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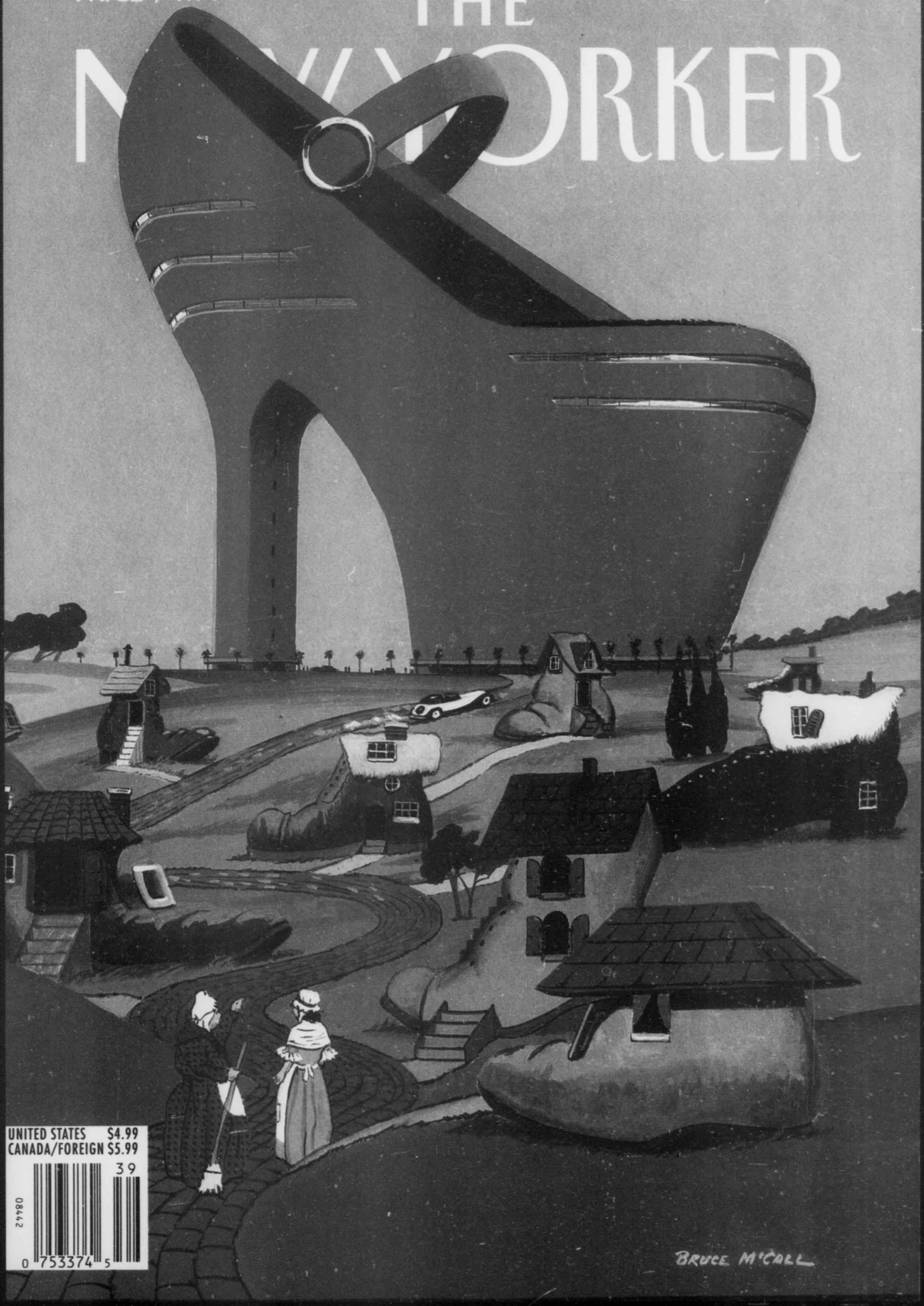

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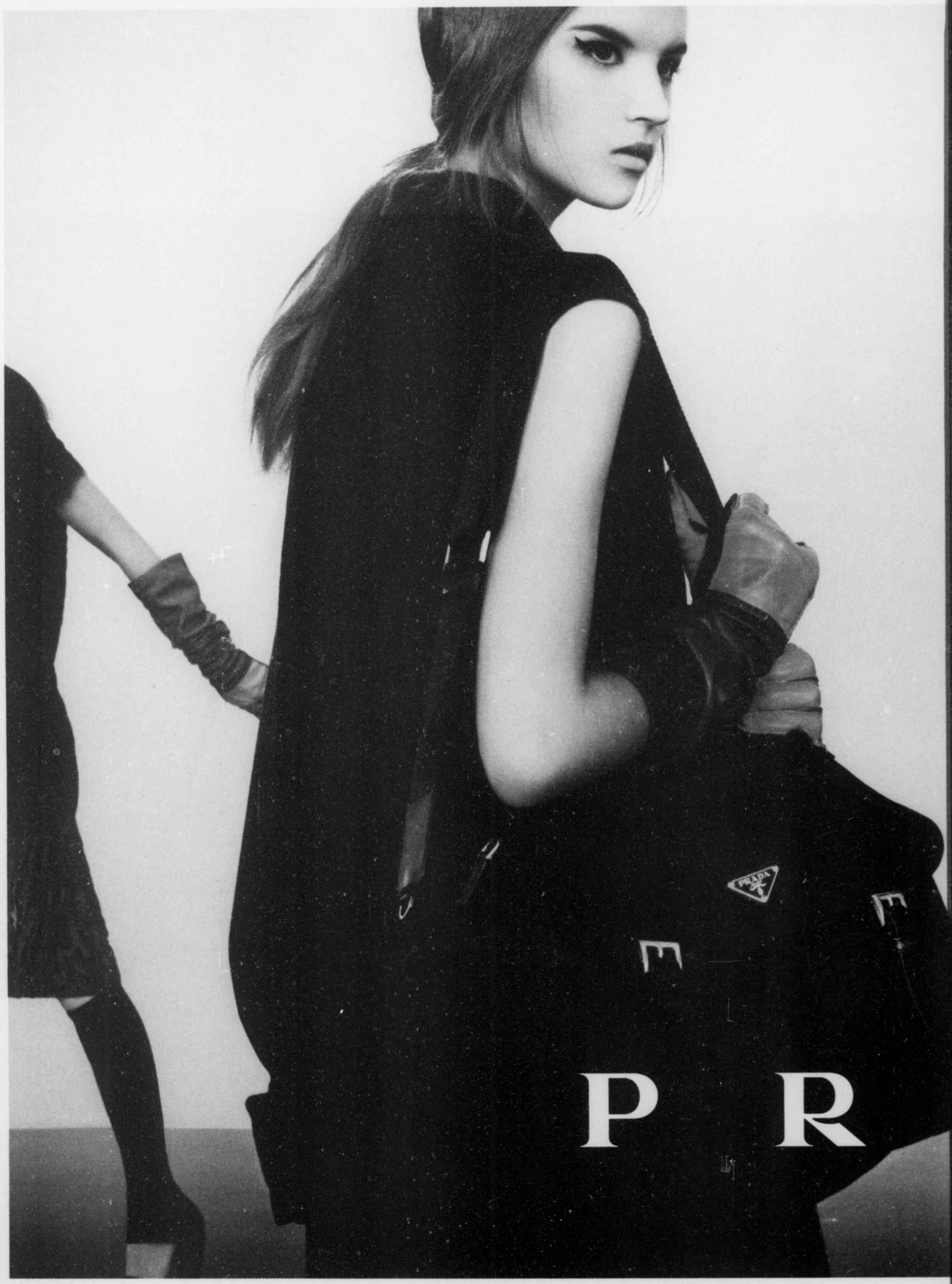
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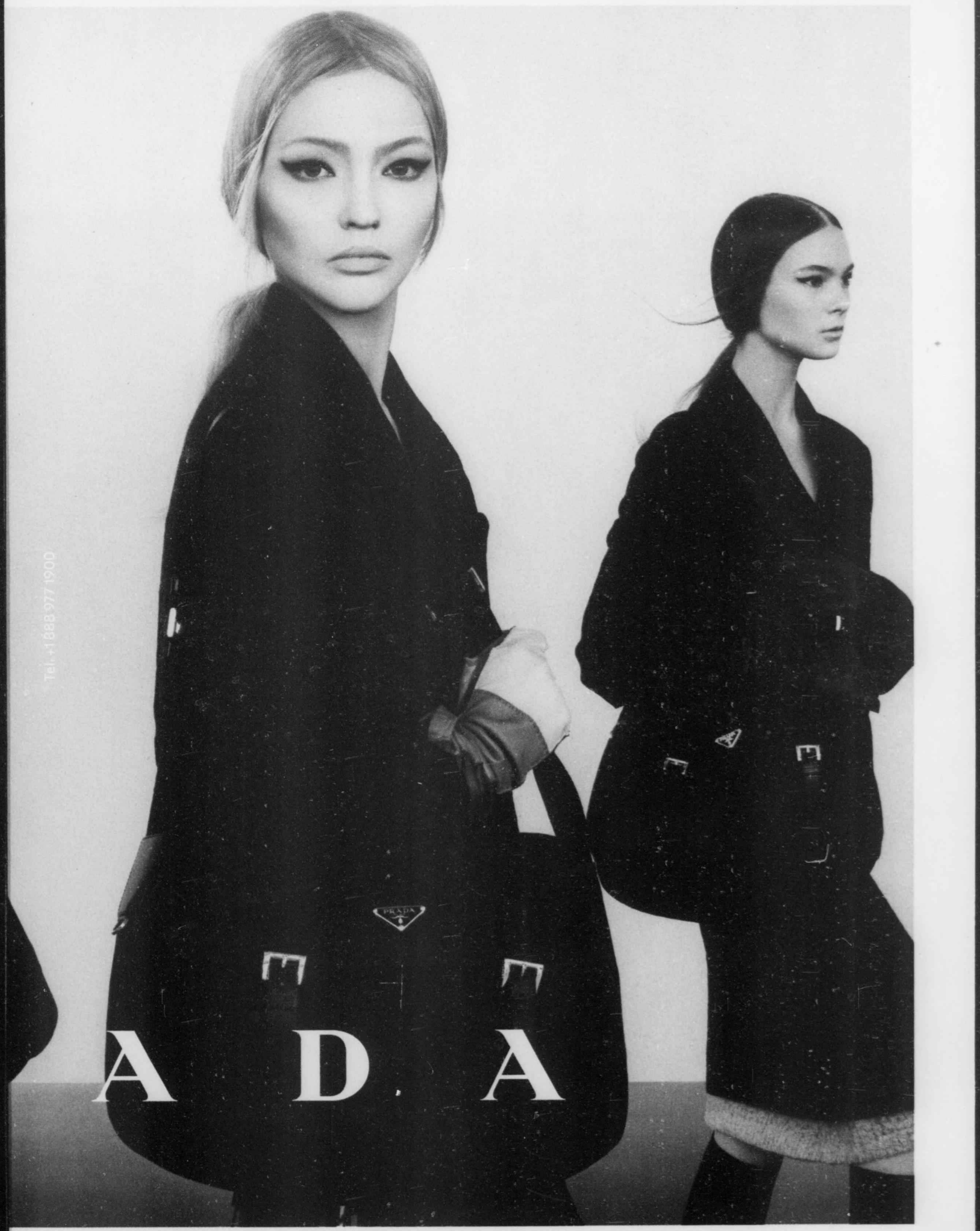
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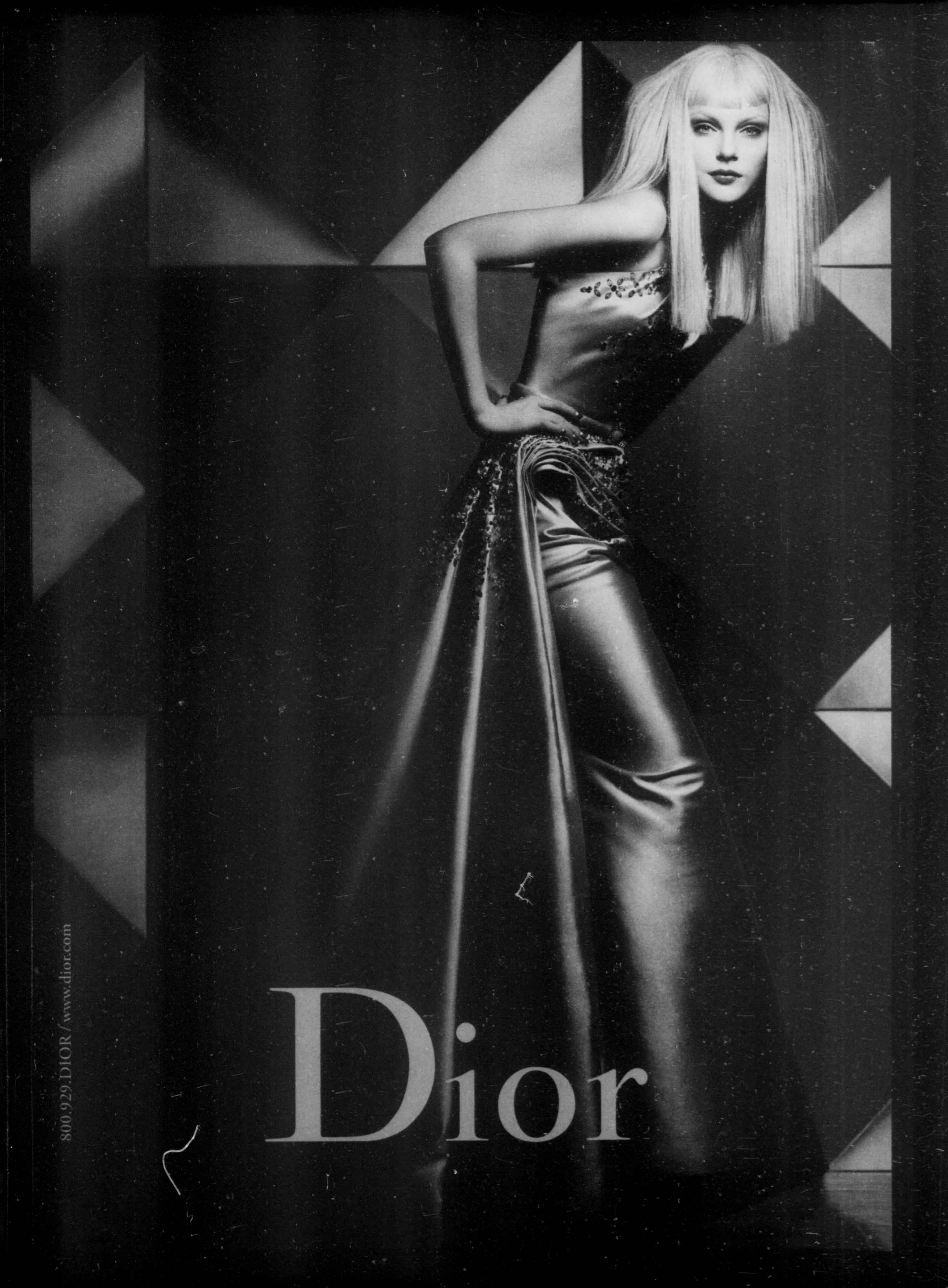
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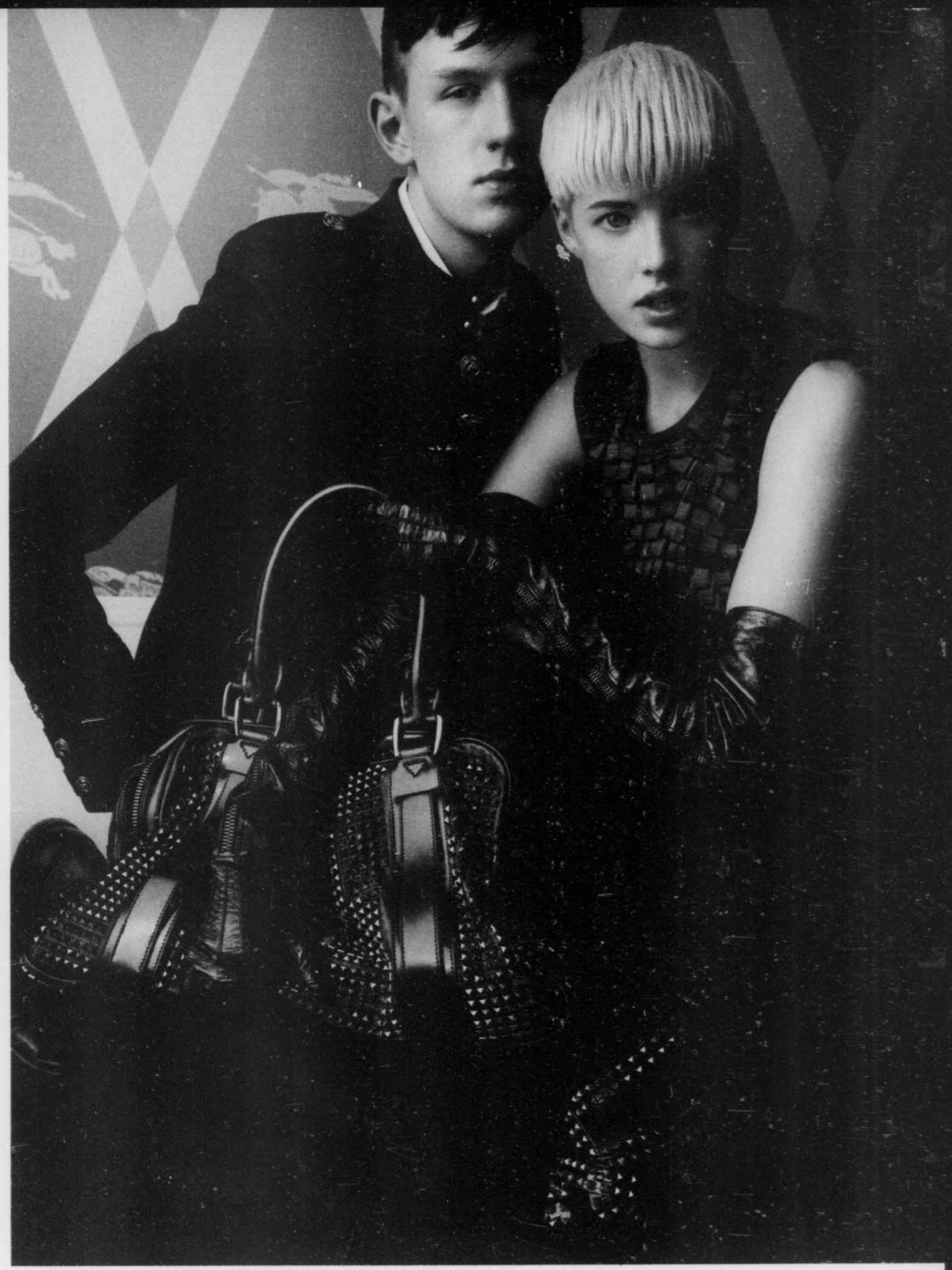

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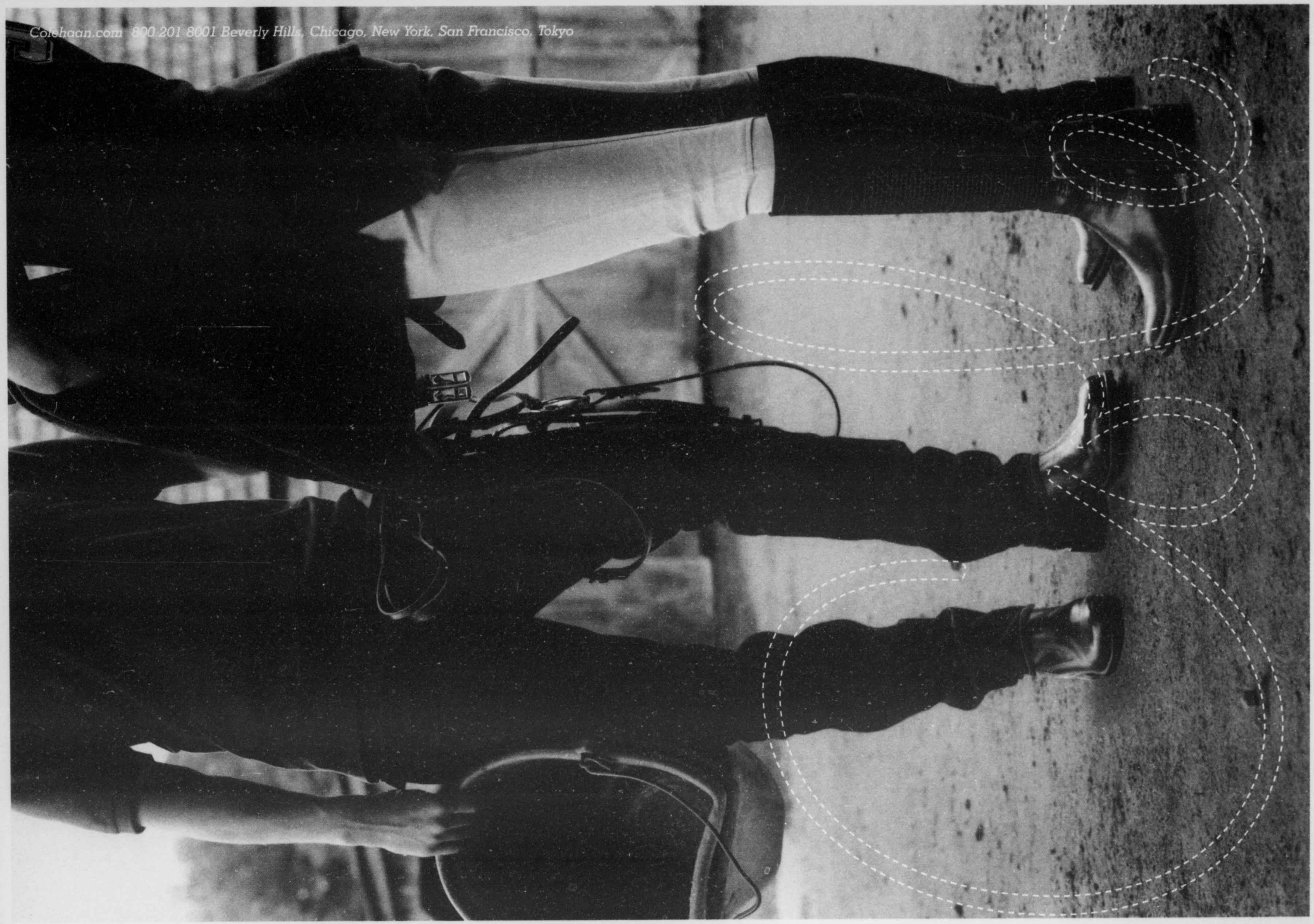

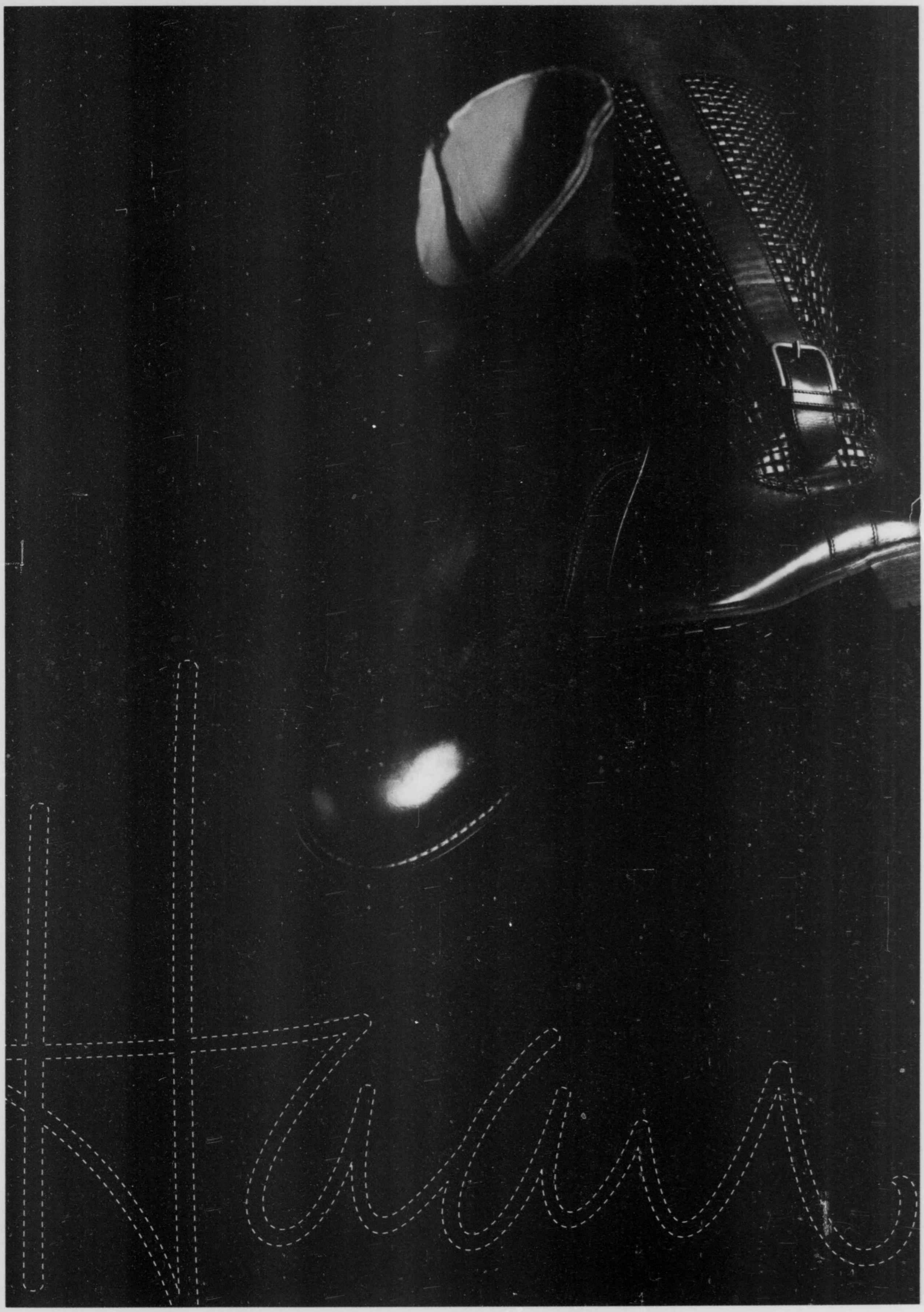

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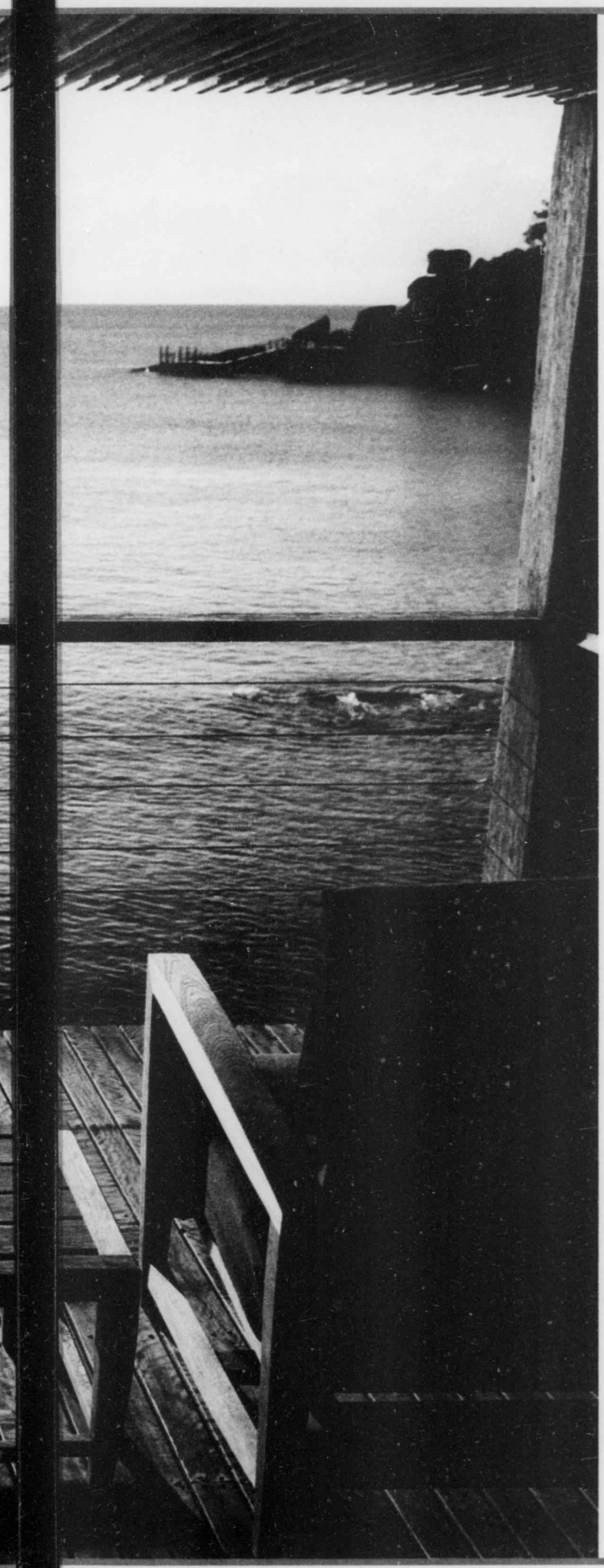

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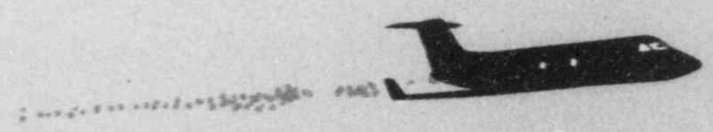

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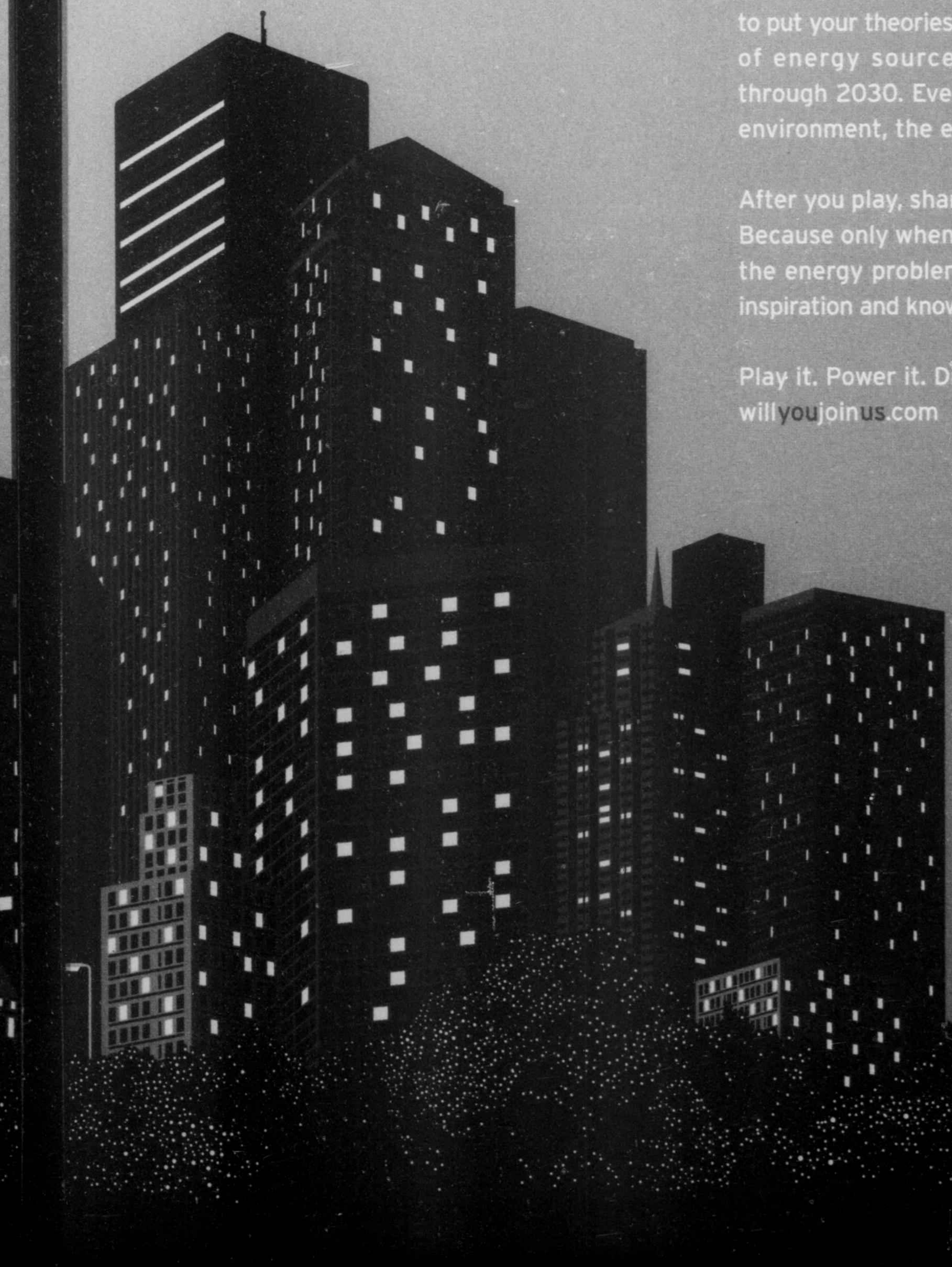

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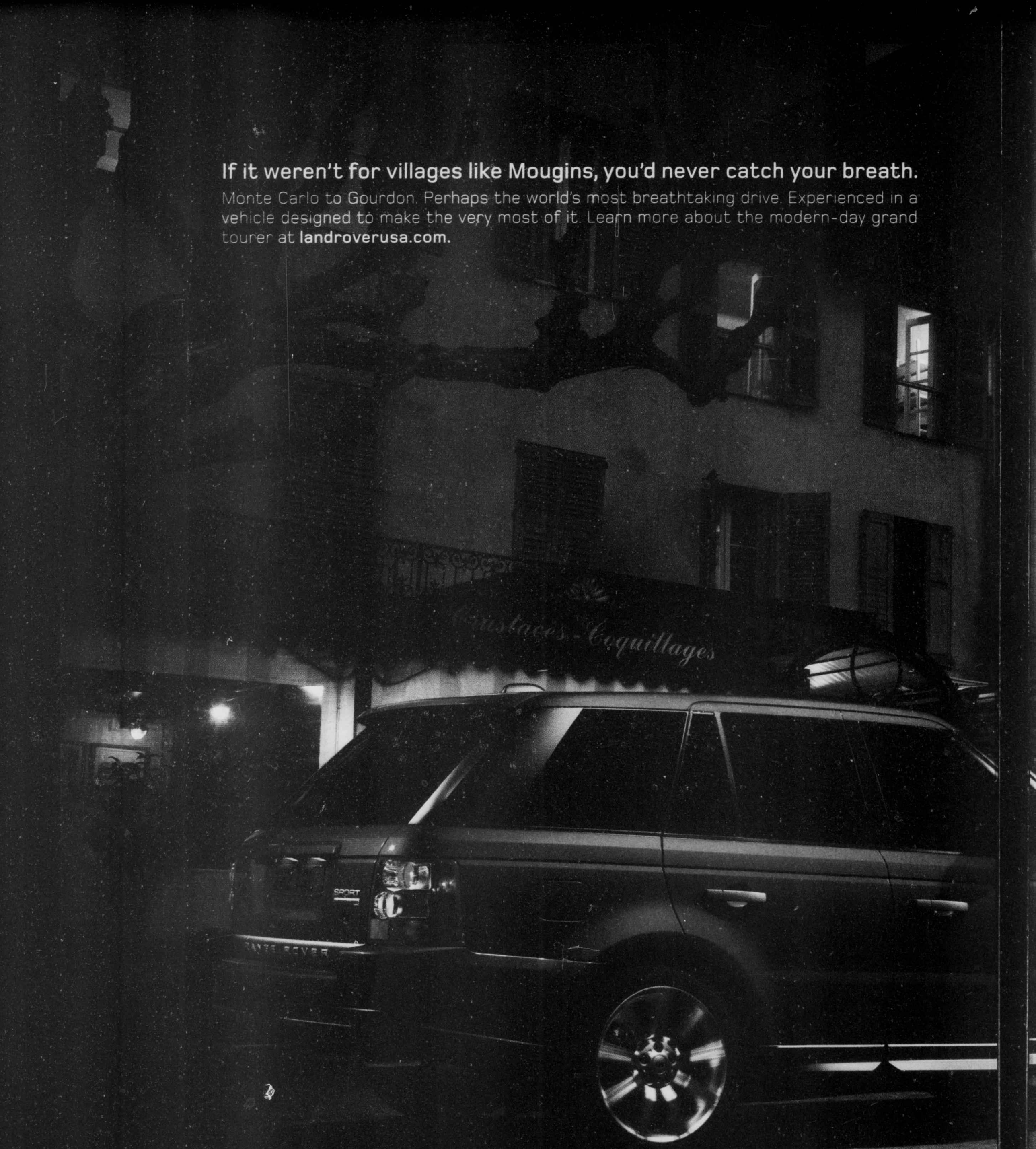
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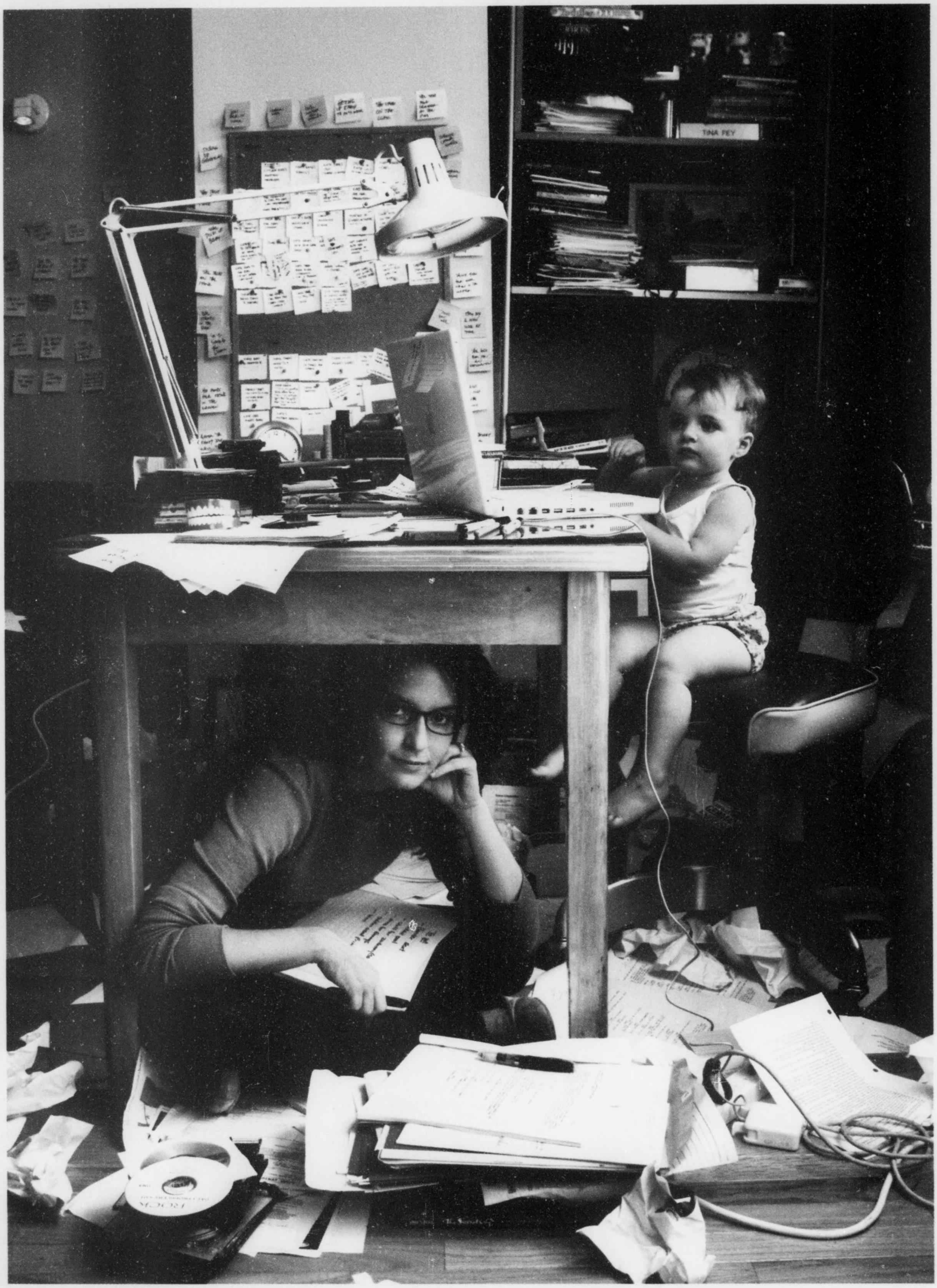

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CONTRIBUTORS

Lauren Collins ("Mondo Donatella," p. 152) is the deputy editor of The Talk of the Town.

