reflect the government line, intelligence officials had come to believe that the Brotherhood was escalating recruitment and sending the recruits to Iraq, Chechnya, and Palestine to get the training they would need to overthrow the Egyptian government. The Brotherhood denied all the charges.

Not long after the arrests, prison officials called Brotherhood leaders to say that one of theirs, a forty-year-old engineer named Akram Zuheiri, who suffered from diabetes, had died while being transferred between detention facilities. Would they kindly come and pick up the body? The Brotherhood and human-rights organizations blamed "clear and grave negligence" for Zuheiri's death and said that other prisoners swept up in the recent dragnet were being interrogated and tortured. According to *Al-Ahram*, a "common interpretation" of the arrests is that they are a signal from Mubarak to the public that the Muslim Brotherhood "will never be part" of government reform in Egypt. The only point of agreement between the government and the Brotherhood is that American policy in the Middle East is radicalizing more and more young Egyptians.

The Mubarak regime has a natural interest in exaggerating, for foreign consumption, the strength and the potential menace of the Muslim Brotherhood. Saad Eddin Ibrahim, a sociologist who studied the Islamist movement and then was jailed by Mubarak for three years,



told me, "Mubarak has a low I.Q., but, politically, he is a survivalist. He has used the Islamists as a fear-arouser for the West. He wards off the pressures for a more open system by pointing to their presence. He uses them as a deterrent: 'Do you want me to open the door to another Iran or Algeria or Afghanistan?' This frightens the Egyptian middle class and the United States. It is a very skillful bluff, and the Muslim Brothers recognize the bluff."

Egypt under Mubarak is a system of safety valves and controls, an autocracy that in some respects simulates civil society. Political opponents cannot compete for real power, or make frontal attacks on the President in the press, but they can talk in apartments and cafés, they can run for seats in parliament and join the professional unions and the like. Members of the Muslim Brotherhood, for example, conduct religious study groups, and run charitable programs for the poor, but they no longer embarrass the government, as they did in 1992 when they were much quicker and more effective than the state bureaucracy in aiding the victims of an earthquake. In other words, they are given strict limits; should they exceed those limits, their last remaining freedom is to join thousands of others in prison.

And yet, if a political dissident or group wants to express opposition to or hatred of Israel, the Jews, or the Bush Administration, there are hardly any boundaries at all. This is part of what makes the Egyptian media seem "lively." In 2002, state television broadcast a forty-one-episode series based on the anti-Semitic forgery "The Protocols of the Elders of Zion." The Muslim Brotherhood had a rare opportunity to get a representative on television recently when it protested the broadcast of the Harrison Ford movie "Air Force One." And the newspaper columnist Rifat Sayyid Ahmad felt no hesitation in calling Dick Cheney "a super-racist Jew" or in comparing Guantánamo to Auschwitz.

One of the leading moderate Islamists in Egypt is the newspaper columnist Fahmy Howeidy. In his office one afternoon, Howeidy told me that he held out no hope of Mubarak's instituting real democratic reforms and that, at this point, U.S. pressure would be counterproductive. "The only thing that will bring it about will be the people's will, their readiness to pay a price for it," he

said. "Democracy will not be a gift from Mubarak or Colin Powell."

Howeidy and many others I spoke to said that it was difficult to gauge what sort of Islamism could emerge in a democratic Egypt. "It's hard to say how powerful the Muslim Brothers are," Howeidy said. "We have no polls, no transparency. They have power in the society, but to what extent I don't know."

In an atomized political culture like Egypt's, the one issue that has energized, and enraged, the political opposition today is American foreign policy under George W. Bush. I had dozens of meetings in Cairo—with government officials, religious leaders, opposition figures, intellectuals, students, working people—and nearly every session began with a speech on the perfidy of the Bush Administration. The novelist and editor Gamal al-Ghitani greeted me at the offices of his journal, *Akhbar Aladab*, the most prominent literary magazine in the Middle East, and showed me the portraits on the wall of his "American icons"—Hemingway, Melville, and Louis Armstrong—and yet within minutes he was telling me that what he feared most in the world was the United States. The faces of American officers in Iraq reminded him of Nazi officers, he said. "I fear that my culture is targeted by a superpower that is acting stupidly." He was, if anything, mild in his rhetoric. Later, I visited Sonallah Ibrahim, a Marxist novelist who is known for scathing political fictions, like "The Smell of It," which he published after a term in Nasser's prisons. Before knocking on his apartment door, I noticed a decal above the bell showing the American and Israeli flags joined by a swastika. He, too, was enraged about Palestine and Iraq, but not only that: everything about the United States repelled him. Ibrahim taught Arabic literature at Berkeley in 1998, an experience that evidently did not suit him. "I despised the total individualism, the control of multinationals, the manipulation of the media over the ordinary person, the values of life, just living to eat, drink, fuck, have a car, and that's all," he said. "There are no moral values, no broad-minded attitudes toward life in general or a sense of what is happening in the world, no sense of the role America is playing in trying to control the resources of the world." Perhaps what irked him most, he said, was "the genuine stupidity of the normal American citizen. He is ignorant. He doesn't know what his own country is doing in the world. The U.S. is following the same policy of racism as the Nazis. Do I really have to explain something to you that is so well known everywhere?"

Anti-Americanism, routine or virulent, is not new in Egypt. Only its intensity is new—an intensity that is marked not only among opposition figures and literary intellectuals but also among people close to Mubarak.

Boutros Boutros-Ghali, who was the Secretary-General of the United Nations in the nineteen-nineties and now runs a government human-rights agency in Cairo, told me, "In 1992, I had the illusion that the United Nations would manage the post-Cold War world. I was mistaken. The U.S. felt it should manage the post-Cold War world, based on free markets and democracy, with the idea that one democracy will not fight another. But this ideology failed. The new Administration moved from a policy of persuasion to a policy of coercion and preventative war. After the Napoleonic Wars, you had the Congress of Vienna. After the First World War, there was the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations. And after the Second World War there was San Francisco and the rise of the U.N. After 1991, Bush's father promised a new world order. We missed an occasion to have a new system."

Abdel Moneim Said, who is the head of the Al-Ahram Center for Political and Strategic Studies, a think tank that works closely with the regime, was among many who told me that the American failure so far to establish security in Iraq has decisively undermined the idea of a democratization movement in Egypt and elsewhere in the region. "The United States is in a position that looks like Lebanon in the nineteen-eighties—occupation, resistance, as well as a competition among groups," he said. "You want Egypt to democratize, to change, but Egypt has drawn the opposite lesson. Instead of creating a liberal model, we see chaos, and the Saudis and the Syrians see the same thing. Now you have arrived at a much more modest sense of a liberal state than you started with."

"There is a cultural war to change the Middle East, to create a new Saudi Arabia, a new Egypt, a new history," Diaa Rashwan, an Islamic-movements expert at the Al-Ahram Center, said. "It's really not very intelligent. In two years, you cannot even build a village. How are you going to rebuild the world?"

"Are the hairless bods historically accurate?"

Three times a week, the novelist Naguib Mahfouz holds court in a café or bar—sessions that are meant to emulate the noisy camaraderie of bourgeois liberal Cairo a half-century ago.

"I'm hoping to buy back everything I lost in the divorce at the garage sale she's having."

• •

Mahfouz, who won the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1988, is known for his intimate stories of Egyptian life—"The Cairo Trilogy" is his most celebrated work—and his national prestige is absolute, like Victor Hugo's in nineteenth-century Paris. He is ninety-two and nearly deaf. In his prime, he was a prolific writer, but now he has pared down his work to fragmentary stories and prose poems. I was invited to meet him one night at the wood-panelled bar of Shepheard's Hotel. When I arrived, a young hanger-on was sitting next to Mahfouz and shouting into his left ear, reading the text of an adulatory article about him. Mahfouz stared off into the distance, smiling slightly. He wore a dark-blue serge suit of an old-fashioned cut. Others traded the now ancient gossip that another novelist, Yusuf Idris, thought that he had deserved the Nobel. Mahfouz waved this away with a slight, elegant flop of his hand. When he spoke, it was usually to repeat a remark or to make a small joke.

In 1994, an Islamist radical stabbed Mahfouz in the neck and he nearly died. At the time, religious leaders, like Sheikh Omar Abdel Rahman, who is now in an American prison for inciting the first bombing of the World Trade Center, were on the attack against liberal intellectuals like Mahfouz. Other intellectuals of Mahfouz's generation were physically assaulted or harangued into fear and silence. The Mubarak regime deplored the violence against Mahfouz, but what little remained of a liberal Cairo had long before been eclipsed.

"Liberal politics has had a bad name in Egypt," Mohamed Salmawy, a newspaper columnist and playwright, told me. "It's not discredited, it still exists, but it suffers from being tarnished by the revolution of 1952, when it was equated with corruption under the monarchy's liberal system. Then came Sadat, who did away with Nasser's theories and went to a multiparty system and the economic open door. People began to feel that liberalism was a Trojan horse for the West to creep into Egypt and dominate it and endanger its identity. Identity is very important here. We don't have people like Samuel Beckett, who was born in Ireland, moved to Paris, and is a citizen of the world. We went a hundred and eighty degrees, turning away from the Soviet Union and jumping into bed with Israel and the United States and liberalism."

These days, intellectuals are more likely to agree with a radical like Sonallah Ibrahim than with Naguib Mahfouz. The business élite, not the universities, has become the bastion of pro-Western opinion. Internationalism has cut both ways in Egypt: those who went to work in Saudi Arabia during the oil boom often came back more conservative, more religious; those who went for the same reasons to the emirates or Europe returned more secular, more politically liberal. Those liberals for the most part keep themselves, and their opinions, concealed, and stick to the business of making money.

Hisham Kassem, the head of the Egyptian Organization for Human Rights and the publisher of the English-language magazine *The Cairo Times*, is an exception. His jaundiced view of Egyptian politics, and of the Middle East in general, would not be out of place at a conservative American think tank. "In the Middle East, you travel in a time machine," he told me one evening in his office. "In Libya, you have a complete madman in charge. In Iraq, you had Saddam and now bloodshed. In Yemen, the whole country is doped up on *khat* and everyone owns a Kalashnikov, as in 'The Lotus Eaters.' In Saudi Arabia, you leave Friday prayers and then you're forced to watch an execution—some woman being stoned for adultery or a head chopped off. In Syria, they used their military to slaughter their own people. Jordan is banal. Not one of the Gulf States is a signatory to the Covenant of Human Rights. There is nothing like it anywhere else. Twenty-two Arab League states, all authoritarian. For decades, the Middle East has been kept in a political deep freeze. People flee from here: the crime, the fundamentalism, the brutality. There is no growth rate, no acceptable governmental or economic management. Nothing short of a military intervention could have exerted any political pressure on the region. It's the only solution, the only lesser among many evils."

When I asked Kassem his opinion of the American invasion of Iraq and the chaos that followed, he said, "When you look at the intervention itself, you look at the people who will die as a result. Well, a great many more would have died from

sanctions and from Saddam than from any intervention. All those arguments about how you can't bring democracy in on the wings of a B-52 are garbage. The only thing that can bring about a change here is American foreign policy. Egyptian brutality will not change and neither will the apathy of the people. Change in the Middle East will be slow, but we needed the air cover. There was no way we could have done this on our own. We were going nowhere."

Hosni Mubarak is the longest-serving Egyptian leader since Muhammad Ali, in the early nineteenth century. But Mubarak is seventy-six, and his health is imperfect. In mid-June, he sought medical treatment in Germany—*Al-Ahram* described it as "possible back surgery and/or physical therapy." Last year, during an address to the parliament, Mubarak stopped speaking and muttered, "The air-conditioning is too strong in here." Then he said, "What is happening?" His aides rushed to his side and escorted him from the podium. State television, which had been broadcasting the speech live, went blank. Inside the chamber, a member of parliament asked that last rites be read from the Koran; an imam prayed for the President's health. It was nearly an hour before Mubarak returned, made his apologies, and said he hadn't had enough sleep. There is also the persistent threat of a violent end. In 1995, assassins from Gama'a al-Islamiya fired on Mubarak's motorcade while he was visiting Addis Ababa.

According to Article 82 of the Egyptian constitution, when the President cannot fulfill his duties he is to be replaced by a Vice-President. Mubarak, however, has always refused to appoint one. To a degree, he recalls the sort of dictator who begins his speeches, "If I die . . ." For the past few years, there have been rumors that members of Mubarak's team were grooming his forty-one-year-old son, Gamal, as a successor—a plan that seemed to take its cue from the father-to-son succession in Syria. Gamal, who is called Jimmy by his friends, has worked as a banker in London, and, as a key figure in the ruling National Democratic Party, he is surrounded by pro-Western technocrats. Unlike his father, Sadat, and Nasser, he does not come from the military. Some members of the Egyptian élite believe that Gamal might be able to preserve political stability and yet reform a stagnant economy marked by forty-five-per-cent illiteracy and a per-capita income ranked a hundred-and-eighteenth in the world. Last New Year's, however, the elder Mubarak dismissed the rumors as "nonsense." Earlier, he had said, "We are not a monarchy. We are the Republic of Egypt, so refrain from comparing us to other countries in the region"—a clear reference to the Syrians.

Although the rumors persist, several sources close to the President told me that Mubarak would almost certainly seek a fifth term next year—unopposed, as usual. If he were unable to continue, however, the list of pretenders to the Presidency begins with a series of severe, colorless military and security chiefs—including Omar Suleiman, the head of intelligence—who hardly promise democratic reform. What's more, those in power are not in the mood to take direction. "We do not need any pressure from anyone to adopt democratic principles," Mubarak has said.

Not long before leaving the city, I went to the American University of Cairo and met with a young graduate named Hazem Kandil, who was looking forward to pursuing a doctorate at New York University. Hazem was training, it seemed, for membership in the Egyptian political élite. At the A.U.C. campus, the courtyard is divided into an area full of kids in jeans and T-shirts and a smaller area where Islamic dress—particularly head scarves for the young women—is in vogue. "Beirut" and "Tehran," some call it.

As we sat in "Beirut" and looked over at "Tehran," Hazem said, "We've tried the socialist agenda, we've tried the non-agendas of Sadat and Mubarak, which were mixed, and both failed miserably. We've exhausted the socialist and capitalist leanings. But people see that we have not exhausted the Islamic possibility. This worries me. It's very plausible that we'll take the Islamic road. A lot of what the U.S. is doing implies to people that this is your real motivation. Also, when the United States pushes for democracy without really supporting liberalism in the Islamic world in an adequate way, support for the Islamists grows. In this part of the world, too, conspiracy-thinking is part of the mood of thinking. Liberalism is being linked with American aggression.

"The Islamist influence will grow and will dominate, even without an Islamic President," he went on. "When people start suffering under that, maybe they'll listen to a more liberal agenda, but not before. What's scary is that if we don't deal with these people they'll re-launch themselves. I see people at A.U.C. tilted toward the jihadist cause more and more. They're watching satellite television, they're watching Saudi-financed channels, they're listening to the cassette tapes of fundamentalists that are sold on every street corner, they're reading Islam Online and lots of other Web sites like that. The Islamic discourse is concentrating on the West. Under Sadat and Nasser, the Islamists were oriented toward moral issues in Egypt. Now the word is: 'We are fighting for our lives.'"

One morning, at a café called Cilantro, near the university, I met with a recent graduate who was now writing articles—fairly incendiary articles—for an Islamic Web site. Because he wanted no trouble from the police or, more likely, immigration officials if he ever decided to travel to the West, he asked that I not use his real name. "We'll stick with Tariq," he said. Tariq has very short hair, stylish rectangular glasses, and an emerging beard. At first, I was sure that he was American, so fluid was his English and so slight his accent. He laughed when I mentioned it: "I guess you could say that my accent is the result of cultural imperialism. I got it from Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, and satellite television."

Tariq does not come from a fundamentalist family, but he said that he had become more and more observant and politically radicalized. "A lot of things did it," he said: the Russian bombing of Chechnya, American support for Israel, and the "despicable" leaders of Saudi Arabia and Egypt. The news of September 11th, Tariq said, gave him a "sense of joy," a sense of the possible. "Two years later, I've met people in the Egyptian bourgeoisie who are happy every time they hear that the Islamists have hit a soft target in the West. With Palestine and Iraq, the militant perspective is making more and more sense."

Tariq said that when he graduated he

had thought about going to law school in the United States. But he quickly realized that he didn't want anything to do with that life style. He began to study the Koran and attend a mosque led by a radical young sheikh in one of the poorer neighborhoods. "When I grew a beard, my family worried. Initially, they were really tense. But over the past two years they are gaining a newfound sympathy for me."

Young men and women—politicized, intelligent, fluent in English and European languages—get their information, it seems, from every source imaginable except the Egyptian papers, which, as Tariq put it, "are propagandistic crap." Instead, Tariq reads the leading British and American papers on the Internet, checks into political chat rooms, and watches satellite television. Even in lower-income neighborhoods in Cairo, the rooftops sprout satellite dishes. Like anyone in Egypt with an education and an interest in politics, Tariq may despise American foreign policy, and see the American press as slavish to the Administration, but he believes completely the harsh reports on Egypt provided by U.S.-based human-rights organizations. "Egypt has an atrocious human-rights record," he said. "And yet your President called my President a builder of open societies."

As an Islamist, he said, he saw only one solution: "An ideal Egypt would have an Islamic government. The framework for that is very broad—it can lean more toward capitalism or socialism, even toward an Islamic monarchy, or even a council of guardians, as in Iran. There are many varieties. But the public image is always the Taliban. I didn't approve of some of their practices; they had some serious problems. Preventing women from studying medicine and preventing women from seeing male doctors, well, that is a recipe for killing women. But they were isolated and coming to power after twenty years of civil war. Secularism has no future here. Secularism is a product of the West."

Tariq smiled disdainfully at a mention of Bush's speech at the National Endowment. "The nightmare for the West is that they advocate democracy and then they find that these countries elect Islamic governments," he said. "Islamists have gained a lot of legitimacy through their social work, even in their jobs as engineers or doctors. They have a certain status."

Tariq and I arranged to meet at the Al Rawas mosque, which is in the neighborhood called, for good reason, the Butchery. In the car heading to the mosque, I saw dozens of carcasses—sheep, lambs, and chickens—hanging in the cool evening air. When I arrived, Tariq was finishing prayers, along with thirty or forty other men. He introduced me to Sheikh Ragab, who is in his thirties and blind, and we all headed downstairs to a small office.