Steve Coll (Comment, p. 83), a staff writer, is the president of the New America Foundation.

Patricia Marx ("Hot Flashes," p. 92) writes for film and television. The paperback edition of her novel "Him Her Him Again The End of Him" comes out in January.

Oliver Sacks ("The Abyss," p. 100) was recently appointed a Columbia Artist and professor of clinical neurology and clinical psychiatry at Columbia University. His new book, "Musicophilia: Tales of Music and the Brain," will be published next month.

Dana Goodyear ("The Enthusiast," p. 114) is a staff writer and the author of "Honey and Junk," a book of poems.

Henry Alford ("Solar Chic," p. 128), who contributed to the essay anthology "Money Changes Everything," is writing a book about the wisdom of people over the age of seventy.

Bruce McCall (Cover), a regular contributor of art and humor pieces, will publish a children's book next spring.

Anthony Lane ("Candid Camera," p. 164) is a film critic at the magazine. His book "Nobody's Perfect" is a collection of his *New Yorker* reviews and profiles.

Francine du Plessix Gray ("The Surrealists' Muse," p. 136) has contributed to the magazine since 1967. She is working on a biography of Madame de Staël.

Jean Valentine (Poem, p. 150) won a National Book Award for "Door in the Mountain: New and Collected Poems, 1965-2003." Her new book of poems, "Little Boat," comes out next month.

Maxim Biller (Fiction, p. 148) writes a regular humor column for the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*. "Love Today," his first collection of short stories in English, will be published next year.

Simon Schama (The Art World, p. 174) is a professor of history and art history at Columbia University. His book "Rough Crossings: Britain, the Slaves, and the American Revolution" won the 2006 National Book Critics Circle Award for general nonfiction.

Arda Collins (Poem, p. 167) has published poems in *The American Poetry Review*, *The Canary*, and the online poetry journal *GutCult*, where she is a contributing editor.

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Dana Goodyear talks about Kim Hastreiter, the editor of *Paper*, in an audio interview, and blogs from Los Angeles. / A slide show of paintings by J. M. W. Turner. / Blogs by *George Packer* and *Hendrik Hertzberg*. / A slide show of *New Yorker* fashion covers. / From the archives: *Roger Angell* meets Henri Cartier-Bresson, *Calvin Tomkins* and *Geoffrey T. Hellman* on Turner, *Oliver Sacks's* "The Case of Anna H.," and thousands of reviews in the Film File. / Hundreds of Q. & A.s, slide shows, and other Web exclusives. / The caption contest, and a list of *New Yorker* events across the country.

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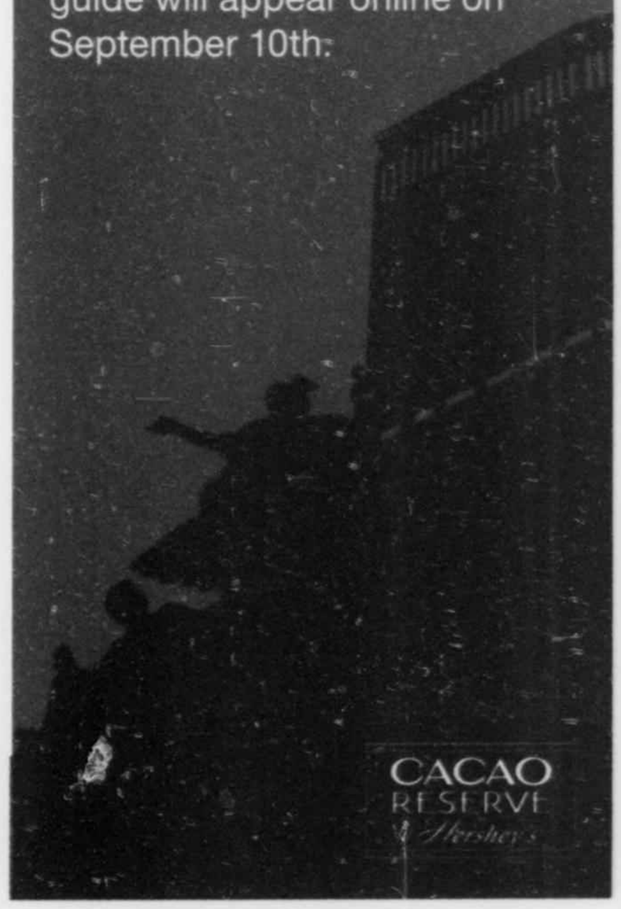

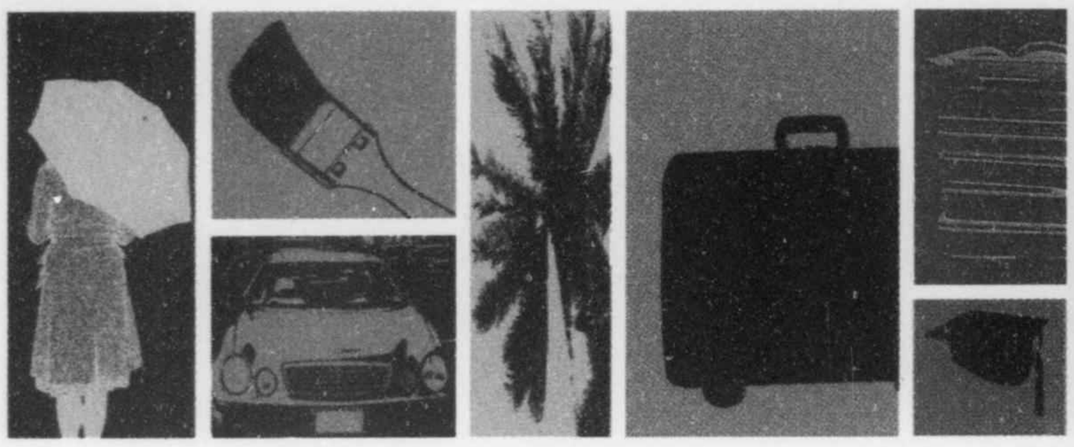

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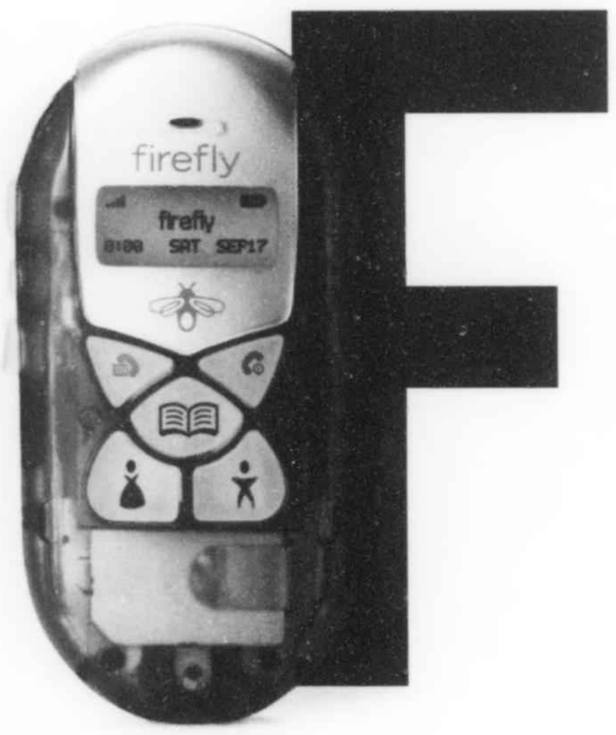

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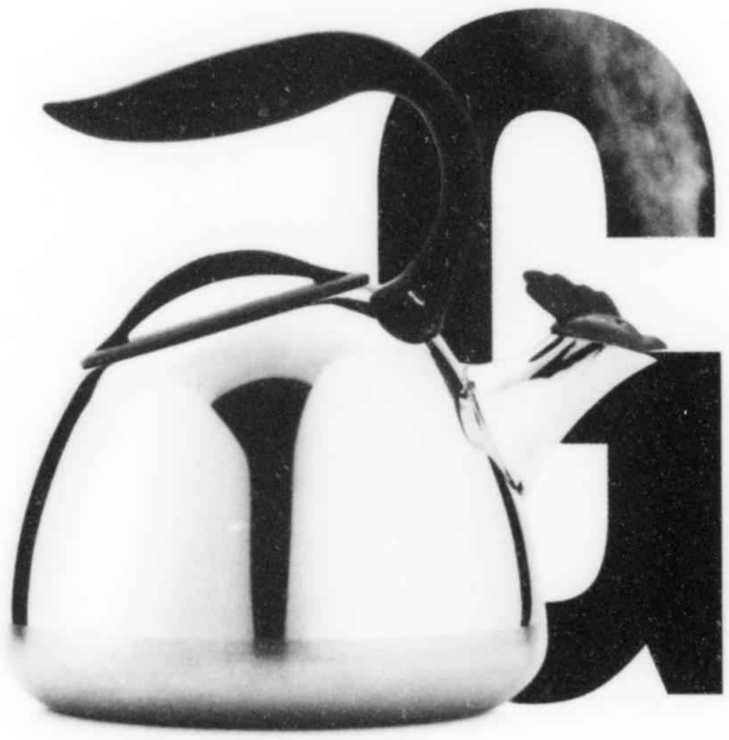

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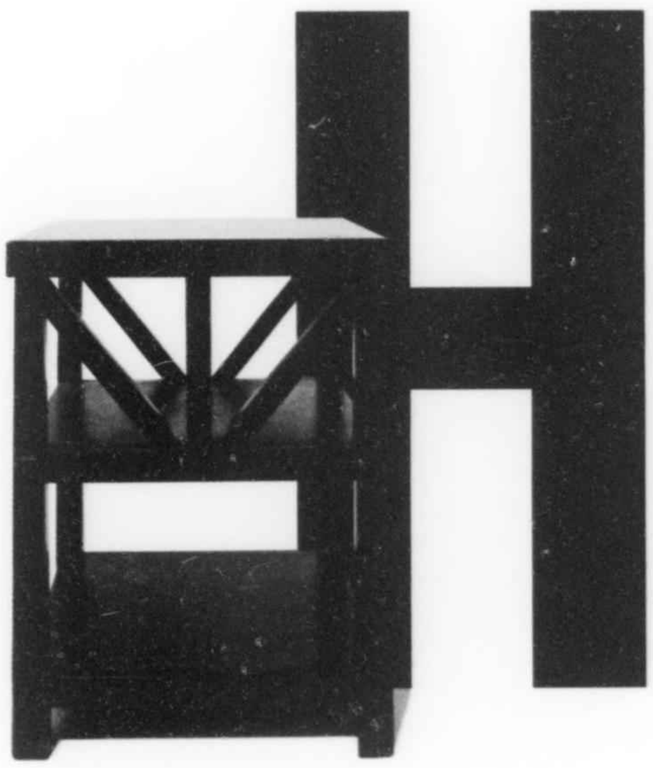

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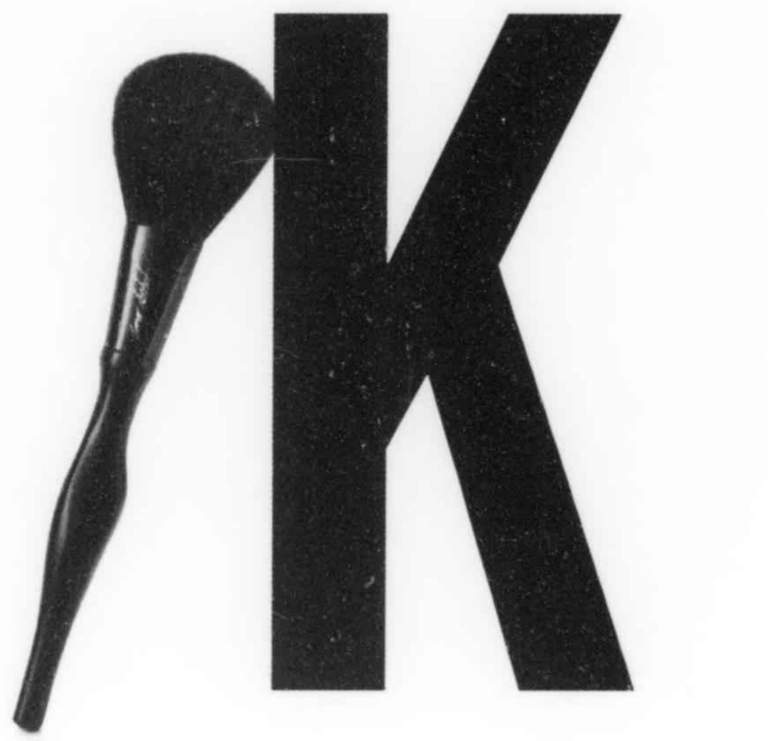

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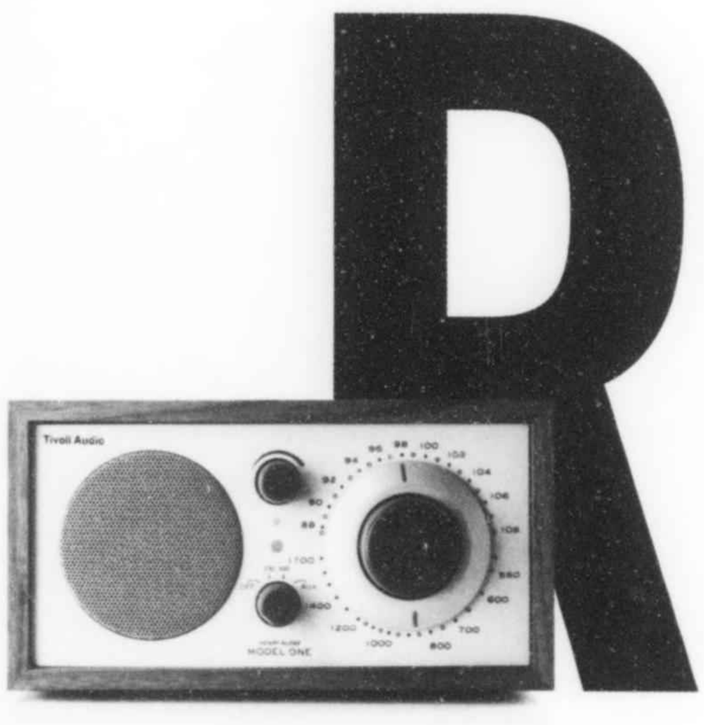

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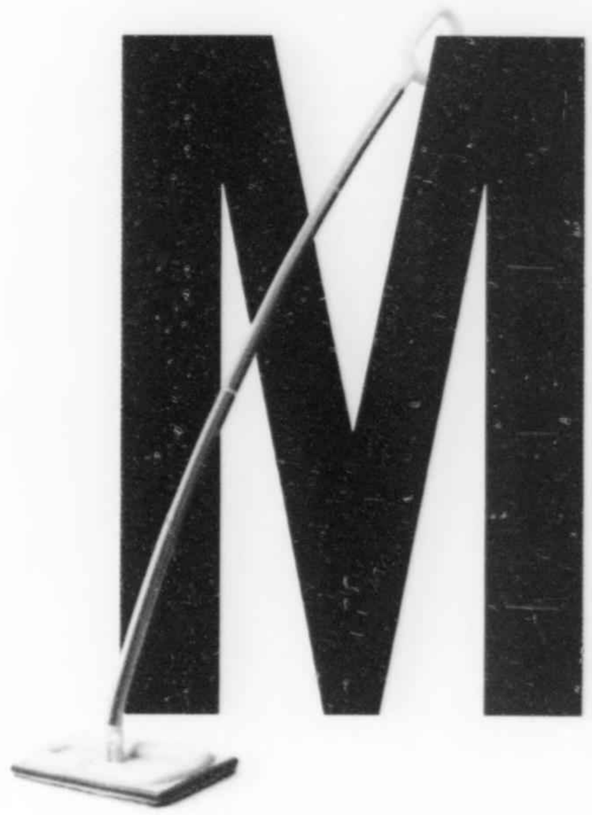

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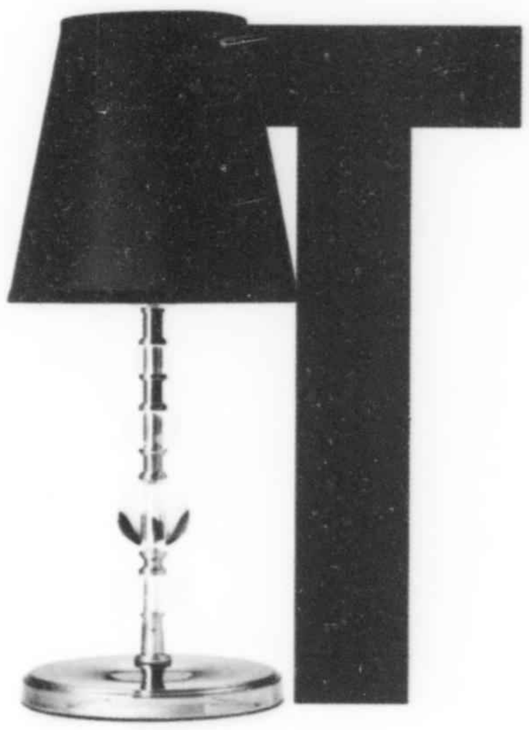

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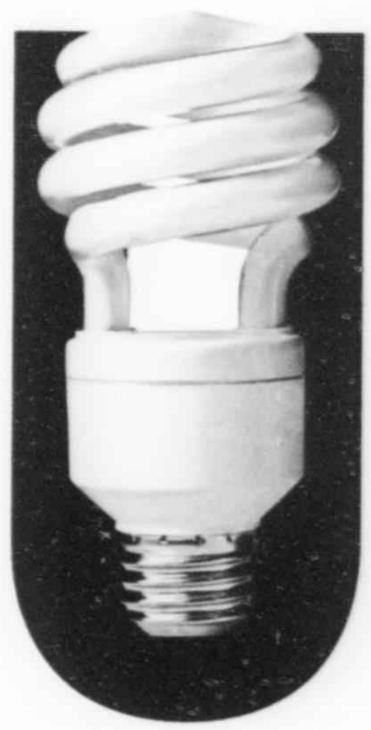

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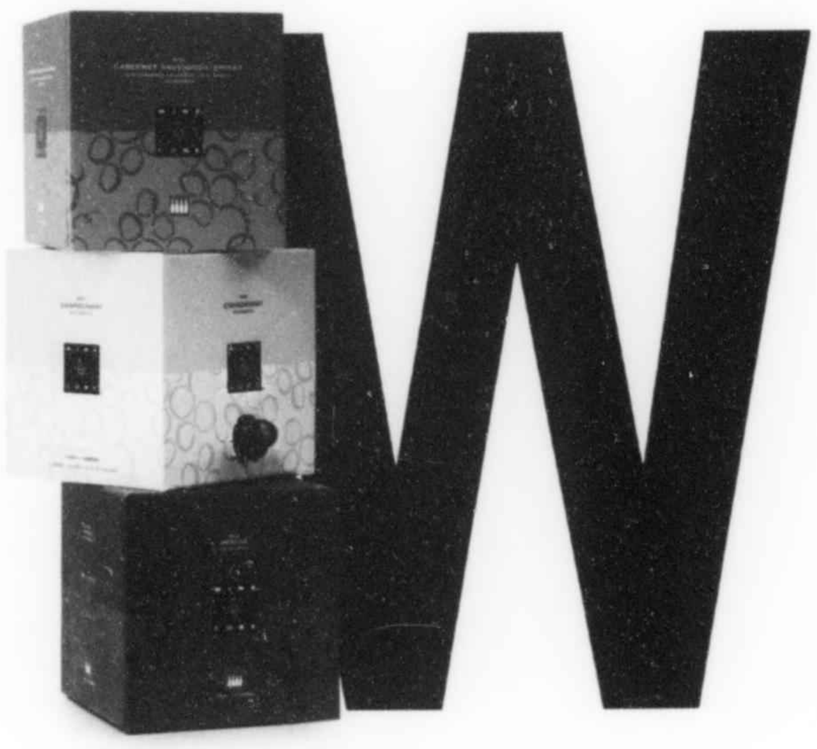

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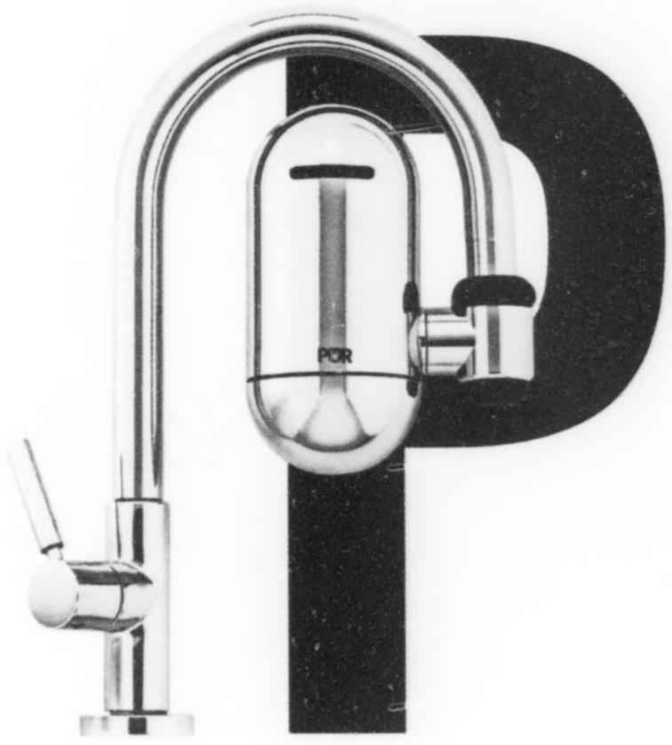

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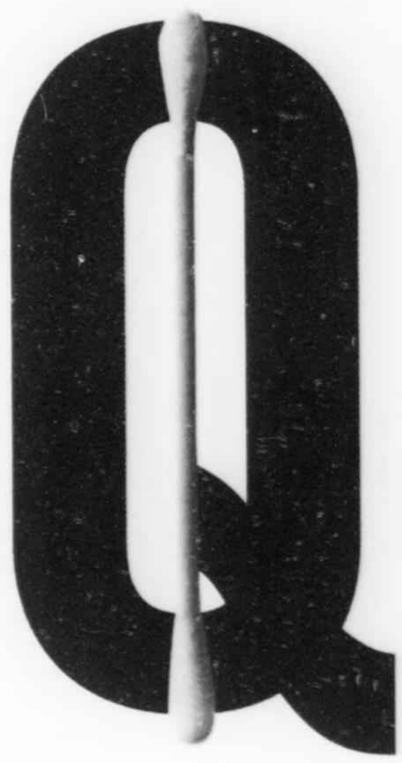

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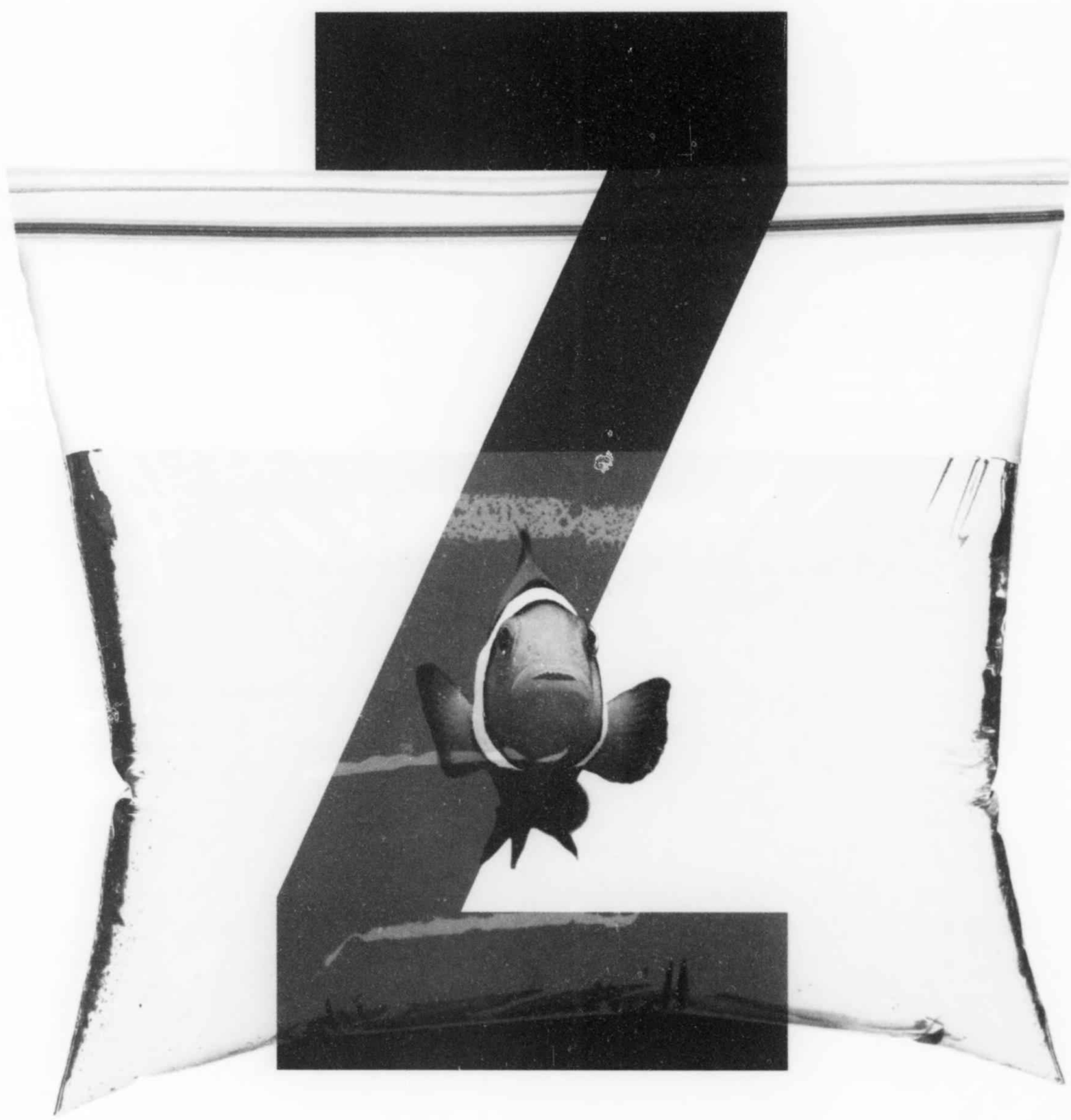

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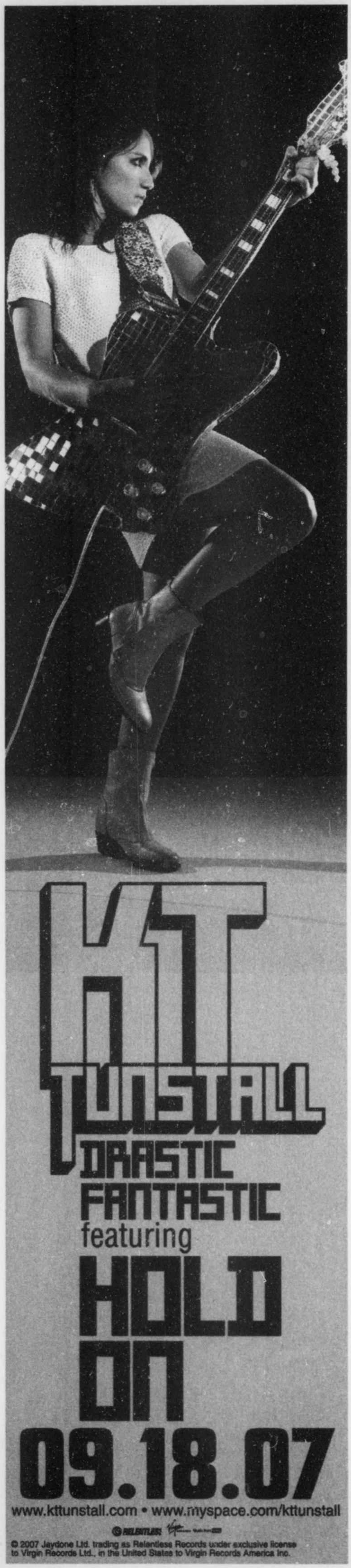

THE MAIL

SEED SAVERS

John Seabrook, in describing Cary Fowler's effort to create the first global seed bank, mentions the seeds and crops lost during Afghanistan's wars ("Sowing for Apocalypse," August 27th). While researching pomegranates, I found another connection between Afghanistan's lost heritage and the importance of these sorts of repositories. Beginning in the nineteen-thirties, Harold Olmo, a California horticulturalist and plant explorer, travelled to Afghanistan to collect samples from that mountainous country. He brought back varieties of grapes, walnuts, pistachios, almonds, apricots, peaches, and pomegranates, for a collection in Davis, California. His seeds and cuttings were saved, propagated, and bred into varieties of fruit and nuts we eat today. In 2003, a delegation of Afghan horticulturalists arrived at the U.S.D.A./A.R.S. facility on the campus of U.C. Davis, where they rediscovered fruit- and nut-bearing trees that have since been lost in their own country. Horticulturalists are now attempting to replant the denuded hillsides of Afghanistan with plants bred from crops that Olmo saved seventy years ago.

Barbara L. Baer
Forestville, Calif.

FLY RIGHT

James Surowiecki, in his column on the troubles in air travel, concludes that the system won't change because "it isn't really in any airline's interest to try to change it" (The Financial Page, September 3rd & 10th). In the nineteen-eighties, I was one of a number of management consultants retained to advise American Airlines on strategies for adapting to airline deregulation. At that time, in exchange for government-regulated fares and a guaranteed return on investment, airlines provided all the conveniences and customer service that are now missing. Airline deregulation descended on us with the claim that the market could provide all of the above at a cheaper price. Competition, it was said, would make matters even better. But the most prescient and accurate assessment came from Robert Crandall, then a senior vice-president of American Airlines, who, during a congressional hearing, told a Senate aide, "You can't deregulate this industry. You're going to wreck it." Returning to regulation might be the only way to fix the situation, since, as Surowiecki points out, you can't count on the airlines to do so.

David Hopelain
North Fork, Calif.

SCI-FI AND FANTASY

Adam Gopnik, in his review of the novels of Philip K. Dick, writes that during the early nineteen-sixties "there were a million places to write sci-fi . . . publishers eager to have it, and readers eager to argue about it" (Books, August 20th). Actually, many science-fiction writers of the period, finding diminishing audiences for their work, began turning to the emerging soft-porn market, enabled by the Supreme Court's 1957 Roth decision. One successful sci-fi publisher, William Hamling, started a porn operation out of Chicago in the late nineteen-fifties and immediately hired every then down-and-out sci-fi writer he could: Harlan Ellison, Robert Silverberg, and Marion Zimmer Bradley, along with the budding novelists Lawrence Block, Donald E. Westlake, and Hal Dresner. The bravery of Philip K. Dick rests not on his resisting the temptation to write literature and end up "as a Doctorow" but on his resisting the temptation to join his sci-fi colleagues in the porn trade. He would have done well: the ability to create elaborate, if at times incredible, fantasies seems to translate remarkably well from one genre to the other.

Stephen J. Gertz
Los Angeles, Calif.

WRITING ON THE WALL

I enjoyed reading Tim Page's essay on living with Asperger's syndrome: the

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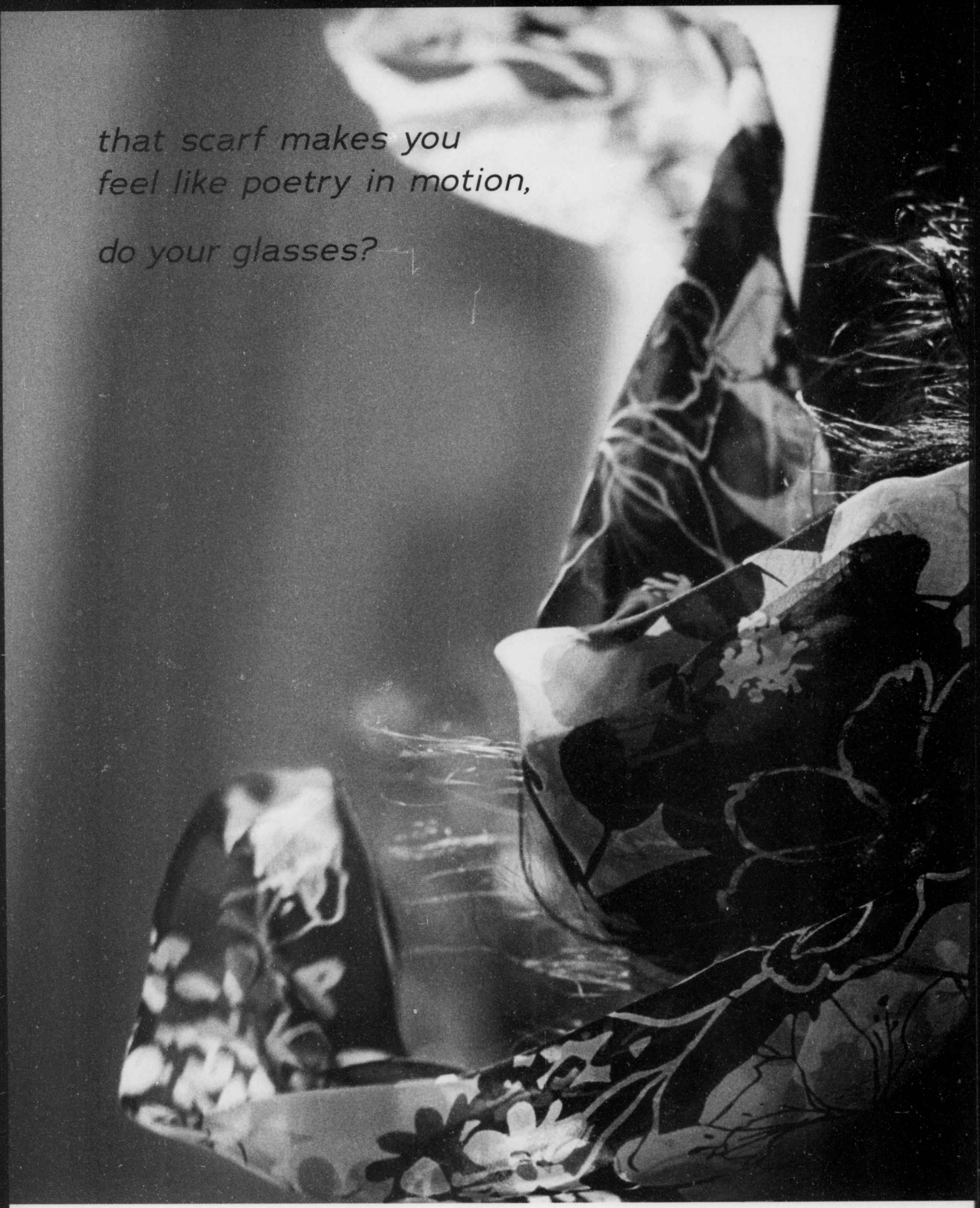

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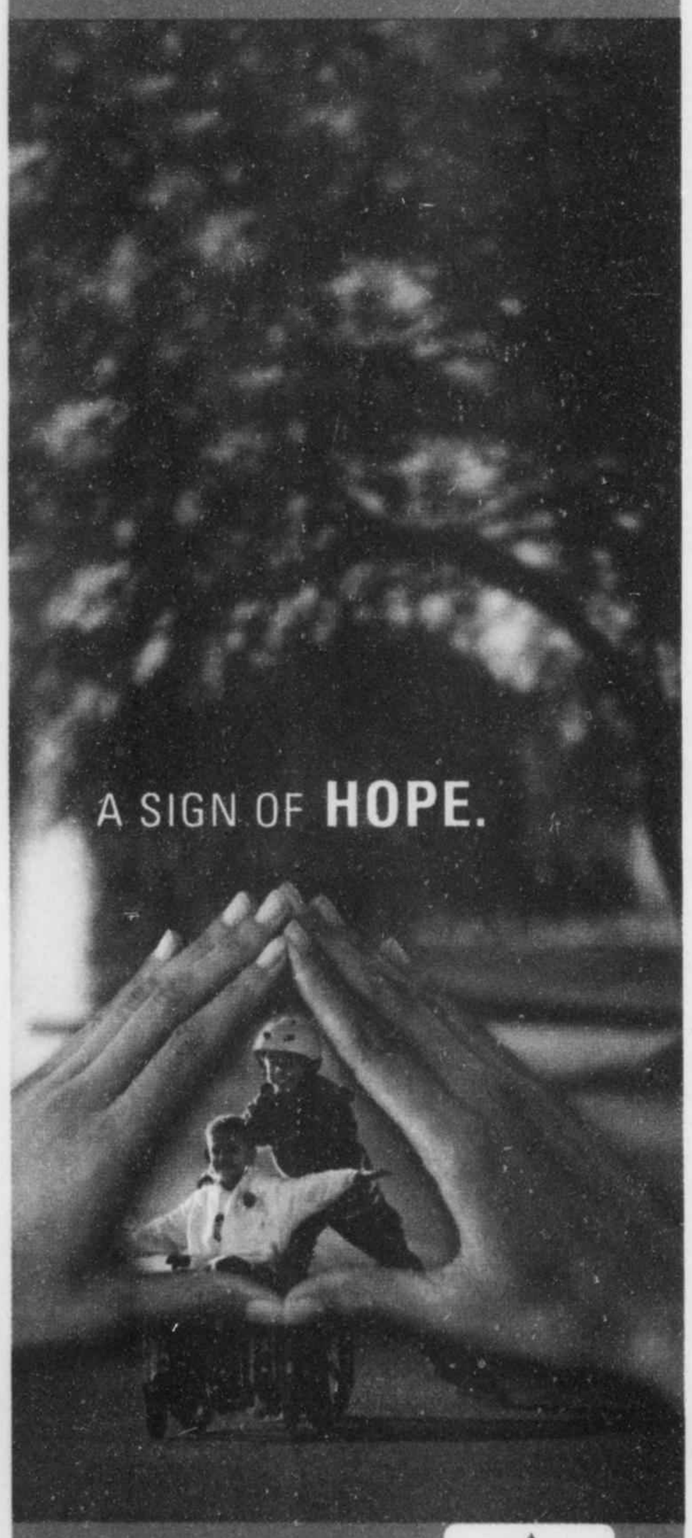

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insomnia, the social puzzlement, the obsessions with various subjects to the exclusion of more common ones—all are very familiar to me ("Parallel Play," August 20th). Then came this description: "In the late nineteen-seventies, I saw a ragged, haunted man who spent urgent hours dodging the New York transit police to trace the dates and lineage of the Hapsburg nobility on the walls of subway stations." I was the gentleman in question; although I didn't care about clothes, I don't think I was that ragged. I want to assure Mr. Page that I was never homeless or institutionalized (as he guessed), and I got only one ticket. Mr. Page and I had other things in common; like him, I was at the première of Steve Reich's "Music for 18 Musicians" at Town Hall. Unlike Mr. Page, I did not find this particular music's structure all-engrossing; I preferred to dance to it. At one performance of Reich's music at the U.S. Custom House, I danced alone around and around the central musicians. For someone as acutely self-conscious as I had been, this seemed a moment of glorious emergence, of living my own life in everyone else's world.

John Yohalem
New York City

TAKING CREDIT

Peter Boyer, in his profile of the former New York City mayor and Presidential candidate Rudy Giuliani, captured all those things which make New Yorkers fearful of what it would be like to have Rudy as President ("Mayberry Man," August 20th). Boyer also raises the question of who really deserves recognition for the crime drop, giving credit to William Bratton and Bernard Kerik's efforts as police commissioners. But dropping crime rates were seen across the country during the same period, and, more important, crime in New York started dropping smartly under Mayor David Dinkins in 1990, three years before Rudy assumed office. External factors probably had more to do with the increasing safety of the city than who happened to be the mayor did. A strong case can be made that crime is like the economy: if you're lucky enough to be in office at the right time, you take credit, but if things go badly you blame circumstance.

Howard Rubinstein
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Boyer writes that I "helped guide the 2004 Catholic effort to deny Communion to John Kerry." I did not play a role in that effort. Although I do believe that it is important to hold Catholic politicians accountable for publicly advancing un-Catholic views, I do not believe that a blanket policy of denying Communion to them is the best way to achieve that.

Francis X. Maier
Chancellor to the Archbishop of Denver
Denver, Colo.

SPENCER'S INFLUENCE

Steven Shapin, in his assessment of Herbert Spencer, writes that "the big idea that gave Spencer's philosophy coherence was just too big to yield coherence or pertinence at more mundane levels" (Books, August 13th). Perhaps—if one considers the machinations of politics and law to be more mundane than philosophy. What became known as "Spencerian economics" had influential adherents in American politics and law well into the mid-twentieth century. It can be argued that it was one of the underpinnings of the early-twentieth-century laissez-faire government that contributed to the stock-market crash of '29 and fuelled the Great Depression, which in turn spawned the New Deal. Several of the sitting Justices on the U.S. Supreme Court at the time were influenced by this line of thought, and they set about dismantling many of President Roosevelt's liberal social programs. It was as a result of those politico-legal conflicts that Roosevelt unleashed his ardent, but unsuccessful, court-packing scheme, which threatened one of the pillars of American constitutional democracy—the separation of powers. Spencer's coherent idea, for good or ill, did indeed influence the mundane affairs of humankind.

Doug deVries
Sacramento, Calif.

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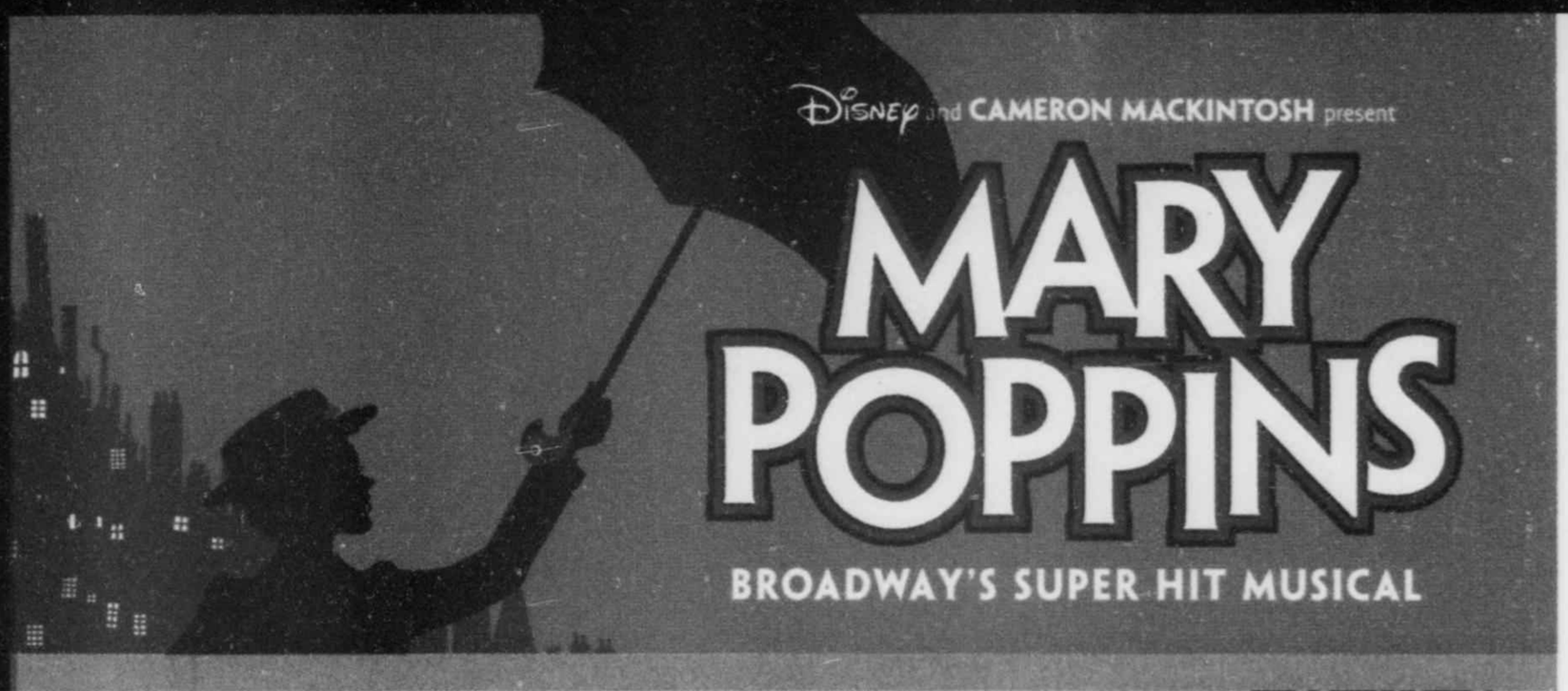

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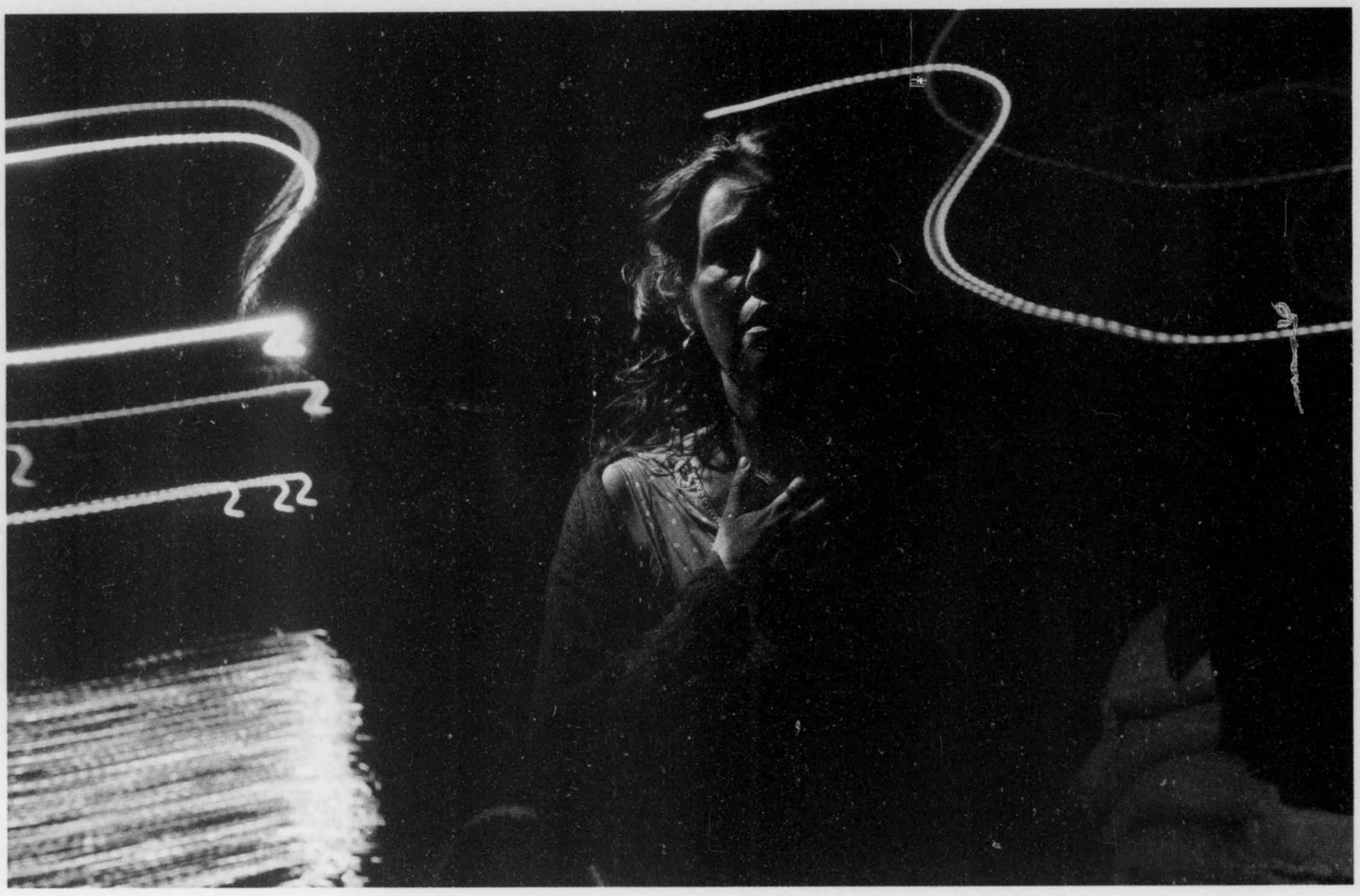

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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			19	20	21	22
23	24	25				

THIS WEEK

THE THEATRE
ANTI-ARISTOCRAT

Molière himself starred in his tragic comedy "The Misanthrope" when it made its stage début, in 1666. Now, almost three hundred and fifty years later, New York Theatre Workshop mounts the play in a production directed by Ivo van Hove, whose "Hedda Gabler" caused a stir in 2004. (See page 50.)

NIGHT LIFE
FELLOW-TRAVELLERS

The singer-songwriter and producer Joe Henry and the country-noir vocalist Mary Gauthier share a penchant for knocking about in the dark parts of the soul. They each have a new album out (Henry produced Gauthier's) and appear together for one night at the Blender Theatre at Gramercy. (See page 54.)

ART
PAPER TRAIL

When the Englishman William Henry Fox Talbot invented the calotype, in 1841, he hit on the negative-positive process still used in photography today. The Metropolitan Museum presents rare examples of the medium—many of them unknown, even to scholars—in "Impressed by Light: British Photographs from Paper Negatives, 1840-1860." (See page 58.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC
BRIEF ENCOUNTERS

New York's sleepy lunchtime concert scene will get a shot in the arm this month from the appealing Pacifica Quartet. Originally a West Coast concern and now based in Champaign-Urbana, Illinois, the Pacifica kicks off a free series devoted to the string quartets of Beethoven at Columbia University's Philosophy Hall. (See page 68.)

MOVIES
GREAT DANES

The Danish production company Nordisk Film has been active since 1906. To celebrate its centenary, Scandinavia House offers three months of its classics, old and new, including "Babette's Feast," Carl Theodor Dreyer's "Leaves of Satan's Book," Jan Troell's "Hamsun," a bio-pic about the writer, "The Abyss," from 1910, and "Toward the Light." (See page 78.)

Vertical Player Repertory performs Puccini's opera "Il Tabarro" on a Red Hook barge. Photograph by Yola Monakhov.

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THE THEATRE • FALL PREVIEW

YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN
Mel Brooks reconvenes the team that staged "The Producers" for a musical version of his cinematic classic about a New York brain surgeon who inherits a Transylvanian castle and must decide whether to carry on his grandfather's mad legacy. Roger Bart, Megan Mullally, Sutton Foster, and Andrea Martin star, at the Hilton Theatre. (Previews begin Oct. 11.)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC
Kevin Kline romances Jennifer Garner in this Anthony Burgess adaptation of Edmond Rostand's 1897 masterpiece, at the Richard Rodgers. (Previews begin Oct. 12.)

THE FARNSWORTH INVENTION
Aaron Sorkin makes his début as a Broadway playwright, with a drama about the boy genius who invented television, in 1927, but was denied credit. Hank Azaria stars; Des McAnuff directs, at the Music Box. (Previews begin Oct. 15.)

ROCK 'N' ROLL
Tom Stoppard's new play, a West End transfer to the Bernard B. Jacobs, spans the years 1968-90 and follows an anti-Communist Prague rock band and the family of a Cambridge Marxist philosopher. The cast includes Brian Cox, Sinéad Cusack, and Rufus Sewell. (Previews begin Oct. 19.)

THE SEAFARER
Conor McPherson follows up "Shining City" with this drama, set in Dublin on Christmas Eve; McPherson directs, at the Booth. (Previews begin Oct. 30.)

LONE STAR LOVE
At the Belasco, Randy Quaid leads the cast of this new musical-comedy Western inspired by "The Merry Wives of Windsor," set after the Civil War. (Previews begin Nov. 1.)

IS HE DEAD?
David Ives adapts this recently unearthed comedy by Mark Twain, about a struggling artist who stages his death to improve the market value of his work; Michael Blakemore directs, at the Lyceum. (Previews begin Nov. 8.)

THE HOMECOMING
Raúl Esparza, Ian McShane, Eve Best, and Michael McKean star in Harold Pinter's Tony-winning play from 1967; Daniel Sullivan directs, at the Cort. (Previews begin Nov. 23.)

OFF BROADWAY AND BEYOND
Roundabout Theatre Company presents "The Overwhelming," a J. T. Rogers drama about an American family living in Rwanda during the 1994 genocide, at the Laura Pels (Sept. 28); the Wooster Group and Elizabeth LeCompte apply their sui-generis methods to "Hamlet," at the Public (Oct. 9); Edward Albee elaborates on his "Zoo Story" in "Peter and Jerry," starring Bill Pullman, Dallas Roberts, and Johanna Day, at Second Stage (Oct. 19); Ethan Hawke directs Jonathan Marc Sherman's "Things We Want," in a New Group production at the Acorn, with Paul Dano, Peter Dinklage, Josh Hamilton, and Zoe Kazan (Oct. 22); and BAM presents Frank Wedekind's "Lulu," from Hamburg's Thalia Theatre (Nov. 27-Dec. 1).

THE THEATRE
OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

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

AMERICAN SLIGO
Adam Rapp ("Red Light Winter") wrote and directs this dark comedy, about a wrestling legend on the eve of his last match. In previews. Opens Sept. 24. (Rattlestick, 224 Waverly Pl. 212-868-4444.)

BLIND MOUTH SINGING
National Asian American Theatre Company presents Jorge Ignacio Cortiñas's play about a strict matriarch. Ruben Polendo directs. Opens Sept. 19. (Baruch Performing Arts Center, 55 Lexington Ave. 212-279-4200.)

THE CHILDREN OF VONDERLY
Ma-Yi Theatre Company opens its nineteenth season with a new play by Lloyd Suh, about a multiethnic family of adopted and disabled children in Indianapolis. Previews begin Sept. 22. (East 13th Street Theatre, 136 E. 13th St. 212-352-3101.)

THE DINING ROOM
The Keen Company opens its season with A. R. Gurney's drama, a series of vignettes about a twentieth-century Wasp family. Jonathan Silverstein directs. In previews. Opens Sept. 20. (Clurman, 410 W. 42nd St. 212-279-4200.)

DIVIDING THE ESTATE
Primary Stages presents the New York première of a comedy by Horton Foote, set in the late nineteen-eighties, in which a Texas family contemplates its fate. In previews. (59E59, at 59 E. 59th St. 212-279-4200.)

A GLOBAL DIONYSUS IN NAPOLI
A Neapolitan folksinger offers a meditation on the exploitation of the poor people of southern Italy, in this theatre piece by Giuliana and Nicola Ciancio and Paolo Favero. Preview on Sept. 20. Opens Sept. 21. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 212-475-7710.)

GREETINGS FROM YORKVILLE
A Midwestern songwriting duo arrives in the Big Apple, in this musical by Robert Grusecki. Direction by the late Thommie Walsh; production design by Robert Risko. Previews begin Sept. 25. (SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 212-691-1555.)

HAIR: THE AMERICAN TRIBAL LOVE-ROCK MUSICAL
Joe's Pub in the Park and the Public Theatre present a free fortieth-anniversary concert of the musical. Diane Paulus directs. Sept. 22-24. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 212-539-8750.)

HAMLET
Shepard Sobel directs Shakespeare's tragedy, at the Pearl. In previews. Opens Sept. 23. (80 St. Marks Pl. 212-598-9802.)

JUMP
The U.S. début of this Korean show of martial arts, acrobatics, and slapstick, set among a family whose members love to challenge one another to martial-arts showdowns. Previews begin Sept. 25. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 212-307-4100.)

MAURITIUS
Alison Pill, F. Murray Abraham, Dylan Baker, Katie Finneran, and Bobby Cannavale star in Manhattan Theatre Club's production of a drama by Theresa Rebeck, about half sisters who inherit a stamp collection. Doug Hughes directs. In previews. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 212-239-6200.)

THE MISANTHROPE
New York Theatre Workshop presents Molière's comedy, directed by Ivo van Hove. In previews. Opens Sept. 24. (79 E. 4th St. 212-239-6200.)

NIGHT OVER TAOS
Estelle Parsons directs this Intar production of a drama by Maxwell Anderson, about Pablo Montoya, who, in 1847, fought to protect Mexico from being ceded to the U.S. Previews begin Sept. 20. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave. 212-352-3101.)

NONE OF THE ABOVE
Jenny Lyn Bader wrote this play, about getting into Princeton. Julie Kramer directs. Previews begin Sept. 25. (Lion, 410 W. 42nd St. 212-279-4200.)

THE POWER OF DARKNESS
Mint Theatre Company revives Tolstoy's drama from 1886, about a Russian peasant who becomes involved in a murder. In previews. Opens Sept. 24. (311 W. 43rd St. 212-315-0231.)

PYGMALION
Claire Danes and Jefferson Mays star in Shaw's classic drama, in a Roundabout Theatre Company production. David Grindley directs. Previews begin Sept. 21. (American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. 212-719-1300.)

THE RISE OF DOROTHY HALE
Myra Bairstow wrote this drama, based on the true story of the mysterious suicide of a Manhattan society woman in 1933. Penny Templeton directs. In previews. (St. Luke's Theatre, 308 W. 46th St. 212-239-6200.)

THE RITZ
Roundabout Theatre Company revives Terrence McNally's 1975 comedy, starring Rosie Perez and Kevin Chamberlin, in which a heterosexual man hides from a mobster in a gay bathhouse. Joe Mantello directs. In previews. (Studio 54, at 254 W. 54th St. 212-719-1300.)

SCARCITY
Atlantic Theatre Company presents the première of a new play by Lucy Thurber, about siblings longing to escape their life of poverty. In previews. Opens Sept. 20. (336 W. 20th St. 212-279-4200.)

THREE MO' TENORS
This musical revue, conceived, directed, and choreographed by Marion J. Caffey, combines opera, blues, jazz, soul, and other genres. In previews. (Little Shubert, 422 W. 42nd St. 212-239-6200.)

NOW PLAYING

AMERICA LOVESEXDEATH
A show of topical sketches by Billy the Mime, who made an enjoyably vulgar appearance in the movie "The Aristocrats." Each piece begins with a title, either straightforward ("The Sixties") or arch ("Thomas and Sally—A Night at Monticello"). With graceful gestures and dark humor, Billy brings entire eras and dramas to life: "World War II" begins with a young Hitler happily painting at an easel; a piece about J.F.K.,

DIVYA SRINIVASAN

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vibrations per hour), date aperture.
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Jr., includes not just the iconic salute and the early death but the three attempts at the bar exam; in "A Romance," two hands enact a courtship and seduction, complete with rubber glove. Billy's targets are at times too easy, but he is a true talent and a skilled jester; mime skeptics may well be converted. (Flea, 41 White St. 212-352-3101.)

BASIL TWIST'S "DOGUGAESHI"
Using the Japanese puppet-theatre art that incorporates a sliding-screen mechanism, the puppeteer tells the tale of a sly fox. (Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. 212-715-1258. Through Sept. 22.)

CELIA
Carmen Rivera and Candido Tirado wrote this musical, based on the life of the late Cuban singer Celia Cruz. Jaime Azpilicueta directs. Performances on Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 7 are in English; all other performances are in Spanish. (New World Stages, 340 W. 50th St. 212-239-6200.)

EDGE
In this one-woman show about Sylvia Plath (in the same staging that appeared in New York in 2003 and which has been touring), the writer and director, Paul Alexander, who wrote two books about the poet, has an agenda: he uses the facts of Plath's life to prove that her father and her husband, Ted Hughes, made her commit suicide, at the age of thirty. But Angelica Torn, in a troubling and powerful performance, makes us see what the script does not—the extent to which Plath, who believed that she didn't exist unless she was being subjugated by a man, manufactured her own downfall. (ArcLight, 152 W. 71st St. 212-352-3101.)

FLAGS
Jane Martin wrote this drama, about a family who lost a son in the Iraq war. Henry Wishcamper directs. (59E59, at 59 E. 59th St. 212-279-4200.)

100 SAINTS YOU SHOULD KNOW
Playwrights Horizons kicks off the season with the world première of a play by Kate Fodor, about a woman who becomes intrigued by a troubled priest at the church that she cleans. Janel Moloney, Lois Smith, Jeremy Shamos, Will Rogers, and Zoe Kazan star. Ethan McSweeny directs. (416 W. 42nd St. 212-279-4200.)

IPHIGENIA 2.0
Charles Mee adapts ancient Greek texts to reflect the world as it is now: a fragmented place, torn apart by war, by the disintegration of the family, and by politicians who offer a canned performance of authority while disavowing all responsibility. Mee's new drama, in a Signature Theatre Company production, takes place in Greece, but it's less like the Greece of the Persian wars than like present-day Iraq and Afghanistan. Four soldiers (the excellent J. D. Goldblatt, Jesse Hooker, Jimonn Cole, and Will Fowler) act as a chorus in fatigues, listening as Agamemnon (Tom Nelis) contemplates sacrificing his daughter, Iphigenia (Louisa Krause), to the gods in order to make peace with his people. Divided between his emotions and his duties as a leader, Mee's Agamemnon is not unlike Mee the playwright, struggling both to pay homage to the past and to create something new. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/3 & 10/07.) (Peter Norton Space, 555 W. 42nd St. 212-244-7529.)

KING LEAR
Royal Shakespeare Company brings its production of the tragedy, starring Ian McKellen and directed by Trevor Nunn, to BAM. Playing in repertory with "The Seagull." (BAM's Harvey Theatre, 651 Fulton St. 718-636-4100.)

THE MAGNIFICENT CUCKOLD
East River Commedia presents this 1920 farce by Fernand Crommelynck, in which a man is so paranoid that his wife might cheat on him that he forces her to do so with all the men in the village. (Connelly, 220 E. 4th St. 212-868-4444.)

NEW YORK MUSICAL THEATRE FESTIVAL
More than thirty new musicals, at various venues. For a full schedule, visit www.nymf.org. (212-352-3101.)

Raymond Pettibon with his wall drawing, currently at Zwirner.

PURPLE HEARTS
In Burgess Clark's "No Exit"-style drama, based on real events surrounding the 1941 attack on Pearl Harbor, three sailors find themselves trapped inside the sunken battleship West Virginia. They await rescue for nearly three weeks, trying to maintain hope—or, at least, sanity—and, predictably, things devolve into violence and madness. Intermittently, women awaiting news of the men's status back home deliver heartfelt soliloquies. The six actors (especially the brilliantly brassy Cecelia Frontero) give admirable performances in spite of the somewhat tedious and overwrought script. One would think that there would be considerably less talking in a situation where oxygen is in limited supply. David Epstein directs. (Gene Frankel Theatre, 24 Bond St. 212-387-8440. Through Sept. 22.)

ROCK DOVES
The première of a drama by Marie Jones, set in postwar Northern Ireland. Ian McElhinney directs. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 212-868-4444.)

THE SEAGULL
Royal Shakespeare Company brings its production of Chekhov's drama, directed by Trevor Nunn, to BAM. Ian McKellen stars in select performances. Playing in repertory with "King Lear." (BAM's Harvey Theatre, 651 Fulton St. 718-636-4100.)

THE SHAPE OF METAL
Origin Theatre Company presents Thomas Kilroy's drama, in which a sculptor copes with the disappearance of her daughter. Brian Murray directs. (59E59, at 59 E. 59th St. 212-279-4200.)

TILL THE BREAK OF DAWN
Danny Hoch's new hip-hop play, about a group of South Bronx radicals who take a trip to Havana. (Abrons Arts Center, 466 Grand St. 212-352-3101.)

WALMARTOPIA! THE MUSICAL
Does a musical about Wal-Mart really need a ballad about the trials of motherhood? Rather than winking at the audience over the high-concept absurdity of its subject—an ominous near-future in which the retail chain has taken over the world—Catherine Capellaro and Andrew Rohn's anti-capitalist fable (which was a cult hit in last year's Fringe Festival) keeps its politics and its jokes straightforward and attempts to root the story in a heartfelt depiction of a working-class mother (Cheryl Freeman) and daughter (Nikki M. James) coming to terms with each other. The director, Daniel Goldstein, adds energy and spiffy production value to the script's relative sobriety, but he can't give it what it really lacks: bite. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. 212-307-4100.)

Also Playing

ABSINTHE: South Street Seaport, Pier 17. 212-279-4200. **THE ALL-AMERICAN SPORT OF BIPARTISAN BASHING:** New World Stages, 340 W. 50th St. 212-239-6200. **AVENUE Q:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200. **THE BRIG:** Living Theatre, 19-21 Clinton St. 212-352-3101. **CHICAGO:** Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 212-239-6200. **A CHORUS LINE:** Schoenfeld, 236 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200. **THE COLOR PURPLE:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 212-239-6200. **CURTAINS:** Al Hirschfeld, 302 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200. **GONE MISSING:** Barrow Street Theatre, 27 Barrow St. 212-239-6200. **GREASE:** Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 212-307-4100. **HAIRSPRAY:** Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 212-307-4100. **JERSEY BOYS:** August Wilson, 245 W. 52nd St. 212-239-6200. **LEGALLY BLONDE THE MUSICAL:** Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 212-307-4100. **THE LION KING:** Minskoff, 220 W. 45th St. 212-307-4747. **MAMMA MIA!:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 212-239-6200. **MARY POPPINS:** New Amsterdam, 214 W. 42nd St. 212-307-4747. **MASKED:** DR2, at 103 E. 15th St. 212-239-6200. **MONTY PYTHON'S SPAMALOT:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200. **MOSCOW CATS THEATRE:** Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. 212-307-7171. **SPRING AWAKENING:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 212-239-6200. **TINGS DEY HAPPEN:** Culture Project, 55 Mercer St. 212-352-3101. **THE 25TH ANNUAL PUTNAM COUNTY SPELLING BEE:** Circle in the Square, 50th St. between Broadway and Eighth Ave. 212-239-

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6200. **WICKED:** Gershwin, 222 W. 51st St. 212-307-4100. **XANADU:** Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200.

NIGHT LIFE
ROCK AND POP

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

BAM CAFÉ
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4139)—Sept. 22: The lovable local ensemble **Jesus H Christ and the Four Hornsmen of the Apocalypse** has a crusading horn section, some fine guitar playing, and a growing catalogue of sharply satirical power pop. Having made a splash on the Internet and satellite radio last year with the sparkling ditty "Connecticut Is for Fucking" and a self-titled album, the band has been busy in the studio. Here they plan to try out "I Hope You're Happy (Just Not Happier Than Me)," "Alcoholics in My Town," and other new songs.

B. B. KING BLUES CLUB & GRILL
237 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144)—Sept. 20: Breaking away from the rest of the Scandinavian extreme-metal scene, Finland's **Finntroll** augments their by-the-numbers death metal with elements of traditional Finnish folk music. (They call the end result "trollish hoedown metal.") But Finntroll does not simply rely on a jokey gimmick. The conceit may seem ludicrous, but the band executes it with furious intensity. With **Nethereal,** who play pitch-black metal from the depths of New England. Sept. 22: **Moogfest.** The legacy of Robert Moog, the father of the analog synthesizer, who died two years ago, at the age of seventy-one, lives on: his instrument changed the face of twentieth-century popular music. **Thomas Dolby, Don Preston, Jordan Rudess, Adam Holzman,** and other enthusiasts pay tribute. Sept. 23: The seventies soft-rockers **Orleans,** best known for their pop hymns "Dance with Me" and "Still the One," have never stopped making music despite losing their co-founder, John Hall, who left the band in 1977 to launch a solo career. (He's since switched gears and is now a congressman representing northern Westchester County.)

BLENDER THEATRE AT GRAMERCY
127 E. 23rd St. (212-307-7171)—Sept. 20: The singer-songwriter and noted producer **Joe Henry,** whose restless spirit has taken him from alt-country to experimental pop, sometimes with sublime results, stops by with songs from his latest release, "Civilians." It's his tenth solo album, and its laid-back production style fits his gimlet eye. As he observes on the opening, title track, "Life is short but by the grace of God the night is long." He's joined on this double bill by **Mary Gauthier,** a native of Thibodaux, Louisiana, who came to professional music late. She quit high school at the age of fifteen and ran away from home, and life has taken her from a detox center in Baton Rouge to ownership of a restaurant in Boston. In the late nineties, she took up music as a full-time occupation, and her country noir is full of rough edges and hard-earned experience. Henry produced her latest album, "Between Daylight and Dark," and never has the gloaming been so captivatingly gloomy.

BOWERY BALLROOM
6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111)—Sept. 22: You can say this for **Les Savy Fav:** they've never lost their indie cred. (Their Web site proudly declares that they've been "missing out on cashing in for over a decade.") Despite keeping a low profile, the band, which was formed a dozen years ago at the Rhode Island School of Design, has been much imitated for its high-energy approach to murky guitar rock. They have a new record, "Let's Stay Friends," out this week.

HAMMERSTEIN BALLROOM
Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (212-307-7171)—Sept. 21: The **Chemical Brothers.** On their fine 1995 début album, "Exit Planet Dust," this English duo, the d.j.s Tom Rowlands and Ed Simons, rose above the usual monotonous thump of techno by combining the tried-and-true grooves of funk, thick layers of rock guitar (digitally sampled, of course), and various other examples of sonic weirdness. The freestyle approach makes for orgasmic music that appeals to both dance-floor purists and mainstream music fans. This tour, their first in the U.S. in five years, promises a signature hedonistic auditory and visual experience, replete with kaleidoscopic projections and lasers.

HIGHLINE BALLROOM
431 W. 16th St. (212-414-5994)—Sept. 24: The veteran soul singer **Bettye LaVette,** who can deliver a heartbroken wail through a whisper or make a slow ballad pulse like scorching gospel rock.