"The Egyptian government, like all other Arab governments, is a puppet regime, an agent of foreign powers, particularly the United States, which controls the world now," the Sheikh said. "But if democracy were implemented and there were freedom of expression, Islam would rule and rule all aspects of life, including for non-Muslims. Some non-Muslims, especially in the West and the States, believe that if Islam rules it will massacre all non-Muslims. The Jews lived under Islamic rule in Medina in the time of the Prophet, and it was the best life they ever had. The same with the Christians. Whereas under Roman rule they were treated brutally." The Sheikh also said that he and everyone he knew was firmly convinced that "the Jews" were behind September 11th, the invasion of Iraq, globalization, and just about everything that he might label "pernicious" in the course of our conversation. "Jews are like that," he said.

Since Tariq had said that he was pleased by September 11th and "admired" Al Qaeda, I asked him if he could see himself engaging in such acts. After all, he'd said that the Muslim Brotherhood was "far too moderate" for him, and he hadn't said a contrary word about the use of violence. "We are all capable of acts like this," he admitted. "It depends on how far you are pushed. I'm a firm believer in the concept of belligerent reprisal."

By now, we have become accustomed to calm young men assessing the wisdom of crashing planes into office towers or setting off bombs in a crowded train station. What was more disconcerting was Tariq's confidence, his serene sense that the United States had faltered, that it had lost its influence in Cairo as well as in Baghdad, and that the future was his. "A clash of civilizations," he said, "is a war that the West cannot win." ♦

"Please don't be offended if I consult additional sources of information."

FICTION

MIRACLE

BY JUDY BUDNITZ

"Don't be surprised if he's a little blue when he comes out."

"A little . . . blue. All right."

"I mean it," the doctor says. "Before they start breathing properly, before the oxygen gets flowing. I don't mean a bit blue, like a bruise. I mean blue blue, like this." He taps her elastic-waist jeans.

"We're not anticipating any problems, of course," he says. "But it's best to be prepared."

"I won't be surprised," Julia promises. "I'll act bored."

"Atta girl."

When the baby comes out, two weeks later, he doesn't make a sound. Not a peep. She thinks he's dead, even though she can see his arms waving. And he's not blue. He's black.

"I mean, like, coal black, ink black," Jonas says in the hospital room afterward.

"I saw," she reminds him, her hands folded on her gigantic tender belly. It's as if there were another baby still in there.

"I mean, pure black, Julia, like a color that doesn't occur naturally, in nature, you know? It reminds me of those poor penguins after the oil spill, all black and greasy with their poor little flippers sticking out."

"Wings. Penguins are birds."

"And he came out with all that white gunk on him. And the cord was all . . . thick."

"What did you expect? Look at your own belly button."

"I thought it would be, like, a thread." He's ashamed because he was invited to cut the cord but hadn't been able to bring himself to do it.

She wants to see her baby, but the doctor whisked him away to check him over, calling back, "Ten fingers and ten toes. He seems fine."

"Maybe it's a mutation, or he's, like, a reverse albino," Jonas says.

"Don't use that word." "Mutation" makes her think of swamp monsters, nuclear accidents, hands growing out of heads. The doctor hadn't said exactly where those ten fingers and toes were.

"Don't get mad, but . . . he is mine, isn't he? I don't even need to ask this, right?"

Finally. She's impressed he managed to restrain himself this long.

"Of course."

She thinks, naïvely, that this will be the end of it.

When they come and put the baby in her arms she feels tremendous relief. She kisses his head. The hair, plastered down before, is now dry and soft, perfectly straight and downy and golden. It glows metallic, glittery, like tinsel. His eyes are a startling pale blue, the color of ice, of cataracts.

A lactation coach, a nursing nurse, has come along to help her with the first time.

"He doesn't like it!" Julia cries when the baby turns his face from her breast. "I taste bad!"

"He just doesn't know how," the coach says, soothingly. "He has to learn."

"I thought it was instinctive. And why is he so quiet?"

"His ears and throat look fine. We'll do a CAT scan later just to be sure. But it seems that he's just a calm, sweet-tempered baby. He doesn't want to cry."

"And his color?" Jonas asks.

The nurse glances at Julia. "Well, I think that's something for the two of you to discuss, isn't it?"

After she leaves, Julia says, "He's not unnatural. There are plenty of people in the world who are just this color." But she can't help thinking that he does look unearthly. His skin has the solid, inorganic sheen of obsidian, an iridescence like oil.

Jonas says, "What are we going to name it? Him?"

"But we already decided on Robert."

"I changed my mind. He doesn't look like a Bobby, does he? He looks more like, say, an Alphonse."

"Alphonse? Why Alphonse?"

"What's wrong with Alphonse?"

"It's atrocious."

"The black kid at my high school was named Alphonse."

"*The* black kid. There was only one?"

"What, like it's my fault there was only one? I was friends with the guy. That baby looks a hundred times more like an Alphonse than a Bobby."

"But you insisted. You wanted him to have your father's name."

"I changed my mind."

They name him Gabriel. Gabe. They're on their way home, Gabe strapped into the new car seat in back, when Jonas explodes.

"This is all your fault!" He sprays "f"s and "t"s all over the windshield.

"Why is it my fault?"

"You . . . You . . . That cigarette you smoked two months in! I saw you! The bathroom was full of smoke! Don't deny it!"

"It made me nauseous. I didn't even finish."

"And the weird food, all the chocolate and burned toast. I kept telling you the burned part was carcinogenic, but did you listen?"

"I had cravings."

"And the chocolate. I came home and you were, like, gnawing on a big hunk of baker's chocolate. The bitter stuff."

"You're being—"

"And the poppy-seed bagels? I kept telling you those were the exact same poppy seeds they extract opium from, but did you listen?"

"We can do a paternity test, if you want. If that would make you feel better."

His cheek pulses in and out.

She says, "Maybe we both have some African ancestors, way, way back. It's some combination of recessive genes . . . "

"I don't have any African ancestors."

"We're all mongrels."

"Not me. Maybe you, you've got those swarthy cousins . . . "

"Maybe I am. Would that make any difference?"

He doesn't answer that. "Maybe they switched babies at the hospital. It happens all the time."

"We saw him come out."

"I'm not so sure. I go color-blind when I panic."

"He looks just like you."

"Quit it. He doesn't look a speck like me."

They do not have a paternity test.

"I trust you, honey. I trust you completely. This proves it, right? Right?"

She thinks he's afraid, afraid of what he might find out. About her, about himself. He'd rather not know.

"Besides," he says, "I don't want them to have to stick the baby again. That would be cruel, right, to take blood from a baby for a pointless little test? What color do you think his blood is, anyway?"

Friends and neighbors stop by, bringing gifts and cards with cherubic pink babies on them, saying "wow," and "hmmm," and "gee." "He's a big one,"

JOHN RITTER

"You are what you don't eat."

• •

they all say. His size is a safe topic, uncontroversial, undeniable.

"Do you think his eyes will change?" one neighbor, who has four children of her own, says. "They often do."

"I didn't know that," Julia says.

"Oh yes. They all have blue eyes to start. Later they sometimes turn green or gray or brown."

The vagueness of the pronoun confuses Julia; for a moment she wants to ask where she can find some of these green, gray, or brown children for Gabe to play with.

Her friend Hugo brings over a miniature basketball and backboard. He hands the box over proudly, then snatches it back after he gets a peek at Gabe in his playpen. "I'm sorry," he blurts. "I didn't know. I didn't mean anything by it."

"By what?" she says. Gabe's far too young for it, but she'd been looking forward to playing with the toy herself.

"I was planning to get one of those toy doctor kits, I was . . ."

Friends stop by, but only her friends. Not Jonas's. His parents don't visit. His mother is ill and can't travel. Julia knows this, but still it rankles.

Her best friend, Missy, comes bringing gifts for Gabe and also for her. They go up to the nursery where Gabe is napping. "Whoa!" Missy says admiringly. "You bad girl! Is Jonas mad?"

"No. He's not mad at all."

"Wow. He must be totally pussy-whipped."

Julia cringes. She's always hated the expression. It makes her picture a whip cracking out between her legs like a demonic tail.

"How did you choose 'Gabriel'? Is that the father's name?"

Even Missy doesn't believe her.

It would be so much easier if there were a fancy, scientific-sounding label for it, So-and-So's syndrome, a catchy set of initials. If only she had some statistics, if only she could say, "Just one child in ten million is born like this every year," then it would sound better—she would seem lucky, a lottery winner. Instead he's just a mistake, like an error in accounting, upsetting the balance, and people would rather erase him than do the math again, reconfigure the equations to make him work out.

The first time she brings Gabe back to bed with her, Jonas sits up. "What are you doing?"

"He can't sleep."

"Nurse him, then."

"He's lonely. Where are you going?"

"I'm afraid I'll roll over in my sleep and crush him."

"You won't."

"I can't even see him in the dark. He blends right in." He insists on moving to the couch.

Jonas won't change diapers. He never smiles when Gabe burps or chews his toes; he simply stares disinterestedly, as if his son were a specimen in a lab or an anthropological sample, performing curious local customs. At night she is the one to get up, every time, when they hear Gabe rustling around. "He's just hungry," Jonas insists. "I'm not the milk machine."

She hopes he will come around eventually.

"He's gone," she says to the empty house.

Panic rising in her throat. She's running downstairs. Running upstairs again. Wet footprints everywhere. Classic nightmare—curtains billowing around an open window. The stark crib—no blankets, no suffocating toys, totally SIDS-proof—empty of Gabe as well. She put him down for just five minutes while she took a shower.

Just five minutes. That's what they all say. An interval plenty wide enough for disaster to come plowing through.

Downstairs again. Cold air on her wet back. Maybe an animal got in the window? Dashes back up to the nursery. There's a crouching, furry shape on the floor—

Her sopping towel. "Jonas," she says. Jonas isn't here. Did he sneak in and take Gabe away somewhere? She hears stealthy movement downstairs. She takes a step and it stops. She takes another. It's listening, waiting for her.

She goes downstairs, cupping her heavy breasts. They're aching from all the jouncing around. There's a rustle in the living room. A surprise party, friends in paper hats crouching behind chairs? She crosses the threshold choking on dread.

And sees Gabe, sitting in the special vibrating seat he loves. He's panting a little as he bobs his head, trying to make it go. She snatches him up. He's burning hot against her cold, clammy skin.

"You just forgot," Jonas says when he comes home that night. "You're overtired. You thought you put him in the crib, but really you put him in the seat."

"What, I just misplaced him?"

Jonas is smiling, smirking, not meeting her eyes. He's trying to provoke her. He did this, somehow. Let him gloat.

THE NEW YORKER ONLINE

newyorker.com

WEB EXCLUSIVES

Weekly interviews with *New Yorker* contributors, selections from the archive, multimedia presentations, photo portfolios, and other online-only content.

THE HARD DRIVE

An archive of hundreds of past Web exclusives, including Q. & A.s, cover galleries, slide shows, Web guides, and more.

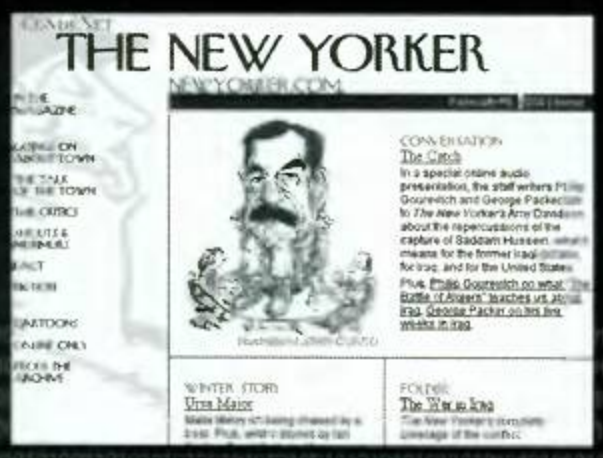
THE FILM FILE

A decade of *New Yorker* capsule film reviews.

EVENTS

A list of readings and other magazine-related happenings, plus expanded listings from Goings On About Town.

newyorker.com


THE NEW YORKER
NEWYORKER.COM

CONVERSATION
The Catch
In a special online audio presentation, the staff writers Philip Gourevitch and George Packer talk to *The New Yorker*'s Amy Davidson about the repercussions of the capture of Saddam Hussein—what it means for the former Iraqi dictator, for Iraq, and for the United States.
Plus, Philip Gourevitch on what "The Battle of Algiers" teaches us about Iraq. George Packer on his five weeks in Iraq.

WINTER STORY
Vera Major

FOLDER
The War in Iraq

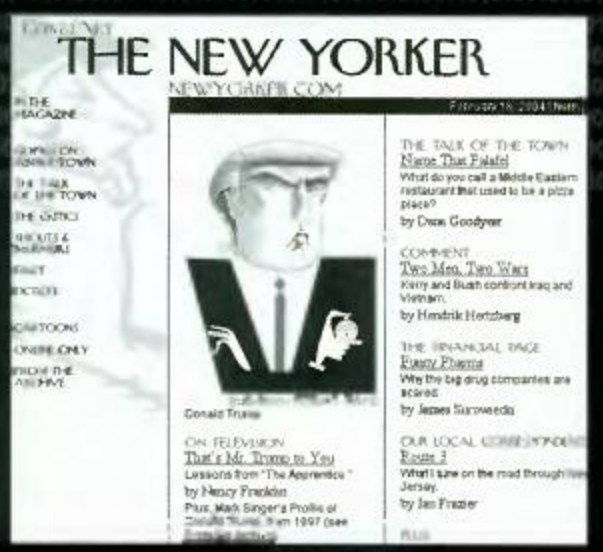
THE NEW YORKER
NEWYORKER.COM

COMMENT
Hard Cell
The Bush Administration grapples with stem-cell research.
by Hendrik Hertzberg

THE TALK OF THE TOWN
There Once Was a Man from Castel Gandolfo
When the President met the Pope, they didn't see eye to eye on everything. But it could have been worse.
by Ben Greenman

THE THEATRE
Brothers Gonna Work It Out
Suzan Lori-Parks's "Topdog/Underdog," with Don Cheadle and Jeffrey Wright
by Nancy Franklin

Q & A
The Gourmet U.K.
In this week's issue, Rebecca Mead writes about the arrival of quality cuisine in Britain. In this Q & A, she


THE NEW YORKER
NEWYORKER.COM

Donald Trump

ON TELEVISION
That's Mr. Tromp to You
Lessons from "The Apprentice."
by Nancy Franklin
Plus, Mark Singer's Profile of Donald Trump, from 1997 (see

THE TALK OF THE TOWN
Name That Falafel
What do you call a Middle Eastern restaurant that used to be a pizza place?
by Dana Goodyear

COMMENT
Two Men, Two Wars
Kerry and Bush confront Iraq and Vietnam.
by Hendrik Hertzberg

THE FINANCIAL PAGE
Fuzzy Pharma
Why the big drug companies are scared.
by James Surowiecki

OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENT
Route 1
What I saw on the road through New Jersey.
by Jan Frazier

Meet *New Yorker* writers and artists in exclusive interviews.

Read selected stories from the archive as background to this week's issue.

Browse the Film File—perfect for picking DVDs or videos.

Find *New Yorker* events near you.

Her one small satisfaction is that if he smuggled Gabe downstairs he must have touched him to do it, and that's a first.

Jonas turns to his friends; he has a few left over from his grad-school days who are stretching out their dissertations as long as possible, with whom he likes to drink beer and sit around pontificating. They spend hours arguing movies, politics, debating who would win in death matches. Superman versus Batman? Bear versus shark? The U.S. versus an alliance of North Korea, Canada, and Vatican City? A sort of men's club. A men's club for men who never hunt, who hate sports, and who are fanatical about their obscure music choices. This becomes his support group.

The house feels more comfortable without him. She watches tennis tournaments, Gabe nestled in her arms. White-clad people grunt, thrust, grow angry, swear daintily. The ball snaps back and forth with satisfying pops. Anxious crouching runners dart out to snare stray balls. There is a pleasing rhythm, as if even the players, despite their outbursts, were following a script. "I could watch this all day," she tells Gabe. Some days she does.

One evening Jonas comes home late, smelling of beer and cigarette smoke. He stands swaying in the bedroom doorway, his shirt unbuttoned one more button than usual. She wonders about him driving. She'll say something about it tomorrow.

"Tell me honestly. Did you have an affair with a black man?"

"No."

"Not with Martin?"

"Martin's gay."

"So you're saying if he wasn't gay you'd want to . . ."

"No!"

"Aliens, then. Don't get mad! Just think about it for a minute. It happens all the time."

"Aliens? I'm beginning to think I'm married to one."

His chubby legs, his downy blond hair like chick fluff, his bottom in his saggy diapers, his perfect ears. The way he watches everything, his pale eyes full of calm inquiry. He smiles, he does it all the time, though she knows everyone would tell her that it's too soon, that it's only a burp, or a twitch, or a trick of the light.

He gets fretful sometimes, screwing up his face and batting himself with his fists. She takes him to the pediatrician, who looks searchingly between his legs and says, "Bad case of diaper rash."

"But I don't see anything."

"With him it's harder to see the redness. There's a cream you should try."

The doctor is a tall woman with a mass of striking mahogany-colored hair that she always wears knotted on top of her head and held in place with two chopsticks or knitting needles. This arrangement seems dangerous to Julia; she keeps picturing eyeballs poked out, babies impaled. And yet the hair was a major factor in choosing this doctor. Julia longs to see it unknotted, trailing on the floor. She hopes, maybe one day when they are more friendly, that she can ask to see it, and that the doctor, smiling, will oblige her.

"You need to be very vigilant with this sort of thing," the doctor is saying. "With this skin, bruises are harder to spot. You'll have to check him for other signs."

"He still never cries. Not a sound."

"We can't find any reason for it. He's just quiet. You're lucky. A perfect baby."

She keeps thinking, for some reason, about the professor in her art-history class. Going on and on about negative space, how sculpture is about the skin, that edge where substance and absence meet. How the presence of empty space, a void, causes a solid object to reveal itself.

Gabriel stares, pupils floating in near-white irises like flecks trapped in ice. He can be so still, sometimes, as if holding his breath. A statue of a child. When she sees other children she's shocked by the noise, the frenzied motion. One day she sees a neighbor's child squirming in his stroller, bucking against the straps, and thinks he's having a seizure. "Hyperactive," she tells Gabe, whose motions are as slow and deliberate as a chess player's. "Not like you."

In the middle of the night she reads to him, books she loved as a child. She knows he doesn't understand, but the sound of her voice puts him to sleep.

One night she reads:

> The gypsies came and stole the child away in the dead of night. They came all a-creeping, silent and slinking. It used to happen all the time, you know, every family had a story of a dear little lost one. But most people don't know that it still goes on. The gypsies take only the naughty, the pretty children. Children are so ugly nowadays.
>
> They carried the children off in great sacks, bouncing against their backs, to the gypsy market where they were sold to the diamond mines where the shafts are too small for a grown man, or to the factories that need tiny fingers to tighten screws. Or to the circuses to feed the lions and tigers.
>
> We like the circus, the children said. We like lions and tigers.
>
> O-ho, the gypsies said, they will like you too.

It's an old book, full of racial stereotypes, grisly violence. She's surprised by how frightening it is. Long after Gabe dozes off, she sits up, reading ahead, unable to sleep, afraid to turn the light off. The glowing yellow eyes in the illustrations follow her around after she closes the book.

"Let's have another baby," Jonas says.

"But not so soon."

"I want to start it now." Pushing her to the bed and bouncing her down. "A little girl? Hunh? As soon as possible. I want to see . . ."

"You want to see what color the next one will be?"

"Let's see if we're capable of producing a normal baby. Don't you want to know?"

"No," she said. "No. Not like this."

Gabe is quiet in the nursery. Jonas pushes her down ungently. He's not rough; he's been much rougher in the past, when they played around at wrestling and manhandling each other. But it scares her now. She goes limp, pictures a rabbit in a dog's mouth, carried so gently the teeth don't break the skin. She imagines she can hear Gabe's breathing.

When he's done he says, "Oh honey, oh sweetie, I'm sorry. I didn't know you were still sore there. It's been months—I thought you were O.K. by now."

"It's fine," she says mechanically and totters to the bathroom to wipe herself off. She has her period, but she won't tell him that. Let him think he's hurt her.

The next day he brings her flowers, a recording of the Brahms lullaby, a brick of baker's chocolate, and a bouquet of spinach leaves. The flowers' scent is so strong it nauseates her. The music makes her want to smash something. The spinach is a mystery until she remembers Jonas reading her something about folic acid, conception, healthy embryos in the early stages.

They don't talk about it; it's as though it hadn't happened.

She'd only meant to guilt-trip him a

little, but now she realizes that she's set a dangerous precedent. Jonas didn't hurt her, but he thought he did. And she let him. Now he thinks he can get away with it. Now it will be easier for him to do it again. But it won't be again; it will be the first time.

Gabe glares at Jonas over his high-chair tray, his hairless brows wrinkled.

"He's fussy this morning," she says, though he doesn't look fussy—he looks like a stern Buddha passing judgment. He knows.

"Those eyes," Jonas says and hides behind the tent of his newspaper.

Julia thinks of the storybook gypsy eyes. She keeps thinking she sees them staring out of the shrubbery in the yard. She goes to lift Gabe out of the high chair and realizes she can't; the angle's awkward, but it's more than that. He doesn't look any bigger, but he seems to weigh twice as much, as though there were a magnetic force pulling him toward the earth.

She waits until Jonas leaves for the day, so she can brace herself, heave, and strain in private.

Julia's in the checkout line at the grocery store, Gabe strapped in a pouch against her chest. It's an effort to stand up straight. She's staring at the headlines of the tabloids—"MOTHER OF SEPTUPLETS WANTS TO NAME THEM ALL STEVE," "LOCAL MAN BURIES FAMILY ALIVE IN BACK YARD THEN PLANTS TULIPS," "LOSE TWENTY POUNDS IN THREE DAYS WITH MIRACLE SHAD DIET," "IOWA CROP CIRCLES INDICATE LOCATION OF MISSING CHILD"—when a bejewelled hand enters her line of vision. The hand descends on Gabe's head, fondling his hair in a proprietary way.

"His hair's dry," the woman says. "You need to use conditioner on him." She's an older black woman with short hair and large earrings and enormous unblinking eyes. She has a bale of Huggies in her cart. So does Julia. Huggies are on sale.

"It always looks like that."

"That's what I'm saying. It's all dry. He needs conditioning. You people don't understand."

"I'll try it." She won't. She likes it this way. She both resents the woman's authoritative handling of Gabe's head and feels strangely grateful. Take me in, she wants to say. Take me home. Tell me what to do. Gabe's black, she thinks, but he's not *black*. Or is he? Is he old enough to notice these things yet? Maybe he would feel more at home among black people. Why doesn't she have more black friends? She ought to have more of them. Maybe that's what she should do—infiltrate, ingratiate herself. Make friends with women like this one, who seems so sure of the right thing to do.

"You can't have the boy going around looking like Buckwheat. A blond Buckwheat. I can't believe you put peroxide on a baby, poor thing."

"He was born like that."

"Listen," the woman says, stepping closer, with a confidential air. "I appreciate what you're trying to do and all, but I'm sorry, it's not right. You're misguided. You're hurting more than helping. The child's going to grow up all confused about what he is."

"What do you think I should do?"

"Why couldn't you adopt a nice white child? It's good of you to want to give some child a home, but why not one of your own kind? The boy's going to end up feeling like he doesn't fit in anywhere. There's no lonelier feeling. He needs his black community."

"He's not adopted."

"Oh, really?" The woman takes in Julia's limp colorless hair, the blue veins showing through her pale skin. The kind of pale that prompts strangers to ask if she's just given blood, if she'd like to lie down. "Really? Well, that must have been the blackest black man in the universe! Black-hole black!" The friendly condescension has turned in a second to rancor. There's nowhere to go in the narrow chute between racks of magazines and bubble gum. Heads in other lines are starting to turn. Gabe is struggling, clawing at her.

She tries to comfort him. He fights as though he were trying to escape. She looks at Gabe, at the black woman, trying to see kinship. But the woman is about a hundred shades lighter than Gabe, a warm, rich brown. The closest thing to Gabe's color is the black of the checkout conveyor belt.

She feels a foolish grin spreading over her face. Her knees buckling. Jonas has talked about how it would be easier for him if Gabe had some dread disease. She can see what he means. Jonas wants to fight, he wants a distinct enemy. He wants to donate a kidney, argue with doctors, spend nights in a hospital drinking bad coffee, scream at the insurance agency. He wants heroics, tragedy, not the constant petty battles of the day-to-day.

"He must have been Mister Super-Negro, Mister Out-of-Africa," the woman chortles. "Oh, lord."

Julia calls Missy and says, "He's getting worse and worse."

"Worse how?"

"All he does now is sleep, eat, and give me these evil-eye looks."

"Are you thinking about splitting up?"

"No! I could never . . . "

"But you keep saying you can't stand being around him."

She sighs. "It's terrible, but sometimes I think I'd be happy if he just . . . disappeared. It would be so much easier."

"Then you could get back together with that black guy," Missy says. "You never told me his name."

"I keep telling you, there isn't any . . . wait, what was that?"

"Something at your end."

She knows what it was: the muffled click of a receiver stealthily put down, and downstairs in the kitchen the lumbering tread of a man trying to tiptoe.

They lie in bed, on their backs, watching reflections of headlights glide across the ceiling. Blank-faced and wide awake, two paper dolls.

"You're such a hypocrite," Jonas says. "You said it yourself. I heard you. I don't know why you get so mad at me for wishing it."

"Said what?"

"That it would be nice. If he just. Went away."

She stops going to the grocery store. She makes lists for Jonas, and he buys double of everything, to minimize shopping trips. Bananas rot in the kitchen, the refrigerator is crammed with fat-free margarine, and there's a wall of Huggies in the corner of the nursery that goes all the way up to the ceiling, like a barricade.

"Why won't you just hold him?" she says.

"I'm afraid I'll break him."

"Don't you want to?"

"I'm afraid of what I might do."

And she's afraid, too, that if he picks Gabe up he'll feel the strange denseness,

the rock-solidness of him that is making him harder and harder to bear.

She lugs Gabe to the pediatrician and is horrified to discover that the doctor has cut off her hair. She now has a mannish crewcut that reveals the irregular bumps of her skull. Julia feels betrayed.

The doctor inspects Gabe.

"There's something strange. About his weight," Julia says.

"I'm not really concerned about that right now," the doctor says. "I'd rather focus on this." She gestures at Gabe's arms, then his chest, then the back of his head.

"What? I don't see anything."

"Bruising. It's common, at this age, when they're first crawling around and bumping into things, but . . ."

"He doesn't crawl around," Julia says. "He just sits there."

The doctor looks at her probingly. "Are you sure you're not being too rough with him?" she says. "You might be hurting him without realizing it."

"I'd know! He'd tell me!" Julia says hotly, privately wondering how. Write little notes? Use sign language?

The doctor is silent so long that they both hear Julia's stomach make a squealing, spiralling sound.

"Just remember to be gentle," the doctor says finally. "Watch the bruises." She makes Julia look closely, pointing out the blacker-than-black marks that she says are sore spots. She talks about the "thumb-shaped" bruises on his chest, and the "finger-sized" ones on his back. "I'd like to do another CAT scan," she says, but just then an unearthly howling arises from another examining room. The doctor dashes out, and Julia grabs Gabe and his clothes and flees.

"Jonas?"

"What?"

"Nothing."

He looks different. He's shaved something off, or let something grow. Why is everyone changing their hair all of a sudden? The difference is that he's cleanshaven, she decides, rather than sporting his usual half-grown stubble. His eyebrows look groomed. And his eyelashes are gone. Has he never had eyelashes? How could she not notice something like that? The absence of hair ought to reveal more of him, but somehow it has the opposite effect: his face seems harder, smoother, more artificial, a rigid mask.

"Jonas?"

"What?"

She looks at his hands. They're thick, blunt, made for crushing things or wrenching them apart. She should leave. She should just leave, right now. Instead she runs her finger down his cheek. It's as soft as suède.

They make love on the couch. Jonas moves so slowly, so gently, he doesn't break a sweat. Gabe watches the whole thing from his bouncy-swing. He's so heavy he doesn't bounce, just hangs suspended, the frame buckling under his deadweight.

The second time Gabe vanishes she knows she shouldn't panic. But she does. She panics more than she did the first time. Again she dashes up and down stairs, wheeling and whirling, her own hysterical breathing drowning out all other sound. Finally she stops, pauses, tries to feel on her skin the tiny air currents stirred up by movement somewhere in the house.

She finds him sitting in the empty bathtub, not crying, not lost in contemplation of his warped reflection in the faucet, as a normal baby would be. He's sitting, hands folded, patient, simply waiting.

She lugs him to his changing table, whips off his playsuit, his diaper, turns on a bright lamp, and inspects him all over. She thinks she sees a new bruise on his ankle, then one on his groin. Then a ring of small ones flowering on his shoulder like a bite mark. Then one on his cheek. Then she's seeing them everywhere, his whole hide is mottled with them, coated with them.

"I give up," she says.

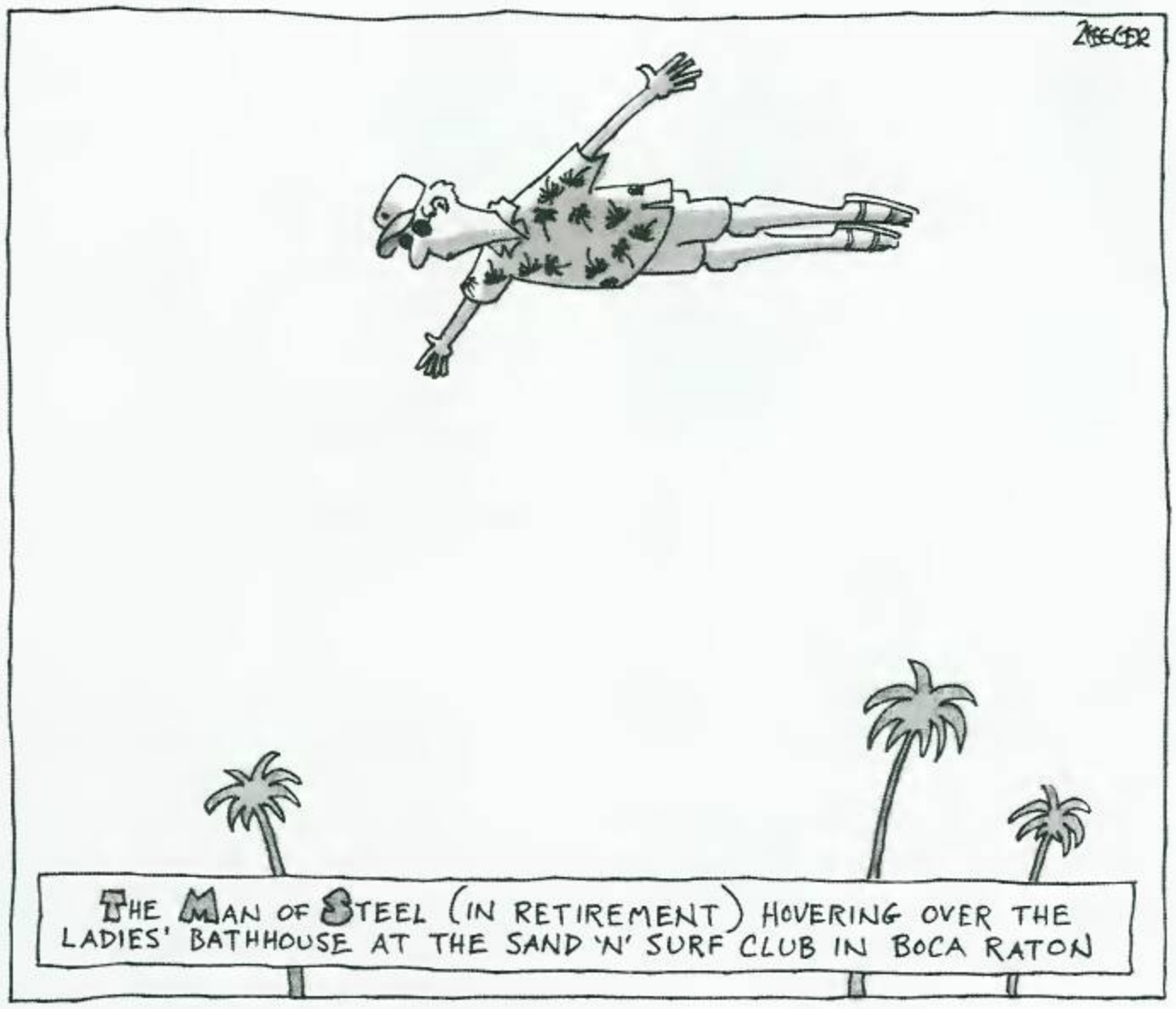
She hears Jonas slam the front door. "Baby," he calls. "Baby, darling, mother dear, shoogums, sweetheart, honey pie, sugar lips, babycakes, cinnamon roll"—reciting the litany of eons ago, back when he was always kidding but meant it all and she didn't believe a word of it. She feels a frantic desire to hide—hide herself, hide Gabe, fold up the entire house and hide it in her pocket. She crouches over the changing table and hears Jonas's footsteps on the stairs. She is conscious of her exposed back, the vulnerability of her nape and skull.

She tells herself that there is a masked intruder coming down the hall. That fantasy is preferable to the truth.

"Honey," he says. "I'm home."

She wakes feeling that something is wrong. She wakes to vertigo every morning, but today is different.

She trudges to the nursery, rotating her sore shoulders, cracking her back. The



"The battle for the living room is about to heat up."

• •

rocking chair nods gently, as if someone had just vacated it. The astronauts and cowboys and lion tamers on the wallpaper wink at her. Jonas picked the paper; she had been skeptical. The astronauts have what are unquestionably codpieces attached to their spacesuits, and the lion tamers seem a little too fey. For the hundredth time she resolves to repaper the room. She leans over the crib.

A pink-skinned, black-haired green-eyed baby looks back at her. She screams. The baby screams. It's so loud, she's never heard anything so loud, it's like the walls are screaming.

Jonas comes running. He comes just a little too quickly, as if he'd been waiting a few steps down the hall; his surprise is a bit too theatrical.

"Where is Gabe?" she screams. "Where is he?"

Jonas's face shifts from blankness to surprise to ecstatic realization in a metamorphosis that has clearly been rehearsed for hours before the bathroom mirror. "But this *is* Gabe. He's changed. He's cured."

"This is not Gabe! Have you lost your mind? Where did this baby come from?"

"It's a miracle. He finally changed. I knew he would. He's healed."

"He wasn't sick! He was fine before!"

"He's normal now. We can be a normal family. Isn't that what you wanted?"

"What you wanted."

The baby's eyes flick back and forth; fists wave in the air; legs kick. A new sound comes out of its mouth. Not a scream. Something else. The audible language of babies is so foreign to her she doesn't understand what's happening. Jonas lifts the baby and holds it against his shoulder, and the noise stops.

"What is going on?"

A loud burp mocks her. Jonas? Or the baby?

"Why can't you just be happy?" Jonas says.

And that's what everyone tells her: the doctors, the police when she insists on calling them, her parents, their friends. It's a miracle, people say. You should consider yourselves lucky. Just one of those things. Even the doctors say this.

"Don't put a gift horse in your mouth, right?" Jonas says. "Count your blessings, right? Didn't you say that?" The new baby vomits great lumpy gouts on her shoulder. He has mushy features, a fat chin—nothing like Gabe's. He's light, flabby, insubstantial. She could toss him out the window if she wanted to. She might. He screams and screams. His face turns red when he screams, when he burps, when the slightest flicker of emotion or indigestion ripples through him.

"Like you," Jonas says. Which is true; when Julia gets embarrassed or excited, red splotches appear on her throat and chest, as if she were being throttled by an invisible strangler. She's splotchy now.

"Why can't you accept a good thing?" Jonas asks. "I can understand being in denial about a tragedy, but not this. Why do you have to question it?"

"This is not my baby," she says. No one listens.

But she knows. A mother knows. Her breasts ache. Her longing for Gabe is intensely physical, a barbed fishhook tugging.

The strange baby sucks at her, eating her up. That's not yours, she wants to tell him. It's on loan, it belongs to someone else. When he comes back, you'll have to repay the debt somehow.

She tells herself she is a wet nurse, as in medieval times, suckling the queen's child. It's a job, that's all.

"It was just a phase," Jonas says. "He outgrew it." He's full of authority all of a sudden. Doesn't he ever go to work anymore? Seems like he's always here, changing diapers, wiping everything down with antiseptic cleaners, plying the baby with soft goggle-eyed toys.

She surreptitiously rifles the house, every baby-sized space she can think of. She peers into the clothes dryer with a flashlight before using it.