"LET'S ZYDECO"
The concert series dedicated to the various indigenous musical forms of Louisiana brings **Curley Taylor** to town on Sept. 23. As a teen-ager, Taylor, a native of Grand Coteau, played drums in his father's blues-soul-and-zydeco band. He went on to hold down the beat for Steve Riley, Geno Delafose, C. J. Chenier, and other Louisiana legends. He now plays the accordion and heats up the dance floor with his own band, Zydeco Trouble. (Connolly's, 121 W. 45th St. For more information, call 212-685-7597 or visit www.letszydeco.com.)

TABLES FOR TWO
P*ONG

150 W. 10th St. (212-929-0898)—In haute-cuisine circles, it often seems that food is considered art first, sustenance second; aspiring chef-auteurs create increasingly high-tech dishes, stacking and sculpting ingredients—liquefied, freeze-dried, or otherwise rendered unrecognizable—into improbably cantilevered façades. Even so, Pichet Ong may be the only chef in New York with an actual master's degree in architectural design (and whose Web site launches with a quotation from Brancusi—"Simplicity is complexity resolved"). His eponymous restaurant, P*ong, has an imposing, conceptual décor (recently spotlighted in *Interior Design*): slinky white Eero Saarinen-style chairs on single stems; illuminated geometric cutouts in a curved wall of pale ash veneer; mirrors etched with Takashi Murakami-esque flowers. With mirrored disks on the ceiling and electronica on the soundtrack, the space-pod-cum-disco feels dismayingly at odds with its sleepy West Village brownstone block. One begins to fear the elaborate confections to come.

Yet Ong—who made his name as a pastry chef for Jean-Georges Vongerichten—manages to make an appealing marriage of innovation and tradition. The menu is constructed as a set of small plates, divided into savory, sweet, and somewhere in between. So blurry are the boundaries that a dish classified one night as savory—cognac-laced foie gras, its earthiness tamped under a crust of burnt sugar—later migrated to the liminal zone. The foie gras is emblematic of Ong's approach: the flavors are classic but the textures startle. A Bloody Mary is reimagined as a salad of heirloom tomatoes, bracing horseradish dressing and vodka jelly, and an ingenious frozen celery purée. Wild-morel-and-polenta pudding, served in a miniature cast-iron skillet, has a creaminess surpassing that of ordinary macaroni and cheese.

Occasionally, the thoughtful tips too far toward the cerebral (and the baffling). A waiter dispatched to spritz cachaça-lemongrass mist over a shrimp-and-mango seviche held the atomizer bottle at a distance, as if slightly offended to find himself on cosmetics-counter duty. And some ingredients, while likable when taken individually—an expertly seared scallop, tingly chamomile ice—lack chemistry when paired. Still, watching Ong work in the cramped open kitchen is fascinating: there's barely enough room for him and a sous-chef as they labor feverishly back to back, with only a pint-size convection oven and a single brûlée torch between them. Perhaps Ong has taken to heart another Brancusi maxim: "Create like a god, command like a king, work like a slave." (Open daily for dinner. Entrées $12-$22.)

—Ligaya Mishan

HIRO BALLROOM
Maritime Hotel, 371 W. 16th St. (212-307-7171)—Sept. 21: As the lead singer of the Super Furry Animals, the Welsh vocalist **Gruff Rhys** has led his enigmatic band through eight albums of unclassifiable rock that embraces elements of pop, techno, psychedelia, punk, and folk, making it one of the most adventurous groups of the nineties. As a solo artist, Rhys retains his penchant for melodic experimentalism, but he often eschews his progressive bent in favor of accessible and sunny pop.

JOE'S PUB
425 Lafayette St. (212-539-8777)—Sept. 23: The Czech vocalist and violinist **Iva Bittová** marks the première of a new collaboration with the jazz bassist **George Mraz.** Bittová, who was raised in a theatrical and musical Romany family, began her professional artistic career as an actress before switching her focus to music, in her early twenties. She concentrated on the violin and developed a unique style that allows her to seamlessly weave her powerful voice into her playing. The result is an aching, avant-rock take on Slavic balladry. Here, she'll be joined by Mraz, a lyrical player who came to the United States from his native Czechoslovakia in 1968 and stayed after the Prague Spring was crushed. For these shows, the duo will be performing their interpretations of folk songs from Moravia, Bittová's home province, in spare, elegant, and heart-wrenching arrangements.

LUNA LOUNGE
361 Metropolitan Ave., Brooklyn (718-384-7112)—Sept. 21: The band **Heavy Trash** is Jon Spencer, of Blues Explosion, and Matt Verta-Ray, of Speedball Baby. The two first fired up this rockabilly rocket a few years ago while hanging out at Verta-Ray's Lower East Side studio drinking beer and toying with reverb. Their raw self-titled album had the sound of an instant classic. They're back now with a new record, "Going Way Out with Heavy Trash."

MCCARREN PARK POOL
Lorimer St. between Bayard St. and Driggs Ave., Brooklyn (212-307-7171)—Sept. 22: The **Chemical Brothers** (see the Hammerstein Ballroom). With the au-courant synth pop of Liverpool's **Ladytron.**

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (212-307-7171)—Sept. 18 and Sept. 20: **Jimmy Buffett and the Coral Reefer Band** close out the summer concert season. Sept. 24: **Björk.** Partially recapturing the accessibility and shimmering pop of her first few albums, the enigmatic Icelandic chanteuse returned earlier this year with "Volta," a richly varied disk of raw emotion and eco-consciousness. Still sounding fresh, bold, and vibrant (and still managing to attract and recruit the timeliest of producers), Björk has an astonishing capacity to stay on the cutting edge, and she makes it seem effortless. Sept. 25: **Genesis,** though still unable to coax their original front man, Peter Gabriel, back into their

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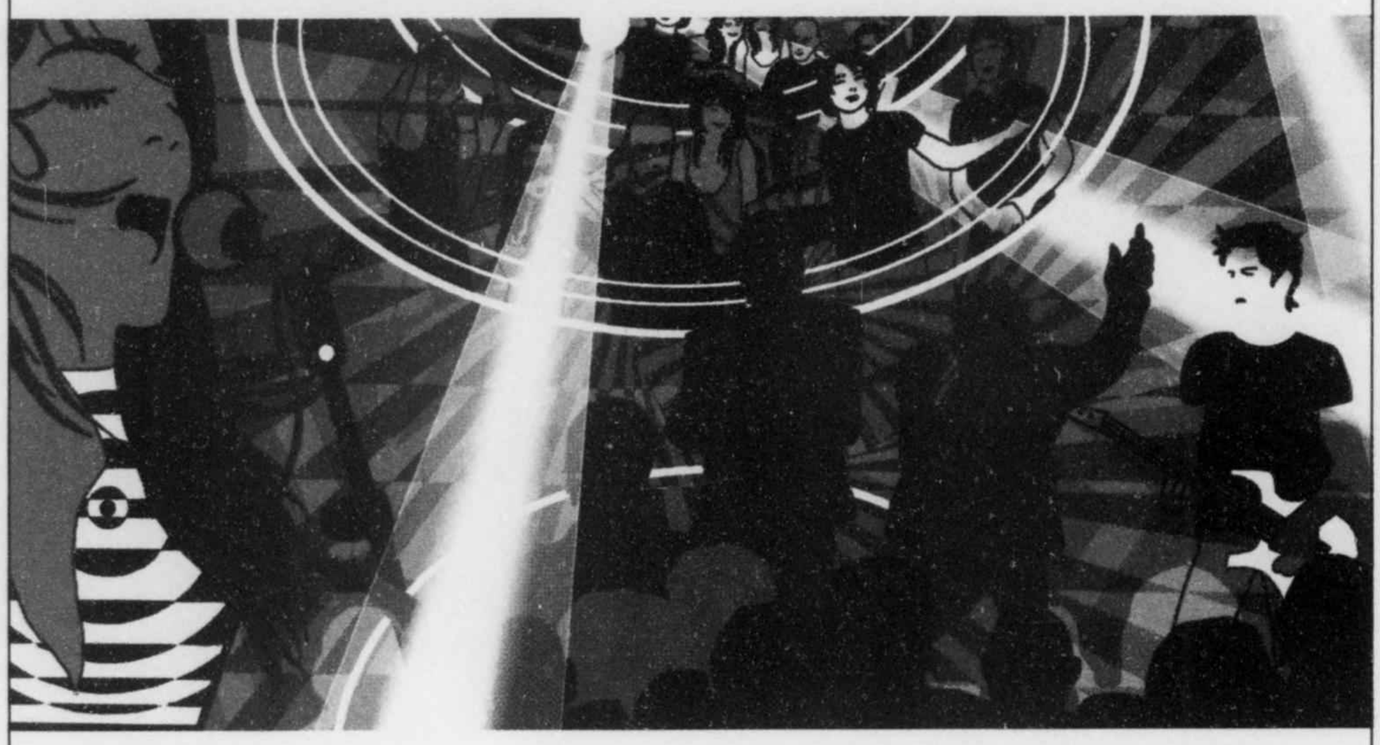

BIG ROOM
Next month, Terminal 5, a promising new rock club, opens in midtown. Situated in an enormous space that was once a dance club called Exit, the venue can hold three thousand people. The beauty of Terminal 5, aside from its name (an obscure reference to Eero Saarinen's soaring T.W.A. building), is its three balconies, which put the audience very close to the stage. Terminal 5 may be nearly as big as Roseland, but parts of it have the feel of an intimate living room. The local favorites the National christen the space on Oct. 11, and other upcoming acts include M.I.A. (Oct. 18-19), Justice (Oct. 20 and Oct. 22), the Shins (Oct. 23-24), the Decemberists (Nov. 1-2), Gogol Bordello (Nov. 3), and Ween (Nov. 30-Dec. 1).

THE GLOBAL VIEW
In 1982, the National Endowment for the Arts established the National Heritage fellowships for folk and traditional musicians, many of whom have roots in immigrant communities. The World Music Institute celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of the program with a concert series that starts on Oct. 13 with a night of fiddling, featuring music from Ireland (by Kevin Burke), Cape Breton (Joseph Cormier), Sweden (Paul Dahlin), the Middle East (Simon Shaheen), and Texas (Johnny Gimble). The series continues on Oct. 27 with the bluegrass stars Ralph Stanley and the Clinch Mountain Boys, Hazel Dickens, and Doyle Lawson and Quicksilver. The series runs through the spring, with Mexican, Chinese, Indian, blues, Cajun, and gospel programs.

JAZZ WORLD
A highlight of the fall season is sure to be the rare solo appearance by the French pianist Martial Solal, considered by many to be the jazz world's finest, as he celebrates his eightieth birthday at the Village Vanguard (Oct. 9-14). Two monumentally influential jazz arrangers get their due with programs at Jazz at Lincoln Center's Rose Theatre. The "Benny Carter Centennial" concert, Oct. 19-20, is followed by "Sketches of Gil Evans" Oct. 25-27. (That same weekend, the saxophonist Branford Marsalis performs Evans's small-band scores in the Allen Room.) The following month, the luminous Brazilian vocalist Rosa Passos makes her Blue Note début.

OTHER SHOWS
The hip-hop icons the Roots, Big Daddy Kane, and M.C. Lyte hit the Nokia Theatre on Oct. 5. The following day, the acclaimed Montreal rock-and-roll collective Arcade Fire and the allusion-happy popsters LCD Soundsystem headline a show at Randall's Island. Bruce Springsteen—who is returning with a new album, "Magic," his first studio work with the E Street Band in five years—has shows at the Continental Airlines Arena Oct. 9-10 and at Madison Square Garden Oct. 17-18. A mostly reunited Van Halen (the original bassist, Michael Anthony, has been replaced by Eddie Van Halen's teen-age son, Wolfgang) comes to the Garden on Nov. 13.

progressive-rock fold, is back. The more hit-friendly incarnation of Genesis has Phil Collins, the FM-radio stalwart and their original drummer, back on board for another trek around the globe.

MUSIC HALL OF WILLIAMSBURG
66 N. 6th St., Brooklyn (718-486-5400)—Sept. 21: **Les Savy Fav** (see the Bowery Ballroom). Sept. 25: The young singer-songwriter **Nellie McKay** started her career three years ago with a bang, as critics lauded her début double album of acerbic, cabaret-tinged material, "Get Away from Me." McKay hit a rough patch when her label at the time, Columbia, tied up the release of her next record, "Pretty Little Head." (She eventually split with the label.) In the meantime, she went on to appear on Broadway, in "The Threepenny Opera." This show celebrates the release of her latest album, "Obligatory Villagers."

NOKIA THEATRE TIMES SQUARE
Broadway at 44th St. (212-307-7171)—Sept. 25: **Turbonegro,** Norway's hilariously ribald saviors of rock and roll, perform lurid music that's equal parts garage punk, dark glam-metal pageantry, and sleazy omnisexual hedonism. With such songs as "Rendezvous with Anus" and "Midnight NAMBLA," Turbonegro's joyously offensive œuvre may not be for everyone, but the band's giddy delivery renders moot all questions of taste. With the unrepentant hard rock of **Mondo Generator,** a side project of the Queens of the Stone Age bassist Nick Oliveri and the guitarist Josh Homme.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Sixth Ave. at 50th St. (212-247-4777)—Sept. 19: Tennessee's **Kings of Leon** arrived four years ago with a lean, Southern-fried take on garage rock. Three albums later, the band has expanded its sound beyond the hook-laden, verse-chorus-verse confines of the garage and embraced more complicated arrangements. With the similarly inclined (albeit far less upbeat) **Black Rebel Motorcycle Club.**

UNION HALL
702 Union St., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-638-4400)—Sept. 22: **Gruff Rhys** (see the Hiro Ballroom). Sept. 24: **Iva Bittová** and **George Mraz** (see Joe's Pub).

WEBSTER HALL
125 E. 11th St. (212-353-1600)—Sept. 22-23: **Rilo Kiley** sprang to life more than a decade ago in the lo-fi underbrush and has since grown into a towering pop band. Credit goes not only to the clear-sky vocals of the front woman, Jenny Lewis, and the mellow guitar playing of Blake Sennett but to the group's combined sense of adventurousness. Despite Lewis's successful solo career, the band has stayed together for a new album, "Under the Blacklight."

JAZZ AND *STANDARDS*

BIRDLAND
315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080)—Sept. 19-22: The saxophonist **Joe Lovano,** the pianist **Steve Kuhn,** the bassist **Lonnie Plaxico,** and the drummers **Andrew Cyrille** and **Billy Hart** celebrate John Coltrane's birthday—he would have turned eighty-one this year.

BLUE NOTE
131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (212-475-8592)—Sept. 18-19: **Curtis Stigers.** On his new album, "Real Emotional," the singer and occasional saxophonist Stigers mixes standards, singer-songwriter chestnuts, and the occasional original, to genial effect. Sept. 22-23: No one reasonably expects the seventy-nine-year-old saxophonist **Johnny Griffin** to live up to his late-fifties title as the fastest tenor in jazz, but his earthy tone and from-the-heart balladry remain steadfast. As usual, he's assembled a crackerjack rhythm section for his Stateside visit. (He's been based in Europe since the late sixties.) Here, the group has the added bonus of **Bill Charlap** on piano.

DIZZY'S CLUB COCA-COLA
Broadway at 60th St. (212-258-9595)—Sept. 21-23: **Carol Sloane.** Her smart and affecting new release, "Dearest Duke," gives notice that Sloane, a superior vocalist who first drew attention back in the early sixties, has put her on-again, off-again career firmly back on track.

FEINSTEIN'S AT LOEWS REGENCY
540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (212-339-4095)—Through Sept. 29: The songwriting and producing legends **Ashford & Simpson.**

FESTIVAL OF NEW TRUMPET MUSIC
Five years after its inception, this festival continues to present challenging work for horn-based ensembles. Promising shows include the following. Sept. 23: **"The Brass Music of Anthony Braxton,"** which features the New York première of "Composition 103 for Seven Trumpets" and the world première of "Composition 169 for Brass Quintet." (St. Marks In-the-Bowery, Second Ave. at 10th St.) Sept. 24: **Jeremy Pelt,** one of the festival's curators, visits the Blue Note to celebrate the release of his CD "Shock Value: Live at Smoke." (See also the Jazz Standard. For a complete schedule, visit www.fontmusic.org. Through Sept. 30.)

IRIDIUM
1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (212-582-2121)—Sept. 19: "In the Spirit of Don Cherry," a salute to the great free-jazz trumpeter, with the Cherry associates **Steven Bernstein, Peter Apfelbaum,** and **Karl Berger,** among others. Sept. 20-23: **Vinicius Cantuária,** a guitarist, percussionist, singer, and songwriter who hails from Brazil (he used to tour as a drummer with Caetano Veloso), performs sweet and delicate songs that evoke Gilberto Gil and Antonio Carlos Jobim. Since moving to New York, in the mid-nineties, he's collaborated with the likes of Arto Lindsay, David Byrne, Ryuichi Sakamoto, and Bill Frisell. Mondays belong to the electric-guitar innovator **Les Paul.** The **Mingus Big Band** takes over on Tuesdays.

JAZZ STANDARD
116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232)—Sept. 20-23: The Festival of New Trumpet Music. Sept. 20: The curators **Dave Douglas** and **Jeremy Pelt** première their work "Inspiration," which also features the veteran trumpeter **Eddie Henderson.** Sept. 21: "Music of the Masters," a jazz repertory project led by **Eddie Allen, Rod McGaha,** and **Cecil Bridgewater,** a close associate of the late Max Roach. Sept. 22: The new-jazz horn man **Wadada Leo Smith.** Sept. 23: The **Jason Palmer** quintet, which includes his former boss, the saxophonist **Greg Osby.**

KITANO HOTEL
Park Ave. at 38th St. (212-885-7022)—Sept. 21-22: A superior drummer, **Billy Drummond,** leads a trio that includes the guitarist **John Abercrombie.**

RUBIN MUSEUM OF ART
150 W. 17th St. (212-620-5000, ext. 344)—Sept. 21: The confluence of Asian culture and jazz continues to be explored by the ambitious, politically focussed saxophonist **Fred Ho,** whose extraordinary technical command will be enhanced by this acoustically accommodating performance space.

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VILLAGE VANGUARD
178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (212-255-4037)—Sept. 18-23: The **Kurt Rosenwinkel Group.** The guitarist Rosenwinkel performs best in the presence of his steady partner, the saxophonist **Mark Turner,** an uncommon player who shares his ability to blend the cerebral and the lyrical. The **Vanguard Jazz Orchestra** holds sway on Mondays.

WORLD MUSIC INSTITUTE
Sept. 23: A celebration of John Coltrane's eighty-first birthday, featuring three saxophonists—**Dave Liebman, Joe Lovano,** and the great man's son, **Ravi Coltrane.** They'll be taking on the tumultuous music of late-period Coltrane, when free jazz and sonic exploration became a priority for the modern-jazz hero. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. For more information, call 212-545-7536.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9400)—**"Lines, Grids, Stains, Words."** Through Oct. 22. ♦ **"Present Tense: Photographs by JoAnn Verburg."** Through Nov. 5. ♦ **"Lost Vanguard: Soviet Modernist Architecture, 1922-1932."** Through Oct. 29. ♦ **"James Lee Byars: The Art of Writing."** Through Oct. 30. ♦ **"Panoramas of the Moving Image: Mechanical Slides and Dissolving Views from Nineteenth-Century Magic Lantern Shows."** Through March 24, 2008. (Open Wednesdays through Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Friday evenings until 8.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (212-423-3500)—**"Richard Pousette-Dart."** Through Sept. 25. (Open Saturdays through Wednesdays, 10 to 5:45, and Fridays, 10 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART
Madison Ave. at 75th St. (800-944-8639)—**"Rudolf Stingel."** Through Oct. 14. ♦ **"Neither New Nor Correct: Recent Work by Mark Bradford."** Through Nov. 25. ♦ **"Danny Lyon: Montage, Film, and Still Photography"** rounds up work from an engaged, eccentric career that goes back more than forty years and includes images of civil-rights protesters, New York demolition workers, Chicago bikers, and Texas prisoners. Many of these pictures are incorporated into small collages of snapshots, contact prints, and scraps of ephemera, which tend to radiate out from a central portrait. Because the subjects of these portraits are often dead, Lyon's montages have the focussed intensity of memorials, but they have none of the sappiness. The presence of friends and lovers—along with counterculture icons like Ken Kesey, Robert Frank, Danny Seymour, and Wavy Gravy—adds to the sense of intimacy, and to the impression of paging through someone's photograph-filled diary. Through Dec. 2. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and weekends, 11 to 6, and Fridays, 1 to 9.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
Central Park W. at 79th St. (212-769-5100)—**"Mythic Creatures: Dragons, Unicorns, and Mermaids."** Through Jan. 6, 2008. ♦ The recently opened Anne and Bernard Spitzer Hall of Human Origins explores the science of evolution. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM
200 Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—Inquiring about the landmass of Cuba, Christopher Columbus was allegedly informed that it was an island of immeasurable size. **"Infinite Island: Contemporary Caribbean Art"** explores the Caribbean as a state of mind, through nearly eighty works by forty-five artists from fourteen countries. Thematic divisions, such as "History and Memory" and "Identity and Politics," are superfluous, since contributions addressing slavery and colonialism, vodun and Ifá, dancehall culture and diasporic nostalgia speak for themselves. Photography-based work and assemblage stand out, as in the joyous video by the Dutch artist Melvin Moti (his parents are Surinamese), in which the seventy-two-year-old Jamaican ska queen Miss Daisy, wearing slippers in her front yard, shows off still effortless dance steps. Through Jan. 27, 2008. ♦ **"Brushed with Light: American Landscape Watercolors from the Collection."** Through Jan. 27, 2008. ♦ **"Global Feminisms Remix."** Through Feb. 3, 2008. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

ASIA SOCIETY
Park Ave. at 70th St. (212-288-6400)—**"Zhang Huan: Altered States."** The Chinese artist emerged

The photograph "Red Hamburgers, California, 2006," by Burk Uzzle, in his exhibition at Laurence Miller.

ART
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (212-535-7710)—**"The Age of Rembrandt: Dutch Paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art."** Through Jan. 6, 2008. ♦ **"Bridging East and West: The Chinese Diaspora and Lin Yutang."** Through Feb. 10, 2008. ♦ **"Abstract Expressionism and Other Modern Works: The Muriel Kallis Steinberg Newman Collection."** Through Feb. 3, 2008. ♦ **"Impressed by Light: British Photographs from Paper Negatives, 1840-1860."** Opens Sept. 25. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

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ART • FALL PREVIEW

EAST SIDE STORY
The New Museum of Contemporary Art inaugurates its much anticipated building on the Bowery—designed by the Tokyo-based architects Sejima + Nishizawa/SANAA—on Dec. 1 with the sculpture survey "Unmonumental." The museum moves into a Lower East Side neighborhood that is already home to some twenty galleries, from early adopters such as Rivington Arms and Canada to the avant-garde up-and-comers Reena Spaulings and Orchard to outposts of such big-league players as Greenberg Van Doren, Salon 94, and the soon-to-open Lehmann Maupin. Can Gagosian be far behind?

RICHARD PRINCE
Don't let the title of the artist's thirty-year retrospective at the Guggenheim, "Spiritual America," fool you. Prince's gimlet-eyed works—appropriated photographs of cowboys and biker chicks, sculptures of car hoods, paintings of naughty nurses and off-color jokes—are as close to transcendentalism as the Unabomber's shack is to Walden Pond. Whether Prince is a mass-culture visionary (his influence on young artists rivals Warhol's) or merely a provocateur, it's hard to conceive of an exhibition better suited to our tabloid-driven times. Bonus points for a catalogue that includes interviews with both Kim Gordon, of Sonic Youth, and Phyllis Diller. Opens Sept. 28.

KARA WALKER
The artist, best known for her scathing wall-scale silhouettes—phantasmagoric scenes of slavery and sadomasochism that put an antebellum spin on Goya's "Caprichos"—gets her first major museum retrospective. "My Complement, My Enemy, My Oppressor, My Love" opens at the Whitney Museum Oct. 11.

HEAVY METAL
In October, two shows spanning twenty-four hundred years of virtuosic metalwork will go up at the Metropolitan Museum. "Gifts for the Gods: Images from Egyptian Temples" will display seventy or so examples of gold, silver, copper, and bronze statuary, some intricately inlaid and decorated, made between 1070 B.C. and 664 B.C. Opens Oct. 16. After a quarter century of conservation, the majestic bronze doors known as the Gates of Paradise, designed by the Quattrocento master Lorenzo Ghiberti for the Baptistery in Florence, are ready to return to Italy. Before they're reinstalled, seven parts—including three gilded panels illustrating the stories of Adam and Eve, Jacob and Esau, and David and Goliath—will make a nine-week visit to the Met. Opens Oct. 30.

GEORGES SEURAT
There's more to the French Post-Impressionist than dots. Camille Pissarro (the subject of a current show at the Jewish Museum) described Seurat's works on paper as "the most beautiful painter's drawings in existence." The Museum of Modern Art will exhibit more than a hundred and thirty-five pieces, many of them Conté-crayon studies for the artist's monumental Pointillist canvases, such as "A Sunday on La Grande Jatte." Opens Oct. 28.

in the Beijing artists' enclave dubbed the East Village in the early nineteen-nineties, just after the massacre at Tiananmen Square. He is best known for risky, brutal performances, like "12 Square Meters," in which he sat naked for an hour, slathered with fish oil and honey, in a fetid public toilet. A stint in New York during those years produced equally visceral rituals, like the piece (seen here in photographs) in which Zhang stalked around in front of the Whitney Museum wearing a superhero suit made of raw meat. Now living in Shanghai, he has turned his attention to monumental sculpture—employing a factory-size staff of assistants and artisans—inspired by Buddha statues destroyed during the Cultural Revolution. The artist's first U.S. retrospective—and the Asia Society's first exhibition devoted to a living artist—includes several of these massive objects, along with evocative prints made using incense ash collected from temples, and photographs and video documentation of performances. Through Jan. 20, 2008. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Friday evenings until 9.)

BRONX MUSEUM OF THE ARTS
1040 Grand Concourse (718-681-6000)—**"Quisqueya Henríquez: The World Outside."** Through Jan. 27, 2008. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Friday evenings until 8.)

COOPER-HEWITT NATIONAL DESIGN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (212-849-8300)—**"Piranesi as Designer."** Through Jan. 20, 2008. ♦ **"Provoking Magic: Lighting of Ingo Maurer."** Through Jan. 20, 2008. (Open Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5, Fridays, 10 to 9, Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM
1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200)—**"Camille Pissarro: Impressions of City and Country."** Through Feb. 3, 2008. ♦ **"Isaac Bashevis Singer and the Lower East Side: Photographs by Bruce Davidson."** Through Feb. 3, 2008. ♦ **"Love and Loss: A Video Trilogy by Neil Goldberg."** Through Oct. 14. (Open Saturdays through Wednesdays, 11 to 5:45, and Thursdays, 11 to 8.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (212-534-1672)—**"New York Rises: Photographs by Eugene de Salignac"** mounts around fifty images from an archive of some twenty thousand glass-plate negatives that de Salignac produced during his stint as the official photographer for New York's Department of Bridges/Plant and Structures, from 1906 to 1934. Although most of these vintage photographs are straightforward documents of bridge construction and maintenance, they're far from artless, and a number of them echo or anticipate the work of Eugène Atget, Walker Evans, Weegee, and Danny Lyon. Other images—of accidents, equipment, thronged or deserted streets, and men in topcoats and bowler hats taking measurements at construction sites—are as fascinating and puzzling as found snapshots. Through Oct. 28. ♦ **"The *Jewish Daily Forward:* Embracing an Immigrant Community."** Through Nov. 25. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY
170 Central Park W., at 77th St. (212-873-3400)—**"Elegy in the Dust: September 11th and the Chelsea Jeans Memorial."** Through Oct. 7. ♦ **"The World of Asher B. Durand: The Artist in Antebellum New York."** Through Sept. 30. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 6, and Friday evenings until 8.)

P.S. 1 CONTEMPORARY ART CENTER
22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084)—**"Peter Young: 1963-1977."** The story of painting in the sixties and seventies continues to be written, and this tight retrospective of works by the maverick Young heralds another revision. Systematically obsessed with, first, undulating fields of freehand dots, then ruled lines and measured circles on sky-blue grounds, then stained Rorschach forms, and, finally, dense weaves of overlaid grids, Young cycled through his programmatic abstractions without sacrificing buoyancy. He split from New York in 1969, and spent several itinerant years without a studio, using pine branches as stretcher bars, and making ur-hippie-looking "bead" paintings—rolled and sliced segments of pigment strung like necklaces on ropes. Through Sept. 24. ♦ **"Linder."** Through Sept. 24. ♦ **"Young Architects Program 2007: 'Liquid Sky' by Ball-Nogues Studio."** Through Sept. 24. (Open Thursdays through Mondays, noon to 6.)

SCULPTURE CENTER
44-19 Purves St., Long Island City (718-361-1750)—**"Jeppe Hein: Illusion."** Through Nov. 25. ♦ **"Scott Lyall: The Little Contemporaries."** Through Nov. 25. (Open Thursdays through Mondays, 11 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM
144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500)—**"David Adjaye: Making Public Buildings"** is a remarkably absorbing show of models, photographs, and videos that explore the work, mostly in London, of the Tanzanian-British architect. Displays relate Adjaye's light-loving, lyrically hospitable buildings to African vernacular themes. A comparison of his renovation of the Nobel Peace Center, in Oslo, with a tribal village, at once packed and open, is sharply revelatory. Through Oct. 28. ♦ **"Midnight's Daydream"** presents works by participants in the museum's 2006-07 artists-in-residence program: Titus Kaphar, Wardell Milan II, and Demetrius Oliver. Through Oct. 28. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, noon to 6, and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Galleries are usually open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6; please call the gallery for exact hours.

JESSICA CRAIG-MARTIN
Craig-Martin is a café-society party paparazzo with an unerring eye for the trappings of wealth: the rings, the stilettos, the designer dresses, the leathery tans, the help's white gloves. All the big color photographs in her new show were taken at events in the Hamptons during the past two summers, and they combine a journalist's cool objectivity with a satirist's wicked glee. (Not too wicked, however; Craig-Martin is careful to obscure the identity of her subjects.) Martin Parr's work cuts deeper, but Craig-Martin has an insider's instinct, and her picture of two women meeting cheek to cheek gets at the grotesquerie beneath the gloss. Through Oct. 6. (Greenberg Van Doren, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 212-445-0444.)

SOL LEWITT
LeWitt's wall drawings are so formally graceful that it's easy to forget that he was first and foremost a conceptual artist. The eight graphite "Scribble Wall Drawings" in this show have

JEROEN KOOLHAAS

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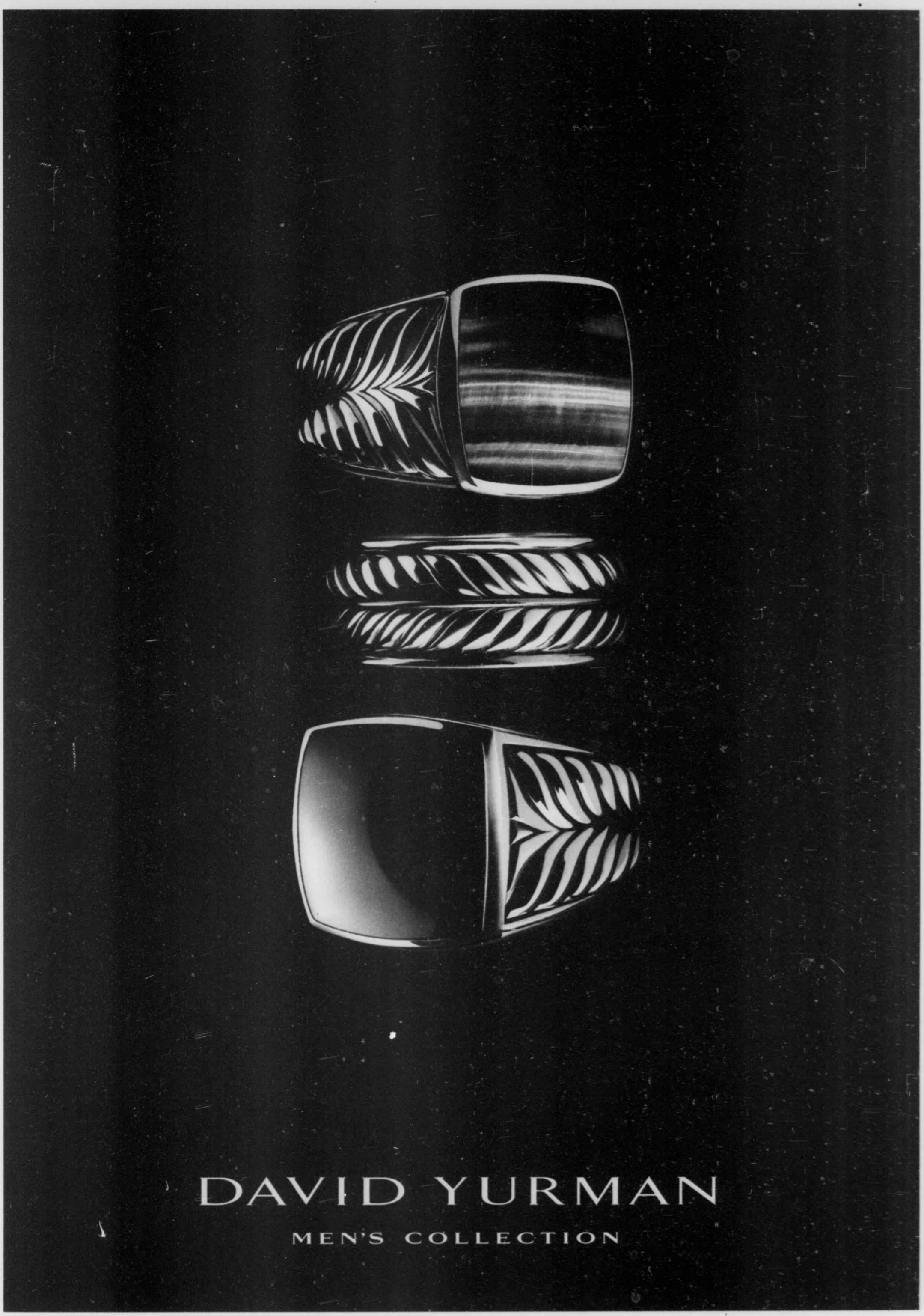

DAVID YURMAN

MEN'S COLLECTION

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been rendered here for the first time ever. For some people, this may be hard to square with the fact that the artist died in April. But LeWitt's drawings have, with rare exceptions, long been produced by a trusty team of assistants. The "idea" of the drawings—the written instructions that guide the hands—is the heart of the matter. Through Nov. 3. (PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. 212-421-3292.)

"25 YEARS LATER: WELCOME TO ART IN GENERAL"

One of Art in General's best shows ever is installed not in its Tribeca home but in a corporate lobby in midtown. Tucked into separate nooks of the UBS Art Gallery are ten projects by recent participants in the nonprofit space's programs, and almost every one of them is interesting. Standouts include Alejandro Cesarco's "Dedications," a soundtrack of the artist reading tender, unidentified dedications in books from his personal library, and installations exploring human disappearances, both voluntary (by Bik Van der Pol) and not (by Chitra Ganesh and Mariam Ghani). Other works, like Ana Prvacki's (literal) money-laundering service and Tim Hutchings's role-playing game set in a mock boardroom, will unfold over time. Through Nov. 9. (1285 Sixth Ave., at 52nd St. 212-713-2885.)

Short List

HUMA BHABA: Salon 94, at 12 E. 94th St. 646-672-9212. Through Oct. 26. **TRACEY ROSE:** The Project, 37 W. 57th St. 212-688-1585. Through Sept. 29. **LAURIE SIMMONS:** Skarstedt, 20 E. 79th St. 212-737-2060. Opens Sept. 19. **LARS TUNBJÖRK:** Cohen Amador, 41 E. 57th St. 212-759-6740. Through Nov. 3. **BURK UZZLE:** Laurence Miller, 20 W. 57th St. 212-397-3930. Through Oct. 27. **H. C. WESTERMANN:** Zwirner & Wirth, 32 E. 69th St. 212-517-8677. Through Nov. 3. **"THE WRITER'S BRUSH":** Shapolsky, 152 E. 65th St. 212-452-1094. Through Oct. 27.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

JULES DE BALINCOURT

These new paintings manage to look both splashy and brittle, excited and despairing. Bold abstraction—wobbly, as opposed to hard-edged, yet intense, compared with the artist's earlier canvases—collides with quaint scenes rendered in finicky detail: a VW bus parks at a comet-lit campsite; holiday-makers pilot motorboats across a wrinkled lake; mounted deer heads clutter an ominous salon. Captions lettered into some of the paintings repeat oracular banalities like "Think Globally, Act Locally" and "Remembering Our Great Dead Heroes." A mood of apocalyptic vacation prevails. Through Oct. 13. (Feuer, 530 W. 24th St. 212-989-7700.)