With the baby on her shoulder, she searches the back yard for spots of freshly turned-up earth. She's being morbid, she knows.

She finds a soft patch and begins digging at it with the toe of her sneaker. The dirt comes away easily. It would be quicker with a shovel, but she doesn't want to put the baby down and go get one. She can't leave the baby in the house, she needs him here, she needs him to see, bear witness. She must maintain balance, at all costs. Whatever hole she finds Gabe in, she will take him out and leave this strange baby in his place.

She's still kicking and scooping with her foot when Jonas comes home. Headlights. Door slamming. Lights go on in rooms, she hears his voice faintly calling. She sees the light go on in the nursery, now she sees his flitting, panicked

shadow. She should call to him. But not yet, not yet, she'll watch the show a minute longer. That must be what I looked like, she thinks, when I found Gabe missing.

Something catches his eye, her white shirt, probably, moving against the darkening hedges. He comes racing outside, little loose bits of him—hair, shirt collar, glasses, jowls—jiggling and fluttering.

He looks at her, the baby, the breadbox-size hole. "What are you doing?"

"I thought . . . I thought . . ."

"I know what you thought. Can't you see how silly you're being?"

Yes, she thinks, I underestimated you. Of course you wouldn't hide him here, right under our noses.

"What do we have to do," he says, "to make you happy?"

"You know."

"Listen," he sighs. "What if I stop trying to convince you that this is Gabe? Why don't we pretend that this is another kid, who's just dropped in our laps and we have to take care of him. Would that make it easier?"

"No," she says, staring at his teeth, which are blue in the twilight. She rubs the baby's back. He burrows his way into her neck and glues himself there with drool. Jonas is right; it'll be far easier to be charitable and love a strange child than to surrender her convictions and concede that he's really hers.

But she finds that the former begins to gradually lead her to the latter, in a slow and insidious way. As days and weeks pass, she relaxes into routines, takes pleasure in the baby's burps and crows and crawling, and forgets for long traitorous periods about her real son. And then it's not a forgetting; she begins to suspect that everyone is right and she is wrong, that this is Gabe after all.

Am I going to react this violently every time he changes? she asks herself. Am I going to be one of those mothers who can't bear their children to grow up, even a little bit?

She begins to think she sees him, her Gabe, in this baby. Truly in him; she glimpses the shimmer of Gabe's pale eyes behind the baby's greenish ones, the glint of gold beneath the scalp, like hairs trapped beneath stockings.

Impossible, she thinks. But she can't shake the idea.

How clever of Jonas, she thinks, to hide him in plain sight.

Impossible.

But they smell the same, don't they? This baby and Gabe. She searches her library of sense memories. And the teeth, the teeth are exactly the same. Jonas never even knew about the teeth. He couldn't have known to find a replacement baby with the exact same—

Gabe's *in* there, she thinks, he's been inside there all along. Trapped. Trying to signal to her, calling silently. She puts an ear to the baby's chest.

She tries to put the thoughts aside but they bounce back up like balloons. What does it matter, she thinks. If Gabe is in there, then she should be glad to have him, in any form. But she wants proof. She wants to be sure.

A strange line of thought arises, which she tries to erase, but can't. She has sudden urges, imagines smashing the baby like a vase to see what's inside, imagines unscrewing his head like the top of a perfume bottle. Changing his diaper, she pulls his legs apart to clean him and imagines pulling, and pulling, and pulling.

She has to lay her suspicions to rest, once and for all. If she could just lift up a bit of skin and see—

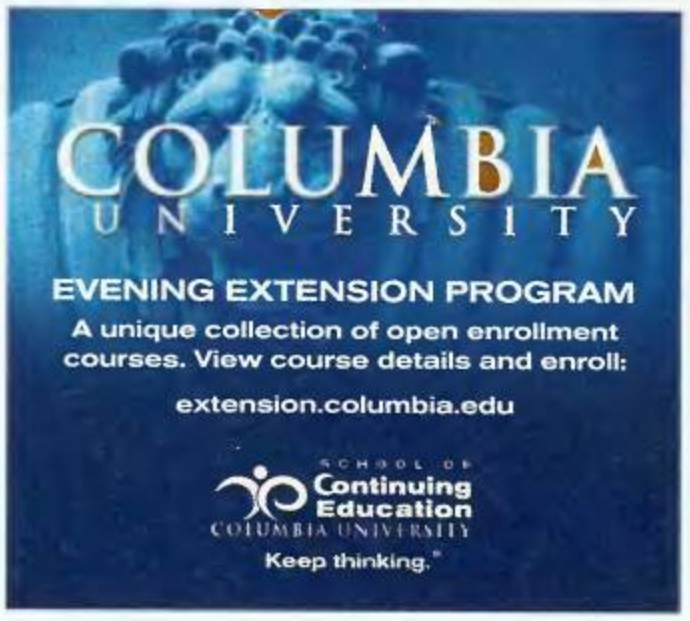
This pale skin that has grown up over him like a crust, a chrysalis—

Just peel back a corner, like getting a peek at the old wallpaper—

Just a peek—then she will be at peace. Then she will lay down her arms, she will concede everything. She will be the best mother the world has ever seen.

Just a little bit. She'll be so gentle, he won't even feel it. Quick, now, before she loses her nerve. Gabe darling, if that's you in there, just lie still, Mommy's coming—

Jonas has left work early—no reason, just felt something was wrong at home, first stirrings of the parent's sixth sense. He checks the yard, then clatters through the house, vaults up the stairs. Now he pauses in the doorway of the nursery and sees a woman he doesn't recognize, a woman with only the vaguest resemblance to his wife, hunched over the baby on the changing table. The baby is silent, as if curious, waiting. The changeling mother bends studiously to her work, moments away from discovery, revelation, reunion. The baby holds his breath. ♦



THE YELLOW HOUSE
Rockport, Maine
imyim.com

Women, Weight & Wellness
Lifelong Solutions for Weight, Image and Eating-related Issues ... Since 1973
GREEN MOUNTAIN at FOX RUN
www.fitwoman.com
Brochure requests: 800.448.8106

THE CRITICS

BOOKS

FATHERS AND SONS

George W. Bush and his forebears.

BY DAVID GREENBERG

Moments after enemy fire punctured the fuselage, smoke filled the cockpit of George Herbert Walker Bush's plane, the Barbara III. The twenty-year-old Navy pilot and his two-man crew had not yet carried out their mission, which was to bomb the island of Chichi Jima. But the plane was plummeting, and flames were nearing the fuel tank. Finally, the payload was dropped, and Bush ordered his crewmen, Ted White and John Delaney, to bail. Hearing no reply, he jumped out himself—pulling the parachute's rip cord early and banging his head on the plane, but recovering in time to hit the water safely. Swimming to an emergency life raft that had opened with his jump, he waited to be rescued. Around him, in the swells of the Pacific, White and Delaney were nowhere to be seen. "I cannot get the thought of those two boys out of my mind," Bush confessed years later.

In 1999, Bush celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday by jumping out of another airplane. (He jumped again last month, to celebrate his eightieth.) This time, he forgot to pull the rip cord; fortunately, another jumper had the presence of mind to do it for him. On landing, the former President was euphoric. Some noted echoes: it seemed that the birthday display of bravura had allowed him to revisit, perhaps even master, his Second World War trauma.

If George H. W. Bush had long viewed that wartime episode with dismay, his son George W. had always viewed it with awe. According to "The Bushes: Portrait of a Dynasty" (Doubleday; $27.95), an admiring history of the family by Peter and Rochelle Schweizer, George Walker Bush, as a child, had leafed through photograph albums of his father in uniform and stolen glimpses of his medals. "I want to be a fighter pilot because my father was," Bush told Colonel Walter (Buck) Staudt, of the Texas Air National Guard, in 1968, and Staudt helped the new Yale graduate leapfrog the waiting list to enter the pilot program. Four months later, young Bush pulled off a neat trick for a draft-age man during the Vietnam War: he had his second-lieutenant wings, yet he faced almost no risk of having to go and fight. The only price was that he took home no medals like his father's.

Three decades later, on May 1, 2003, George W. landed in an S-3B Viking jet on the U.S.S. Abraham Lincoln, where he delivered a speech hailing the end of "major combat" in Iraq. For most of his life, he had followed in his father's footsteps—Andover, Yale, military flying, the oil business, politics—only to come up short at each milepost. The father prospered when his company, Zapata Petroleum Corporation, struck oil in seventy-one Texas wells in 1953 and 1954; when the son, at roughly the same age, formed his own firm, Arbusto, not even infusions of family cash could keep it from tumbling into debt. "I'm all name and no money," he said after it foundered. But last year, when he strode triumphant on the carrier deck, no one could dispute that, by chasing Saddam Hussein from his Baghdad palace, the son had finished one job his father had left undone.

Along with the Schweizers' book, Kevin Phillips's "American Dynasty: Aristocracy, Fortune, and the Politics of Deceit in the House of Bush" (Viking; $25.95) and Craig Unger's "House of Bush, House of Saud: The Secret Relationship Between the World's Two Most Powerful Dynasties" (Scribner; $26) seek to place the incumbent's policies in the context of family traits. The word "dynasty," readers will note, appears in all three titles, likening the son's Presidency to a monarchical restoration, and all the authors draw lines of continuity between the two Bush Presidencies.

Phillips, taking the notion of dynasty literally, compares the Bushes to the Stuarts of Britain and the Bourbons of France, and warns that George W.'s assumption of the Presidency so soon after his father's term—with Jeb Bush in the wings—could establish a family succession that would traduce America's republican traditions. This dark prophecy is, to say the least, premature. The Bushes have held power for just seven and a half years, in the middle of which came eight years of the decidedly unaristocratic Bill Clinton. Compared with, say, the Kennedys, who have influenced state and national politics for half a century, the Bush clan has hardly earned the label "dynasty." The family reign could well amount to two one-term Presidencies.

What really rankles Phillips, it's clear, is the notion that a patrician class, as embodied by the Bush family, has come to dominate the Republican Party again. Some would argue, of course, that this moneyed élite never lost its grip on the G.O.P. But Phillips made his name trying to steer the Party in a populist direction. His first book, "The Emerging Republican Majority" (1969), outlined how the G.O.P. could capitalize on what he called "a populist revolt of the American masses who have been elevated by prosperity to middle-class status and conservatism . . . against the caste, policies and taxation of the

PAT OLIPHANT

George W. said that his father "is the wrong father to appeal to in terms of strength. There is a higher father that I appeal to."

mandarins of Establishment liberalism." During the Reagan years, though, he began taking aim at the Republicans, whom he blamed for exacerbating economic inequality. For Phillips, the Bushes—steeped in family money, committed to regressive economics, and convinced that high public office is a virtual birthright—personify the Party's worst tendencies.

That George W. grew up in Midland, Texas, and not Greenwich, Connecticut, shouldn't deceive anyone, Phillips argues. He and Unger both remind us that Midland, in the fifties, was an affluent village populated by the oil-prospecting sons of Northeastern businessmen. City leaders named roads after Ivy League schools. Although George W. has boasted, in touting his common origins, of having attended San Jacinto Junior High School, his one year there was followed by stints at Houston's tony Kinkaid School and at Andover. George W.'s Everyman act is more persuasive than his father's, but it's no less of an act. Indeed, Phillips sees the affectation of ordinariness as a signal Bush family trait. When the Schweizers look for such traits, they discover benign qualities like a gift for making friends, a bantering humor, a love of sports. But Phillips sees only the trappings of privilege. In his telling, for example, the premium that the Bushes place on personal loyalty issues from the exclusivity of the old-boy network; their playful antics derive from the ethos of the country-club locker room.

These family traits go way back. At the turn of the last century, both of George H. W. Bush's grandfathers found themselves a place in the so-called Eastern establishment. Both parlayed great fortunes into national and global influence. His mother's father, George Herbert (Bert) Walker, the son of a successful drygoods wholesaler, multiplied his family riches after he became president of the Wall Street investment house W. A. Harriman & Co. George H. W. Bush's father's father, Samuel Prescott Bush, a railroad-equipment executive during the steel-industry boom, was less wealthy than Bert Walker, but he nonetheless earned a handsome living. Samuel's son, Prescott, became, at thirty-five, a managing partner at his father-in-law's firm, after its 1931 merger with Brown Brothers, the old-line investment-banking company.

The Bushes and the Walkers cultivated friendships, deals, and political alliances that allowed them both to exert power and to make profits in the key sectors of the emerging military-industrial complex: finance, armaments, and, later, energy. In the mid-forties, when Prescott helped fund a project for the Office of Strategic Services, the spy organization staffed and run by his Ivy League associates, the worlds of intelligence and national security opened to the Bush family. In 1950, he ran for the Senate, and lost, but he was elected two years later, and electoral politics opened up to the Bushes, too.

To Prescott and his set, there was nothing presumptuous about running for high office without any political experience. The example of their fathers taught them that they were born to lead. It was a sense of family prerogative that both Prescott's son and grandson inherited. The elder George had served only briefly as a Republican Party county chairman in Texas before running for the Senate in 1964; he lost his first race, too, before winning a House seat in 1966. The younger George, for his part, was struggling in the oil business when he first ran, also unsuccessfully, for Congress, in 1978.

For George H. W. Bush, as for Prescott, this sense of noblesse oblige was accompanied by a conception of politics and foreign affairs as matters for gentlemen to work out around the table or over drinks, and for most of his career he excelled by hewing to this ethic. Never a dazzling campaigner, he rose politically through a series of appointive offices—Ambassador to the United Nations, chairman of the Republican National Committee, envoy to China, head of the C.I.A.—in which he built friendships and mastered diplomacy. For all his foreign-policy experience, though, Bush never established or refined a set of principles on international affairs. Instead, he developed what Richard Ben Cramer has aptly called an "ideology of friendship." Loyalty and personal relationships substituted for what Bush once, in frustration, dismissed as "the vision thing."

During the first Gulf War, the politics of personal relationships served Bush well, helping him assemble the

IN KRAKÓW

On the border of this world and the beyond, in Kraków.
Tap-tap on the foot-worn flagstones of churches,
Generation after generation. Here I came to understand
Something of the habits of my brothers and sisters.
The nakedness of a woman meets the nakedness of a man
And completes itself with its second half
Carnal, or even divine,
Which is likely the same thing,
As revealed to us in the Song of Songs.
And must not every one of them nestle down into the Eternally Living,
Into His scent of apples, saffron, cloves, and incense,
Into Him who is coming
With the brightness of glowing wax candles?
And He, divisible, separate for each of them,
Receives them, him and her, in a wafer, into their own flame.
They shade the glow of it with their mossy-misty costumes,
They wear masks of silk, porcelain, brass, and silver,
So as not to mislead with their own, ordinary faces.
Little crosses on the marble will adorn their tombs.

—Czeslaw Milosz

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

FROM EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS

ROBERT REDFORD

AND REBECCA EATON

Some secrets should stay buried.

A Thief of Time

BASED ON THE BEST-SELLING NOVEL BY TONY HILLERMAN

MYSTERY!
PBS.ORG/MYSTERY

Sunday, July 11 9PM ET/PT

PBS
Be more

THE INSTANT #1 BESTSELLER BY
David Sedaris
Dress Your Family in Corduroy and Denim
david sedaris
author of ME TALK PRETTY ONE DAY
"Hilarious, elegant."
—Chris Lehmann *Washington Post Book World*
Little, Brown and Company

Satisfaction
We got a great quality bed, they delivered it really fast and we love it!
At 1-800-Mattress® your satisfaction is guaranteed. That's why one third of our customers have shopped with us before, and now refer their family and friends.
We sell only the best brands with styles to fit every budget. Add great selection with low prices and there's no reason to shop anywhere else.
Call today and save $25-$150 on your purchase.
1·800·Mattress.
mattress.com
Call for a showroom near you 1-800-736-8464

WWW.CLASSICALPURSUITS.COM 1-877-633-2555
LORCA'S SPAIN
Sept. 30 - Oct. 10
Great books Great conversation Great place Great fun

Explore New England Islands
FREE SHORE TOURS
Charming, casual, yacht-style cruise
Nantucket, Cuttyhunk, Newport, Martha's Vineyard & Block Island
5 Nights from $1195 August 8, 15, 29
➤Only 100 guests ➤Depart RI ➤As seen on PBS
American Canadian Caribbean Line
800-556-7450
www.accl-smallships.com

coalition that expelled Saddam Hussein from Kuwait. At other times, however, he was led astray by his expectation that Americans would defer to élites. One contribution of Craig Unger's book is to remind us of how much the elder Bush was a product of a bygone establishment—hence his engagement, as Vice-President and as President, in covert arms swaps and financial trades. "He knew the style, the diction," Unger quotes Howard Teicher, a Reagan Administration official, as saying. "He was good at having diplomatic discussions. But he could be swayed by personal relationships with foreign leaders." In addition to his role in the Iran-Contra affair, Bush, in what came to be called "Iraqgate," secretly helped Saddam Hussein obtain weapons, loans, and military intelligence in his war against Iran. In the same category, Phillips adds Bush's Christmas Eve pardons of several key Iran-Contra figures just before he left the White House. Whatever crimes these gentlemen committed, Bush's pardons implied, they did them for honorable reasons and should be protected from undue scrutiny.

Like his father, George W. Bush is secretive about his policymaking in a way that can suggest a blithe sense of class entitlement. Often, in fact, he seems contemptuous of popular accountability. More than his father, he refuses to acknowledge dissenting views or offer explanations for his actions. Unwanted questions are brusquely waved away. Compromise is scorned.

One result has been an impression of a strong leader and a man of firm convictions—no wishy-washy compromiser like his father. But his political style also carries risks. Even apart from the disputed election of 2000, George W.'s career had led many people to view him as undeserving of the Presidency, at least as judged by the American ideals of equal opportunity and meritocracy. The invasion of Iraq, launched hurriedly and for what seemed (at least in part) to be personal reasons, has amplified those doubts. Whatever his other motives, a family grudge helped drive his decision. He repeatedly called Saddam Hussein "the guy who tried to kill my dad"; more broadly, George W. and his advisers, many of them veterans of his father's councils, appeared to be using their power to complete the father's agenda. According to Bob Woodward's book "Plan of Attack," Vice-President Dick Cheney, who had served the elder Bush as Defense Secretary during the 1991 Gulf War, "harbored a deep sense of unfinished business about Iraq." More than anything else, it is this use of Presidential power for private or family purposes that has encouraged the current talk about dynasty.