INGRID CALAME

Calame's canvases may suggest Action painting, but they have none of the spontaneity, accident, and chance treasured by artists fifty or sixty years ago. Instead, Calame traces stains, paint splatters, and bits of graffiti that she happens upon in Los Angeles to create careful compositions. It's a smart idea—one that sounded great in the mid-nineties, when graduate students were gorging on Derrida and ideas about "the indexical trace." Ten years on, Calame's slick enamel-on-aluminum panels and handsome colored-pencil-on-Mylar drawings may raise questions about other applications of the strategy, since these look rather like LeRoy Neiman trying his hand at Pollock's drips. Through Oct. 13. (James Cohan, 533 W. 26th St. 212-714-9500.)

WAYNE GONZALES AND VINCENT KATZ

"Judge," a collaboration between the poet Vincent Katz and the artist Wayne Gonzales, began as a book and is now a gallery installation. Wall-mounted text panels present segments of Katz's word collage—cut-up quotations from the *Times*—composed during the 2005 Supreme Court confirmation hearings for John Roberts. Gonzales adds images, from an irradiated White House to what might be burning oil wells. As agitprop, it's elegant, if somewhat deadened by the setting, and one wishes that it could be installed in a more public space. Through Sept. 22. (Cooper, 465 W. 23rd St. 212-255-1105.)

MATT KEEGAN

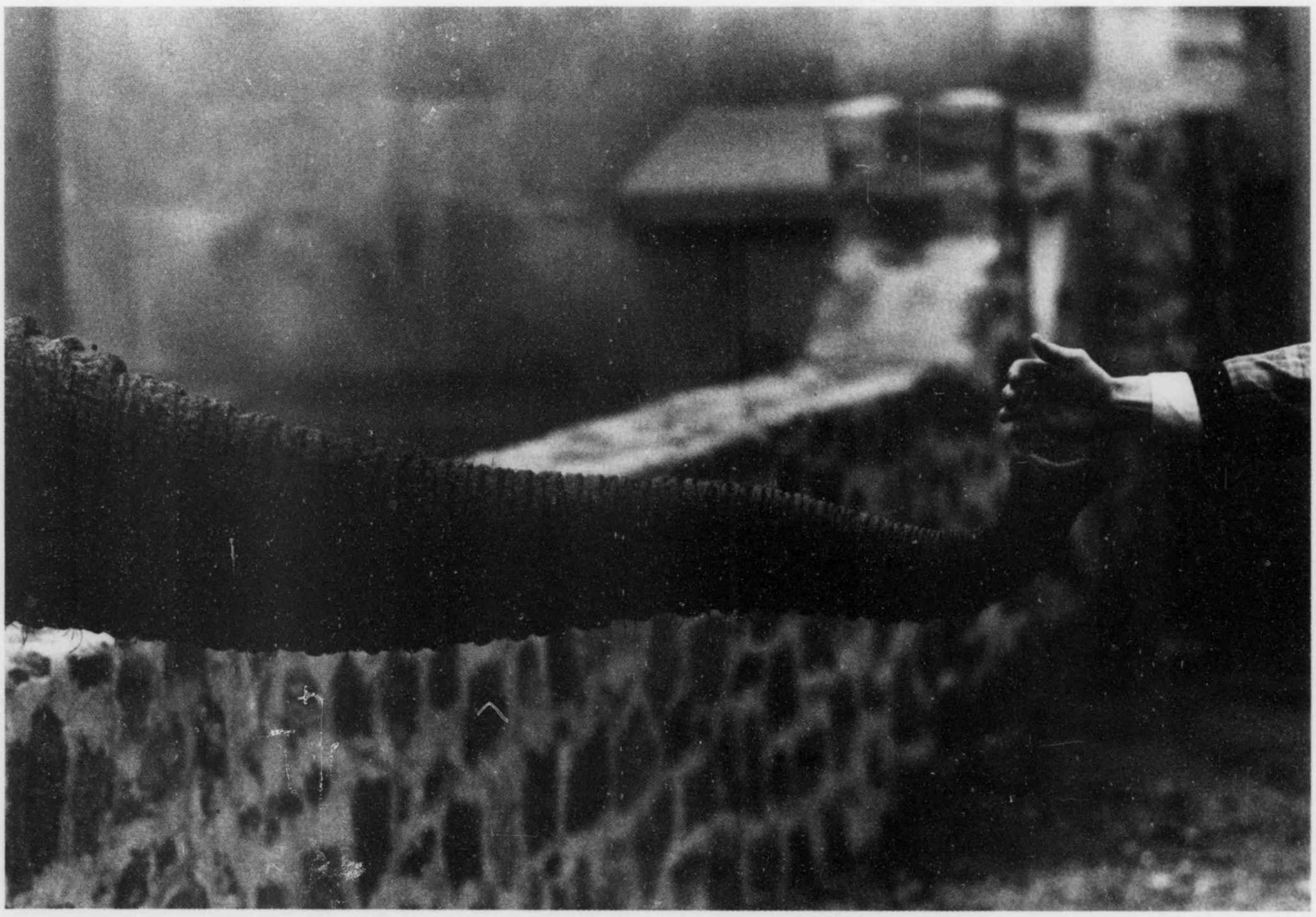
Classic Conceptualism gets a stylish update in Keegan's works, which rely for their considerable charms on text, photographs, and the X-Acto knife. Color photographs with excised elements are stacked to perceptually challenging effect. The relationship between graphics and linguistics is explored in a grid of shadowy photograms. A drywall screen with the words "Good to See You" cut out of it bisects the gallery, and photographs of concrete fragments recall Smithson or Matta-Clark. Keegan's earnestness to show his whole hand at once can result in an overeager, unpruned display. But his rock-paper-scissors aesthetic tenderly pairs old and new forms. Through Sept. 29. (D'Amelio Terras, 525 W. 22nd St. 212-924-7545.)

JAMIE ISENSTEIN

Isenstein's work might best be described as Magic Conceptualism, which manifests in a variety of guises. Among the paranormal-seeming works are a video of a headless figure in a top hat playing the saw, and a lamp that's activated by a video of clapping hands. The biggest trick, however, goes almost unnoticed: a pair of patent-leather-shod feet, sticking out of the end of a box that's been sawed into sections. They belong to the artist, who will remain in the box (during gallery hours) until the final week of the show. Isenstein's magic act may not be as dramatic as David Blaine's or Criss Angel's, but it brings a wonderfully self-effacing sleight of hand to the genre of performance known as endurance art. Through Oct. 20. (Kreps, 525 W. 22nd St. 212-741-8849.)

EDWARD MAPPLETHORPE

The artist, who is Robert's younger brother, used to exhibit under the name Edward Maxey. His photographs, once formal and representational, have gradually become more experimental and abstract, and these new pictures are his most successful in that vein. What appear to be gestural drawings of many fine, intersecting lines are in fact multilayered im-



"New York, Circa 1963," in the exhibition "Garry Winogrand: Photographs from the Collection of Eli Consilvio," at Bell.

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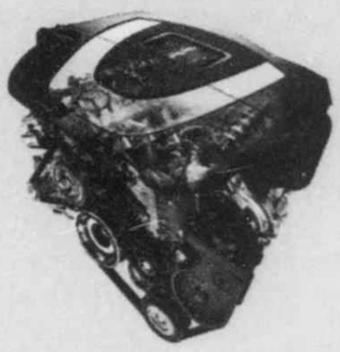

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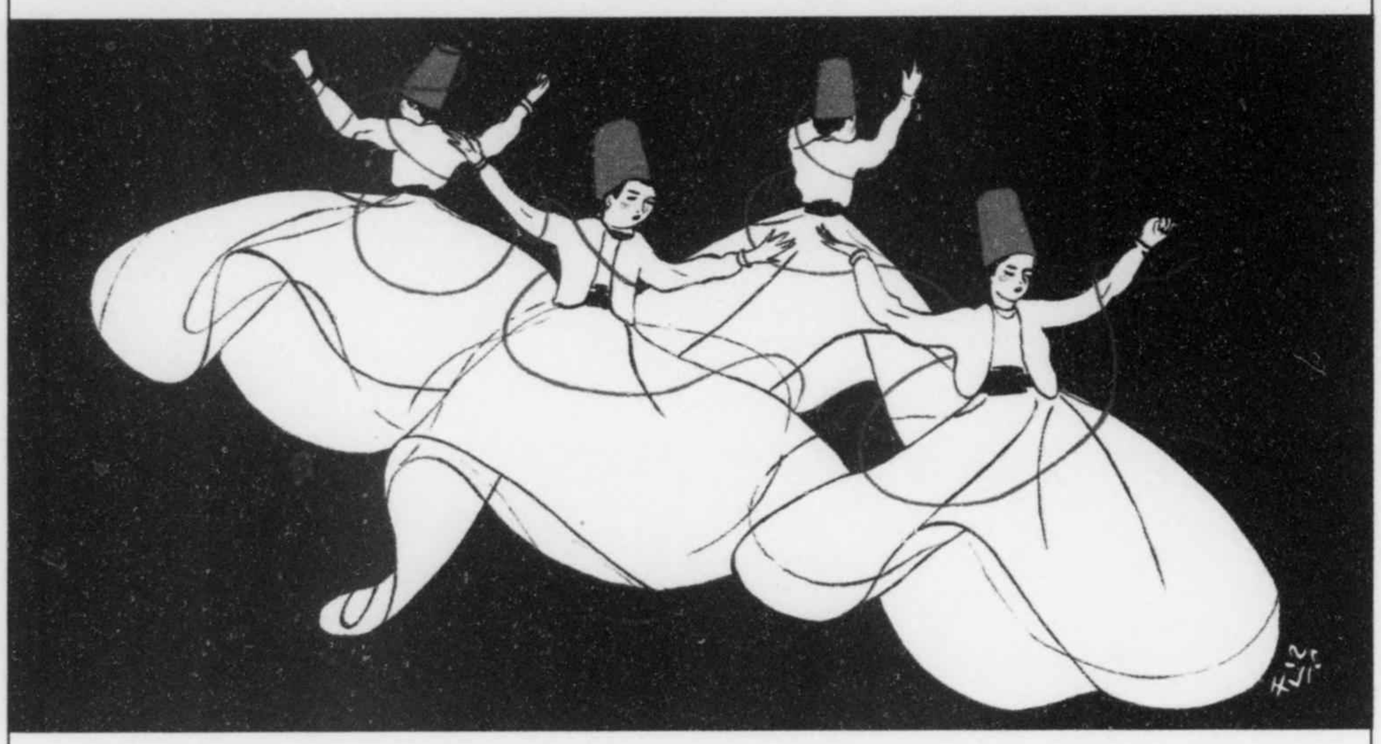
DANCE • FALL PREVIEW



WHIRLING DERVISHES OF TURKEY
Seeking oneness with the Divine, participants in the Sufi ritual of *sema* spin and spin and spin some more. All that whirling can strike a spectator as mesmerizing, mystical, or just monotonous. In a World Music Institute presentation, Nov. 3 at Town Hall, the accompanying musicians are bound to be topnotch.

"FALL FOR DANCE"
City Center's multiflavored and wildly popular dance sampler, which runs from Sept. 26 to Oct. 6, presents twenty-eight companies from around the world in six mixed programs. Highlights include Kirov dancers performing Alexei Ratmansky's captivating "Middle Duet," the Paul Taylor Dance Company in "Arden Court," and the thrilling Indian dancer and choreographer Shantala Shivalingappa performing a solo, "Varnam."

"NEW BALLET"
An ambitious program of new work at the Miller Theatre (Sept. 27-30), performed by dancers from New York City Ballet and elsewhere, features pieces by Alison Chase (formerly the artistic director of Pilobolus), Amanda Miller (the founder of the German ensemble Pretty Ugly Dance Company), and Luca Veggetti (a rigorously stark Italian choreographer), set to live music by John Adams, Fred Frith, and Paolo Aralla.

MORPHOSES / THE WHEELDON COMPANY
All eyes in the ballet world are on the young Christopher Wheeldon, who brings his newly minted ensemble, composed of ballet stars from various international companies—including the spitfire Ashley Bouder and Wheeldon's signature ballerina, Wendy Whelan, as well as the recently retired Royal Ballet star Darcey Bussell—to City Center for its New York début, Oct. 17-21.

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE
The company's fall season (Oct. 23-Nov. 4, at City Center) includes company premières of Twyla Tharp's winning take on social dance, "Baker's Dozen," set to music by Willie (the Lion) Smith, and Balanchine's "Ballo della Regina," as well as a new work by Jorma Elo, inspired by Philip Glass's "Musical Portrait of Chuck Close."

JOHN JASPERSE COMPANY
The brainy choreographer returns to BAM Oct. 31-Nov. 3, with "Misuse Liable to Prosecution," an investigation of a capitalist society, in which the props onstage are borrowed and stolen.

BATSHEVA DANCE COMPANY
This summer, the Cedar Lake Dance Company gamely attempted the work of the Israeli choreographer Ohad Naharin, but no one captures his idiosyncratic aesthetic like his own troupe. At BAM Nov. 13 and Nov. 15-17, Batsheva brings "Three," a work from 2005, which meanders before hitting home.

PENNSYLVANIA BALLET
The company returns to New York for the first time since 1985. At City Center Nov. 14-18, two mixed repertory bills include "Serenade" and "Concerto Barocco," by Balanchine, and the popular "Lambareba," by Val Caniparoli.

prints of hair on photographic film. A striking group of circular photograms result from spinning the chaotic images into monochrome vortexes. These last pieces could easily be mistaken for the work of Adam Fuss, and the others for Marco Breuer's, but, if Mapplethorpe is staking a claim in contested territory, he's not timid about it. Through Oct. 27. (Foley, 547 W. 27th St. 212-244-9081.)

KETAKI SHETH
A solid group of black-and-white photographs taken on Bombay streets between 1988 and 2004 places Sheth in very good company. Her work recalls Henri Cartier-Bresson, Helen Levitt, William Klein, and Rosalind Solomon—all keen observers with an occasionally dark, cutting edge—and the view of the city in her pictures is often overcast, as if a storm is imminent. Children, their faces vivid even when clouded and old before their time, occupy many of the most arresting images. They provide a fleeting focus for attention on the crowded streets, but Sheth can't help but fill the frame with other diversions; every inch of her photographs erupts with people and things. Often, Sheth discovers a kind of peace within this agitation. Sometimes she just lets it reign. Through Oct. 20. (Sepia, 148 W. 24th St. 212-645-9444.)

KOHEI YOSHIYUKI
Working at night, with a camera equipped with infrared film and a filtered flash, Yoshiyuki photographed couples making out in the bushes and behind the trees of Tokyo parks in the nineteen-seventies. His self-published book of those pictures, from 1980, has become a cult item, and this exhibition—Yoshiyuki's first in the U.S.—is sure to be one of the season's most sensational. Although there is little explicit sex visible in these images, they still give off plenty of heat, much of it sparked by the shockingly bold onlookers who crowd around the couples like moths drawn to a flame—voyeurs whose presence implicates both the photographer and the viewer. Through Oct. 20. (Milo, 525 W. 25th St. 212-414-0370.)

ANDREA ZITTEL
Confronted with the fashion demands of working in an art gallery (Pat Hearn's gallery in SoHo, in the early nineteen-nineties), Andrea Zittel conceived a sartorial system that evolved into "A-Z Personal Uniforms," an integral part of her design-for-living/living-for-design œuvre. "Smockshop," which opened during Fashion Week, extends her practice to ready-to-wear garments, sewn by young artists (who share in the profits) and sold at prices well below those of blue-chip art works—or designer clothes. Zittel's idea is that all the buyers will wear their smocks as she does, exclusively, for a whole season. Her motto: "Liberation through limitation." Through Oct. 13. (Inglett, 534 W. 22nd St. 212-647-9111.)

Short List

CHERYL DONEGAN: Kamm, 621 W. 27th St. 212-255-0979. Through Oct. 6. **JIM DRAIN:** Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. 212-463-7770. Through Oct. 13. **DANA FRANKFORT:** Bellwether, 134 Tenth Ave. 212-929-5959. Through Oct. 8. **EBERHARD HAVEKOST:** Kern, 532 W. 20th St. 212-367-9663. Through Oct. 13. **DEBORAH KASS:** Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave. 212-563-4474. Through Oct. 13. **LÁSZLÓ MOHOLY-NAGY:** Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. 212-627-6000. Through Oct. 13. **RAYMOND PETTIBON:** Zwirner, 519 W. 19th St. 212-727-2070. Through Oct. 20. **ARLENE SHECHET:** Harris, 529 W. 20th St. 212-463-9666. Through Oct. 6. **RYAN TRECARTIN:** Dee, 545 W. 20th St. 212-924-7545. Through Oct. 13. **KEITH TYSON:** PaceWildenstein, 545 W. 22nd St. 212-989-4263. Through Oct. 20. **T. J. WILCOX:** Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. 212-206-7100. Through Oct. 13. **GARRY WINOGRAND:** Bell, 511 W. 25th St. 212-691-3883. Through Oct. 20. **"LISETTE MODEL AND HER SUCCESSORS":** Aperture, 547 W. 27th St. 212-505-5555. Through Nov. 1.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

GARDER EIDE EINARSSON
The Norwegian artist is often compared to Banks Violette, the enfant not-so-terrible of Team's stable. But Einarsson's paintings and sculptures, though similarly muscular and minimalist-inspired, have more wit and political punch. This show draws from the tales of two judges: the comic-book character Judge Dredd and the real-life jurist Judge Schreber, whose slide into schizophrenia was fodder for Freud. Elements in the show include silk-screened signs in the shape of speech bubbles, vinyl wall text, and a newspaper clipping of a hirsute terrorist suspect. Wry humor (and expletive titles) aside, Einarsson makes thoughtful points about the administration of justice—and who distinguishes the crazy from the sane. Through Oct. 13. (Team, 83 Grand St. 212-279-9219.)

MIKE NELSON
For Nelson's first major American installation, produced by Creative Time, the London-based artist tunnels into the Essex Street Market building, which has been closed to the public for thirteen years. Nelson's sinister architectural fantasy, titled "A Psychic Vacuum," incorporates elements of an abandoned Chinese restaurant and alludes to the tattoo parlors and clairvoyants' storefronts that are fixtures of the Lower East Side. Accessed through an inconspicuous door on the street, it's like an amusement park dreamed up by squatters. Through Oct. 28. (Essex Street Market, 117 Delancey St. 212-206-6674.)

Short List

SADIE BENNING: Orchard, 47 Orchard St. 212-219-1061. Through Oct. 7. **HUMA BHABA:** Salon 94, at 1 Freeman Alley. 646-672-9212. Through Oct. 26. **CHRIS MARKER:** Peter Blum, 99 Wooster St. 212-343-0441. Through Nov. 1. **GEORGINA STARR:** Williams, 313 W. 4th St. 212-229-2757. Through Oct. 27. **FRANK STELLA:** Freeman, 560 Broadway. 212-966-5154. Through Nov. 17. **"THE GEOMETRY OF HOPE":** Grey Art Gallery, 100 Washington Sq. E. 212-998-6780. Through Dec. 8.

GALLERIES—BROOKLYN

JIM TOROK
Torok's work has a split personality: Jekyllish restraint faces off against Hyde-like spontaneity. Miniatures, rendered in graphite and oil, depict

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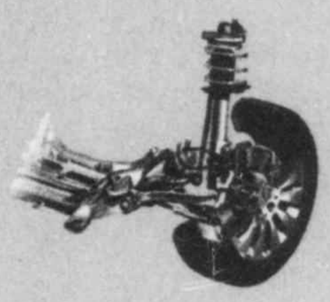

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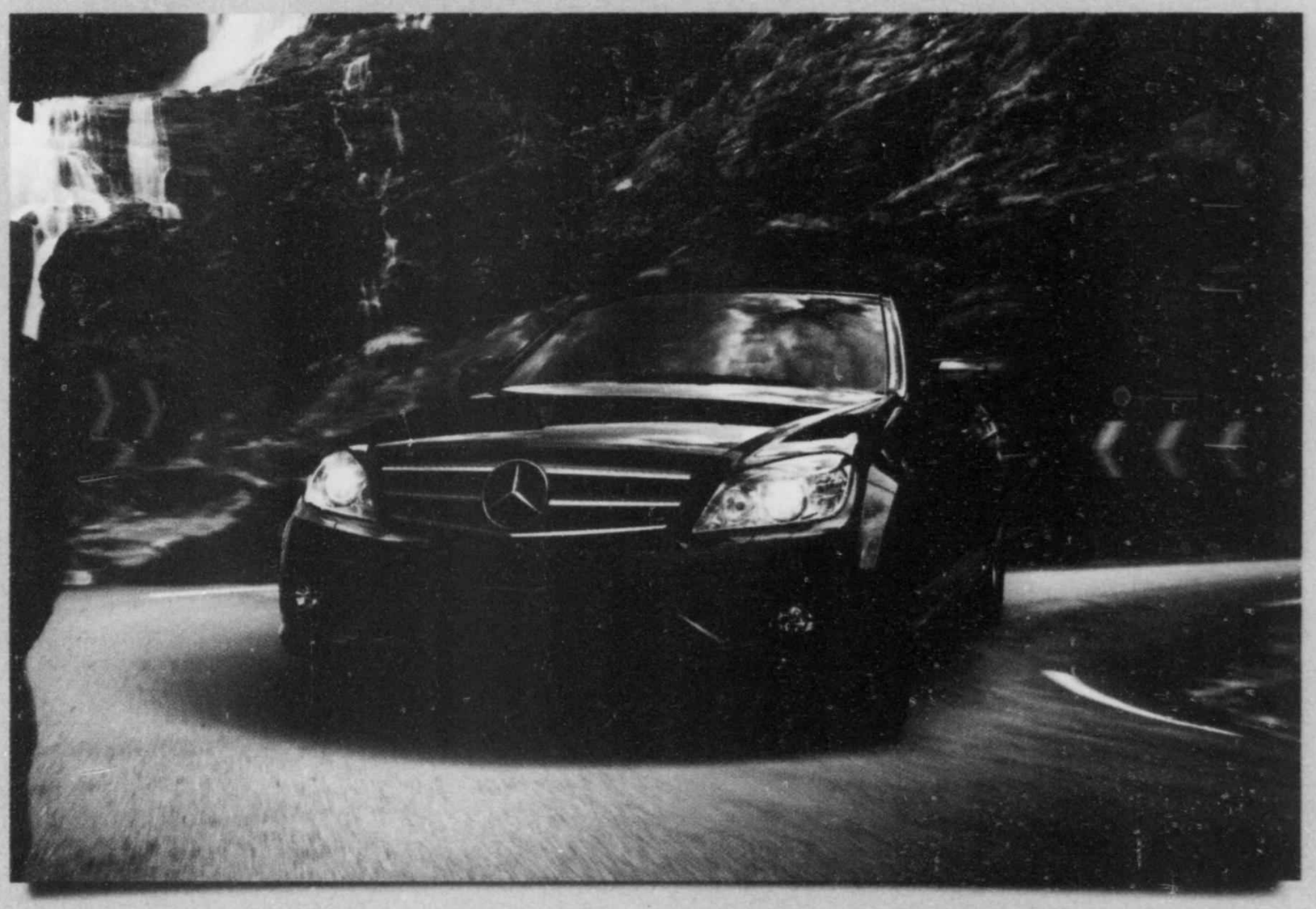

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friends and colleagues in a tight, Photo-Realist style. His more familiar works are speedy, diaristic cartoon paintings starring a bulb-nosed, balloon-headed alter ego. Captions read "All I want is my truck" and "A brief history of the 21st Century so far," the latter on a canvas that begins with Y2K, extends through the latest National Intelligence Estimate, and ends with a blank, to be filled in during the show. A new sense of brushy abstraction in some pieces suggests that Torok may have a third painterly persona waiting in the wings. Through Oct. 8. (Pierogi, 177 N. 9th St. 718-599-2144.)

DANCE

BALANCHINE'S "DON QUIXOTE"
The New York Public Library for the Performing Arts presents a free screening of Bert Stern's famous pirated film of the first performance of Balanchine's "Don Quixote," with Balanchine playing the Don and the nineteen-year-old Suzanne Farrell as Dulcinea. If you can't get into the Sept. 18 screening, you can see the movie on a monitor at the library's Dance Collection, upstairs, beginning Sept. 20—but it's nicer on the big screen. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. 212-870-1657. Sept. 18 at 6.)

MARTHA GRAHAM DANCE COMPANY
After last year's belt-tightening, one-night-only eightieth-anniversary celebration, the struggling troupe returns to the Joyce. Three programs concentrate on the most reliable of Graham's works—"Cave of the Heart," "Sketches from 'Chronicle,'" "Appalachian Spring"—and the current artistic director, Janet Eilber, continues with her crusade to provide "context" by inviting guest hosts, including Lar Lubovitch, Susan Stroman, and Jacques d'Amboise, to tell anecdotes. For the Sept. 18 gala, the actress Blythe Danner introduces "Appalachian Spring" by reading from notes between Graham and Aaron Copland when he was composing the ballet's score. (175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 212-242-0800. Sept. 18 at 7, Sept. 19 at 7:30, Sept. 20-21 at 8, Sept. 22 at 2 and 8, and Sept. 23 at 2 and 7:30.)

"WINDOW"
The free dancing-in-the-streets "Sitelines" series takes the unusual step of commissioning some freestyle street dancing. Bill Shannon, formerly known as Crutchmaster, brings a crew of house dancers and his own crutch-wielding virtuosity to an intersection on lower Broadway. Viewers looking on from behind a window can catch close-ups on transparent video screens manned by VJ Plugnplay, backed by recorded beats and sounds sampled from the street and mixed together by DJ Excess. Reservations are required. (140 Broadway, at Cedar St. 212-219-9401. Sept. 18-21 at noon.)

BIG DANCE THEATER
"The Other Here" successfully melds two Chekhovian stories by the Japanese novelist Masuji Ibuse, scenes taken from a conference of American life-insurance salesmen, sped-up traditional dances from Okinawa, and a handful of that archipelago's infectious pop songs. After premièring at the Japan Society, last year, and touring the U.S., the work returns to New York for a two-week run. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 212-924-0077. Sept. 19-22 at 7:30. Through Sept. 29.)

CHASE BROCK EXPERIENCE
A young man with impressive Broadway credentials—he's assisted Kathleen Marshall and Ann Reinking—braves the world of concert dance, bringing his brand-new company to Dance New Amsterdam for the second time this year. The dancers are strong, sharp, and animated, the work peppy, cute, and clear. Brock follows the music closely, attaching sometimes cartoonish theatrical ideas to the rhythms, so that a Beethoven piece can resemble "Fantasia." But his selections, and the moods they bring, vary widely, from Laura Nyro to the Magnetic Fields to John Philip Sousa. (280 Broadway, at Chambers St. 212-279-4200. Sept. 20-22 at 8 and Sept. 23 at 3 and 8.)

NEW YORK BAROQUE DANCE COMPANY
The highly codified world of Baroque dance would be all but forgotten if it weren't for the efforts of groups like this one. At the Mark Morris Dance Center, the ensemble presents an innovative program made up of five new works, each of which transforms and reimagines Baroque forms in different ways, from the application of structured improvisation to the use of post-minimalist music. Live musical accompaniment will be provided by the Baroque ensemble Concert Royal. (3 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn. 800-494-8497. Sept. 21-22 at 7:30. Through Sept. 29.)

ISADORA DUNCAN'S "IPHIGENIA"
In 1905, when the modern-dance pioneer made "Iphigenia," her choice of music—selections from Gluck's opera, not written for dance—was bold, and occasioned her first use of a full orchestra. Re-creating the solo, in a staging by the late Julia Levien, Jodi Liss won't have that kind of backing, but, with fierce eyes and a slight smirk, she brings history to life. Duncan's contemporary Loie Fuller also gets her due, in "Dance of the Elements," a tribute by Jody Sperling. Fuller's fabric-swirling light shows may have been shallower than Duncan's work, yet the fun of her technique holds up better; it's delightful. (Joyce SoHo, 155 Mercer St. 212-352-3101. Sept. 21-22 at 8.)

MIRO MAGLOIRE / NEW CHAMBER BALLET
At City Center Studio 4, Magloire, a pianist and composer who creates spare, musically inspired ballets, presents two new pieces—an untitled work set to Telemann and "Adue," set to music by the contemporary composer Salvatore Sciarrino—as well as "Viduity," by the Royal Danish dancer Constantine Baecher, a meditation on mourning, set to music by Leoš Janáček. (130 W. 56th St. 212-868-4444. Sept. 21-22 at 8.)

"REVOLUTION"
The Irish step-dancing champion Joel Hanna, a Vancouver-born veteran of "Riverdance" and its offshoots, teams up with Michael Schulster, the scruffy all-American alum of "Tap Dogs," to create a new version of those assaultive productions, this one a rock-and-roll show with a live garage band. There's also tango and martial arts and an autobiographical thread about the cruel world and the cold entertainment industry. The show's début, in Edinburgh, was met with unimpressed critics and screaming crowds. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 212-242-0800. Sept. 25 at 7:30. Through Oct. 7.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC
OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA
Peter Gelb's "new Met" provides glamour and novelty in equal measure. This year's opening night belongs to a new production, by Mary Zimmerman, of **"Lucia di Lammermoor,"** which brings a glittering cast—including Natalie Dessay, Marcello Giordani, Mariusz Kwiecien, and John Relyea—under the experienced direction of James Levine. (Sept. 24 at 6:30.) ♦ Dessay, who was a star of the 2005 production of Gounod's **"Roméo et Juliette,"** surrenders the female lead to the dazzling Anna Netrebko, with Roberto Alagna singing the role of Roméo. The elegant Stéphane Degout is Mercutio; Plácido Domingo conducts. (Sept. 25 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 212-362-6000.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA
The company begins its season with a mixture of new and classic works. City Opera presents Tazewell Thompson's New York-première production of **"Margaret Garner,"** the collaborative effort of

DVD NOTES
STRANGER THAN FRICTION

Are you ready to spend your life with your next sex partner? Judd Apatow's challenge to viewers of his second feature, **"Knocked Up"** (released by Universal Home Entertainment in an unrated version, with a host of fascinating extras), owes nothing to the reactionary calculus of "You play, you pay." Instead, he offers a joyfully mystical paean to the life-changing power of sex—when taken together with a bracing dose of ethical standards.

Few Hollywood films are as overtly Jewish; Ben Stone (Seth Rogen) is an overfed young Jewish man living in post-adolescent suburban squalor with four stoner roommates, three of whom self-identify as Jewish. When Ben gets the capable, pretty Alison Scott (Katherine Heigl) pregnant, his friends call his readiness to stick by her a Jewish trait. An outtake on the bonus disk suggests a grand-scale revenge of the nerds: one roommate (Jay Baruchel) argues that a man's sexual prowess is less important to an adult woman than his ability to provide her with "a stable Jewish life."

The unspoken word for Ben is "mensch," but the humanity that implies also suggests the heat of desire that makes the movie run. In Apatow's old-school romanticism, there's no such thing as casual or recreational sex—at least, for a mensch—because it turns strangers into lovers. The pregnancy plot at the center of the film isn't necessarily its heart; rather, the film is about the soulful imperatives of intimacy. An outtake shows Ben and Alison contemplating the now famous "shmushmortion" that would have answered the child question once and for all. Apatow has said that the choice of euphemism—which was improvised—was not political but comedic.

This looseness is one of the film's prime delights: in the video-diary bonus, Apatow admits planning to "do a little Bob Altman," and he succeeds, as his cast of intimates (the roommates are Apatow's regulars; Alison's sister and nieces are his wife, Leslie Mann, and their daughters) toss off riffs with a jazzy brilliance. Yet these audaciously freewheeling comic inventions bring to life one man's remarkably coherent world view. Apatow's blend of hedonism and morality makes his work a lightning rod for the Zeitgeist.

—Richard Brody

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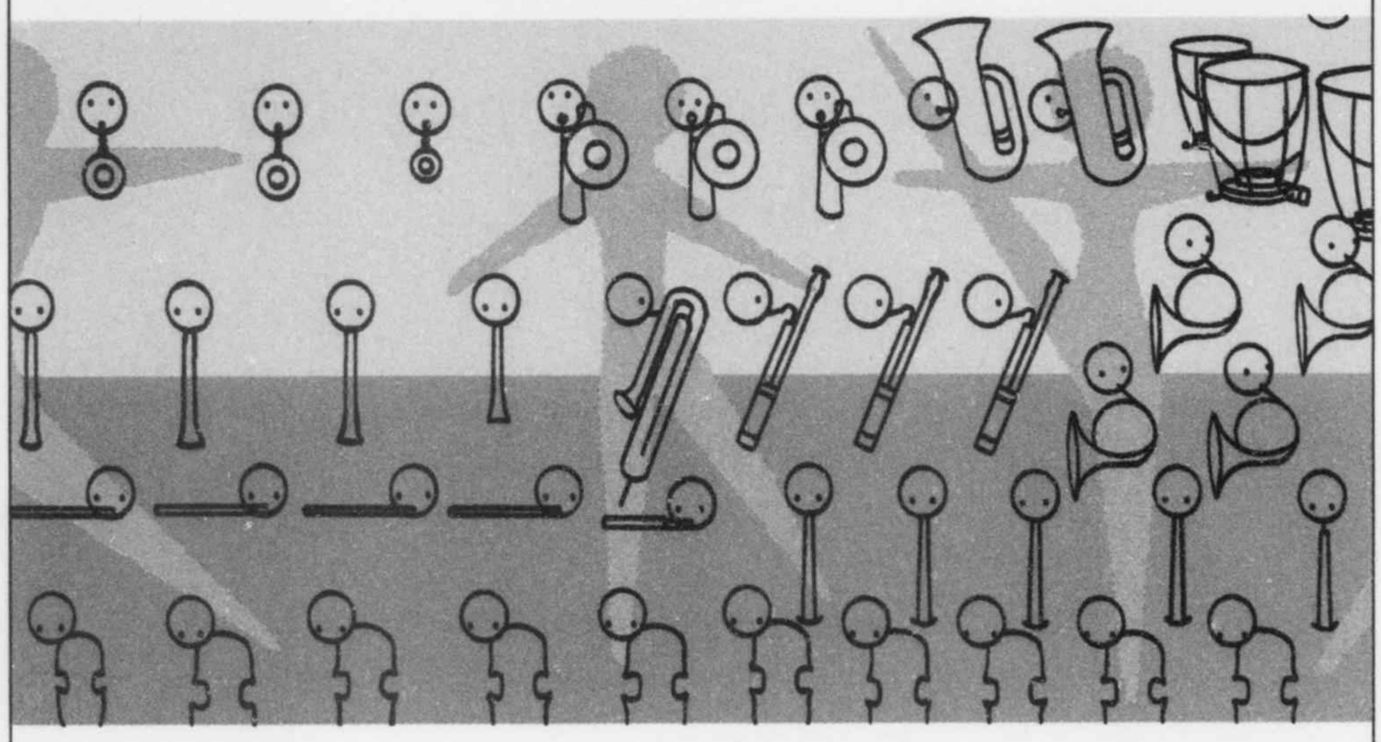
CLASSICAL MUSIC • FALL PREVIEW



CITY OF LIGHT
The centerpiece of Carnegie Hall's fall season is "Berlin in Lights," a festival that celebrates the city's rëemergence as a cultural center with concerts by the Berlin Philharmonic (conducted by Simon Rattle), the Scharoun Ensemble (with the brilliant composer-pianist Thomas Adès), and other groups; a cabaret series at the Neue Galerie; and two performances of Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring" at the United Palace Theatre, in Washington Heights, danced by schoolchildren from upper Manhattan, accompanied by Rattle and his orchestra. (Nov. 2-18.)

BEST BOY
Gustavo Dudamel—unquestionably the most exciting conductor to arrive on the scene since Simon Rattle—is finally coming to New York after a brief but revelatory international career that was capped, in April, by his appointment as the next music director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic. Dudamel débuts with the New York Philharmonic (beginning on Nov. 29) shortly after making his first appearances at Carnegie Hall, in two concerts featuring his spectacular Simón Bolívar Youth Orchestra of Venezuela (Nov. 11-12), part of the "Berlin in Lights" festival.

PIANO PRINCES
Adès returns to Zankel Hall on Nov. 19 to perform a recital of works by Janáček, Stravinsky, and himself, part of a piano season that will also feature a pair of Beethoven recitals by András Schiff in Stern Auditorium on Oct. 21 and Oct. 24 and an appearance by the dazzling Canadian pianist Marc-André Hamelin at Lincoln Center's Rose Theatre on Nov. 4.

HEAVY HITTERS
The Great Performers series begins with an eightieth-birthday blowout for Colin Davis, in which he conducts the London Symphony Orchestra in three concerts beginning Oct. 17, and with two presentations of Stefano Landi's "Il Sant'Alessio," a Baroque rarity, offered by William Christie and Les Arts Florissants (and featuring the young countertenor phenom Philippe Jaroussky) Oct. 29-30. The Carnegie Hall schedule includes performances by the Cleveland Orchestra (Oct. 16-18) and the St. Petersburg Philharmonic (Oct. 30-31 and Nov. 1) and a feast of Russian opera with the Kirov Orchestra (Dec. 1-2 and Dec. 4).

VOICES OF AUTUMN
City Opera's production of Barber's "Vanessa" (with Lauren Flanigan in the title role), which begins on Nov. 4, offers an elegant and nostalgic swath of Americana; Oct. 18-20, James Conlon conducts concert performances of Zemlinsky's very Viennese "A Florentine Tragedy" with the Philharmonic. At the Metropolitan Opera, new productions of "Macbeth" (with Maria Guleghina, Željko Lučić, and René Pape, beginning Oct. 22) and "Iphigénie en Tauride" (with Susan Graham and Plácido Domingo, premièring on Nov. 27) will be followed by an edgy English-language production of "Hansel and Gretel" (featuring Alice Coote and Christine Schäfer), which débuts on Dec. 24.

ers don't know whether they're breaking up or making up, but they do it exuberantly—in contrast to the First World War setting, which hints at the collapse of Romantic idealism. Ari Pelto leads a brisk account of the score; Inna Dukach and Brian Mulligan, singing the roles of Mimì and Marcello, keep pace with ample voice. Also with Dinyar Vania as Rodolfo and Elizabeth Caballero as Musetta. (Sept. 21 at 8 and Sept. 23 at 1:30.) ♦ The durable Harold Prince production of **"Don Giovanni,"** restaged by Albert Sherman, features Aaron St. Clair Nicholson in the title role, heading a cast that also includes Mardi Byers, Julianna DiGiacomo, Bruce Sledge, and Daniel Mobbs; David Wroe. (Sept. 22 and Sept. 25 at 8.) (New York State Theatre. 212-721-6500.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
The music of Luciano Berio is a dash of wild color in the Philharmonic's predominantly conservative schedule. Not unlike the ebullient "Sinfonia," which the orchestra will perform later in the season, "Four Original Versions of Boccherini's 'La Ritirata Notturna di Madrid' " superimposes different works of music on top of one another, with deliciously disorienting results. Following it are Beethoven's Violin Concerto (with Lisa Batiashvili) and Tchaikovsky's infrequently performed Symphony No. 2 in C Minor ("Little Russian"). (Avery Fisher Hall. 212-875-5656. Sept. 19-20 at 7:30 and Sept. 21 at 11 A.M.)

JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA
Some critics love to pummel Rachmaninoff's Third Piano Concerto; for the pianist and conductor Vladimir Ashkenazy, however, the composer's music transmits something profound and essential about the Russian soul. He will conduct Juilliard's premier ensemble—and a promising young pianist, Hong Xu—in an open rehearsal and performance of the work. (Peter Jay Sharp Theatre, Juilliard School. Sept. 23 at 2. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 212-769-7406.)

RECITALS

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER
With its longtime home, Alice Tully Hall, undergoing extensive renovations, the society is exploring new music and new venues. One of them is Jazz at Lincoln Center's Rose Theatre, an appropriate site for "American Explorations," the season-opening concert, which features works by a range of composers, both native-born (Ives, Bruce Adolphe, and Joan Tower) and otherwise (the immigrant Stravinsky, and the visiting Dvořák). The highlight is Alan Louis Smith's "Vignettes: Ellis Island" (1999), a song cycle offered by the beloved mezzo-soprano Stephanie Blythe; the Guarneri String Quartet performs Dvořák's "American" Quartet. (Broadway at 60th St. 212-875-5788. Sept. 19 at 8.)

THE QUEEN'S CHAMBER BAND
Elaine Comparone's hardy early-music ensemble begins its thirteenth season with "Variations," a celebration of the two great dance forms—passacaglia and chaconne—that great composers from the Baroque era, and well beyond, have employed to spin out some of their most inventive music. This concert focusses on music by Bach, Purcell, Monteverdi, Rameau, and the Couperin *frères,* François and Louis. (Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall. 212-247-7800. Sept. 19 at 8.)

NEW MILLENNIUM ENSEMBLE
The chamber-music season at Symphony Space begins with a concert by the well-regarded new-music group, which offers a downtown-uptown program (featuring the deft oboist Jacqueline Leclair) of music by Charles Wuorinen (a world première), Derek Bermel, and John Zorn, among others. (Broadway at 95th St. 212-864-5400. Sept. 20 at 7:30.)

BARGEMUSIC
Sept. 20 at 8: A compact week at the floating chamber-music series begins with one of its regular jazz concerts—in this case, an evening with the Michael Marcus Quartet, delving into the repertoire of Thelonious Monk. ♦ Sept. 22 at 8 and Sept. 23 at 4: The violinist Mark Peskanov, the barge's artistic director, teams up with the cellist Inbal Segev and the pianist Roman Markowicz for a program devoted to music by Mozart and Mendelssohn (the Piano Trio No. 2 in C Minor, and the Sonata No. 2 for Cello and Piano in D Major). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-2083.)

THE KITCHEN: "BETWEEN THOUGHT AND SOUND"
The venerable West Chelsea avant-garde venue's latest concert series is offered as a pendant to an art exhibition that conjures up the postwar heyday of the "graphic score," in which composers used fanciful shapes and symbols, rather than standard musical notation, to inspire (or instruct) their performers. The next events are a throwback to the freewheeling world of the nineteen-seventies, in which two surviving members of the group Composers Inside Electronics, John Driscoll and Phil Edelstein, join some friends for two performances of their collaborative work "Rainforest IV," last performed at the Kitchen in 1975. Audiences may enter and leave the theatre as they wish during the performances, which are expected to run for five hours each. (512 W. 19th St. 212-255-5793, ext. 11. Sept. 22-23 at 4.)

"SACRED MUSIC IN A SACRED SPACE"
Kent Tritle, the director of music at the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola (and the organist of the New York Philharmonic), begins his annual series modestly but with distinction: a recital on the church's N. P. Mander organ that features works by Mendelssohn, Liszt, Franck (the "Grand Pièce Symphonique"), and Reger (the Sacred Songs, Op. 105, with the baritone Christopher DeVage). (Park Ave. at 84th St. 212-288-2520. Sept. 23 at 4.)

PACIFICA QUARTET
The joyful and energetic young American string quartet, known for its exciting performances of the music of Elliott Carter, also maintains an interest in the classics. They come to Columbia's Philosophy Hall to inaugurate a season-long survey of the Beethoven quartets, offered at lunchtime, free of charge. Sept. 24 at 12:30: The Quartet in D Major, Op. 18, No. 3. ♦ Sept. 25 at 12:30:

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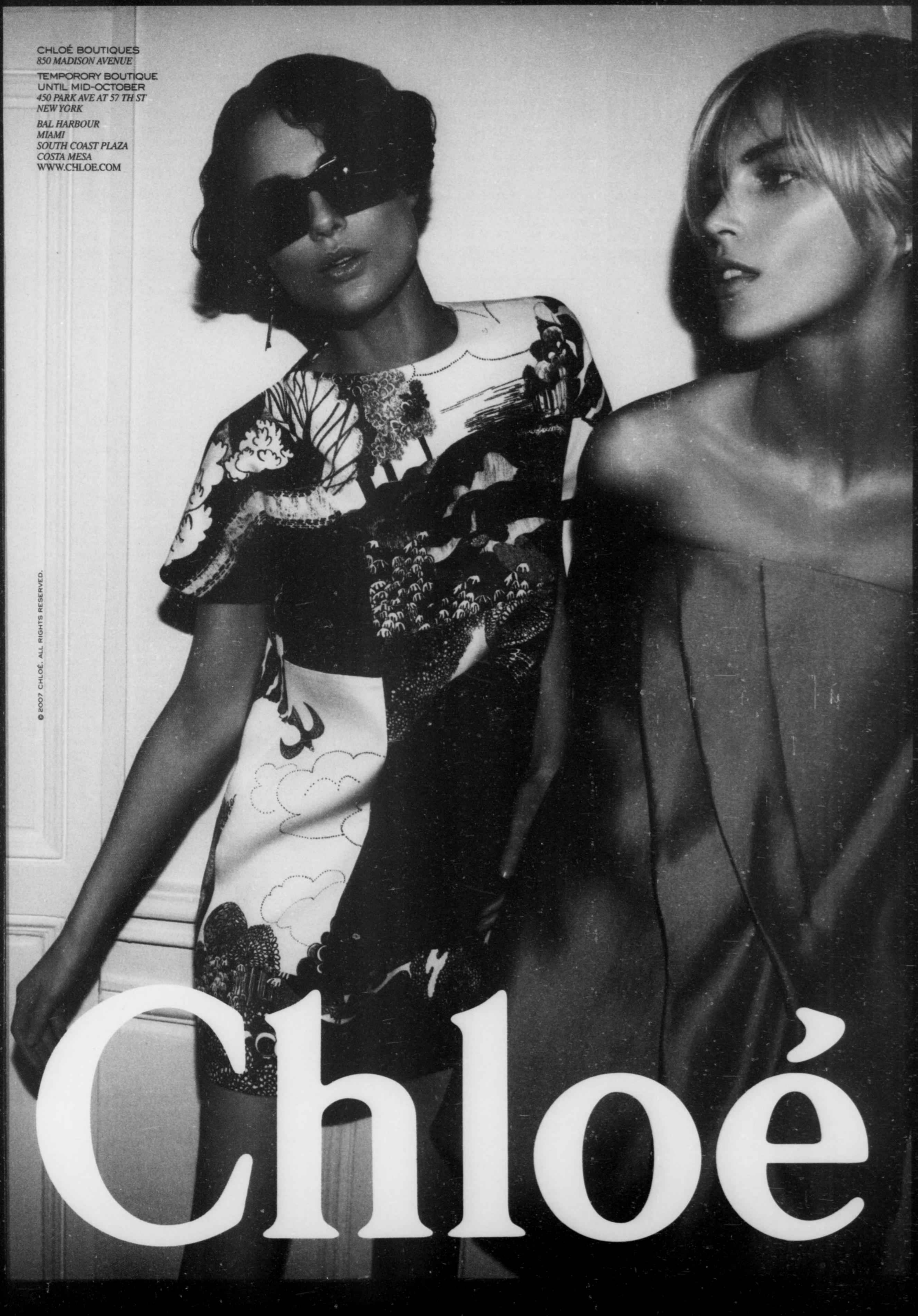

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JUPITER SYMPHONY CHAMBER PLAYERS
The Jens Nygaard tribute series often devotes good time and money to presenting works from the forgotten corners of the repertory. Busoni's "Berceuse Élégique," a neglected masterpiece of early modernism, glows at the heart of the players' latest venture, a program that also includes music by Haydn, Scharwenka, and Mozart (the indestructible Clarinet Quintet, with the clarinettist Vadim Lando). (Good Shepherd Presbyterian Church, 152 W. 66th St. 212-799-1259. Sept. 24 at 2 and 7:30.)

POP NOTES
CORNER MAN

Miles Davis may be the one musician who justifies the overpriced and physically awkward format of the boxed set. Six CDs of material from any other mortal simply induce fatigue and highlight weak spots in a body of work. But, in the late nineteen-sixties and early seventies, Davis was doing work that needed to be captured in its entirety. Beginning in 1969, with "In a Silent Way," Davis set out to rethink jazz, not only by changing his own playing style but by examining how different bands play together and how sound itself can become as unique and identifiable as a composition. **"The Complete On the Corner Sessions"** (Columbia/Legacy), a comprehensive chronicle of the recording sessions that produced "On the Corner," "Big Fun," and "Get Up with It," elaborately illustrates that process.

Davis had been listening to the work of the German musician and composer Karlheinz Stockhausen, who worked with electronic tone generators and tape loops to create odd, swirling recordings that didn't belong to any one genre, even though they were usually filed in the classical section of record stores. Drawing simultaneously from Stockhausen's world of silence and noise and from the downbeat pulse at the heart of James Brown's funk, Davis and his producer Teo Macero led large ensembles (no fewer than seven and as many as twelve musicians at a time) through a series of reductions and expansions that seem like the answers to philosophical questions. How little can you play and still suggest a song? Can you hear more if you play less? What if the congas are, briefly, louder than everything else?

On one version of the title track—included here in its original, edited format and in two unreleased, unedited takes—the drummer Jack DeJohnette pushes all his force into a shockingly simple figure: a rising and falling sixteenth-note pattern on the high hat which summarizes funk without being funk. The bassist on the track is the nineteen-year-old electric-bass player Michael Henderson, fresh from the Motown house band. Davis uses Henderson as a safe zone; his clipped but easeful motifs are brief and easy to hear, and almost never vary. Musicians who had been trained to play over changes—like the keyboardist Chick Corea and the soprano-saxophone player Dave Liebman—were confronted with the unchanging. The band members, deprived of signposts like "verse" and "chorus" and working for a capricious leader who brought musicians in and out at will during a song, needed to find entirely new ways to make long stretches of music compelling. They found them.

—Sasha Frere-Jones

"NAUMBURG LOOKS BACK"
This occasional concert series gives audiences a chance to appreciate the wisdom of the Naumburg Foundation, which for decades has had a sure sense in picking future generations of exceptional classical performers. The distinguished veteran Joseph Silverstein, who won the 1960 violin prize, joins the comparative newcomer Awadagin Pratt, who won the 1992 award for piano, for an evening of music by Brahms, Schoenberg, Franck, and Ravel. (Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall. 212-247-7800. Sept. 25 at 8.)

MOVIES
OPENING

ANTONIA
A drama, directed by Tata Amaral, about four young women in São Paulo who form a rap group. In Portuguese. Opening Sept. 21. (Coliseum and Quad Cinema.)

THE ASSASSINATION OF JESSE JAMES BY THE COWARD ROBERT FORD
Andrew Dominik directed his adaptation of Ron Hansen's novel. Starring Brad Pitt as James and Casey Affleck as Ford; co-starring Zooey Deschanel, Sam Rockwell, Mary-Louise Parker, and Sam Shepard. Opening Sept. 21. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Square.)

BEAUTY REMAINS
A drama, set in China in 1948, about a woman who, in order to execute her late father's will, must invite her estranged half sister to return to the family. Directed by Ann Hu. In Mandarin. Opening Sept. 19. (Cinema Village and ImaginAsian.)

GOOD LUCK CHUCK
A man who gets dumped by women for the men they marry decides to rent himself out as a good-luck charm. Directed by Mark Helfrich; starring Dane Cook and Jessica Alba. Opening Sept. 21. (In wide release.)

INTO THE WILD
Sean Penn directed this adaptation of Jon Krakauer's nonfiction adventure book, about a young explorer (Emile Hirsch) who heads for the Alaskan wilderness. Co-starring Vince Vaughn, Catherine Keener, William Hurt, Marcia Gay Harden, and Zach Galifianakis. Opening Sept. 21. (Sunshine Cinema.)

THE JANE AUSTEN BOOK CLUB
Six people start a book club and find that their lives start to resemble a Jane Austen novel. Starring Maria Bello, Hugh Dancy, Emily Blunt, Maggie Grace, Kevin Zegers, Lynn Redgrave, and Amy Brenneman; directed by Robin Swicord. Opening Sept. 21. (In wide release.)

THE LAST WINTER
Larry Fessenden directed this horror movie, about a group of oil drillers who lose their bearings in Alaska. Starring James LeGros, Ron Perlman, and Connie Britton. Opening Sept. 19. (IFC Center.)

QUIXOTIC / HONOR DE CAVALLERIA
An adaptation of "Don Quixote," directed by Albert Serra. In Catalan. Opening Sept. 21. (Anthology Film Archives.)

RESIDENT EVIL: EXTINCTION
A sequel to the thriller based on the video game, about a woman in the Nevada desert who tries to

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destroy a killer virus. Starring Milla Jovovich, Oded Fehr, Ali Larter, and Mike Epps; directed by Russell Mulcahy. Opening Sept. 21. (In wide release.)

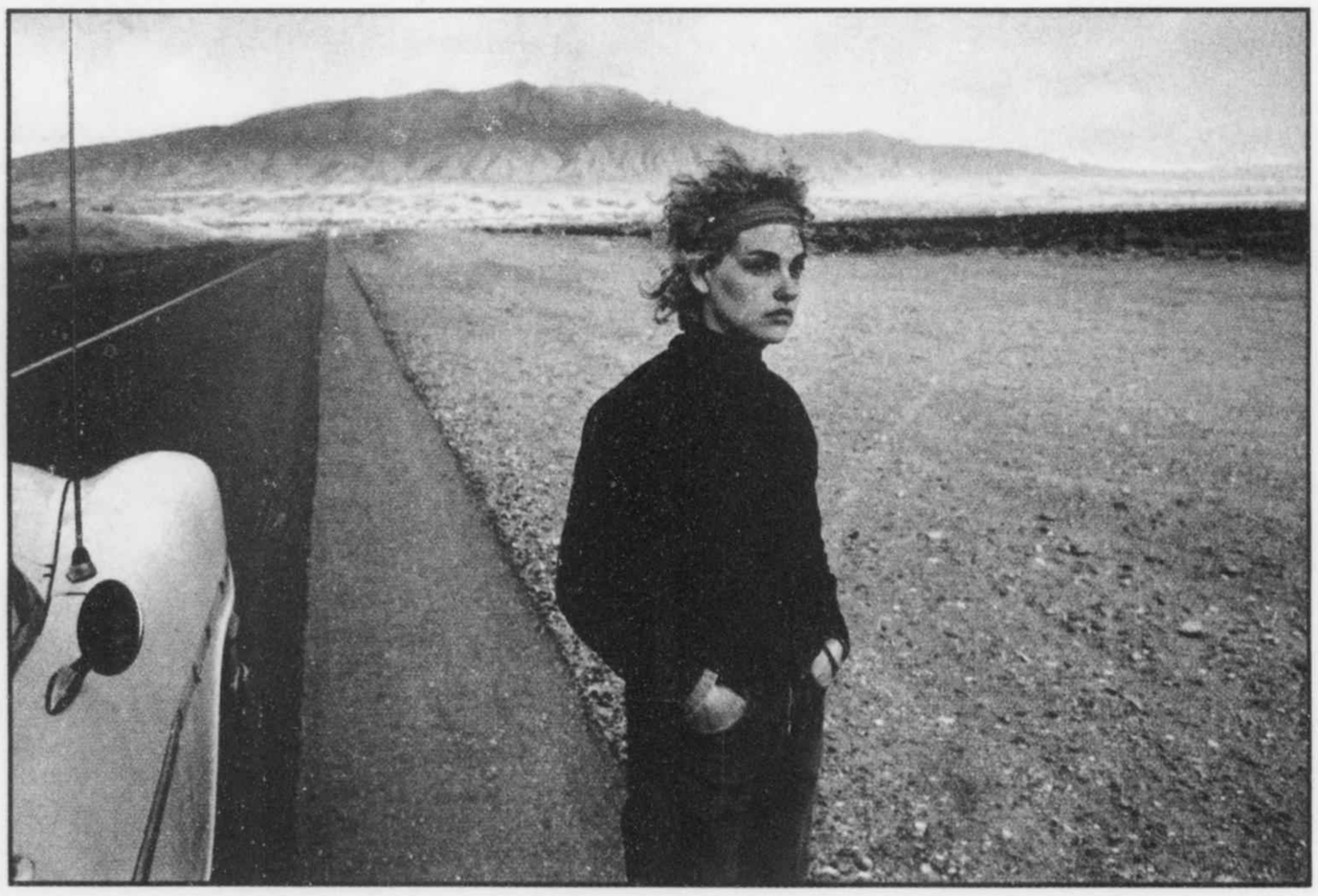
SYDNEY WHITE
Amanda Bynes stars in a comedy about a college student who is mistreated by sorority sisters and gathers a group of geeks to get revenge. Directed by Joe Nussbaum. Opening Sept. 21. (In wide release.)

NOW PLAYING

DEEP WATER
The story of Donald Crowhurst, a sensation in its day, has been told before in print, but not on film—a surprising omission, given not only the twists of the tale but the wealth of visual evidence that was waiting to be unearthed. Now, at last, it is laid out in a new documentary. Crowhurst was a contestant in a non-stop, round-the-world race for lone yachtsmen, held in 1968. Compared with his fellow-entrants, he was a novice, and, when catastrophe loomed after barely a month at sea, he took drastic action. For anyone unfamiliar with what happened next, the directors, Louise Osmond and Jerry Rothwell, proceed with patient suspense. We get shaky, firsthand footage from Crowhurst's boat, audiotapes of his solitary thoughts, and interviews with friends and relatives who, even now, seem agonized by the outcome. Like most sagas of deceit, the Crowhurst tale tends to inspire fanatical interest, and the movie does well to maintain an even keel.—*Anthony Lane* (Reviewed in our issue of 8/27/07.) (Angelika Film Center.)

EASTERN PROMISES
The new David Cronenberg film, set among Russian mobsters in London, stars Viggo Mortensen as Nikolai, a part-time chauffeur and full-time threat. He takes care of business for Semyon (Armin Mueller-Stahl), a soft-spoken restaurateur with frightening blue eyes, and Semyon's whining son (Vincent Cassel). Into this murk comes Anna (Naomi Watts), a midwife, who is trying to trace the family of an orphaned Russian child. What Cronenberg and his screenwriter, Steve Knight, want to engineer is a collision between worlds that have nothing—no social habits or moral norms—in common. The result, despite the modern setting, is a strangely old-fashioned fable, with a redeeming innocent thrown among evil men. There is no denying the momentum of the story, or Mortensen's shade-wearing composure, but some of the casting (Cassel especially) is askew, and the tone keeps lurching from the sombre into the ghastly as Cronenberg strives to maintain his reputation as a master bloodletter. You may need to look away. With the compelling, cadaverous Donald Sumpter (last seen in "The Constant Gardener") as an English cop.—*A.L.* (9/17/07) (In wide release.)

EXILED
One of the masters of Hong Kong cinema, Johnnie To, brings his best game to this genre-busting gangster drama. The story, played a bit like a black comedy, concerns a gangster marked for death and the hit men who help him pull off one last job in order to provide for his family. As their plans unravel and the violence builds, the film becomes a poetic discourse on honor among thieves, as well as a thoroughly engrossing crime saga. To's magnificent use of slow motion within his spectacularly violent set pieces has bullets flying and bodies spinning as if in a mad ballet staged by Brian De Palma. The marvellously contained ensemble of actors includes Anthony Wong, Francis Ng, and Nick Cheung. The shadowy, elegant cinematography is by Siu-keung Cheng. In Cantonese.—*Bruce Diones* (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)



Danny Lyon's "Stephanie, Sandoval County, New Mexico, 1970," at the Whitney.

DELIRIOUS
There are glitches in the narrative, but otherwise this is a tough, acid, truthtelling New York independent film, written and directed by Tom DiCillo, about an aging paparazzo, Les (Steve Buscemi), and Toby (Michael Pitt), the good-looking street kid whom he makes his assistant. Les teaches Toby how to crash parties, cadge or steal goody bags, and other necessary skills; they live together, but spiritually they are homeless, two lost men desperately hanging on to the edges of the fast life. The movie bears more than a casual resemblance to "Midnight Cowboy," with touches of "A Star Is Born" thrown in. The street kid, who wants to be an actor, moves up the celebrity ladder quickly with the help of a casting director (Gina Gershon) and a troubled pop star (Alison Lohman) who take a fancy to him, but he leaves his mentor behind.—*David Denby* (8/20/07) (Village East Cinemas.)

GREAT WORLD OF SOUND
The title of Craig Zobel's darkly satirical drama refers to a scamming record company based in Charlotte, North Carolina. Its smooth operators, Shank (John Baker) and his henchman, Layton (Robert Longstreet), induce aspiring musicians to put up cash toward the production of CDs that may never get made. The protagonist, Martin (Pat Healy), a pale, earnest, artistic dreamer with a radio background, is hired as a "producer"—as he soon discovers, a salesman—and goes on the road with his hard-knocks partner, Clarence (Kene Holliday), delivering the hard sell in seedy hotel rooms throughout the South until his scruples start to catch up with him. This is a classic Sundance film, in which the script and the actors do all the work: Healy's sly understatement and Holliday's burnished, saxophone-like voice keep the action afloat, and Zobel is content to film their subtle theatrics. Despite undeveloped characters and a rushed dénouement, the tale offers tangy and sardonic entertainment: the many do-it-yourself musicians and their bewildered predators are equally ludicrous and touching.—*Richard Brody* (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

HALF-PRICE
Isild Le Besco was sixteen when she wrote the script and nineteen—and already a recognized actress—when she directed this quasi-autobiographical tale of three children who are left to their own devices in Paris. Roméo, Léo, and Louna—a boy and two girls, ages seven, eight, and nine—are virtually abandoned by their mother, who nonetheless pulls the strings from offstage (and keeps their fathers, three different men, away). The children steal food, come late to school, stay out till all hours, and run naked in the streets, and although Le Besco films them with intimate complicity, her coolly literary voice-over contemplates their adventures with the detachment of a victorious survivor; the result is a film in the imperfect tense. If her technique is hardly more than that of a home movie, her strategy is complex: the myth of the unimpeachable innocence of wild children against an uncaring world converges with the public image that Le Besco, the actress, projects. She and the film's trio are the adopted children of the cinema. In French.—*R.B.* (French Institute Alliance Française; Sept. 25.)

IN THE SHADOW OF THE MOON
This feels like the right time to make a documentary about the Apollo space program. There is a new generation of filmgoers for whom it feels like ancient history, verging on the irrelevant; in which case they require immediate instruction. Moreover, the surviving astronauts are now in their seventies, and thus able to reflect on their achievements with an ease and a modesty that render them more approachable than their younger, superhuman selves. The director, David Sington, interviews most of them (apart from the reclusive Neil Armstrong), interspersing their contributions with original NASA footage and steering clear of dramatic reconstruction. Philip Sheppard's accompanying score is, as so often with tales of the extraterrestrial, more strident than is necessary; the feats of men like Michael Collins and Alan Bean (to name the two most affable souls on show) need no musical boost. Produced by Ron Howard.—*A.L.* (9/17/07) (Lincoln Square and Sunshine Cinema.)

IN THE VALLEY OF ELAH
Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. (In limited release.)

THE LANDLORD
Hal Ashby's début film as a director is one of his best. Based on the novel by Kristin Hunter, a black woman, and adapted by another black writer, William Gunn, it's about a rich blond bachelor (Beau Bridges) who gets in over his head when he buys a house in a black ghetto, intending to throw out the tenants and turn it into his own handsome town house. The tenants include Pearl Bailey and Diana Sands, in probably her finest screen performance—when she becomes sexually and emotionally involved with the new landlord, he starts learning something about passion and terror. The dialogue is crisp and often quite startling, and though the editing may be a little too showy and jumpy, the picture has originality and depth, and it's full of sharp, absurdist humor. Lee Grant is particularly funny as Beau Bridges's ditzy mother, and Lou Gossett, Jr., is fairly amazing as Diana Sands's axe-wielding husband. Released in 1970.—*Pauline Kael* (Film Forum; Sept. 19-25.)

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MY BROTHER'S WEDDING
The drama of Charles Burnett's second film, made in 1983 but never released, is spare and direct: Pierce (Everette Silas), a young man of thirty living in South Central Los Angeles, works in his parents' dry-cleaning shop; his older brother, a lawyer, is about to marry another lawyer, and Pierce, who thinks they put on airs, wants no part of the ceremony. This follow-up to his justly legendary "Killer of Sheep" is also, in some ways, its antithesis: in that film, the pathos of poverty is heightened by humor and romance; here, Burnett drives a thesis hard and it gets in the way of emotion. In his view, the few pathways open to a young black man—dead-end jobs and smothering family relations, a fast and dangerous life of pleasure, and vulgarly materialistic middle-class ambition—are all unpalatable. The schematic action, cut off from popular culture and any wider reality, is less than the sum of his intentions. But in the moody moments when nothing is happening—a bride primps before a mirror, a bereaved father passes a glass of liquor to his late son's friend, a young man waits under a street light for his girl to arrive—the film comes fully, deeply alive.—*R.B.* (IFC Center.)

THE NANNY DIARIES
Despite some bright moments and a superior level of craftsmanship, this adaptation by Shari Springer Berman and Robert Pulcini of Nicola Kraus and Emma McLaughlin's 2002 best-seller is essentially pointless. A recent college graduate (Scarlett Johansson), who could do anything with her life, falls into the clutches of an unhappy Upper East Side couple (Laura Linney and Paul Giamatti), who hire her as a nanny and then bully and exploit her. The book, which offered eager glances at misery and lousy parenting among the super-rich, was more snark than satire; the movie aims at pathos. Linney almost makes something touching out of a wife betrayed by her adulterous husband, and Johansson tries to suggest a soulful attachment to the couple's little boy (Nicholas Reese Art), who, however, has a face like a closed fist. The movie is an unconvincing urban fairy tale. With Chris Evans as a handsome young man known as "Harvard Hottie," a prince in a workout shirt.—*D.D.* (9/3 & 10/07) (In wide release.)

SECRET BEYOND THE DOOR
"I felt eyes touching me like fingers," Celia Barrett (Joan Bennett), a no longer young New York heiress on a lark in Mexico, says. The probing gaze belongs to Mark Lamphere (Michael Redgrave), a debonair architect and, as it turns out, a troubled man with a dark past. Fritz Lang's rare, exhilarating 1948 film noir is a classic of the "marry in haste" genre. When the newlywed couple repair to Mark's vast Westchester estate, presided over by his steely, Mrs. Danvers-like sister (Anne Revere), Celia's idyll quickly falls apart, and her troubles deepen when money becomes an issue. The real problem, however, is in Mark's head: the entire thrill ride takes place under the sign of psychoanalysis, and the door in question, like so much else in Lang's world, is above all a symbol. Baroque ornamentation, peculiar objects, plaited shadows, and uncanny recurrences point to an inner world far stranger than the one on view, and, as the doings become more extravagantly macabre, Lang's camera eye grows ever colder and more bemused, especially by man's vain resistance to his irrepressible desires.—*R.B.* (Moving Image; Sept. 22.)

SUPERBAD
A suburban mock epic, first conceived by the screenwriters Seth Rogen and Evan Goldberg when they were teen-agers, and much revised, under the eye of the producer Judd Apatow. The comedy is now ripely Apatovian—a mixture of desperately filthy talk and the most tender, even delicate, emotion. Three primal high-school nerds (the plump, hysterical Jonah Hill, the sweet-faced Michael Cera, and the pale, needle-nosed Christopher Mintz-Plasse) agree to buy the booze for a senior-class party being thrown

by the coolest girls. The boys reason that the girls will get so drunk that they will make out with them by mistake. Getting themselves to the party, however, turns out to be a journey somewhat more difficult than that endured by the Greeks coming home from Troy, and the friendship of Hill and Cera, who are inseparable, almost breaks up from the strain of it. The director, Greg Mottola, indulges some TV-grade slapstick involving two antic cops (Rogen and Bill Hader), but many of his touches are miraculously right, and there's an amazing sequence devoted to one of the boys' memories of drawing penises as a ten-year-old—a child's garden of verses for our time.—*D.D.* (8/20/07) (In wide release.)

3:10 TO YUMA

A grave and violent Western with a wild card at its center—Russell Crowe's ironic and self-amused performance as Ben Wade, a notorious outlaw in the Arizona territory after the Civil War. Christian Bale is the transplanted Massachusetts man and rancher, hard up for cash, who helps transport Wade to a prison train. The men pass through a wilderness with towns so insubstantial that they seem merely scratched onto the surface of the desert. Nothing resembling a social structure exists, and the rancher's defense of the mere promise of civilization becomes an expression of personal honor. There are some choppily edited scenes, but the viewer settles into the stern logic and physical splendor of the movie with a grateful sigh. Peter Fonda gives a surprisingly powerful performance as a bounty hunter, and the gifted Ben Foster is the fanatically loyal killer who works for Wade. The movie is a remake of a 1957 Western directed by Delmer Daves, and this version—directed by James Mangold, and written by Michael Brandt and Derek Haas, who amplified Elmore Leonard's 1954 story and Halsted Welles's script for the original—is faster, more cynical, and more brutal than the first.—*D.D.* (9/3 & 10/07) (In wide release.)

2 DAYS IN PARIS

A loving but ill-matched couple, Marion (Julie Delpy, who also wrote and directed the film) and her American boyfriend, Jack (Adam Goldberg), make a brief stop in Marion's home town before returning to New York. Their stay is more than long enough, however, to open up carnal and cultural rifts: Jack is bemused by his girlfriend's mother and father—unkempt anarchists played by Delpy's real-life parents, Marie Pillet and Albert Delpy—and nagged by continual revelations of her past desires. The resulting conflict is largely played for laughs, with nods to Woody Allen, but there is a rude harshness in Delpy's approach, a taste for close confrontation, which both sours and enlivens what might otherwise have drifted into an easygoing comedy of manners. Delpy seems genuinely torn between two worlds, and, where the Allen of "Manhattan" was lost in reverence for his city, the Parisienne delivers little more than a bitter billet-doux. In English and French.—*A.L.* (8/13/07) (In wide release.)

THE WIND

In Victor Sjöström's silent masterpiece of psychological terror, a well-bred Virginia girl (Lillian Gish) goes to Texas to live with her cousin, only to be turned out by his jealous wife and hounded by the men and the wind that pound the countryside. From the opening sequence, of a train slicing through the landscape, to the climax, showing a corpse buried in the blowing sand, the film moves like greased lightning. It's a brilliant anti-Western: when the heroine picks up a gun, what happens is both shocking and inevitable. (M-G-M is to blame for the jarring happy ending.) Gish is superb, her emotions unravelling like a frayed hemline. Released in 1928.—*Michael Sragow* (MOMA; Sept. 19 and Sept. 22.)

Also Playing

ACROSS THE UNIVERSE: In limited release. **THE BRAVE ONE:** In wide release. **THE HUNTING**

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MOVIES • FALL PREVIEW

INDIES GONE WIDE

Wes Anderson once again celebrates the family picaresque in "The Darjeeling Limited" (Sept. 29), a comedy about three brothers (Owen Wilson, Adrien Brody, and Jason Schwartzman) who seek to bond on a train trip through India. In Todd Haynes's "I'm Not There" (Nov. 21), a bio-pic about Bob Dylan, six actors—including Cate Blanchett and Christian Bale—play the bard at different times in his life. Nicole Kidman stars in Noah Baumbach's comedy "Margot at the Wedding" (Nov. 16), as a woman who has doubts about her sister's fiancé (Jack Black). Ang Lee returns to forbidden desire with "Lust, Caution" (Sept. 28), a Second World War drama about a female spy in China who falls in love with a collaborator. New York is represented in James Gray's hardboiled "We Own the Night" (Oct. 12), about two brothers, a cop (Mark Wahlberg) and a night-club owner (Joaquin Phoenix), in conflict with the Russian Mob in Brighton Beach.

ONCE MORE WITH FEELING

Remakes come to the fore this fall, as Ben Stiller stars in "The Heartbreak Kid" (Oct. 5), the Farrelly brothers' take on Elaine May's comedy about a man on his honeymoon who falls for another woman. Harold Pinter wrote the script for Kenneth Branagh's "Sleuth" (Oct. 12), originally filmed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz from a play by Anthony Shaffer, about a writer (Michael Caine) who tries to entrap an actor (Jude Law) who has seduced his wife. And Michael Haneke has remade, in English, his 1997 thriller, "Funny Games" (Oct. 26), about two men who hold a family hostage. Michael Pitt and Brady Corbet are the psychopaths, Naomi Watts and Tim Roth the victims.

STAR TURNS

George Clooney stars as a high-powered New York corporate lawyer in "Michael Clayton" (Oct. 5), directed by Tony Gilroy. Jake Gyllenhaal, Reese Witherspoon, Meryl Streep, and Alan Arkin are featured in "Rendition" (Oct. 12), in which a C.I.A. agent turns against the practice of secret interrogations abroad. The romantic comedy "Dan in Real Life" (Oct. 26) stars Steve Carell as an advice columnist who falls in love with his brother's girlfriend (Juliette Binoche). And Robert Redford directs Tom Cruise and Meryl Streep (and also co-stars) in "Lions for Lambs" (Nov. 9), about the politics behind the war in Afghanistan.

TOUGH COOKIES

Sidney Lumet, a mere eighty-three years of age, offers a thriller, "Before the Devil Knows You're Dead" (Oct. 19), about two brothers (Philip Seymour Hoffman and Ethan Hawke) who rob their parents' jewelry store. Woody Allen's "Cassandra's Dream" (Nov. 30) stars Ewan McGregor and Colin Farrell as brothers who turn to murder in a scheme to avoid financial ruin. And in "American Gangster" (Nov. 2), directed by Ridley Scott, Denzel Washington stars in the true-life story of Frank Lucas, a Harlem drug lord during the Vietnam War.

PARTY: In wide release. **MR. WOODCOCK:** In wide release. **SHOOT 'EM UP:** In wide release.

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES

32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (212-505-5181)—"Unamerican Activities: The Films of Abraham Polonsky." Sept. 19 at 7: "Madigan" (1968, Don Siegel). ♦ Sept. 19 at 9:15: "Romance of a Horsethief" (1971). ♦ Sept. 20 at 7: "Golden Earrings" (1947, Mitchell Leisen). ♦ Sept. 20 at 9: "I Can Get It for You Wholesale" (1951, Michael Gordon). ♦ Special screenings. Sept. 20 at 8: "Unessential Cinema," found footage. ♦ Sept. 21 at 8: Promotional films about food. ♦ Sept. 22 at 8: Film fragments and reprocessed sounds by Stephen Parr. ♦ Sept. 23 at 8: Medical footage presented by the Orgone Archive. ♦ "Essential Cinema." Sept. 22 at 6: "Three Songs About Lenin" (1934, Dziga Vertov). ♦ Sept. 23 at 6: "The Eleventh Year" (1928, Vertov).