But a dynastic sense of "unfinished business," though it may have partly motivated the Iraq war, doesn't explain why George W. has waged it with an abandon wholly uncharacteristic of his father. Indeed, the differences between the Bush Administrations now loom larger than the continuities. Brashness, for example, isn't a quality associated with the elder Bush, who always displayed the ingrained modesty of the old establishment. Politically, he was self-effacing to a fault. When the Berlin Wall fell and his press secretary, Marlin Fitzwater, urged him to make a speech, Bush seemed puzzled. "The last thing I want to do is brag about winning the Cold War," he said. The trait could bleed into opportunism, too: he swallowed his pro-choice record and his scorn for "voodoo economics" (a phrase he coined) when Reagan tendered him the Vice-Presidential slot, in 1980.

George W. showed little of his father's caution as he barrelled ahead with his controversial appointments and extravagant tax cuts, convinced that he was doing the right thing. The signature act of his Presidency, targeting Saddam, defied his father's judgment that deposing the tyrant would alienate the Arab allies whose support had been essential to the first Gulf War. And, where the elder Bush struggled to articulate a well-defined world view, few doubt the younger Bush's ideological consistency.

The difference between the Bushes is starkest in the area of religion. The father had the traditional Yankee unease about introducing religion into political life. During the 1988 campaign, when he recalled floating on the life raft in the Pacific after his wartime crash, he said, "I thought about Mother and Dad and the strength I got from them, and God and faith"—and then became so worried about the implications of his words that

he added, "and the separation of church and state." Even in avowing his faith he sounded strained. "If by 'born again' one is asking, 'Do you accept Jesus Christ as your savior?' " he said, "then I would answer a clear-cut yes. No hesitancy. No awkwardness."

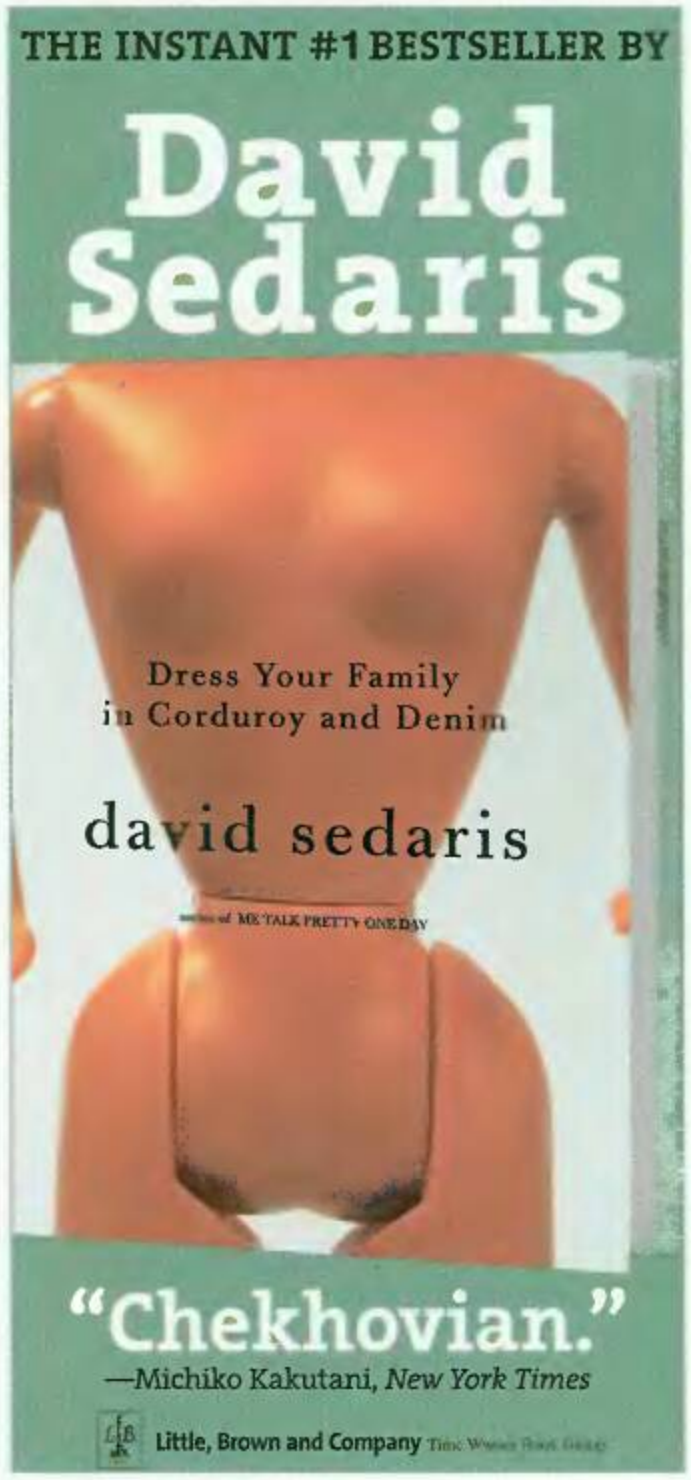
George W.'s devotion to evangelical Protestantism, by contrast, is well known. Although Christianity didn't play a strong role in his early life, he found God when he turned forty. At the time, he was drinking heavily and his marriage was collapsing. Laura told him that if he didn't stop drinking she would leave him and take their daughters with her. For a year, Bush had been consulting with the Reverend Billy Graham—pastor to Presidents since Eisenhower—and he began exploring the evangelical message. He joined a Bible-study group—an especially significant commitment, in the Schweizers' view, because it met at the same time as "Monday Night Football." "With W. no longer drinking," the Schweizers write, he and Laura "became intimate once again."

The news media have been prone to underestimate the importance of George W.'s evangelicalism. Perhaps it's because the religious right has perfected the art of what used to be called Mau-Mauing, rendering the press corps fearful of broaching the subject. Maybe reporters genuinely believe that George W. plays it up for political purposes; they often describe him as behaving cynically when he takes actions that please the Christian right. But this reading stems from an assumption of continuity between the son and the father, who did pander to evangelical conservatives. "I always laugh when people say that George W. Bush is saying this or that to appease the religious right," his first cousin John Ellis told the Schweizers. "He *is* the religious right."

George W. has been active in evangelical politics since his father's 1988 campaign, when he served as the campaign's liaison to the religious right. Working with Doug Wead, an Assemblies of God pastor and a longtime Bush associate, he forged personal alliances with influential ministers, broadcasters, and activists. In the Iowa caucuses, the televangelist Pat Robertson outpolled the elder Bush (who explained, comically, that his supporters were off that night golfing or at air shows and débutante balls). But the son's aggressive networking paid off in the Southern primaries weeks later, when his father, once distrusted by born-again Christians, trounced even Robertson within that constituency. In the younger Bush's own Presidential bid, in 2000, he got a minority of the over-all vote but eighty-four per cent of highly observant, white evangelicals. "For the first time," Phillips notes, "a Republican presidential victory rested on a religious, conservative, southern-centered coalition." For the first time, the President of the United States was also "the de facto head of the Religious Right."

Phillips attributes Bush's success to demographics, in particular the surge of evangelical Christian denominations as a proportion of the faithful. Between 1960 and 2000, the number of Americans who attended weekly services fell from thirty-eight per cent to twenty-five per cent. At the same time, membership in the Southern Baptist Convention grew from ten million to seventeen million, and membership in the Pentecostal churches from less than two million to nearly twelve million. "Liberal religion was being routed," Phillips concludes. Bush shared the values of this growing bloc and enjoyed its overwhelming support.

Bush has not been shy about displaying his faith. Shortly after September 11, 2001, the President came across Proverbs 21:15: "When justice is done, it brings joy to the righteous but terror to evildoers." Soon, "evildoers" became his favorite term for Al Qaeda. Bush's speechwriter, Michael Gerson, himself an evangelical, laces the President's addresses with seemingly innocuous terms that the devout recognize as laden with meaning: "whirlwind," "work of mercy," "safely home," "wonder-working power." Phillips refers to a study by the religion scholar Bruce Lincoln, who identified, in Bush's speech to Congress announcing the invasion of Afghanistan, allusions to Revelation, Isaiah, Job, Matthew, and Jeremiah. In private, Bush has been even more explicit. "George sees this as a religious war," a family member told



Wendy, Pete, Adele and Jack, survived the crash of 2001!
Just
Share their experience in
The Letter Writer
a fast- paced, thoroughly enjoyable novel of greed, excess, boredom and intrigue in America in the early days of the new millennium.
THE LETTER WRITER
by Robert Mercer-Nairne
ISBN 0-9748141-0-5; CLOTH: $22.95
Just published by Gritpoul, Inc.

10 Million Pieces!
China, Crystal, Silver, Collectibles
183,000 Patterns • Old/New • Buy/Sell
REPLACEMENTS, LTD.
1-800-REPLACE (1-800-737-5223)
PO Box 26029, Greensboro, NC 27420 • Dept YO
www.replacements.com

The Retreat at Sheppard Pratt
A first class setting for world class care
• Psychotherapeutic milieu
• Intermediate length of stay
• Private pay setting in Baltimore, MD
410-938-4040 www.retreatatsp.org

THE INSTANT #1 BESTSELLER BY
David Sedaris
Dress Your Family in Corduroy and Denim
david sedaris
author of ME TALK PRETTY ONE DAY
"Surprisingly touching."
—Christopher Muther, *Boston Globe*
Little, Brown and Company

BODY TIME®
Est. 1970
FORMERLY THE ORIGINAL BODY SHOP, BERKELEY, CA
CALL TO ORDER: 1-888-649-2639
Try the Original China Rain–Free!
GO TO: www.bodytime.com/newyorker

THE POKE BOAT®
IT'S EVERYTHING A CANOE/KAYAK ISN'T.
It weighs only **22 pounds**. You can buy more than a canoe/kayak.
606-965-2803

Go Everywhere!
Myths and Mountains
800/670-6984
www.mythsandmountains.com
Asia
Australia
Antarctica
Southeast Asia
South America

SWIM BETTER NOW
We Guarantee It!
View Free Video at www.totalimmersion.net
Or call 800-609-7946 for free brochure
Total Immersion SWIMMING™

the Schweizers. "He doesn't have a p.c. view of this war. His view of this is that they are trying to kill the Christians. And we the Christians will strike back with more force and more ferocity than they will ever know." Phillips says that Bush has spoken of himself as an instrument of divine will.

But what's wrong with an infusion of religion into Presidential speeches or even policy? The Founders may have believed in a separation between church and state, but the Constitution's secularism doesn't prevent a President from drawing on his religious beliefs in making decisions. Nor has Bush somehow "imposed" his faith on others, however alienating some may find his spiritual language to be. The problem lies, rather, in the specific ways in which Bush uses religion. Abraham Lincoln, in his second Inaugural address, invoked God, but he did so in a spirit of humility, questioning his own certitude and thus inviting further questioning. Bush does the opposite: his use of religion seems designed to remove any doubt—first in his own mind, then in the public's—about his course. It doesn't assist Bush with his reasoning; it substitutes for reasoning. Instead of providing a starting point for careful judgments, it assures him that the instincts on which he has based his policy are unerring.

This kind of recourse to religion leaves citizens no grounds on which to question the President's actions. If the inspiration of God or the Bible is purely personal or subjective, it's not open to debate—and decisions based on it become immune from scrutiny. The result is to short-circuit political deliberation, since democracy rests on the ability of the governed to check their leaders through reasoned argument. Ironically, George W.'s religious beliefs bolster the manorial tendencies of the Bush family. God and family alike promote a sense of special dispensation. It's what happens when the politics of personal relationships comes to center on a personal relationship with God.

Politically, Bush's conspicuous religiosity offers him two advantages over his father's Episcopalian reticence. Like the trappings of his Texas populism, his public piety allows him to connect with ordinary folk as his father never did. Talking Biblical talk, he can shuck off his social class's perceived indifference to people's everyday concerns. It's a paradox, but a politically invaluable one, that his invocation of religion both places him beyond public accountability and conveys that he's just like everyone else. Religion also provides the other key asset his father lacked: the vision thing. The religiously infused sense of mission that George W. reportedly found after September 11th now carries the burden of keeping his Presidency from veering off course the way his father's did.

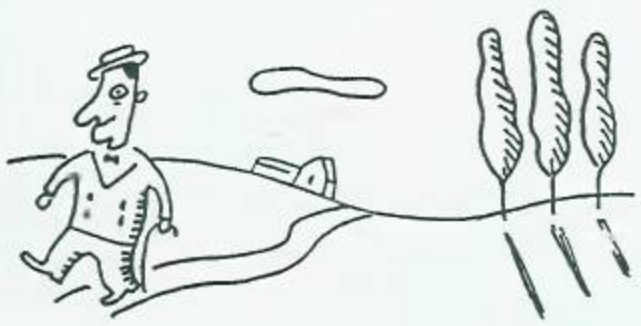
No one would suggest that George W. embraced evangelicalism for electoral advantage. But it's easy to wonder whether his born-again faith might not represent a decision to break with his father, to escape from the culture of Wasp reserve and austerity. George W. came to his new creed at a time when his life seemed to have fallen short of family expectations. His younger brother Jeb was outperforming him in business and seemed more likely to excel in politics. George W. was, his brother Marvin has said, "the family clown." Indeed, George and Barbara found their son's conversion "a stretching experience," the Schweizers report. "Some of that same brashness in his personality came out when he talked about faith. . . . It sparked disagreements within the family." Rich Bond, an associate of the Bushes, told the Schweizers, "You might say it was almost exaggerated. . . . But George W. seemed to want to be defined differently from the beginning."

When it came to war with Iraq, George W. told Bob Woodward that his father "is the wrong father to appeal to in terms of strength. There is a higher father that I appeal to." But, in denying his real father's influence, George W. reaffirms its importance. The very decision to stage a celebration on the Abraham Lincoln flight deck can be read as a rebuke to his father, signalling that he forged ahead where his predecessor had held his fire. It was also at odds with the elder Bush's self-effacing style. Today, as the Iraq adventure slogs on, that stunt is looking less like a moment of glory than like a moment of vainglory—and a mistake that George H. W. Bush, whatever his shortcomings, never would have made. ♦

BRIEFLY NOTED

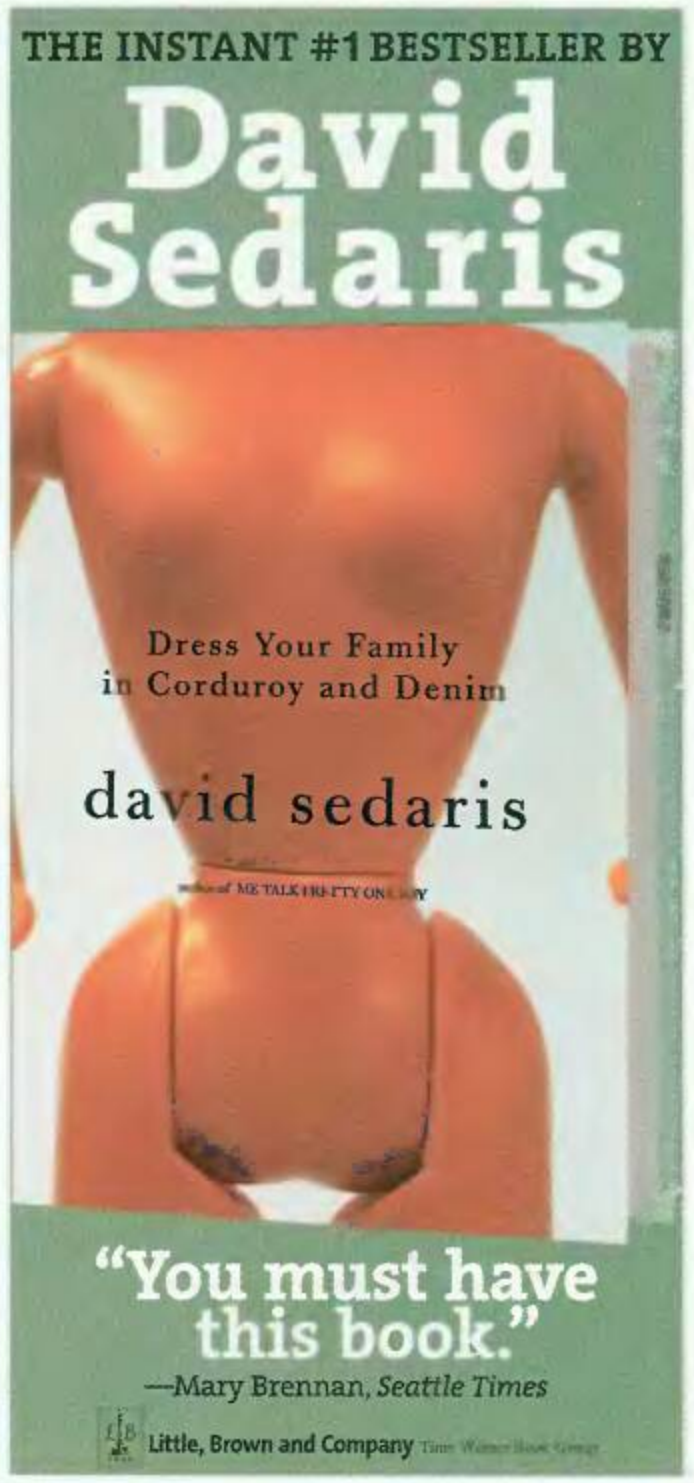
Port Mungo, *by Patrick McGrath (Knopf; $24)*. McGrath's latest foray into macabre psychology examines one obsessive relationship through the lens of another. The novel is narrated by Gin Rathbone, who has lived her life in thrall to her younger brother, Jack, a famous painter now ailing and in her care. She tells the story of their eccentric, motherless childhood in England, a period that ends when Jack falls for a magnetic, promiscuous older artist named Vera Savage. Jack settles with Vera first in New York, then in the ramshackle Central American river town of the title. Gin's account of their extravagantly tempestuous life is full of adulation of him and hatred of Vera, whom she blames for his misfortunes. However, a series of shocking dénouements show us the extent of Gin's delusions about her brother and, in McGrath's virtuosic handling, make for a compelling piece of family Gothic.

Going Out, *by Scarlett Thomas (Anchor; $13)*. Thomas is one of a group of young British writers who call themselves the New Puritans and advocate telling stories as straightforwardly as possible. Here a young man allergic to sunlight spends his days in a heavily curtained suburban bedroom, his impressions of the outside world entirely mediated through American TV sitcoms. Meanwhile, his best friend, a math whiz, languishes as a waitress at a local pizza parlor because she's terrified of everything beyond her home town. When these misfits hear of a Chinese healer, they decide to find him, and they venture out in an old VW van. The heliophobe wraps himself in tin foil and the coward sticks to low-speed roads that appear "yellow" on the map, so that we can't miss the "Wizard of Oz" parallel. The novel succeeds as a quirky, affectionate satire of brand-saturated Britain, but its antic plot veers toward the cutesy, and the prose, deliberately—indeed, puritanically—banal, never lets the characters burst into Technicolor.