BAM ROSE CINEMAS

30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100)—"Yugoslavian Black Wave." Sept. 19 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:15: "W.R.: Mysteries of the Organism" (1971, Dušan Makavejev). ♦ Sept. 21 at 2, 4:30, 6:50, and 9:15: "Early Works" (1969, Želimir Žilnik; in Serbo-Croatian) and short films by Žilnik. ♦ Sept. 22 at 2, 4:30, 6:50, and 9:15: "Love Affair, or the Case of the Missing Switchboard Operator" (1967, Makavejev; in Serbo-Croatian). ♦ Sept. 23 at 2, 4:30, 6:50, and 9:15: "Man Is Not a Bird" (1965, Makavejev; in Serbo-Croatian). ♦ In preview. Sept. 24 at 7: "Words and Music by Jerry Herman" (2007, Amber Edwards), followed by a Q. & A. with the director. ♦ Sept. 25 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:30: "None Shall Escape" (1944, André de Toth). The 6:50 screening will be followed by a discussion with the critic Elliott Stein and the film historian Howard Mandelbaum.

FILM FORUM

W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (212-727-8110)—In revival. Sept. 19-25 at 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, and 10: "The Landlord" (†). The 7:45 screening on Sept. 19 will be introduced by the actress Lee Grant.

FRENCH INSTITUTE ALLIANCE FRANÇAISE

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (212-355-6160)—"Fresh Look: First-Time Directors." Sept. 25 at 12:30, 4, and 7: "Half-Price" (†) and "Snowing in Marrakesh" (2006, Hicham Alhayat; in French). The 7 P.M. screening will be introduced by Isild Le Besco. ♦ Sept. 25 at 9: "Charly" (2007, Le Besco; in French).

IFC CENTER

323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (212-924-7771)—In revival. Sept. 21-27 (call for showtimes): "Fitzcarraldo" (1982, Werner Herzog). ♦ "Waverly Midnights." Sept. 21-22: "Hedwig and the Angry Inch" (2001, John Cameron Mitchell), with live performances and a costume contest. ♦ Films from NewFest. Sept. 24 (call for showtime): "Back Soon" (2007, Rob Williams). ♦ "Stranger Than Fiction," a documentary series. Sept. 25 at 7:30: "Operation Filmmaker" (2007, Nina Davenport).

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480)—Through Sept. 30: "A Sense of Where You Are: Films from the Collection." Sept. 19 at 6 and Sept. 23 at 4:30: "Unforgiven" (1992, Clint Eastwood). ♦ Sept. 19 at 8:30 and Sept. 22 at 2: "The Wind" (†). ♦ Sept. 20 at 6: "A Room with a View" (1986, James Ivory). ♦ Sept. 20 at 8:30: "Red Desert" (1964, Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian). ♦ Sept. 21 at 6: "Manhattan" (1979, Woody Allen) and "One Chase Manhattan Plaza" (1961, Morris Engel). ♦ Sept. 21 at 8:30: "Lord of the Flies" (1963, Peter Brook). ♦ Sept. 22 at 3:45: "The Grapes of Wrath" (1940, John Ford). ♦ Sept. 22 at 6:30: "Daughter of Keltoum" (2001, Mehdi Charef; in Arabic and French). ♦ Sept. 23 at 2: "A Matter of Life and Death (Stairway to Heaven)" (1946, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger). ♦ Sept. 24 at 7: "Joan of Arc of Mongolia" (1989, Ulrike Ottinger; in German, French, and Mongolian). ♦ "MOMA Laffs," a comedy series. Sept. 19 at 6: "Bed and Sofa" (1926, Abram Room; silent). ♦ Sept. 19 at 8: "Adam's Rib" (1945, George Cukor). ♦ Sept. 20 at 6: "Bananas" (1971, Woody Allen). ♦ Sept. 20 at 8 and Sept. 23 at 4:30: Three short films with Laurel and Hardy, including "The Music Box" (1932, James Parrott). ♦ Sept. 23 at 2: "The Italian Straw Hat" (1927, René Clair; silent). ♦ "Still Moving," films from the museum's collections. Sept. 21 at 6: "The Love Parade" (1932, Ernst Lubitsch). ♦ Sept. 21 at 8:30: "People of the Cumberland" (1937, Sidney Meyers and Jay Leyda), "The Plow That Broke the Plains" (1936, Pare Lorentz), and "The River" (1937, Lorentz). ♦ Sept. 22 at 3:30: "The Night of the Hunter" (1955, Charles Laughton). ♦ Sept. 22 at 5:30: "The Text of Light" (1974, Stan Brakhage). ♦ Special screening. Sept. 22 at 2: Four films by Ernie Gehr, including "Essex Street Market" (2004), followed by a conversation with the director. ♦ "In Memoriam: Thierry Kuntzel." Sept. 24 at 6: "La Peinture Cubiste" (1981, Kuntzel and Philippe Grandrieux; in French). ♦ Sept. 24 at 7:15: "The Most Dangerous Game" (1932, Irving Pichel and Ernest B. Schoedsack). ♦ Sept. 24 at 8:30: "King Kong" (1933, Schoedsack and Merian C. Cooper).

MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE

35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—Preview screening. Sept. 19 at 7: "Feast of Love" (2007, Robert Benton), introduced by the director. (The screening will take place at Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St. For tickets, visit www.movingimage.us or call 718-784-4520.) ♦ Through Sept. 30: Film noirs by Fritz Lang. Sept. 22 at 3: "Secret Beyond the Door" (†). ♦ Sept. 22 at 5:30: "House by the River" (1948). ♦ Sept. 23 at 3: "Clash by Night" (1952). ♦ Sept. 23 at 5:30: "Human Desire" (1954).

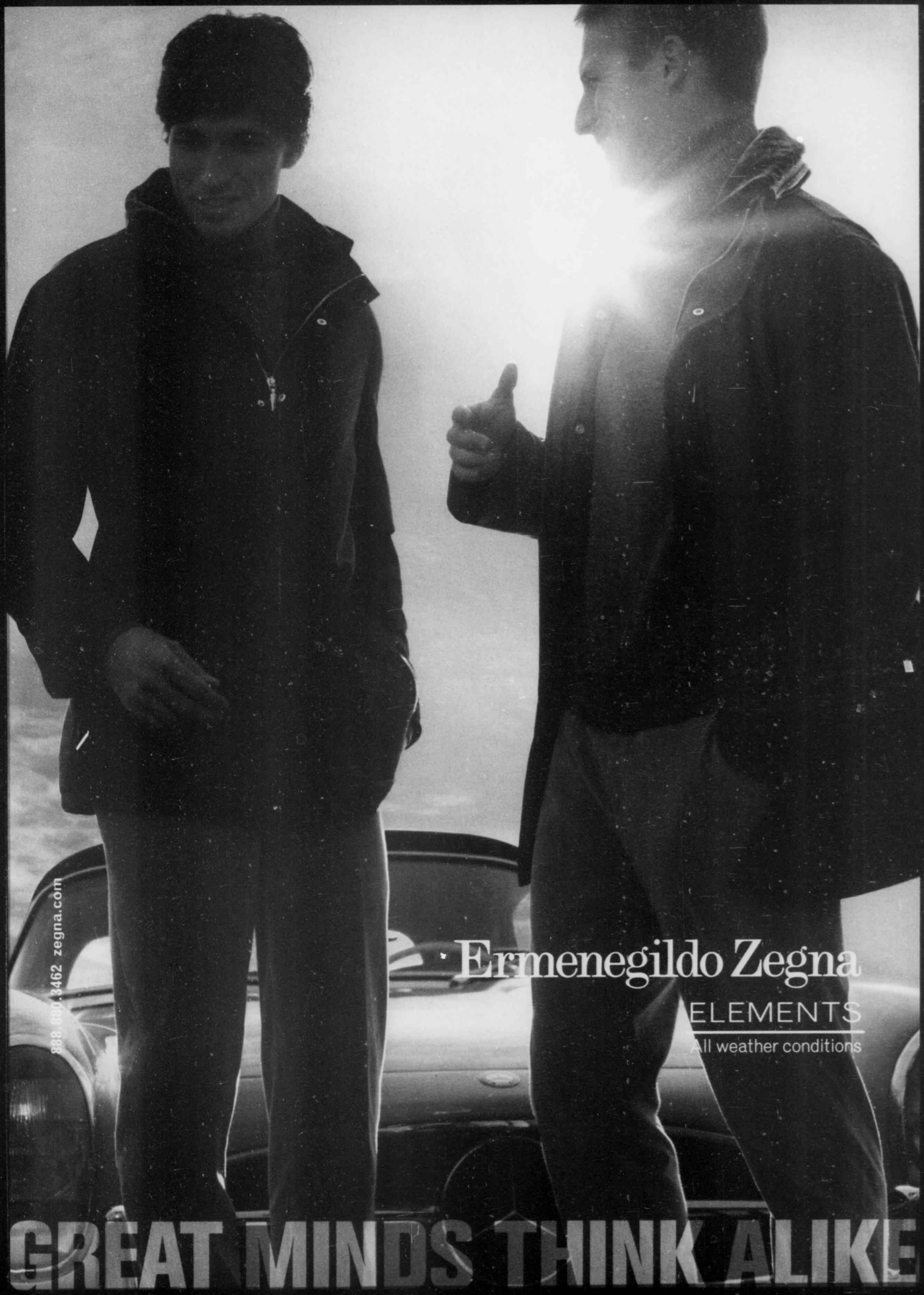
PIONEER THEATRE

155 E. 3rd St. (212-591-0434)—In première. Sept. 19-28 (call for showtimes): "My Name Is Alan and I Paint Pictures" (2007, Johnny Boston). ♦ "Yom Kippur Film Festival." Sept. 21 at 9: "Kippur" (2000, Amos Gitai; in Hebrew). ♦ Sept. 21 at 11:15: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (1988, Woody Allen).

RUBIN MUSEUM OF ART

150 W. 17th St. (212-620-5000)—"Cabaret Cinema." Sept. 21 at 9:30: "Le Grand Voyage" (2004, Ismaël Ferroukhi; in French and Arabic).

ZOHAR LAZAR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ABOVE AND BEYOND • FALL PREVIEW

OPEN HOUSE NEW YORK
New York City has historically been nonchalant about its grand creations (long gone, most famously, are the arches and columns of Pennsylvania Station), and, despite the passage of architectural-preservation laws, which would suggest an interest by the general population, it's still true that only tourists look up on Manhattan streets. But that changes during the Open House New York weekend. Now in its fifth year, the event affords access to some two hundred sites of architectural and cultural significance. The weekend includes a rare opportunity to walk the High Line, the celebrated bit of mothballed railway on the West Side; a look at Southpoint, the abandoned ruins of the smallpox hospital on Roosevelt Island; and a tour of Fresh Kills, the legendary landfill on Staten Island. (www.ohny.org. Oct. 6-7.)

JUST BEAT IT
Truman Capote may have dismissed Jack Kerouac's technique with the quip "That's not writing, that's typing," but Kerouac's magnum opus, "On the Road," endures. To mark the fiftieth anniversary of its publication, the New York Public Library presents the exhibition "Beatific Soul: Jack Kerouac on the Road." It suggests that, while there's something to Capote's observation (the show's centerpiece is half of the fabled hundred-and-twenty-foot-long typescript scroll of the manuscript, which he pounded out in a reported three weeks), the truth is that Kerouac reworked his drafts like a pro. The show also includes ephemera from his life and manuscripts and drawings by his Beat colleagues. (Nov. 9-March 16.)

GREEN SPACE
At thirty-nine acres, the Queens Botanical Garden may be the smallest of the city's botanical gardens, but it now boasts one of the most environmentally advanced buildings in all five boroughs. The garden's fifteen-thousand-square-foot visitors' center and administration building, which has a roof with photovoltaic panels, a geothermal heating and cooling system, and structures that collect and clean rainwater, opens the weekend of Sept. 29-30. The New York Botanical Garden brightens up the Bronx with "Kiku: The Art of the Japanese Chrysanthemum," the most elaborate show in the garden's hundred-and-sixteen-year history. The product of a recent collaboration with the Shinjuku Gyoen National Garden, in Tokyo, it features thousands of the flowering perennials. (Oct. 20-Nov. 18.)

READINGS
On Oct. 10, Stephen King opens the new season of "Selected Shorts" at Symphony Space as the host of readings from "The Best American Short Stories 2007," which he guest-edited. (www.symphonyspace.org.) At the 92nd Street Y, Joyce Carol Oates talks with Roger Rosenblatt about her work on Nov. 9. (www.92y.org.) The autoworker turned poet Philip Levine celebrates his eightieth birthday on Nov. 29 at the Great Hall at Cooper Union, in the company of Kate Daniels, E. L. Doctorow, Galway Kinnell, and many others. (www.poetrysociety.org.)

SCANDINAVIA HOUSE
58 Park Ave., at 38th St. (212-847-9779)—Through Dec. 15: "A Celebration of Danish Cinema: Nordisk Film at 100." Sept. 19 at 6:30 and Sept. 22 at 3: "Babette's Feast" (1987, Gabriel Axel; in Danish, Swedish, and French).

THALIA THEATRE
Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (212-864-5400)—"John Sayles's Personal Choice." Sept. 23 at 7:30: "From Russia with Love" (1963, Terence Young). ♦ Sept. 25 at 7:30: "Ace in the Hole" (1951, Billy Wilder).

"TROPFEST@TRIBECA"
World Financial Center Plaza (212-941-3923)—Sept. 23 at 8: Sixteen new short films involving the word "slice," including "I Graduated, But . . ." (2007, Alexander Poe). Live pre-show entertainment begins at 5.

WALTER READE THEATRE
Lincoln Center (212-875-5600)—The films of Zeki Demirkubuz. All films are in Turkish. Sept. 19 at 6:30 and Sept. 22 at 7: "Confession" (2001). ♦ Sept. 19 at 9 and Sept. 22 at 1: "Block-C" (1994). ♦ Sept. 21 at 6:15 and Sept. 23 at 8:15: "Destiny" (2006). ♦ Sept. 21 at 8:45 and Sept. 23 at 3: "Fate" (2001). ♦ Sept. 22 at 3: "Zeki Demirkubuz and Turkish Cinema," a panel discussion. ♦ Sept. 22 at 4:45 and Sept. 24 at 8: "Innocence" (1997). ♦ Sept. 22 at 9:15 and Sept. 23 at 6:15: "The Waiting Room" (2003). ♦ Sept. 23 at 1 and Sept. 24 at 6: "The Third Page" (1999). ♦ "Young Friends of Film." Sept. 20 at 7:30: "Run, Fatboy, Run" (2007, David Schwimmer), followed by a Q. & A. with the director and the actors Simon Pegg and Thandie Newton.

READINGS AND TALKS

POETRY SOCIETY OF AMERICA
The society sponsors two intriguing readings this week. The first, on Sept. 19 at 6:30, marks the fifteenth anniversary of Poetry in Motion, the program that places verse in subway cars and on buses. It features Paul Muldoon, Sonia Sanchez, and Ellen Bryant Voight, who will gather on the northeast balcony of Grand Central Terminal. (Park Ave. at 42nd St.) The second, on Sept. 25 at 7, is a celebration of the new anthology "I Speak of the City: Poems of New York." Andrea Carter Brown, Kevin Coval, Samuel Menashe, Harvey Shapiro, Grace Schulman, Tom Sleigh, and Gerald Stern will join Stephen Wolf, the book's editor, at the Times Square Information Center. (Broadway at 47th St.) (For more information about both events, call 212-254-9628.)

HOUSING WORKS BOOKSTORE
Lydia Davis and Wayne Koestenbaum offer selections from their latest works. (126 Crosby St. 212-334-3324. Sept. 19 at 7.)

HUNGARIAN CULTURAL CENTER
In 1986, in this magazine, John Lukacs wrote about the Hungarian writer Gyula Krúdy. Recently, that Profile became the introduction for the first U.S. edition of Krúdy's 1918 novel, "Sunflower." On Sept. 20 at 7, Lukacs joins the translator John Batki for a discussion about Krúdy's life and work. (447 Broadway, at Grand St., 5th fl. No tickets necessary.)

ADAM ROBERTS
Roberts, a food blogger, discusses his new book, "The Amateur Gourmet." (Barnes & Noble, Seventh Ave. at 6th St., Brooklyn. Sept. 24 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

WANGARI MAATHAI
The Kenyan activist, who in 2004 became the first African woman and first environmentalist to win the Nobel Peace Prize, reads from her memoir, "Unbowed." (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. 212-769-5200. Sept. 25 at 7.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

FEAST OF SAN GENNARO
Like Venice, Manhattan's Little Italy is slowly sinking into the surrounding sea—in this case, the sea of rising hipsterdom and Chinese immigration. But, for eleven days each September, Mulberry, Hester, and Grand Streets teem with Italian-American culture. The festival, which is in its eightieth year, is first and foremost a religious celebration honoring the patron saint of Naples, and it includes a High Mass and a procession carrying a statue of the saint through the neighborhood streets. That's only on the saint's day, Sept. 19, but every day of the festival there are carnival rides, arcade games, and, of course, cannoli. (Through Sept. 23.)

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES
Sotheby's again dominates the superheated category of Asian contemporary art, devoting two sales to the region's most recent trends. At the Sept. 20 sale, all eyes will be on artists from China, most notably Yue Minjun, whose hilarious "Infanta (The Princess)"—a zany take on Velázquez's "Las Meninas" that depicts a hoopskirted princess's body topped by a grinning male face—leads the pack. The following day (Sept. 21) features a sale of contemporary South Asian art as well as an auction devoted to depictions of the Buddha; the week opens with a sale of Chinese ceramics and works of art (including cloisonné figures, Archaic bronzes, and classical furniture) on Sept. 18, and one of Indian modern art and miniatures on Sept. 19. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 212-606-7000.) ♦ Not to be outdone, **Christie's** kicks off its own Asia Week with a sale of Japanese and Korean art (Sept. 18) that features ceramics, paintings, lacquer objects, textiles, and armor. The following day (Sept. 19) is devoted to Chinese decorative art, beginning with a two-session sale of ceramics, jades, and sculptures, followed by an auction of snuff bottles from a private collection. Sept. 20 opens with a sale of South Asian modern and contemporary art, in which Tyeb Mehta and other modernist painters of India are well represented, and which also includes works by Pakistani artists; later the same day, the house presents a refined group of Gandharan Buddhist art from the collection of an Indian prince. The week closes with a large sale of Indian and Southeast Asian art (Sept. 21). (20 Rockefeller Plaza, at 49th St. 212-636-2000.) ♦ **Doyle** gets in the spirit of things with its own sale of Asian art (Sept. 18), covering China, Japan, Korea, and Southeast Asia from the Neolithic period through the twentieth century. (175 E. 87th St. 212-427-2730.)

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BEHIND THE SCENES

DESIGNING A WORLD FOR "HEROES"

Responsible for the critically acclaimed hit's sets appeal, "Heroes" production designer Ruth Ammon leads an Emmy®-nominated group that includes art directors, set designers, and a graphic artist. In collaboration with the visual special effects crew and others, they create realistic surroundings for characters who credibly fly, time-travel, and even walk through walls in scenes of astounding ingenuity and suspense. This is the second in a series of interviews with the talent behind this imaginative serial drama.

AMMON

How do you develop each new "Heroes" set?

AMMON: It's not a wordy show; the story is told in a very stylistically graphic way. So I try to approach the script more like: "How do I tell the story without words?" I get images in my head that float from one scene to the next.

Why doesn't "Heroes" have a signature look?

AMMON: It's constantly evolving. Each story requires new sets and new scenery. "Heroes" gives us a great opportunity to use the same tools and elements that a production designer on a major feature film uses: locations, special effects, stunts, visual effects, construction, set decoration, graphics.

"Heroes" has a large ensemble cast and frequently introduces new members. How do you help viewers keep it all straight?

AMMON: Because the story moves so much, country to country, city to city, and has so many different characters, each character's setting needs to be distinctive so the audience knows where they are or if we've changed location. We try to give each character a specific look and feeling. Different characters have drastically different surroundings—not just locations, but lighting, colors, furniture.

What inspired your sets for certain characters?

AMMON: Texas cheerleader Claire Bennet's house was based on the new America, the one that represents wealth and success. The family house was a cookie-cutter McMansion without a lot of personality. Dr. Suresh's apartment was inspired by one I'd seen in Bedford-Stuyvesant where Indian immigrants had lived for twenty years. Everything had an Indian sensibility, alive with rich tones and textures. In artist Isaac Mendez's New York loft, we kept the color minimal, so his paintings were what read.

CLAIRE BENNET

The character of Sylar has to be one of the more menacing villains ever. Tell us how you set the scene for him.

AMMON: Sylar's clock shop was made dramatic by the director and photography director. It had a lot to do with the way the camera moved and the lighting. I wanted you to feel as if you were inside a clock. It was really a simple set, but everyone got it.

What's the best way to view your work?

AMMON: I care a lot about color, texture, and details, and you pick up so much more of it on HD. One darkroom in a show like this isn't supposed to look like another. Some have five layers of paint. You can't see that on a regular TV. In HDTV, you get to see the full character of the set.

How has HDTV raised the bar for viewers?

AMMON: People have high expectations. They now want TV programming as rich and detailed as what they see on a movie screen.

What's in your home theater?

AMMON: I didn't have an HDTV when I started, but I decided that since I work so hard, I deserved to get myself one.

"Heroes" can be seen Mondays, 9–10 P.M. ET on NBC.
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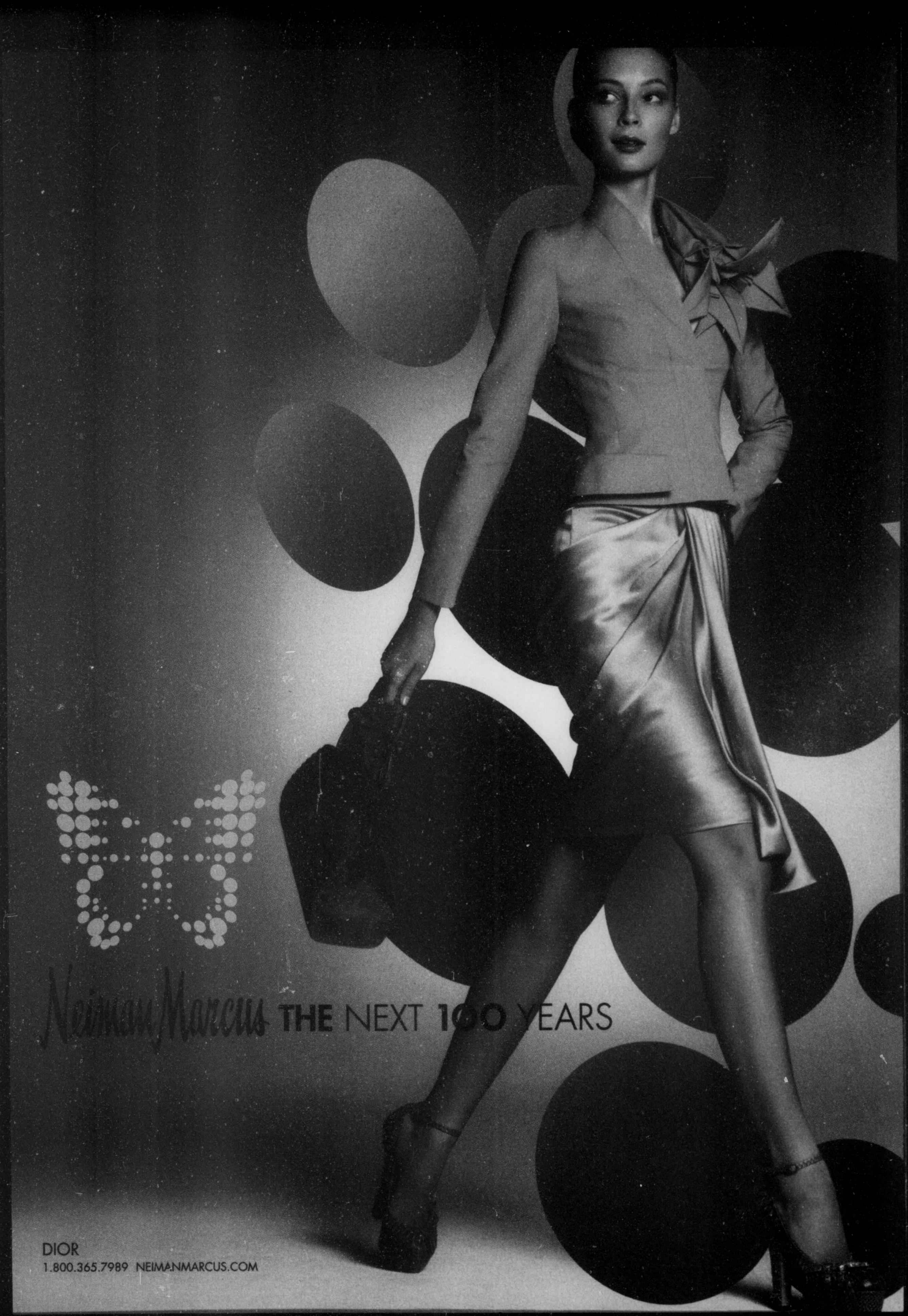
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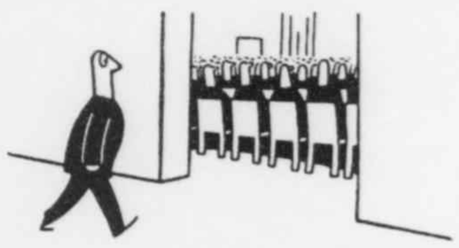

Last December, the Army released a document entitled "Counterinsurgency," an updated field manual designed to guide United States forces to victory in guerrilla wars. "Legitimacy Is the Main Objective" is one heading above its thematic advice. To defeat a resistance force in irregular war, the manual observes, it is essential to recognize "that political factors have primacy" and may account for as much as four-fifths of the struggle—an insight ascribed, a little showily, to a strategist on Mao Zedong's central committee.

The general who oversaw the field manual's rewriting, David H. Petraeus, was dispatched to Iraq upon its completion in order to apply its principles to one of the less credible wars in American history. Since then, Petraeus, perhaps the most scholarly American officer ever to wear four stars, has been preoccupied by a political imperative—justifying the "surge" of thirty thousand additional troops who accompanied him to Baghdad. The General, a fitness compulsive who excels at pushups, has given much time to hosting congressional delegations and providing journalists with interviews, which he often conducts amid the stirring atmospherics of his airborne command helicopter. This summer, Petraeus crafted a campaign to publicize signs of progress he claimed to see in Iraq, and it became clear that he regarded America's restive democracy as a theatre in his counterinsurgency operations.

By the time he returned to Washington last week to deliver a flinty and unrevealing report on the war, the General's achievements on the Iraqi front appeared, at best, to amount to a muddle, but his success at forestalling war skeptics in Congress looked more impressive. Petraeus has arguably made himself more important to the future of Iraq's war than has the lame-duck President he serves—a situation that President Bush, understandably, seems pleased about. The General was tense and uncharismatic during his congressional testimony, yet he exuded integrity; after his second day at the witness table, the *Times* felt compelled to publish a graphic annotating his medals.

Petraeus is not Bush's lackey; his views of the Iraq war overlap with the President's, but they arise from very different antecedents. In 1987, Petraeus completed a three-hundred-and-thirty-seven-page doctoral dissertation at Princeton entitled "The American Military and the Lessons of Vietnam," a lucid and subtle review of civil-military relations in the United States from the Korean War until the mid-nineteen-eighties. In his conclusion, Petraeus argued against the Army doctrine that had been reaffirmed in reaction to the Vietnam War—an "all or nothing" approach, as he labelled it, which held that the United States should enter wars only with overwhelming force and with clear, achievable objectives that would enjoy public support. This was later called the Powell Doctrine, for General Colin Powell, its practitioner until he endorsed the inadequately manned invasion of Iraq four and a half years ago.

Petraeus saw the doctrine as potentially unrealistic because small, nasty wars—where there would be no "clear-cut distinction between peace and war"—seemed to him the coming trend. He quoted approvingly former Defense Secretary James Schlesinger's belief that the United States should not limit itself to fighting only "popular, winnable wars." To prepare for such a future, Petraeus argued for rebuilding America's counterinsurgency capabilities.

He observed that American public

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

opinion often wavers during a protracted conflict, and he quoted General George C. Marshall's admonition that "a democracy cannot fight a Seven Years War"; his tone betrayed a hint of professional irritation at weak-kneed tendencies among the people. Still, Petraeus could see that not all counterinsurgencies are easily won, no matter the public's fortitude. He cited in particular the Soviet Union's brutal struggles in Afghanistan:

> After all, if a country with relatively few public opinion concerns or moral compunctions about its tactics cannot beat a bunch of ill-equipped Afghan tribesmen, what does that say about the ability of the United States —with its domestic constraints, statutory limitations, moral inhibitions, and zealous investigative reporters—to carry out a successful action against a guerrilla force?

Academic questions of that kind require field work to answer; two decades later, Petraeus has his controlled experiment, and his research is remarkably well funded. It is far from clear, however, whether he is asking all the right questions.

If General Petraeus privately believes President Bush's facile rhetoric about the pursuit of "victory" in Iraq, it would be a departure from the thinking evident in his dissertation and counterinsurgency field manual. More likely, the General sees himself as scrapping toward a moderately intolerable mess in Iraq, as an alternative to utter cataclysm. He has compared his goals to the British campaign in Northern Ireland, which produced "a level of violence that actually the Northern Ireland citizens learned to live with." Britain's democracy, however, saw crucial interests in its historical ties to Northern Ireland. The American public has made plain that it sees no comparable interest in the interminable pursuit of a less bad Iraq.

Petraeus's recent strategy of playing for time through the application of spin politics is straining the health and vitality of the Army to which he has devoted his life. It is also deepening mistrust between civilian politicians and the military. Surely, for example, the General is conscious of the partisan Republican campaign to promote him as "Bush's Grant," and is aware of the cause: the Party expects to lose the next Presidential election because of the war, but Petraeus offers hope, however faint, that a Republican nominee might find something in Iraq to embrace. Petraeus's ambition is legendary; his pride and his professional devotion to counterinsurgency have now become entangled in an exploitive electoral machine.

Petraeus also apparently clings to the belief that Iraq's sectarian leaders might reconcile if American forces stay the course. This opinion, shared by many in the Bush Administration, has encouraged yet another generation of unconvincing strategic plans that assume that a unified Iraq governed from Baghdad is attainable and that thousands of American troops might help patrol the capital's streets for years. A more plausible strategy, devoted to managing as successfully as possible the informal sectarian partition of Iraq which is already well under way, has again been postponed, along with substantial troop reductions.

American majorities repudiated the Vietnam War and have repudiated the invasion of Iraq. They did not lack guts then or now; they saw past the false promises and manipulations of their leaders, and called time. George W. Bush and Osama bin Laden appear to share the belief that the United States is chronically afflicted with a cut-and-run syndrome, but they are both wrong: the most striking aspect of American democracy during the catastrophe in Iraq today is not the public's inconstancy but, rather, its capacity to absorb thousands of casualties on behalf of a war that is widely understood as a mistake and has no foreseeable end.

—Steve Coll

RENOVATIONS

PARIS ON MADISON

The Café Carlyle, a night club that has been around for more than fifty years and has always managed to actually look like a night club where people who went to night clubs would actually go, has been redone. About a year ago, James McBride, the Carlyle Hotel's manager, was planning to relocate the Café to the basement. His notion was to turn the ground-floor space where Woody Allen has played impassive, Bechet-ish clarinet for many years (and where Bobby Short kept Cole Porter standards raspingly alive for even more) into just another Madison Avenue boutique.

"Then I woke up one morning and realized that this was a terrible idea," McBride said the other day. "A lucrative idea, but a terrible one. The Café is part of the iconic status of our hotel. So we decided to redo it instead." The redoing, which began in July amid a frenzy of falling plaster that made the glamorous space look exactly like your kitchen when the contractor hits, has now been finished, and the people involved are happy to point out all the little improvements they have made: the ugly lunar-landscape acoustic dropped ceiling has been removed and real theatrical lighting has been installed; a glittering new wall covering, in a pattern called Scotch on the Rocks, has been pasted up; and a mirror has been removed from the column facing the stage (performers don't like to watch themselves).

The real event of the renovation, however, has been the cleaning, restoration, and gentle ersatz extension of murals by the artist Marcel Vertès, which line the upper register of the room, wrapping around the forty-by-thirty-foot space. Although the roughly contemporary murals by Ludwig Bemelmans that line the Bemelmans Bar, across the hall, are more famous—Bemelmans had the good luck, or sense, to write a well-known children's book, thus imprinting his style on the retinas of several generations—Vertès's work is just as charming and, in its evocation of a lost New York sensibility, is in a way more touching. Vertès, along with Bemelmans, defined Frenchness for Americans of a certain age, but he was actually Hungarian. He came to New York during the war and until his death, in 1961, worked all over the city, in a style that some future art historian may refer to as "high Gigi": his work combines elements of Picasso's Rose period, Matisse's "Music" period, and Chagall's decadent period, executed with a whiff of fake-but-still-sweet Frenchness, very much in the manner of the original 1952 "Moulin Rouge"—a film on which, as it happens, Vertès consulted, and won two Oscars.

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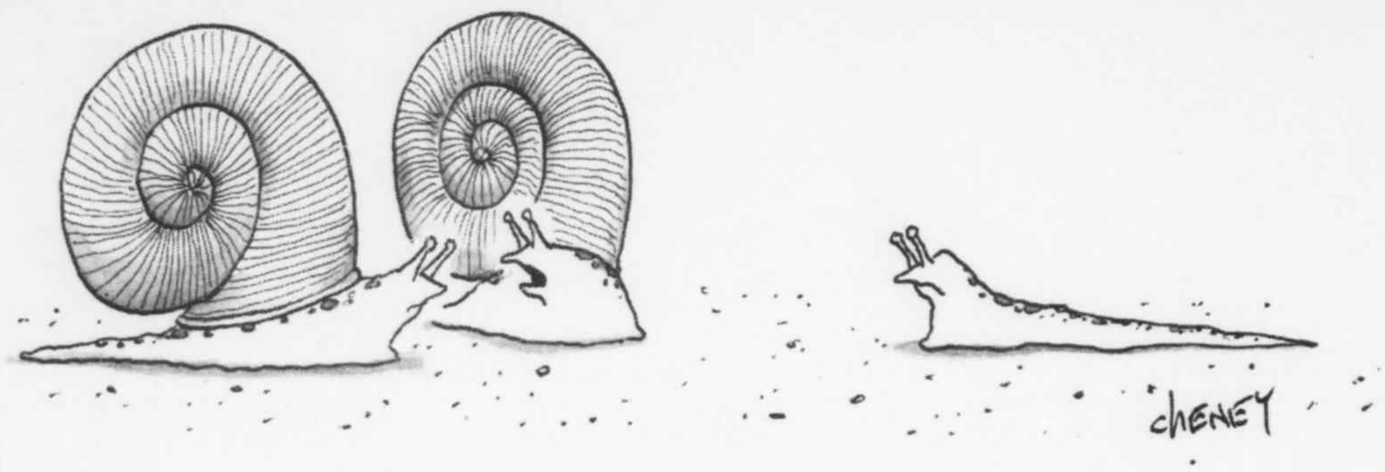

"Remember, not one word about his foreclosure."

• •

rises from the murals, and memories of Vincente Minnelli wreathe their presence. On the walls, girls with the almond eyes of Leslie Caron stand seminude, drawn in skimming, broken black outlines; they stare out and paint still-lifes and do all the other things that nude girls did on walls in 1955. Musicians in harlequin and Pierrot outfits saw at violins while poodles in funny outfits accompany them, and, in one lovely tableau, a little boy with a halo of flower petals is cradled on the lap of a doting nude, while he does something or other to a lamb. There are also lots of empty, singing, cerulean spaces. The whole thing is a cliché, but an organic one, and it remains—with Howard Chandler Christy's nudes at Café des Artistes and the Maxfield Parrish mural at the King Cole Bar—one of the best examples of "restaurant" art from a time when people did it right.

Two portions of the mural are new, however: a beautiful blue-blond and bosomy nude and a leaping male dancer now fill the corners where speakers for the sound system used to be. They have been painted in a perfect pastiche of Vertès style by a New York artist named Glenn Palmer-Smith, who, on one pillar of the far wall, also painted a portrait of Bobby Short surrounded by Vertèsian music-makers. Palmer-Smith is a New Yorker who makes part of his living by painting precise copies of famous masters for people who have to park the real thing in a vault when they can no longer afford the insurance to keep the original on the walls.