Truth & Beauty: A Friendship, *by Ann Patchett (HarperCollins; $23.95)*. Lucy Grealy attained prominence, in 1994, with "Autobiography of a Face," a restrained account of acute disfigurement and continual surgery after a childhood tumor required the removal of much of her lower jaw. Grealy died of a heroin overdose in 2002, at the age of thirty-nine, and Patchett's memoir of her friend, whom she first met in college, reveals a level of anguish that was submerged in Grealy's book. Patchett sees herself as the hardworking ant to Lucy's glamorous grasshopper, with her life in New York, countless friends, and a habit of finishing work at the last minute. But Grealy's tremendous gift for friendship signalled a deep neediness and an inability to be alone that also made it difficult for her to sit down and write. If Patchett's book doesn't quite stand on its own, it is a moving companion to Grealy's.

Shadow Divers, *by Robert Kurson (Random House; $26.95)*. Deep-wreck divers are used to operating with almost no headroom and in zero visibility, navigating by touch alone; it is a compliment to be told "When you die, no one will ever find your body." Despite the dangers, wreck divers are typically weekend warriors, men who leave families and jobs behind to test themselves at two hundred feet down. Kurson's exciting account centers on two divers, John Chatterton and Robert Kohler, who in 1991 found an unidentified U-boat embedded in the ocean floor off the coast of New Jersey. The task of identifying it leads them to Germany, Washington, D.C., and the darkest corners of the submarine itself. Some of the most haunting moments occur on land, as when the divers research the lives of the doomed German sailors whose bones they swim among. Once underwater, Kurson's adrenalized prose sweeps you along in a tale of average-guy adventure.



JOHN ⚓ CHRISTIAN
DESIGNERS & CRAFTSMEN

14K GOLD
RAISED MONOGRAM
MAN'S $590

3 DAY RUSH AVAILABLE

Free Catalogue
www.ringbox.com
1-888-646-6466

the Weeks Rocker
Guaranteed the most comfortable and beautiful, and the best constructed rocker, or your money back, including shipping.
888-334-0307
www.garyweeks.com

Just Strings
- Strings for Musical Instruments
- Guitar, Bass, Orchestral, Folk & Ethnic
- World's Largest Selection

www.juststrings.com

Flick Trips
Join Us for the Toronto International Film Festival
September 9-18th, 2004
Elite Film Festival Travel
www.flicktrips.com
1-866-493-FILM
Packages include airfare from the US, four-star hotel, and film festival pass/tickets.
Now Booking for Toronto, Denver, London and Sundance

A CRITIC AT LARGE

KING COLE

The not so merry soul of Cole Porter.

BY JOHN LAHR

On October 24, 1937, Cole Porter went out for a horseback ride at the Piping Rock Club, in Locust Valley, Long Island—one of those swank playgrounds whose names he liked to rhyme in song and which signalled his fully paid-up membership in the Elegentsia. In the woods, the skittish horse, which the forty-six-year-old Porter had been warned against riding, shied and fell on him, crushing both his legs. According to Porter—a story that William McBrien, the author of "Cole Porter: A Biography" (1998), finds "difficult to believe"—he passed the excruciating hours while he waited to be rescued composing the lyrics to an elusive verse of his song "At Long Last Love."

The moment was pivotal in Porter's life; so, too, was his recounting of it. The lyrics to "At Long Last Love" are, of course, exquisite—"Is it an earthquake or simply a shock? / Is it the good turtle soup or merely the mock? / Is it a cocktail, this feeling of joy? / Or is what I feel the real McCoy?"—but Porter's talent for masquerade, for turning life's griefs and glories into an impudent game, didn't end there. In gruelling pain for decades after the accident, forced to walk with braces and canes, he nonetheless had the humor to give his lame legs names: the left he christened Josephine, the right Geraldine, "a hellion, a bitch, a psychopath." Even at the end of his life, his apartment at the Waldorf Towers, in New York, was decorated with an embroidered pillow that advised, in French, "Don't Explain—Don't Complain."

Porter's entire life was built around the act of decoying his depths. From the moment in 1905 when the elfin fourteen-year-old from a powerful lumber and mining family in Peru, Indiana—the pampered and only surviving one of three siblings—arrived at Worcester Academy, in Massachusetts, with his paintings and an upright piano for his dorm room, he cast himself as a kind of dandy. The dandy's strategy is to combine daring with tact, flamboyance with distance. Instead of breaking the rules, Porter learned to play with them. "At boarding school I was always taught," he wrote in "I'm in Love," "not to reveal what I really thought, / Nor ever once let my eyes betray / The dreadful things I longed to say." At Yale, where he had a sensational undergraduate career, his salmon-colored ties, his slick, center-parted hair, and his manicured nails broadcast his privilege and his rebellion. "Porter did not fit easily into the social mold of a Yale man," his friend Gerald Murphy, who engineered Porter's entry into the most raucous of Yale fraternities, ΔKE, said. Still, music made a place for him on campus, allowing him both to tease the mainstream and to join it. He composed "Bull Dog" and "Bingo Eli Yale," football anthems that are still played today; he wrote his first musical, "Cora" (1911); he was a member of the Whiffenpoofs, Yale's most prestigious singing group, and the president of the Glee Club. Behind a piano, delivering his mischievous lyrics in a high-pitched, metallic voice—"I sing unpleasantly," he once said—Porter could confess and, at the same time, mask his feelings, keeping the world both engaged and at arm's length.

For the best part of his adulthood, Porter organized life so that his effervescent music and his emollient lyrics preceded him into a room. Manners defined the man and his songs, imposing on both a meticulous and elegant symmetry. Slim and courtly, the five-foot-seven Porter had black doe eyes and a burnished baby face, whose smoothness he enhanced by shaving twice a day. "You might describe me as a cross between Eddie Cantor and the Duke of Windsor," he said. His assault on American puritanism—what Gilbert Seldes called "the habits-of-rabbits school of songwriting"—rarely transgressed the bounds of propriety, deploying etiquette even as it mocked it. "If you're swimming at Newport with some

CECIL BEATON'S STUDIO ARCHIVE/SOTHEBY'S LONDON

Porter in 1953: "You might describe me as a cross between Eddie Cantor and the Duke of Windsor," he said.

old leech," he wrote, "And he wrestles you while you're wet, / Don't call him a son of a Bailey's Beach, / It ain't smart, / It ain't chic, / It ain't etiquette."

Propriety, however, bred boredom. Porter's songs are passionate, playful, and immediately accessible; he, by contrast, was slow to kindle. "People who meet Cole Porter for the first time often find his personality baffling," Margaret Case Harriman wrote in her 1940 Profile of him for this magazine. "He is by turns pensive, nervous, mercurial, and polite. When he is interested or amused, he talks with a rush of words which betrays him into a slight lisp. . . . At other times his air of boredom verges on the spectacular." "Poor Young Millionaire," written in the twenties, when Porter was living in gala style in Europe, spelled out his deep-seated ennui. (Because Porter had dropped out of Harvard Law School to dedicate himself to music, his tyrannical grandfather, J. O. Cole, disinherited him; his mother, however, gave him half of her own four-million-dollar bequest.) "I'm tired of betting, / Tired of sporting, / Tired of flirting, / Tired of

SWANN AUCTIONS

James Montgomery Flagg, **Wake Up, America!**, New York, 1917. Estimate $6,000 to $9,000.

Wed Aug 4 **Vintage Posters**
2:30pm *Inquiries:* Emily Thompson
Illustrated Catalogue: $35
ethompson@swanngalleries.com
212-254-4710, ext 53

Complete schedule and catalogues online at www.swanngalleries.com

AUTOGRAPHS
BOOKS/MANUSCRIPTS
MAPS/ATLASES
PHOTOGRAPHS
POSTERS
WORKS OF ART ON PAPER

Swann Galleries, Inc.
104 East 25th Street
New York, NY 10010
212 254 4710
Fax: 212 979 1017

IAG

"You're Sick. Deal With It."

Useless medical advice from the secret files of the clueless Dr. Silas Bonnefiglio

AS TOLD TO **KEN EICHENBAUM**

Finally. An antidote for all those treacly self-help books (and a happy alternative to the sappy Get-Well card.)

On line at **LITTERATIBOOKS.COM**
Or order direct: $6.50+3.50 S&H to LITTERATI
9470 N. Broadmoor Road, Milwaukee, WI 53217

Follow your dreams...

GALÁPAGOS
PERU
PATAGONIA
ANTARCTICA
TURKEY
ALASKA

INCA
since 1976
www.inca1.com
(510) 420-1550

JAPANESE BAMBOO SCULPTURE AND BASKETS ANTIQUE TEXTILES FROM AFRICA, INDIA AND INDONESIA
MUSEUM QUALITY
www.textilearts.com
TAI GALLERY / TEXTILE ARTS
616½ Canyon Road, Santa Fe, NM
505-983-9780

courting, . . . / Tired of being / Tired, tired, tired." Songwriting was Porter's antidote to the entropy of self-indulgence. "He worked around the clock," Moss Hart, who collaborated with Porter on "Jubilee" (1935), said. "He used work as a weapon to shield himself from a boredom whose threshold was extremely low. He could withdraw and disappear before one's eyes with an almost sinister facility."

To see Porter clearly—the full audacity of his lightness and brightness—one must view him against the dowdy gravity of the America into which he emerged, in 1932, a country lumbered by the Depression, Prohibition, and social upheaval. Although Porter had had three variable outings on Broadway in the twenties ("Greenwich Village Follies," in 1924, "Paris," in 1928, and "Wake Up and Dream," in 1929), the thirties were the decade when he came into his own, with ten musicals for the stage and two for Hollywood. "You could follow a progression from Jerome Kern to Dick Rodgers to Gershwin," the lyricist Alan Jay Lerner said. "But Cole seemed to spring like Jupiter from Minerva's head—all made. What he did was so special and . . . unexplainable that he is really of them all, in a strange way, the most irreplaceable."

At a time when prosperity was imperilled, Porter—with his valets, his sixteen dressing gowns, his Art Deco Paris house, with zebra rugs on marble floors, his Venetian palace, where he composed in a ballroom hung with Tiepolos—personified the myth of American abundance. Unlike the other Broadway musicmakers, he didn't aspire to be wealthy; he simply was, to use his term, "rich-rich." He was also an unrepentant hedonist; his songs conveyed an exhilarating wonder at the world's plenitude. In "You're the Top," for instance, he conjured up an eclectic picture of the American cornucopia: a Bendel bonnet, Mickey Mouse, Garbo's salary, cellophane, a turkey dinner, the Derby winner, a Waldorf salad, the feet of Fred Astaire, an O'Neill drama, Whistler's mama, and so on. This yoking together of high and low culture was part of Porter's sumptuous impertinence—and a pop landscape new to the musical.

Porter's Broadway cohorts were mostly striving middle-class Jewish New Yorkers who took their inspiration from jazz and from the city's momentum. Porter, in his attitudes and his influences, was essentially European. After the spectacular failure of his 1916 Broadway début, "See America First," he lived abroad for nearly two decades. The memory of his travels in those years surfaces in the rhythms of his songs. "What Is This Thing Called Love?" and "Night and Day" grew out of strains of Moroccan music; he discovered the offbeat of "Begin the Beguine" while watching a native dance in the Dutch East Indies; the fast-paced wit of the popular songs performed in Paris *boîtes* worked its way into Porter's "list songs"—a style that he originated and which was, according to its creator, "the Tin-Pantithesis of a melody."

Porter's songs evoked an adult existence—a world of pleasure, travel, wealth, and promiscuity. They goosed and seduced society; part of their frisson was their composer's antic impulse to put it ever so gently to his high-society friends. In "I'm Dining with Elsa," the flamboyant, beefy hostess Elsa Maxwell, who was at the center of Porter's deluxe crowd, got this jolt: "I've got Bromo Seltzer / To take when dinner ends, / For I'm dining with Elsa / And her ninety-nine most intimate friends!" But the songs' driving force was something else. Each of the great masters of the Broadway lyric had his source of special inspiration: Lorenz Hart had loneliness; E. Y. Harburg had Marxism; Oscar Hammerstein II had optimism; Ira Gershwin had his brother; Porter had sex. His songs glorified "the sweetness of sin," and were dished up with what Kenneth Tynan called his "bedside wit." Of the great lyricists, only Porter could have written, "I'd love to make a tour of you / The eyes, the arms, the mouth of you, / The east, west, north, and the south of you." "Night and Day," "Begin the Beguine," "In the Still of the Night," "So in Love," and "I've Got You Under My Skin"—his most famous ballads—show off Porter's sultry emotional power. He didn't want just to invoke love; he wanted to taste it.

In the arena of relationships, Porter was bracingly laissez-faire. With songs such as "Let's Misbehave" and "Please Don't Make Me Be Good," he counselled pragmatism of the heart, not idealism. He was, as Alan Jay Lerner quipped, "a homosexual who had never

seen the closet"—"Anything Goes" was his motto, as well as his hit. In "Experiment," he wrote, "Be curious, / Though interfering friends may frown. / Get furious / At each attempt to hold you down." Porter was not above winking indirectly at his own appetite for a bit of rough. "Find me a primitive man / Built to a primitive plan," he wrote in a song for the show "Fifty Million Frenchmen" (1929). "I don't mean the kind that belongs to a club, / But the kind that has a club that belongs to him." His lyrics are often full of distinctly phallic fun. In "Brush Up Your Shakespeare," he joked, "When your baby is pleading for pleasure / Let her sample your 'Measure for Measure.'" But like Casanova, whom he sang about in "Nymph Errant" (1933), Porter was also "a human stove"; when he was actually in love, the blasé postures of his wit abandoned him. In song, he was cool; in life, he burned. "The only thing I really want to do is climb to the top of the bell tower and announce to the piazza that I'm desperately in love," he wrote to the dancer Boris Kochno, in 1925. "I love you so much that I think only of you—I see only you and I dream only of the moment when we'll be reunited."

Porter's homosexuality is the news at the center of Irwin Winkler's latest film, "De-Lovely," which stars Kevin Kline as Porter and Ashley Judd as Linda, his wife of thirty-five years, and which manages somehow to tell Porter's story without any of the three stylistic ingredients that defined him: rhythm, elegance, and wit. Hollywood's first stab at the subject, "Night and Day" (1946), with Cary Grant, made no reference to Porter's sexuality. In "De-Lovely," Porter's preference is shown as a problematic and regrettable intrusion on his abiding romantic attachment to his wife. There is some truth to this approach, but not enough.

Tall, blond, with deep-blue eyes, Linda Lee Porter was a famous Southern beauty. At seventeen, she had married the newspaper mogul Edward R. Thomas, whose empire included the New York *Morning Telegraph*. Eleven unhappy years later, she divorced the sadistic Thomas—the first American ever to have killed anyone with an automobile—and the settlement made her a wealthy woman. When she married Porter, in 1919, he was twenty-eight and she was thirty-six. Linda gave her ambitious young companion access to all of Europe's grandees. She was smart and supportive; he was a live wire who needed connections. Together, they formed an adoring partnership, a companionate marriage. But to the aesthete Bernard Berenson, a confidant of Linda's, who saw the newlyweds on their honeymoon, Porter was "a little music man fifteen years younger." (It's a barometer of Porter's boyishness that Berenson overstated the age difference by seven years.) She "has nearly worn herself out going at his rattling pace," he added. "I saw their future in the blackest terms."

"De-Lovely" makes the opposite of Berenson's mistake: it portrays Linda as significantly younger than Porter, a miscasting that completely skews Porter's psychosexual reality. The film turns Linda into a romantic object when,

"Even if our political leaders cannot read the pulse of a changing world, the people do."

—Terry Tempest Williams

from "Engagement," part three of the author's three-part series **The Open Space of Democracy**

ORION MAGAZINE

Become Engaged.
Choose Your World.

www.orionmagazine.org

Celebrating Ten Years Online

powells.com

The legendary independent bookstore.

Camden's Authentic Summer Hotel Since 1901

WHITEHALL INN

Experience Maine's finest seacoast village in the tradition of style and grace. 50 rooms, fine dining, wine & spirits.

1-800-789-6565
Box 558, Camden, ME 04843 www.whitehall-inn.com

MISSION LIGHTS

Table & Floor Lamps
Indoor & Outdoor Fixtures

◂ arroyo craftsman asheville sconce

(800) 736-0126
www.thebrightspot.com

Step into a bold, brilliant world

...on a Country Walkers tour. For 24 years we have led small groups of travelers to discover the world's natural, cultural, and historic wonders — on foot. Join us this year!

COUNTRY WALKERS

FREE catalog 800.464.9255
www.countrywalkers.com

A GRAND EXPEDITIONS COMPANY

MAD RIVER VALLEY
VERMONT

The Vermont you imagine...mountain peaks and valley farms, steepled villages and country inns, fine dining and fine arts, hiking and biking trails, farmers' markets and no traffic lights.

Vermont Festival of the Arts, July 29–August 22

Mad River Valley
VERMONT
Discover Our Good Nature.
1-800-82-VISIT
madrivervalley.com

AMAZON

PLEASE REQUEST OUR FREE BROCHURE
INTERNATIONAL EXPEDITIONS INC.
800.633.4734
AMAZONVOYAGE.COM

If you smoked pot at Monterey in '67, you might have CVD.

boomercoalition.org

COCKTAIL PIANO

The tinkling piano in the next apartment – 12 recordings. Cocktail Piano Vols. 1 through 7 featuring standards of the 1920s, 30s, and 40s, Show Tunes, Movie Themes, World War-II love songs, 1970s Salute, and Christmas Piano. Single CDs $18.95 incl. shipping. To hear the music call T/F (888) 388-1555...it's so relaxing.

To order call T/F (888) 521-9330. AMEX, VISA, MC, DISC

Sound samples for all albums @ www.cocktailpiano.com

ENGLAND
IRELAND
SCOTLAND
WALES·

- Rental accommodations.
- Enchantingly rustic to simply elegant.
- Cottages, manor houses, castles.
- London and Dublin flats.
- Weekly or monthly.

As You Like It 415/380-9848 www.asyoulikeitrentals.com

in fact, she was a maternal one. Like Porter's devoted mother, Linda believed in his talent. At first, according to Gerald Murphy, she "rather hoped he would devote himself to serious music." She wrote to Arnold Bennett, Bernard Shaw, and John Galsworthy for librettos from which her husband might compose an opera, and she invited Igor Stravinsky to the Riviera to instruct her husband in harmony and composition. "She goaded me along," Porter said. He invested Linda with a sort of parental authority, even going so far as to seek her approval of his lovers. "You made a friend today—it was Linda," he wrote to Kochno. "I don't know how to tell you how grateful I am—you did it. And that makes everything much easier."

"Marriage excuses no one the freak's roll call," the playwright Joe Orton wrote; Porter certainly proved this point. Although "De-Lovely" tries to depict Porter as bisexual, he was an avid member of the brotherhood. (Linda evidently had a miscarriage early in their relationship, but if it had occurred when the film positions it she'd have been in her fifties.) On their world junkets, "les Coleporteurs" travelled with a largely male entourage. At the Waldorf Towers, they lived in separate apartments; at their estate in Williamstown, Linda occupied the main house and Porter a small house nearby, which he dubbed "No Trespassing." The marriage, as Brendan Gill delicately put it in "Cole," was "not without intermittent warfare and cobbled-up truces." The couple fought primarily over Porter's increasingly reckless sexual escapades and his disregard of the "good form" of their heterosexual masquerade, which humiliated Linda and, inevitably, created a distance between them. "Porter had needs he could not satisfy with Linda, not only sexual needs but social ones as well," William McBrien writes of Porter's mature years. "He could not, for instance, discuss the beauty of young males. Nor could he lament to her about living without an intimate companion—a man with whom he might have shared a home." Linda was the darlin' to whom Porter was, as he memorably wrote, always true in his fashion.

In "De-Lovely," the masterly Kevin Kline invests Porter with a whiff of emotional complexity that the script doesn't earn. Porter's songs, however, do earn it. Many of his melodies, written in haunting minor keys, express a palpable sadness that his public persona kept hidden. "The thrill when we meet / Is so bittersweet / That, darling, it's getting me down," he wrote in "Get Out of Town." In "Down in the Depths," he noted, "Why, even the janitor's wife / Has a perfectly good love life / And here am I / Facing tomorrow / Alone with my sorrow." Promiscuity and songwriting were Porter's antidepressants, at once an expression of and a relief from his neediness—the "oh, such a hungry, yearning burning inside of me" that he wrote about in "Night and Day."

Porter seems never to have found the love that he eloquently invoked in song after song. In 1951, battered by pain, he had shock treatment for depression. In 1954, Linda died of emphysema. In 1958, after some thirty operations, his right leg was finally amputated. It was "a cruel decision to have to make and involves much sex vanity and many fears of being repellent," Noël Coward wrote, after visiting Porter in the hospital. "Wouldn't It Be Fun," written for a 1958 TV production of "Aladdin," was Porter's last song, and it carries a bitter autobiographical aftertaste: "Wouldn't it be fun not to be famous, / Wouldn't it be fun not to be rich! / . . . Wouldn't it be fun to be nearly anyone / Except me, mighty me!"

Porter survived another six years, but, when his music—that lifelong attempt to forestall the immanence of emptiness—stopped, he stopped, too. "He was terribly uninterested," Diana Vreeland wrote. "He just couldn't get up the old interest to do anything . . . and then he stopped speaking." Music was how Porter had negotiated life and created it around him. "Old songs are more than tunes," the playwright Ben Hecht said. "They are little houses in which our hearts once lived." In that sense, Porter was one of the great architects of the twentieth century. We still happily inhabit the pleasure palaces he built for us. He manufactured joy, that rarest of commodities, with which he excused everything, even himself. ♦

PROPERTY OF THE WEEK

From the Providence (R.I.) Journal.

Tastefully renovated 4 bed Colonial, new gourmet kitchen, 3 fireplaces, beautiful hardwoods, exquisite entry foyer, new heat, new au pair.

THE ART WORLD

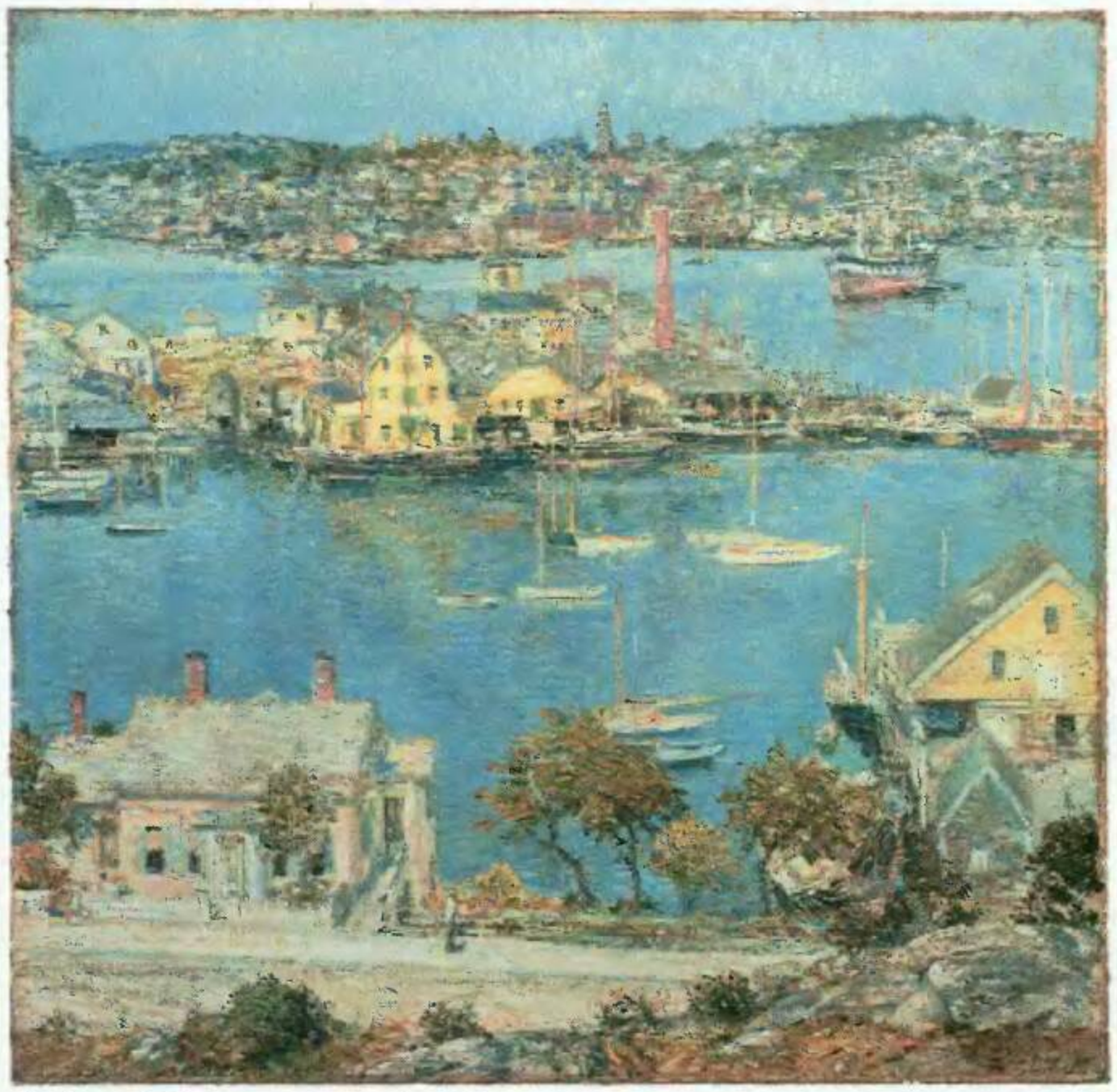
ALL-AMERICAN

Childe Hassam at the Met.

BY PETER SCHJELDAHL

"He lived with gusto, smoked a pipe, played golf, kept a good cellar, buffeted the East Hampton surf with a great, bronzed body, and worked joyously until his last illness," an obituary notice in the *Times* gushed of the painter Childe Hassam when he died, in 1935, at the age of seventy-five. Hassam was a force on the American art scene throughout most of his prodigiously prolific, half-century career. He was an energetic promoter as well as a practitioner—"whose word was law to 57th Street," a fellow-painter wrote—of poky variants of Impressionism which, having begun in response to Parisian innovation, persisted as bulwarks against further novelties. There are a few fine and lovely paintings in "Childe Hassam: American Impressionist," an overstuffed retrospective at the Metropolitan Museum. Hassam could be good enough to leave one exasperated by his penchant—it can seem a passion, even—for mediocrity. The show valuably reflects on a long episode in the history of American taste. It includes the piquant curio of a silent film, produced by the Met in 1932, that observes the portly artist at work and at play. We witness his rickety golf swing. Somebody's sense of humor, perhaps his own, dictated the next shot: a ball trickles into a sand trap. That's not a bad analogy for Hassam's destiny as a modern artist.

American Impressionism, as a concept, was always oxymoronic, like, say, Canadian salsa. The spiritual drive of French Impressionism was an appetite for sensuous intensity, steadied by formal rigor and an almost scientific detachment. Monet and the others—Monet above all—channelled the optimism of an ascendant audience, the modernizing bourgeoisie, with a here and now in paint that mirrored the here and now of a smiling world. Monet's serial motifs—haystacks, cathedrals—anticipated modern marketing of name-brand sensations, keyed to the latest thing. (Imagine a collector enjoining a dealer, "I want one just like the one that Mrs. Bigwig has, but different.") Monet risked seeming empty-headed. In truth, his style was a coup of reductive analysis. Eschewing any appeal that did not meet the eye—the literary and moral longueurs of the academy—it reëngineered painting to serve strictly visual experience. French Impressionism bequeathed to its successor movements—Post-Impressionism, Fauvism, Cubism—a commitment to method that didn't cultivate effects but discovered them. The prettiest Monet shares with the grittiest Cubist Picasso the blinking innocence of a newborn fact. It was the misery of American Impressionists to chase the look of French painting and yet remain numb to both its radical hedonism and its tough-minded gravity.



A view of Gloucester Harbor (1899). Hassam had it in him to be an exciting painter.

COURTESY NORTON MUSEUM OF ART

Frederick Childe Hassam was born in 1859 in Dorchester, Massachusetts, the son of a cutlery merchant who collected American antiques, and who lost his business in the Great Boston Fire of 1872. Childe was the name of an uncle. Hassam was a corruption of the English Horsham. Welcoming friendly lampoons of its Arabic ring, he took to decorating his signature with a crescent. Hassam dropped out of high school and apprenticed in an engraving shop. By the age of twenty-three, he was set up as a professional artist in Boston. He painted sumptuous street scenes of strolling citizens at twilight, essentially tonal, with tinted, misty atmospheres, often generating pleasant tensions between fleeing perspective and brushy surfaces. These were credible instances of a not quite academic, not quite naturalist, not quite Impressionist international style of the era, sometimes termed the *juste-milieu* (roughly, "middle of the road"). Conservative to the core, Hassam gloried in his ancestors, American on both sides since the seventeenth century. He married a woman with a matching pedigree. They were childless. He was a heavy drinker. ("Old

A shade apart.

BERMUDA

Pink Beach Club
TUCKER'S TOWN BERMUDA
1.800.355.6161
www.pinkbeach.com • e-mail: info@pinkbeach.com

"I FELT THE HUMOR AND SOPHISTICATION OF THE MAGAZINE WOULD ATTRACT BUYERS, AND I WAS RIGHT."
—BEVERLY BREMER Beverly Bremer Silver Shop

To advertise in The New Yorker, call toll free 877-843-6967

JOHN CHRISTIAN
DESIGNERS & CRAFTSMEN

Diamond Wheel Pendant
YOUR NAMES & DATES
14K GOLD $790
(Omega chain sold separately)

3 DAY RUSH AVAILABLE - FREE CATALOGUE
RINGBOX.COM 1-888-646-6466

N.E.A. ARTS JOURNALISM INSTITUTE
FOR CLASSICAL MUSIC AND OPERA JOURNALISTS
• Learn from top critics and scholars • Broaden your expertise • Attend performances • • Improve your writing skills •
New York City: Oct.18-28; Deadline Aug. 13
HOSTED BY THE NATIONAL ARTS JOURNALISM PROGRAM
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY GRADUATE SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM
SUPPORTED BY THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE ARTS
INFO.: WWW.NAJP.ORG • 212.864.1912

Learn about the educated alternative to Atkins and South Beach in
THE PACKARD WEIGHT HEALTH PLAN
$21.95 includes tax and priority shipping.
ORDER NOW 1-800-622-9097
or visit www.packardweighthealth.com

canopy climbing | rivertrips | bird-watching | lodging
INSIDE amaZon
secluded native-owned lodge
all proceeds benefit Indian tribal co-operative
www.amazoncoop.org/lodge 1-888-4TATAQU

Hassam has been off on a bat for three weeks but is all right again," a friend wrote in a letter in 1904.) He and his wife spent the years 1886-89 in Paris, where Hassam studied with prominent academic painters and fastidiously shunned anything that smacked of bohemia. Thereafter, he settled in New York, with frequent sojourns on Appledore Island, in Maine, and in other picturesque New England spots. After 1919, the Hassams passed half of each year in the decorous art colony of East Hampton.

Around the turn of the century, Hassam plainly had it in him to be an exciting painter. My favorite works in the Met show are two views across Gloucester Harbor, painted in 1899: parfaits with bands of shimmering city and boat-busy water on squarish canvases. The format—in effect, a squeezed panorama—vitalizes Hassam's strengths of summarizing notation and delicately smoldering color, which runs here, as it often does, to luminous yellows and warm blues and greens. The paintings convey personal enthusiasm for a practical-minded place that may be oblivious of its own drowsily cascading summertime splendor. There is a self-forgetful surfeit of pleasures, more than the eye and mind can readily handle. This quality is rare in Hassam, who commonly doles out rapture in conventional spoonfuls, laced with self-conscious, illustrational emphases that are as irksome as explanations of a joke. Hassam spoils, for me, an otherwise wonderful semi-pointillist painting, from 1898, of a governess shepherding two little girls in Central Park by giving her head the "charming" tilt of a fashion-plate model. It's a tiny thing, but shocking for its betrayal of the work's stylistic integrity. It pops the figure out like a paper doll from a tightly woven vision—the cynosure of a spring day—of pale, dappled light and moist, colored shadow. Gratuitous chic turned Hassam vulgar.

A fanatical nativist, Hassam would not admit, perhaps even to himself, the invigorating effects that the French painters had on him. Preposterously, he denied being influenced by Monet. With a humble bow to Seurat at the right moment, he might have attained the poise of a style that was ideal for his gifts: the world compressed to a scrim of opulent color. But the rewards of subordinating his talent to genteel folderol proved irresistible. It earned him membership in a mighty American establishment of holdover nineteenth-century gentlemen whose then fashionable bigotries are hair-raising in retrospect. He delighted in quoting a characterization, by the leading critic Royal Cortissoz, of modern painting: "Ellis Island art." Hassam's close acquaintance Frederic Remington, the East Coastal Western painter, took things somewhat farther in a letter to a friend: "I've got some Winchesters, and when the massacring begins which you speak of, I can get my share of 'em and what's more I will. Jews—injuns—Chinamen—Italians—Huns, the rubbish of the earth I hate." The immigrant threat to Anglo-Saxon privilege was bound to terrify self-made men who sensed the vulnerability of their clubby prestige. Having thoroughly compromised himself in the interest of respectability, Hassam faced long odds in an even contest with clever ruffians, just off the boat, who had nothing to lose. Fear may have inspired the late bonuses of his art.

A vigorous still-life of pears, from 1918, furtively emulates Cézanne and van Gogh, with broken brushwork that relates at once to the rounded solidity of the objects and to the flat design of the picture; Hassam had eyes to see possibilities that he lacked the guts to embrace. Around the same time, from 1916 to 1919, he made his deservedly best-loved paintings, of flag-bedizened New York thoroughfares. The patriotic mood feels wholly authentic. (So, too, does the held-breath reverence in several Hassams of proud old New England churches. Though reportedly indifferent to religion, he was a pushover for symbols of rock-solid heritage.) The fortune-favored artist had good reasons to love his country, even as he saluted it in a manner that was never more redolent of Monet—who had done stirring work with the same general motif four decades earlier. Wartime emotion moved Hassam to eloquence, which entailed something like true Impressionism at last. The blurred and splintered forms of his flag paintings shiver ecstatically, piling up compositions that collapse perspective into the forward-rushing, all-at-once tumult of a fever dream. American modern painting would not consistently command such sophisticated ardor until the advent of Abstract Expressionism, with its incalculable debt to Ellis Island. ♦

THE CURRENT CINEMA

SWING EASY

"Spider-Man 2" and "The Clearing."

BY ANTHONY LANE

Our first duty, with regard to "Spider-Man 2," is to congratulate the filmmakers on their refusal to elasticate the title. I am fed up with having to wrap my tongue around "Pirates of the Caribbean: The Curse of the Black Pearl," and, as for the forthcoming "Anacondas: The Hunt for the Blood Orchid," why bother to see a picture whose name goes on even longer than its leading snake? There would have been little percentage in luring us with "Spider-Man 2: Back Up Through the Plughole," or "Spider-Man 2: Still Not Quite Sure What to Do with All His Sticky Stuff." We know the deal.

This second film—written by Alvin Sargent and directed, once again, by Sam Raimi—is, like the first installment, refreshingly perverse in its intent. It is an action movie founded on indecision. Peter Parker (Tobey Maguire) continues to be blessed with an armory of web-based gifts, which enable him to wreak a twanging revenge on the criminal element of New York, and to widen the eyes of Mary Jane Watson (Kirsten Dunst) in the process, yet part of Peter craves the quiet life. In the first half of the movie, he merrily swings by during a police pursuit, strings up the villains, and stops a car from landing on the heads of crushable citizens; in the second half, he spies an alleyway mugging, pauses, then walks away. There is only one young man I can think of who was more torn about his purpose in life, and he, regrettably, was taken off the case by Laertes.

One reason that superhero franchises are now so rampant in Hollywood is that, more often than not, they lend thrust to the revenge of the nerd. All the reported haggling over who would play Spider-Man—Maguire, Jake Gyllenhaal, you name it—was basically a means of fending off the awful truth that the person most suited to the role was never going to be available, because he was too busy running Microsoft. The moment at which Michael Keaton's Bruce Wayne, a twitching social misfit, decided to shoehorn himself into black rubber for "Batman," back in 1989, we realized that the world would no longer be saved by tough guys but by dreamy, fetishistic types who donned their mock toughness as a form of extreme therapy. That is why George Clooney's Batman came off worst of all; Clooney is the one current American star who hails from the constellation of true leading men, and so, when he does appear, we like him straight up, not hiding his light beneath a hood. Maguire's Spider-Man, on the other hand, spends most of the time wringing his adhesive hands over the doubleness of his nature, and Raimi takes care to insert innumerable gags at the expense of Parker's geekhood—taking a tumble in the street, or grabbing for and missing the canapés at a swish soirée where Mary Jane, understandably miffed at his vacillations, gets engaged to another man. And not just any man, but an astronaut.

TOM BACHTELL

This second film is, like the first installment, refreshingly perverse in its intent. It is an action movie founded on indecision.

RARE DALI PRINTS

If you own, or are considering the purchase of a Salvador Dali print...

Our exclusive catalog, "Salvador Dali: A Retrospective of Master Prints," features full color images of more than 500 signed limited edition Salvador Dali prints. Each print displayed in the catalog has been fully documented in the book, **"The Official Catalog of the Graphic Works of Salvador Dali," by Albert Field** and is guaranteed authentic. Our catalog, "Salvador Dali: A Retrospective of Master Prints," is a must for anyone interested in works signed by Dali. Call now and we will rush you a **free** copy of "The Salvador Dali Collector's Quarterly" ($15.00 per issue).

1 - (800) 275-3254

ask for Dept. NY

http://www.daligallery.com • FAX 310-454-2090

Brana Fine Art • 15332 Antioch St., #108, Pacific Palisades, CA 90272

PARTY ANIMALS

Donkey or elephant pin in sterling silver 1 1/2" $40. Elephant in 14k gold $400, donkey in 14k gold $300. Add $6 s/h. Lapel pins and key chains also available.

J.H. Breakell & Co.

800-767- 6411 www.breakell.com

132 Spring St., Dept. NYPA, Newport, RI 02840

Find Your Sole Mate.

FREE Shipping!

FREE Returns!

Over **200** Brands!

365-Day Return Policy!

Zappos.com

See www.zappos.com/cs.zhtml for details on all policies

the web's most popular shoe store!

Celebration & Empowerment of Women's Sexuality

WOMYNSWARE

PRINT & ONLINE CATALOGUE

1.888.WYM.WARE | womynsware.com

896 Commercial Drive, Vancouver, CANADA

Every movie franchise demands a regular turnover of nemeses, and "Spider-Man 2" does not disappoint. In fact, it performs better than its predecessor, for, in place of the wildly cackling and therefore deeply unfrightening Green Goblin, we have Dr. Otto Octavius (Alfred Molina), known to the tabloids as Doc Ock. Molina is such a singular presence: fleshy, pendulous, and sad, like a secret love child of Charles Laughton. Otto, a pensive scientist with a poetry-reading wife, seems only mildly put out when one of his experiments backfires, leaving him with four metal limbs that appear to have plans, and perhaps even voting intentions, very different from his own. They writhe and snap like Medusa's hair, they enable Otto to scale buildings, and they light his cigar; what services they provide in the privacy of his bathroom I shudder to think. They even walk the walk for him, clattering along like the claws of a crab, and Molina seems to relish the ride with an unflustered serenity. Amid all this, we get a dull subplot about Harry Osborn (James Franco), the scion of the Green Goblin, who keeps tearfully vowing to avenge his father's death, but we know what we want here: we want Spider-Man to join battle with Doc Ock, and, in so doing, to wreck as much real estate as possible.

Hence the climactic feud, which takes place on an elevated train of the movie's own devising; the real New York has been overlaid with a comic-book brightness, although Raimi insures that the subway carful of New Yorkers who offer help to Spider-Man are reassuringly ordinary in their heroism, and in their own deep need for reassurance. So vigorous is the fight that Spider-Man is unmasked, and the passengers find themselves looking at the non-super face of Peter Parker: "He's just a kid," one of them says. By the end of the film, Mary Jane, too, sees our hero hoodless, but she registers little surprise. "I think I always knew," she says, and, if there's one actress to whom producers turn for lack of faze, it's Kirsten Dunst. She looks no happier about the hue of her hair, which could be the pelt of a highly embarrassed fox, than she did in the previous picture, but there is wonderful consolation in the near-narcoleptic calm of her gaze. The typical Dunst reverie, in which the body is all there but the mind is elsewhere, makes her the least modern of actresses; look at stills of Marion Davies, or other stalwarts of the silent era, and you catch the same strain of inward rhapsody. (Mary Jane is even tied up and imperilled toward the end, like an early heroine lashed to a railroad track.) Thus, perhaps, the unexpected—even unplanned—strangeness of Raimi's film, which fulfills its brief as a summer smash but which also proceeds with a distracted and sometimes lonely air. Never has a blockbuster, I would guess, required so many soliloquies. What with the mournful Molina, the hazed-over Dunst, and the puffy uncertainties of Maguire, we in the audience are the only ones who still believe, without qualification, in thrill and spill. Consider the moment at which Peter's lips draw close to Mary Jane's, opening slightly for a kiss, only to be interrupted by a large automobile being tossed through the window behind them. Don't you just love it when that happens?

The closeups at the start of "The Clearing" are too close for comfort. Arnold Mack (Willem Dafoe) is getting up and preparing for work, but the way the camera treats him, inspecting everything from the lather on his chin to the part in his hair, suggests somebody who is destined for a physical, or a police lineup. As things turn out, this hint of unhealthiness, whether of body or of soul, is well founded, for Arnold is about to embark on a day's intensive kidnapping. Later, we realize that he has even made a couple of packed lunches, with a choice of ham or tuna for his victim.

The victim is Wayne Hayes (Robert Redford), and I hope I'm not alone in feeling a twinge of cosmic sadness at the thought that Robert Redford, who once flashed the most winning smile in the world, has been reduced to playing somebody named Wayne Hayes. Still, if Wayne represents the clouding over of the Sundance Kid, he doesn't show it; he lives in a sylvan suburb, with a pool, a dog, a maid, and a car so fancy that its side mirrors open and close like the petals of a remote-controlled rose. It's a fitting gimmick, since Wayne made his pile in the car-rental business—he's "the man Hertz and Avis are afraid of," in the words of the awestruck Arnold. The problem with Arnold is that nobody is

afraid of him. He was laid off long ago in the wake of Wayne's success, but now, in his mild and sweaty fashion, he is bent on vengeance. With his fussy planning and his fake mustache, Arnold is a throwback to the old-fashioned desperation of the little man: an Arthur Miller character doing a David Mamet thing.

The film soon settles into a two-tone plot, dividing its time between a tranquil forest, through which Arnold guides Wayne with a gun, and the Hayes family home. There Eileen Hayes (Helen Mirren) holds court, awaiting her husband's return, and condescending exquisitely to the F.B.I. officials who are handling the crime. One of them, Agent Fuller (Matt Craven), moves in, and she comes to know his personal habits: "Pepsi for breakfast?" she inquires, with an intonation rarely heard since Marie Antoinette took an interest in the bakery products of the peasantry. When she is questioned about one of Wayne's former secretaries, she replies, "My husband had an affair with her," implying that she ordered it to cease. When she is informed that the affair had continued without her knowledge, she receives the news as if learning of a crack in a teacup. This is Mirren's film, all the way, not simply because she remains cool and commanding, although it is perfectly true that you could store a case of Chablis in her heart, but because she has the wit to push that coolness to suspicious extremes. Eileen professes love for her vanished husband, and a sappy, retrospective epilogue backs her up, yet if Arnold weren't such a loser I would seriously wonder whether she herself had set the kidnapping in motion.

Mirren does all this, I guess, because, more clearly than the men around her, she sees the movie's yawning fault—the nagging threat of dullness—and tries to make amends. She was equally rigorous and stiff-spined in the television series "Prime Suspect," but there we had an array of tasty mysteries to be savored and solved, whereas "The Clearing," written by Justin Haythe and directed by Pieter Jan Brugge, is a thriller stripped of thrills—or, even worse, a thriller that thinks of itself as somehow rising above the vulgar pleasures of excitement. Brugge is directing his first film here, and there's no mistaking his ambition; as a producer or an executive producer, he worked on "The Insider," "Bulworth," and "Heat," each of which was startlingly keen to stretch a genre. Yet all of them, however thought-provoking, took the trouble to arouse, whereas "The Clearing" wants the thought without the provocation. The climax of the tale appears to have so embarrassed the filmmakers that we see it only in flashback, as a wincing afterthought, and even then we can't quite tell what occurred. I hate to say it, but if Arnold ever made a movie it would look like this. ♦

THE NEW YORKER IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS INC., PUBLISHED THROUGH ITS DIVISION THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS. COPYRIGHT ©2004 THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

Volume LXXX, No. 19, July 12 & 19, 2004. The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X) is published weekly (except for six combined issues: February 16 & 23, April 19 & 26, June 14 & 21, July 12 & 19, August 9 & 16, and December 20 & 27) by The Condé Nast Publications, which is a division of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: The Condé Nast Building, 4 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. David Carey, vice-president and publisher; William Li, associate publisher; Ronda Carnegie, advertising director; Gail Day, advertising director; Marie Wolpert, advertising director; Jamie Engel, sales development manager; Susan Harrington, director of creative services; Bob Gruters, marketing services director; Theresa Gaffney, creative development director; Rosemary Stanton, advertising business director; Edward Klaris, general counsel. Advance Magazine Publishers Inc.: S. I. Newhouse, Jr., chairman; Steven T. Florio, vice-chairman; Charles H. Townsend, president and C.E.O.; John W. Bellando, executive vice-president and C.O.O.; Jill Bright, executive vice-president–human resources; John Buese, executive vice-president–chief information officer; David Orlin, senior vice-president–strategic sourcing; Robert Bennis, senior vice-president–real estate. Shared services provided by Advance Magazine Group: David B. Chemidlin, senior vice-president–general manager, shared services center. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Publications Mail Agreement No. 40644503. Canadian Goods and Services Tax Registration No. R123242885. Canada Post return undeliverable Canadian addresses to: P.O. Box 1632, Station A, Windsor, ON N9A7C9.

POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO THE NEW YORKER, P.O. Box 37684, Boone, IA 50037-0684. FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, ADDRESS CHANGES, ADJUSTMENTS, OR BACK ISSUE INQUIRIES: Please write to The New Yorker, P.O. Box 37684, Boone, IA 50037-0684; call (800) 825-2510; or e-mail subscriptions@newyorker.com. Four weeks are required for change of address. Please give both new and old address as printed on most recent label. First copy of new subscription will be mailed within four weeks of receipt of order. For advertising inquiries, please call Gail Day or Marie Wolpert at (212) 286-5611. For submission guidelines, please refer to our Web site, www.newyorker.com. Address all editorial, business, and production correspondence to The New Yorker, 4 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. For cover reprints, please call (800) 897-8666, or e-mail covers@cartoonbank.com. For Permissions and Reprint requests, please call (212) 286-8349 or fax requests to (212) 286-8628. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The New Yorker's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc. Visit us online: www.newyorker.com. To subscribe to other Condé Nast magazines on the World Wide Web, visit www.condenet.com. Occasionally, we make our subscriber list available to carefully screened companies that offer products and services that we believe would interest our readers. If you do not want to receive these offers and/or information, please advise us at P.O. Box 37684, Boone, IA 50037-0684 or call (800) 825-2510.

THE NEW YORKER IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RETURN OR LOSS OF, OR FOR DAMAGE OR ANY OTHER INJURY TO, UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS, UNSOLICITED ART WORK (INCLUDING, BUT NOT LIMITED TO, DRAWINGS, PHOTOGRAPHS, AND TRANSPARENCIES), OR ANY OTHER UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. THOSE SUBMITTING MANUSCRIPTS, ART WORK, OR OTHER MATERIALS FOR CONSIDERATION SHOULD NOT SEND ORIGINALS, UNLESS SPECIFICALLY REQUESTED TO DO SO BY THE NEW YORKER IN WRITING. MANUSCRIPTS, ART WORK, AND OTHER MATERIALS SUBMITTED MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE.

New and Improved Aeron®
We Will Not Be Undersold!
•All sizes and colors in stock
•1-year money back guarantee
•12-year warranty
Prices starting at just
$649

Featuring the New PostureFit™ Option
Full-featured Aerons® starting at
$849
1-877-628-LESS
www.ny.sit4less.com

PIMSLEUR®
Bonjour!
Learn a language quickly, effectively, and affordably without books, classes, or tests!
Audio CDs available in more than 35 languages.
Available wherever books are sold or call 1-800-831-5497.

RETIRE TO CHAPEL HILL, NC

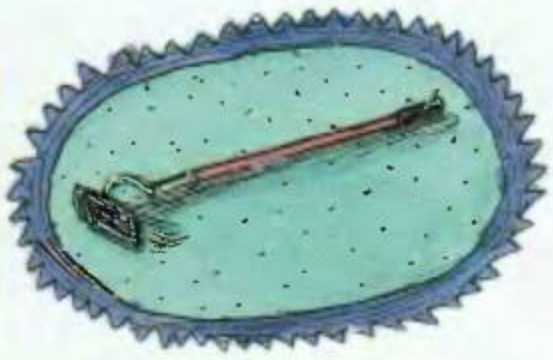
Fearrington Village is full of bluebirds, hollyhocks, belted cows, and fascinating people of all ages.
800.277.0130 www.fearrington.com

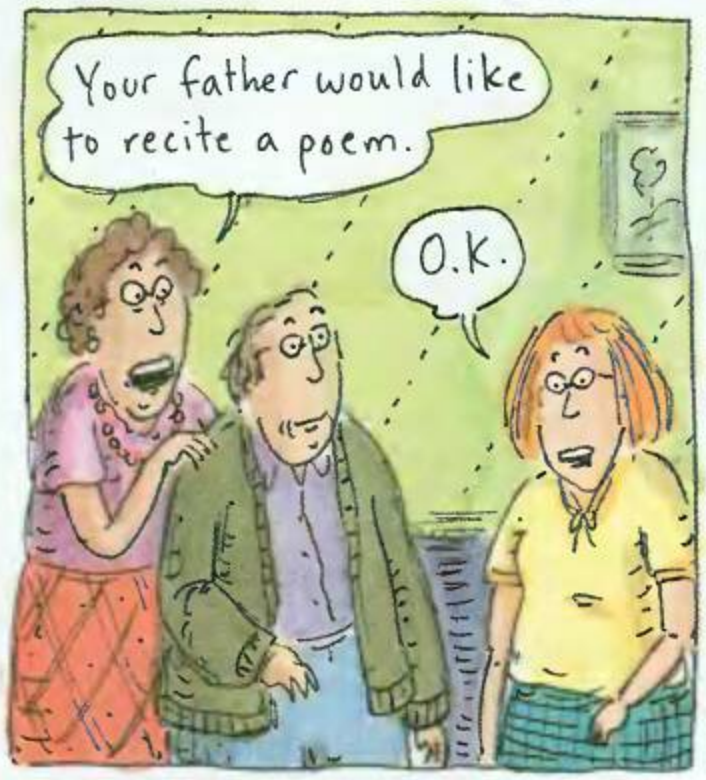
Undiscovered Italy
Villa Rentals
from the Alps to the vineyards,
from the hill towns to the sea
THE PARKER COMPANY FREE CATALOG
www.theparkercompany.com 800-280-2811

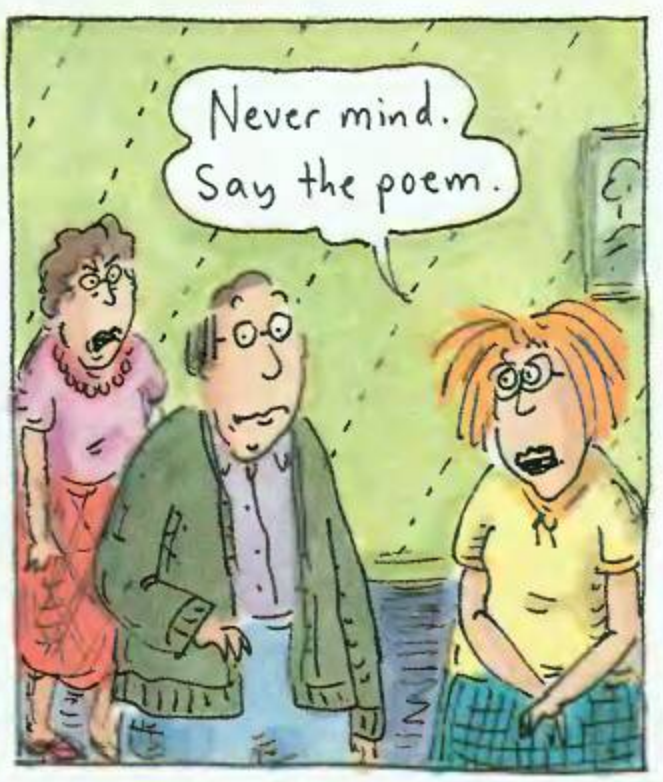
THE BACK PAGE BY ROZ CHAST

Poetry Corner

JUNIOR HIGH EDITION







R. Chast

©2004 British Airways Plc

Same flight time.
More sleep time.

Introducing The Sleeper Service.℠

Now you get an extra hour of sleep with British Airways' new Sleeper Service, a start-to-finish redesign of our business class service on evening flights to London*. A pre-flight supper and a quieter cabin mean you can cozy into our 180-degree flat bed right after takeoff. On arrival, invigorate with a shower and spa treatment at our Arrivals Lounge. It all adds up to a better night for a better day. To learn more, visit ba.com/thesleeperservice.

*On flights after 7:30pm from New York JFK, Boston, Chicago, Toronto and Philadelphia.

BRITISH AIRWAYS

THE FINANCIAL ORGANIZATION
TO CHOOSE FOR YOUR
GREAT-
GREAT-
GREAT-
GREAT-
GREAT-
GRANDCHILD.

Over $700 billion in assets, 50 million customers and 85 years of experience say we'll be around. For her and her grandchildren, too. Visit us at www.aig.com today.

Insurance | Loans | Retirement

AIG

WE KNOW MONEY.℠

Insurance and financial services products are offered by member companies of American International Group, Inc., 70 Pine St., Dept. A, NY, NY 10270. Consolidated assets from General Insurance, Life Insurance, Financial Services and Retirement Savings & Asset Management operations.