"I'll try to sound self-deprecating, but I just have the gift of absorption," Palmer-Smith, who is an honest forger, said. "I sat in front of the murals while they were being cleaned and absorbed every element of his style—the beautiful staccato brushwork and the fluidity of the space, which is the antithesis of my own, anal-retentive style. For the Bobby Short portrait, I had to marry something realistic with Vertès's lyricism; I kept zigzagging back and forth. The nude blonde is my favorite. For her, I took a lithograph of Vertès's that I found—a very simple outline—adapted it, and painted in the breasts of a girl who once broke my heart."

—Adam Gopnik

THE BENCH
FOR THE LOVE OF JURY DUTY

The celebrities assembled last week by the Postal Service to launch a new stamp in honor of jury duty had one thing in common: none had ever served on a jury. "I've been down here, but I was never picked," Bernadette Peters said, as she waited for the ceremony to begin, in the rotunda of the New York County Courthouse building downtown. Ditto Cindy Adams, the *Post* gossip columnist. Paulina Porizkova, the model, recalled, "When I was called, I was pregnant, and I wasn't hormonally ready for a jury." The actor Richard Thomas is in the middle of a national run as Juror No. 8 in the stage version of "Twelve Angry Men." "According to the rules of show business, that entitles me to speak as an expert," he said.

The festivities were delayed for the arrival of Mariah Carey, who teetered into the courthouse on five-inch heels half an hour after the unveiling was to start. (Explaining her own failure to perform jury service, she said, "I was on tour.") At the ceremony, Carey said little. "It's so early," she began, before a microphone that had been affixed to her clingy black dress fell to the floor. "It's very important to do your part in this wonderful country where we live," she went on, before adding, again, "It's so early." (It was noon.)

Credit for the cheerfully off-kilter proceedings, as well as for the idea for the stamp itself, belonged mostly to Judith S. Kaye, the chief judge of the State of New York, who seemed to find no dissonance in the idea of civic exuberance over an act that many people find as worthy of commemoration as waiting for the cable guy. The occasion happened to take place on September 12th, the twenty-fourth anniversary of Kaye's début as a judge on New York's highest court, and through all those years the touchstone of her career has been an evangelical faith in the wisdom of juries.

Kaye, who was the force behind the change in New York law which abolished nearly all job-related exemptions from jury duty, speaks with the sort of exaggerated care that one might expect from an eminent judge, but she also has a mischievous smile that suggests a more street-smart sensibility. In conversation, she avoids the term "jury duty" and instead speaks of "jury service." "I see both the privilege and the burden of serving on a jury, but I put the accent on the positive," she said.

After the solemn procession of an honor guard and the singing of "God Bless America" by Daniel Rodriguez ("the singing policeman," who is now retired from the N.Y.P.D.), it was time for what Kaye called "the big moment." She tugged at a blue banner printed with the Postal Service logo and revealed the design of the new stamp. The forty-one-cent model features silhouettes of twelve faces in profile. The group reflects an unmistakable ethnic diversity, and one woman has unaccountably messy hair. "Jury Duty," the stamp reads. "Serve with Pride."

The celebrities left quickly after the ceremony ended, but Kaye invited some of the guests (including a group of high-school students) to lunch upstairs. Even after the usual long wait by the courthouse's elevators, she remained euphoric

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as she presided over buffet tables set up in a fourth-floor courtroom. "You know, they're only printing forty million of the stamps," she said. "That hardly seems enough."

—Jeffrey Toobin

INNER CHILD DEPT.

COOL FOR SCHOOL

In November of 1991, at the Astor Place Theatre, Matt Goldman, Phil Stanton, and Chris Wink put on bald caps and painted themselves blue. Since then, Blue Man Group, as they called themselves, has added dozens of new Men to its ranks and mounted productions around the world. But after you've spent fifteen years spattering audiences with paint, pounding drums and pipes, spurting goo out of your chest, and spitting chewed-up marshmallows onto canvases, what's next? For Goldman and Wink, married fathers in their forties, the answer was clear: start a nursery school for your kids and tell all your friends. Last week, the Blue Man Creativity Center (it can't call itself a school until it gets state accreditation) welcomed forty-three boys and girls between the ages of two and four to its first day of classes and mayhem.

One morning, not long before the opening, Goldman, Wink, and their wives stopped by the center, which occupies two airy floors in a row house on Lafayette Street. The director, Jane Racoosin, and three teachers were showing a visitor around the unfinished classroom, stepping over a stray disco ball and explaining that a large, apparently blank hanging canvas is an outer-space mural rendered in ultraviolet paint. Nearby, members of the Blue Man costume crew, on loan from Blue Man Productions, in Red Hook, New York, were riveting sheets of green vinyl to the foam-covered walls of what would become the "soft room."

The Goldmans and the Winks look like just the kind of downtown couples who would send their children to a preschool that they have created. ("If your goal is to get your kid into an Ivy League school, this is definitely the wrong place to be," Goldman said. "But we hope the kids will be so well educated that they get into any place they want.") Goldman, a handsomer Richard Edson, and Wink, a less handsome Daryl Hall, are lean and boyish, though their hairlines and those of their Blue Man alter egos have met in the middle.

"We wanted to create the school that we wish *we'd* had," Goldman said. He and Wink met as students at the Fieldston school, in Riverdale. Before that, Wink attended Agnes Russell, an experimental school that was part of Columbia University's Teachers College, where, he said, "we would do some sort of geodesic-dome project, then write poems about it. But I didn't really learn basic skills, like how to spell and how to write an essay." Goldman went to P.S. 198, in the East Nineties, which he described as "a big institution with no soul." He said, "Parents would come for recitals or parent-teacher conferences, but otherwise it was almost weird if your parents were at school. We're trying to have that not be the case here."

"Imagine a school that people wouldn't have to recover from," Wink said. The couples have devised their own guiding philosophy, drawing heavily from what is known as the Reggio Emilia approach to education, developed in Italy after the Second World War, which emphasizes empowering children by encouraging their creativity.

"Some schools feel like they've got to rein the kids in," Wink said, banging on a drum the size of a hot tub. "We kind of let them have moments of unbridled exuberance."

Racoosin, the director, broke in, sounding a note of institutional responsibility. "It's all back and forth between the children and the teachers," she said. "But it won't be a free-for-all."

Every day at the center will end with a ritual called Glow Time, during which the shades are lowered, the regular lights are turned off, and black lights are turned on, illuminating the parts of the room (including work created by the students) that have been painted with special UV paint. The collection of Blue Man-inspired educational gewgaws on hand is a far cry from flash cards and Play-Doh. There's a hypnotic Bubble Machine, with kid-controlled colored lights; a futuristic Water Machine, with a mini-whirlpool; and a trippy installation, left over from the B.M.G.'s 2003 tour, of giant computer-animated dragonflies that can be made to light up, flap their wings, and fly. The Tree House, whose slide deposits kids in the Texture Pit, looks like fun. So does the OMi-Beam machine, a computerized rig made up of eight ceiling-mounted halogen lamps, loudspeakers, and a video monitor (there is only one other OMi-Beam machine in the country, at Madame Tussaud's). Colored beams create pools of light on the floor, and by waving a reflective wand through the beams kids can produce any number of sounds, from musical instruments to the calls of barnyard animals and samples of pop hits from the nineteen-eighties (one is Fatboy Slim's "Rockafeller Skank").

Once the school gets accredited, Goldman and Wink plan to extend it, one year

at a time, through at least the fifth grade. And they hope to maintain what they call "Blue Man's essence." During a trial run of the center for a group of two- and three-year-olds last year, Goldman and Wink experimented with incorporating actual bits of Blue Man Group business into the curriculum. They decided against teaching their pupils how to catch paintballs in their mouths ("Maybe in second grade," Goldman said), but they did adapt their spin-art routine, which involves a Blue Man spitting paint onto a canvas rotated by his fellow Blue Men, as an exercise in coöperation. "By the end of the experience," Wink said, "they got to a tribal place."

—Adam Green

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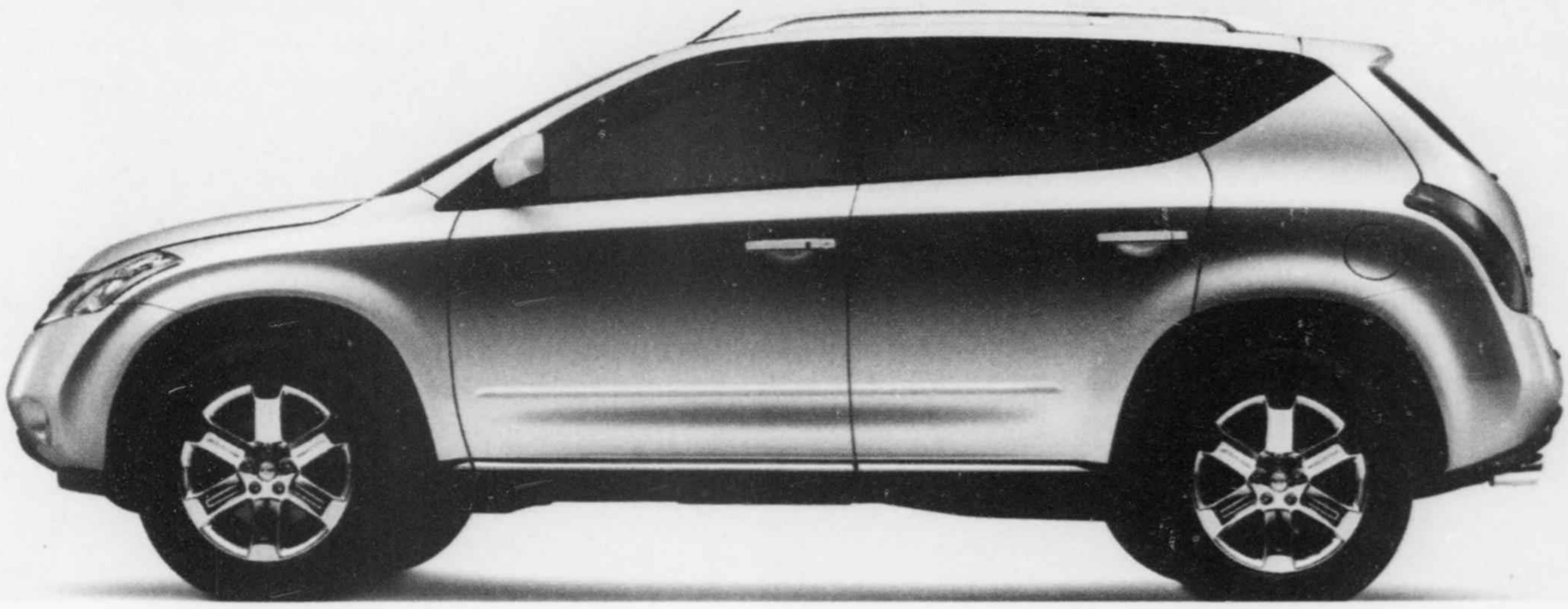

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THE FINANCIAL PAGE
THE PIRACY PARADOX

In 1932, a group of American fashion manufacturers found themselves beset by a proliferation of cheap knockoffs. Designs, then as now, were not protected by patents or copyrights, so the manufacturers decided to take direct action to stop the copying. They set up the Fashion Originators Guild of America to monitor retailers and keep track of original designs; if you look at vintage dresses from the thirties, you can find labels reading "A registered original design with Fashion Originators Guild." Retailers selling knockoffs were "red-carded," and guild members wouldn't sell their merchandise to red-carded stores. This was unpopular with the retailers, but it seems to have put a damper on the copying. The only hitch in the plan was that it was illegal: in 1941, the Supreme Court ruled that the manufacturers' arrangement violated antitrust law, and the knockoff artists stayed in business.

In the decades since, copying has remained ubiquitous in the fashion industry. Fashion-forward but low-priced retailers like H & M and Zara have flourished, thanks to their ability to take designs from Milan to the mass market. Private-label designers for major department stores trumpet the fidelity of their imitations. And almost as soon as hot new designs appear on the runway, photographs and drawings of them are on their way to Chinese factories that can produce reasonable facsimiles at a fraction of the cost. Designers are as annoyed by this as their prewar forebears were, and so Congress now finds itself considering a bill, pushed by the Council of Fashion Designers of America, that would give original designs a legal protection similar to copyright.

Designers' frustration at seeing their ideas mimicked is understandable. But this is a classic case where the cure may be worse than the disease. There's little evidence that knockoffs are damaging the business. Fashion sales have remained more than healthy—estimates value the global luxury-fashion sector at a hundred and thirty billion dollars—and the high-end firms that so often see their designs copied have become stronger. More striking, a recent paper by the law professors Kal Raustiala and Christopher Sprigman suggests that weak intellectual-property rules, far from hurting the fashion industry, have instead been integral to its success. The professors call this effect "the piracy paradox."

The paradox stems from the basic dilemma that underpins the economics of fashion: for the industry to keep growing, customers must like this year's designs, but they must also become dissatisfied with them, so that they'll buy next year's. Many other consumer businesses face a similar problem, but fashion—unlike, say, the technology industry—can't rely on improvements in power and performance

to make old products obsolete. Raustiala and Sprigman argue persuasively that, in fashion, it's copying that serves this function, bringing about what they call "induced obsolescence." Copying enables designs and styles to move quickly from early adopters to the masses. And since no one cool wants to keep wearing something after everybody else is wearing it, the copying of designs helps fuel the incessant demand for something new.

The situation is not necessarily easy on designers, who have to keep coming up with new ideas rather than being able to milk a trend for years. But it means that in the industry as a whole there is more innovation, more competition, and probably more sales than there otherwise would be. And the absence of copyrights and patents also creates a more fertile ground for that innovation, since designers are able to take other people's ideas in new directions. Had the designers who came up with the pinstripe or the stiletto heel been able to bar others from using their creations, there would have been less innovation in fashion, not more.

If copying were putting a serious dent in designers' profits, it might slow the pace of innovation, since designers would have less incentive to produce good work. But while knockoffs undoubtedly do steal some sales from originals, they are, for the most part, targeted at an entirely different market segment—people who appreciate high style but can't afford high prices. That limits the damage knockoffs do, as does the fact that fashion is one of the few industries in the world where people are still willing to pay a considerable premium to own original brands instead of imitations. (That's why counterfeits, which pretend to be original products, are illegal.) The best evidence of this is the fact that luxury-goods makers, far from cutting their prices in response to the knockoff boom, have instead been able to raise prices consistently. In fact, given the importance to fashion of what the law professor Jonathan Barnett calls "aspirational utility"—the enjoyment people get from imitating the life style of the rich and famous—one might think of knockoffs as being like gateway drugs: access to the lower-quality version makes buyers all the more interested in eventually getting the real stuff.

The fashion industry is not alone in its surprising mixture of weak intellectual-property laws and strong innovation: haute cuisine, furniture design, and magic tricks are all fields where innovators produce new work without being able to copyright it. This doesn't mean that we can always do without copyrights and patents, and fashion has unique characteristics that limit the damage that copying can do: it's relatively cheap to come up with new designs, there's a culture of novelty, and people are willing to pay more for the right brands. But we should be skeptical of claims that tougher laws are necessarily better laws. Sometimes imitation isn't just the sincerest form of flattery. It's also the most productive.

—James Surowiecki

CHRISTOPH NIEMANN

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

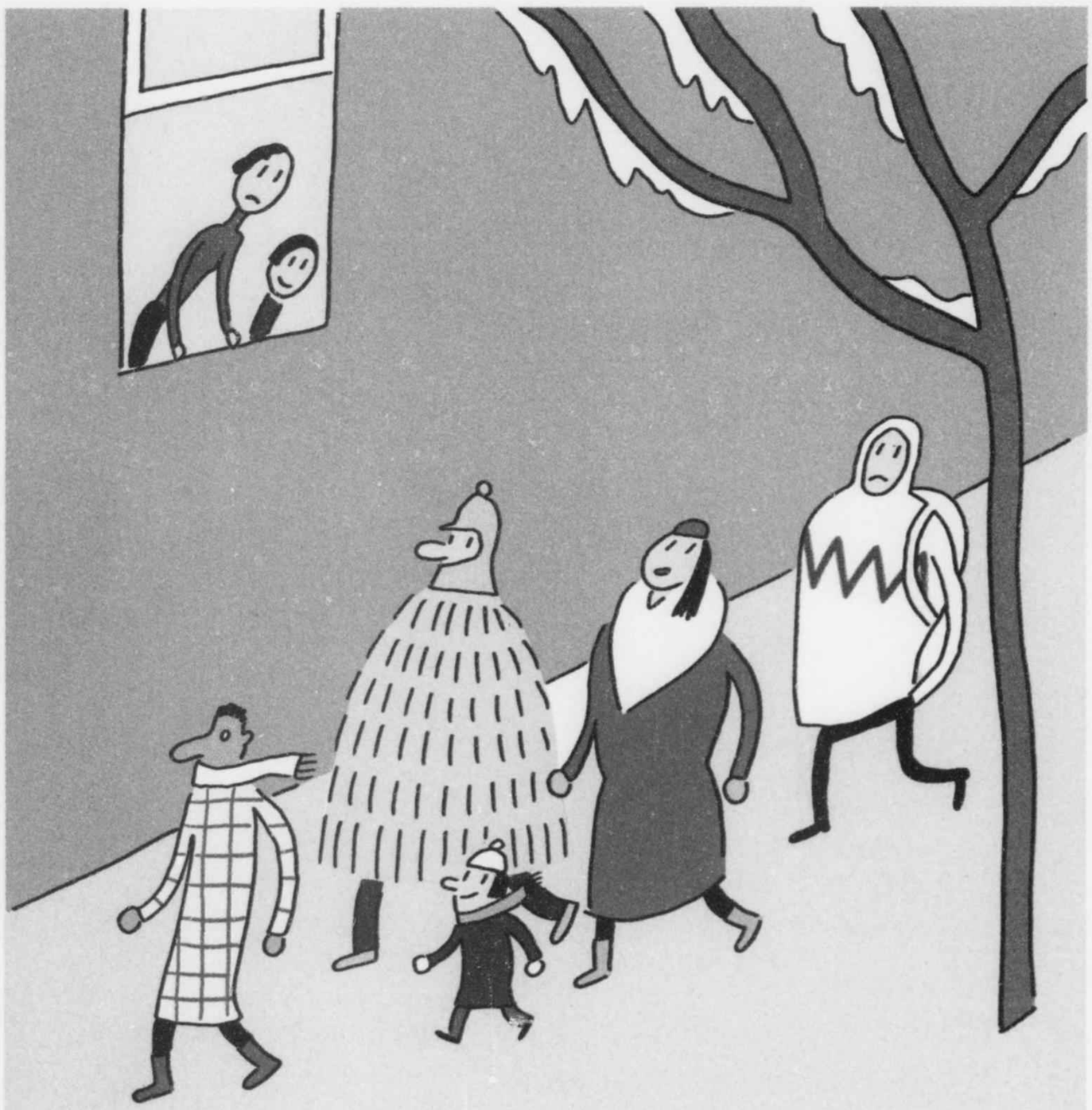
HOT FLASHES

Shopping for the coming chill.

BY PATRICIA MARX

One brisk day, my nine-year-old niece and I were standing at my living-room window, observing the outerwear of passersby below. I was trying to persuade her to put on a warmer coat, maybe even a hat, before we ventured onto the street. In the country, you cannot infer much about the coldness—or hotness or wetness—by looking outdoors at, say, cows in a field. But here in the city you'll learn more by looking out the window than by listening to a local weather report, because who really knows if forty-one degrees means bring your silk-lined polka-dot kidskin gloves (Sermoneta, 609 Madison Avenue, at 58th; $89) or your Hotfingers Hot-Rap Mitts (City Sports, 390 Fifth Avenue, at 36th; $21.97)?

Despite spying, from the window, a multitude of colorful puffy parkas from Pucci (24 East 64th Street; $1,290 for a jacket, $1,460 for a coat, $845 for a vest) and hand-crocheted multicolored Tulip Beanies from Neff Headwear (Paragon, 867 Broadway, at 18th; $25.95), I did not win the argument with my niece. I was defeated by the Rule of One Hotter, which she defined as: "Kids are one hotter than grownups, so if a grownup is hot, a kid is very hot, but if a grownup is very, very cold a kid is only very cold." My niece noted, correctly, that I am the one exception, because I am always four colder than anyone.



New York is the city of coats: real coats, not car coats, for in this city we walk.

PHILIPPE PETIT-ROULET

If a law were passed restricting a person's right to complain about the weather to only one season, I would pick winter. And by winter I mean anything below room temperature. (The John Deere Wireless Remote Thermometer, from OregonScientific.com, allows you to monitor indoor and outdoor temperatures, and the time, all at once; $34.95.) Why is it that, in this age of global warming, I am still fighting the Cold War? I called Dr. Andrej Romanovsky, who runs the fever lab at St. Joseph's Hospital and Medical Center in Phoenix, Arizona, and who knows a thing or two about thermosensing, to ask how the body detects cold. According to Romanovsky, the going theory is that a newly discovered receptor in neural endings (TRPM8, if you were wondering) reacts to low temperatures. This same receptor molecule also reacts to menthol, which accounts for the compound's cool feel on the skin. So why is it that certain people whine more than others when the temperature drops? "I don't think anybody studies what you want them to study," Romanovsky told me.

Until science coöperates, there's always shopping. Lucky for me, New York is the city of coats: real coats, not car coats, for in this town we walk, even if only to catch the bus.

"Are you interested in something for the raw cold, the dead of winter, minus ten degrees, or minus forty?" the jacket guy at Eastern Mountain Sports (591 Broadway, at Houston Street) asked me.

"Uh, I guess pretty cold," I said, "and not too ugly." In the hinterlands, it is possible that nobody but the cows will ever know what your coat looks like, but here your friends will become so familiar with your outdoor wardrobe that they'll be sick of it by springtime. The jacket guy recommended the women's Jacqueline Down coat—a 650-fill long goosedown sheath with a hood that, I am assured, will keep you warm in temperatures down to zero (in cloud blue and coffee bean; $189). It would make a very good sarcophagus cozy.

Burton (106 Spring Street), a place where hipsters go for snowboards and snowboarding gear, is a store big on science (hydrophilic mesh that transports sweat; zippers engineered to "keep

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THE COLLECTION

A NOVEL

Gioia Diliberto

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—MEGAN O'GRADY, *Vogue*

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you on the hill longer") and technology (every jacket includes a "sound pocket," with headphone-cable sockets, and garments in the Audex Collection all feature digital timepieces and Bluetooth devices). "Stay away from down if you're active," advised Billy, an obviously active salesman, who considers feather-filled attire cumbersome. I, unlike Billy, don't often find myself on the slopes, peeling away my Gore-Tex membrane and unzipping my fleece vest so that I can "vent." Nevertheless, I was drawn to the spiffy ski jackets, particularly the City System—a green-brown-and-orange plaid outer layer with a detachable insulated lining that, Billy explained, can be worn separately, "to walk in, ride in, or have lunch in" ($289.95).

I must mention the coats at Searle (1124 Madison Avenue, at 84th, and elsewhere around town). Not the shearlings, which I find unevolved and ho-hum-looking. What I want is the three-quarter-length Primaloft (synthetic waterproof down) in matte nylon, with silver snaps, a high knit collar, and lots of zipped pockets, from the Italian company Postcard (available in many colors, but silver's best; $998). Nor would I kick the Violanti belted number with a knitted hem and high collar out of my closet (choose brown rather than black; $1,498).

Yes, that's a lot of money for a snowsuit jacket, and, yes, it's possible to shell out less without risking frostbite. Uniqlo, a Gap-like chain from Japan with a SoHo branch so big it feels like a railway station (546 Broadway, at Prince Street), carries a men's Sleeve Reshuffling Jacket, in black, olive, and beige, that is made of Body Warm Lite thermal filling—"an original Uniqlo technology based on the science of air" (hmm)—for $79.50. Or go to the Burlington Coat Factory (707 Sixth Avenue, at 23rd; 625 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn), where there's always something pleasing on sale (a DKNY bomber jacket filled with a sixty-forty down-and-feather mixture, and trimmed with imitation raccoon; $270 reduced to $89.99).

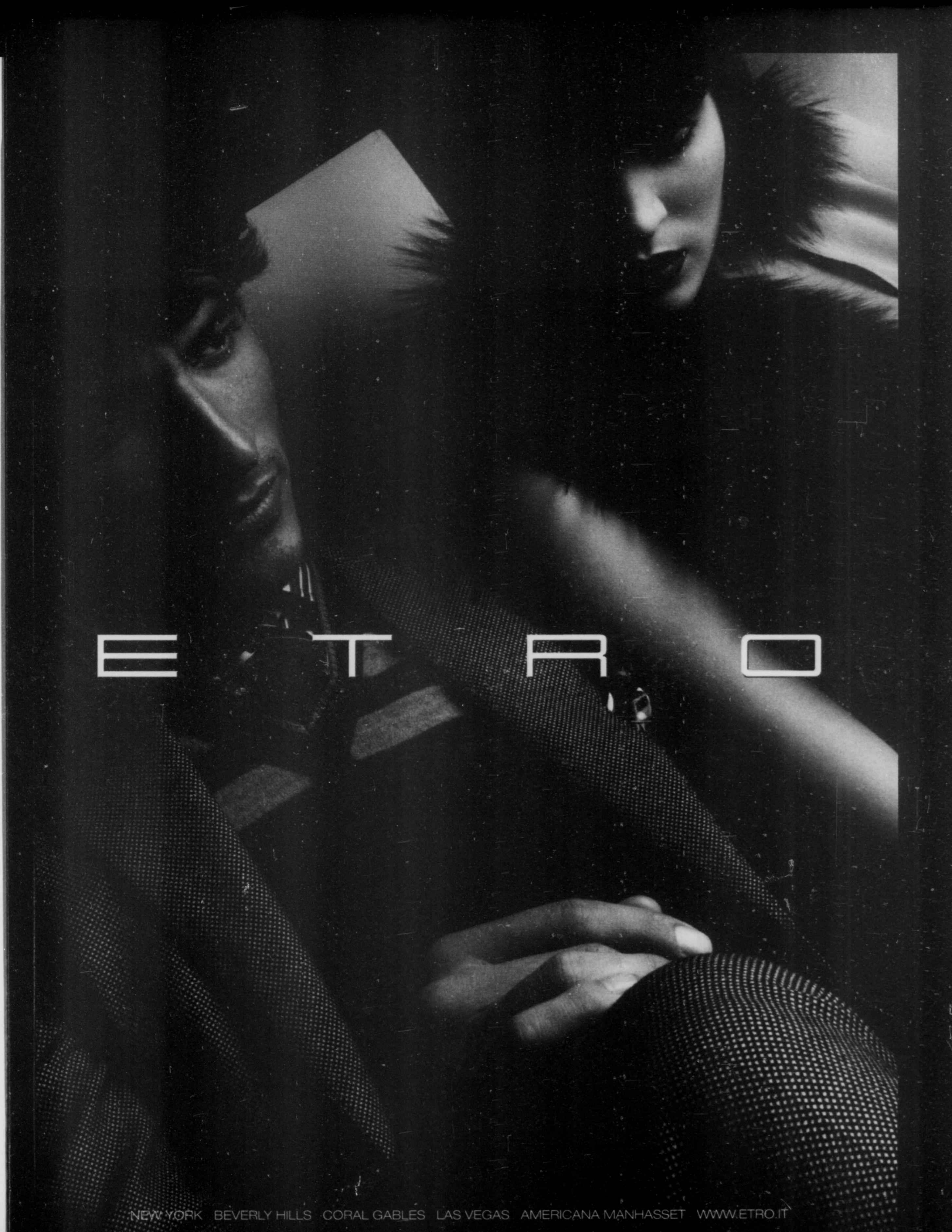
Question: Why do chinchillas sleep outside? (1) They love gazing at the night sky, walking on the beach, and sunrises. (2) They tried to buy a penthouse in a building that doesn't allow pets. (3) Their fur is astonishingly warm.

The ankle-length chinchilla coat that I tried on at Dennis Basso (765 Madison Avenue, at 66th), the furrier to Liza Minnelli, Janet Jackson, Diana Ross, and Joan Collins, made me feel as if I'd been swallowed by a woolly mammoth ($85,000). "That is so you!" a tall, dark salesman named Angelo, who had known me for twenty seconds, said. The reversible sheared brown suède mink with a matching stitched belt and beaded, tasselled drawstrings was a little too Sonny Bono for my taste, although Angelo plainly disagreed: "That's more you" ($16,500). To my relief, the fuchsia shearling with rows of fur triangles trimming the bottom had nothing whatsoever to do with me ($5,500).

If Dennis Basso is the Lamborghini of fur salons, J. Mendel (723 Madison Avenue, at 64th) is the Bentley. The short, tight, mahogany-colored pullover jacket in let-out mink with a cowl neck would have looked sublime on Audrey Hepburn, and maybe on you, too, but be advised that you'll need a wardrobe assistant to manage the back zipper ($10,500). Don't worry—you can put on the swingy knitted golden-sable poncho all by yourself ($38,000).

No matter how many scarves, hats, and pairs of gloves you had last winter, I bet you don't have any of them now. Where are they? The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind. Also, in gutters and in the backs of taxis. It's time to replenish, but this time no losing (mitten clips in solids or prints including tugboats, pandas, and beach chairs; $4.95 a pair, at Suspenders-OnLine.com).

For scarves, there are none better than the ones at Paul Smith, the house that stripes built (142 Greene Street; 108 Fifth Avenue, at 16th). It's tough to pick favorites, but among mine is the woman's tricolore cashmere, off-white being one of the colores, combined with dove gray/salmon, steel gray/oatmeal, or cabernet/mocha ($315). The cashmere scarf in a subtle chevron pattern—rust/brown, teal/brown, or deep rose/brown—is manly, but not so manly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that it wouldn't look swell on, say, me ($195).

Too early for a scarf? Verdura, a jewelry salon on Fifth Avenue, that has served, among others, Cole Porter, Greta Garbo, Princess Diana, and Sarah Jessica Parker, has a fourteen-strand freshwater-pearl torsade choker that is an elegant alternative method for keeping your neck well covered (745 Fifth Avenue, at 58th, 12th floor; $7,500).

I'm not suggesting that there's a milliners' conspiracy, but don't believe people who tell you that the body loses most of its heat through the head. According to Dr. Daniel Sessler, the chairman of the Department of Outcomes Research at the Cleveland Clinic, the amount of heat given off by any body part depends on its surface area, not its location. The misconception is based on an experiment that the military did more than fifty years ago in which men were dressed in Arctic survival suits that protected them from the neck down and were then exposed to Arctic conditions. "But if your head feels cold," Dr. Sessler said, "wear a hat."

The Gap has plenty of generic but still sui-generis-enough hats (Broadway at 86th, and probably on your block, too)—a snug cable-knit cap in raspberry with sparkles, for instance, or, if you are a child, a velour Teddy-bear hat (both $12.50). If you're in the market for a hat that you can't replace, however, Steven Alan (103 Franklin) carries funky versions of baseball caps made by Tsuyumi in fabrics like Glen plaid and flannel ($138 to $165). The boutique also has a cashmere kerchief called the button hat that would be perfect for warming your ears while you walk the streets ($125)—as would Missoni's flowing cowl, knitted in many shades of purple, for the Lawrence of Siberia look (Henri Bendel; $1,078). The recherché fur earmuffs at Bergdorf Goodman will do the trick, too, but is your chiffonier sufficiently spacious? The label cautions that, among other requirements of ownership, the item needs enough room so that it will not get crushed ($195).

My Achilles' heel? Fingers. Mine are sticks of permafrost that no pair of mittens or silk glove liners have managed to thaw. (You could try White Smoke Mitts from Patagonia, at 426 Columbus Avenue and 101 Wooster Street, for $75; or liners from Winter-Silks.com, $8.95 a pair.) But there is something that works: a small disposable heating pad, the size of a bar of hotel soap, that generates heat when the package is unsealed (owing to the exothermic oxidization of iron filings, duh). Keep the pads in your gloves or pockets and you can coddle an egg in there for up to ten hours. Identical-seeming brands abound online (for instance, HeatMax Hothands-2 hand warmers, at IndustrialSafetyGear.com; forty pairs for $29.95).

Not everyone needs to bundle up. When, for example, the longest exposure to fresh air you've endured was the time your chauffeur couldn't find a spot directly under the marquee, then you are someone who can get away with a light wrap. Sooner or later, though, everyone ends up indoors and uncloaked—even the wearer of a supremely well-travelled (and plush) gray eight-ply-cashmere cardigan trimmed with chunky oval Swarovski crystals, at I Pezzi Dipinti (270 Lafayette Street; $1,590). The sweater was likely conceived in Mongolia (birthplace of most high-end wool), yarn-dyed in Scotland, spun in Italy, and adorned with crystals from Austria, and is now available to you at the SoHo showroom by appointment (212-941-9966) and at trunk shows in Detroit, Jackson Hole, London, Rome, and New York. You'll be cool, dude, but not cool, *brrr*, in the navy sheared-mink blazer ($5,900). The same goes for the vintage U.S. military jacket with custom-colored natural sheared-mink lining and detachable fur collar, in Gold Cross Fox, Finn Raccoon, or Gold Coyote ($7,200 to $8,400, depending on choice of critter). The four-ply-cashmere range shirts are splendidly flannelly ($1,250).

J. Crew imports its cashmere from Mongolia, though perhaps the goats are not from the same neighborhood as those above. Still, the quality and the workmanship are noteworthy; the women's long-sleeved T is $138, the men's V neck $188 (91 Fifth Avenue, at 17th, and various other locations). When I asked a salesman at the aforementioned Uniqlo if the cashmere sold in the store came from Mongolia, he said, "Where's Mongolia?" The wool, as it happens, is from Mongolia, but the sweaters are manufactured in China, an easier-to-locate country. What Uniqlo's knitwear lacks in butteryness it makes up in value (sweaters are $89.50 to $99.50) and variety (the V necks come in twenty-six colors). In some parts of the store, sweaters are stacked thirty-five shelves high.

Malo, the Italian cashmere label,

NOTHING TAKEN AWAY. NOTHING ADDED.

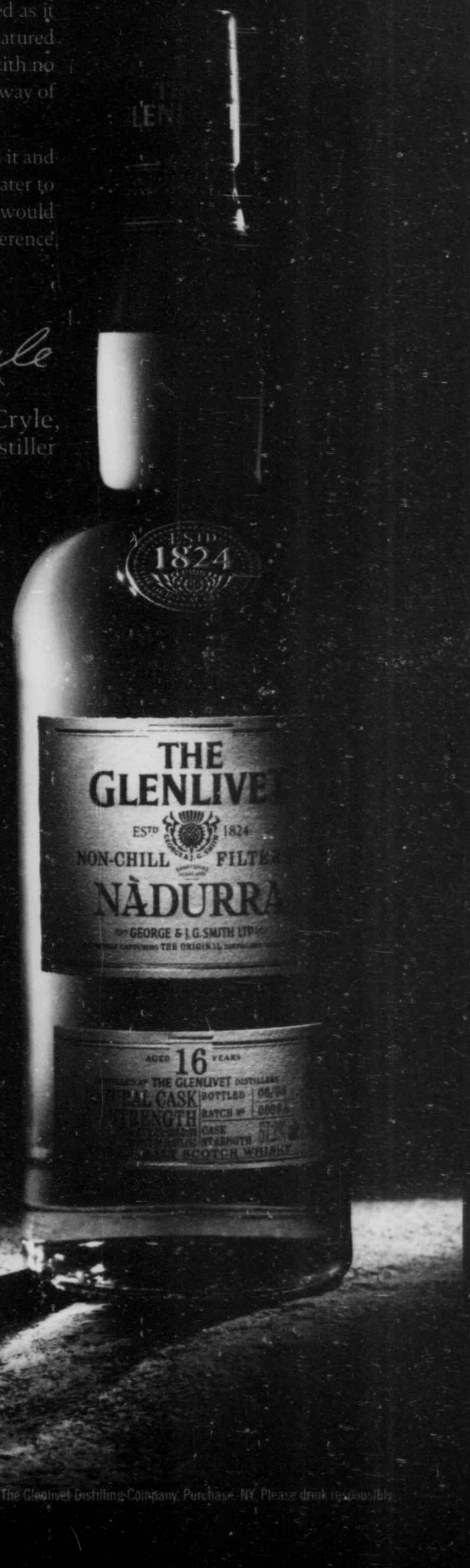
MAYBE IT WAS PERFECT TO BEGIN WITH.

What you're getting in a bottle of Nàdurra is whisky that has been distilled as it has been for many, many years, filled into first-fill American oak casks, matured for 16 years, and then taken from the cask and put straight into the bottle with no dilution and no chill filtering. There's absolutely nothing that gets in the way of the natural character of the whisky.

Because Nàdurra is non-chill filtered and because it's natural strength, it's nice just to smell it and have a little taste of it as it is. But I would recommend the addition of a small amount of water to pick up much more of the overall flavor of the whisky. About 1 part water to 3 parts Nàdurra would be the way that I would enjoy it. But of course, it's up to each individual. Whatever your preference, I hope you enjoy drinking The Glenlivet Nàdurra 16 Year Old as much as I did making it.

Jim Cryle

— Jim Cryle,
The Glenlivet Master Distiller

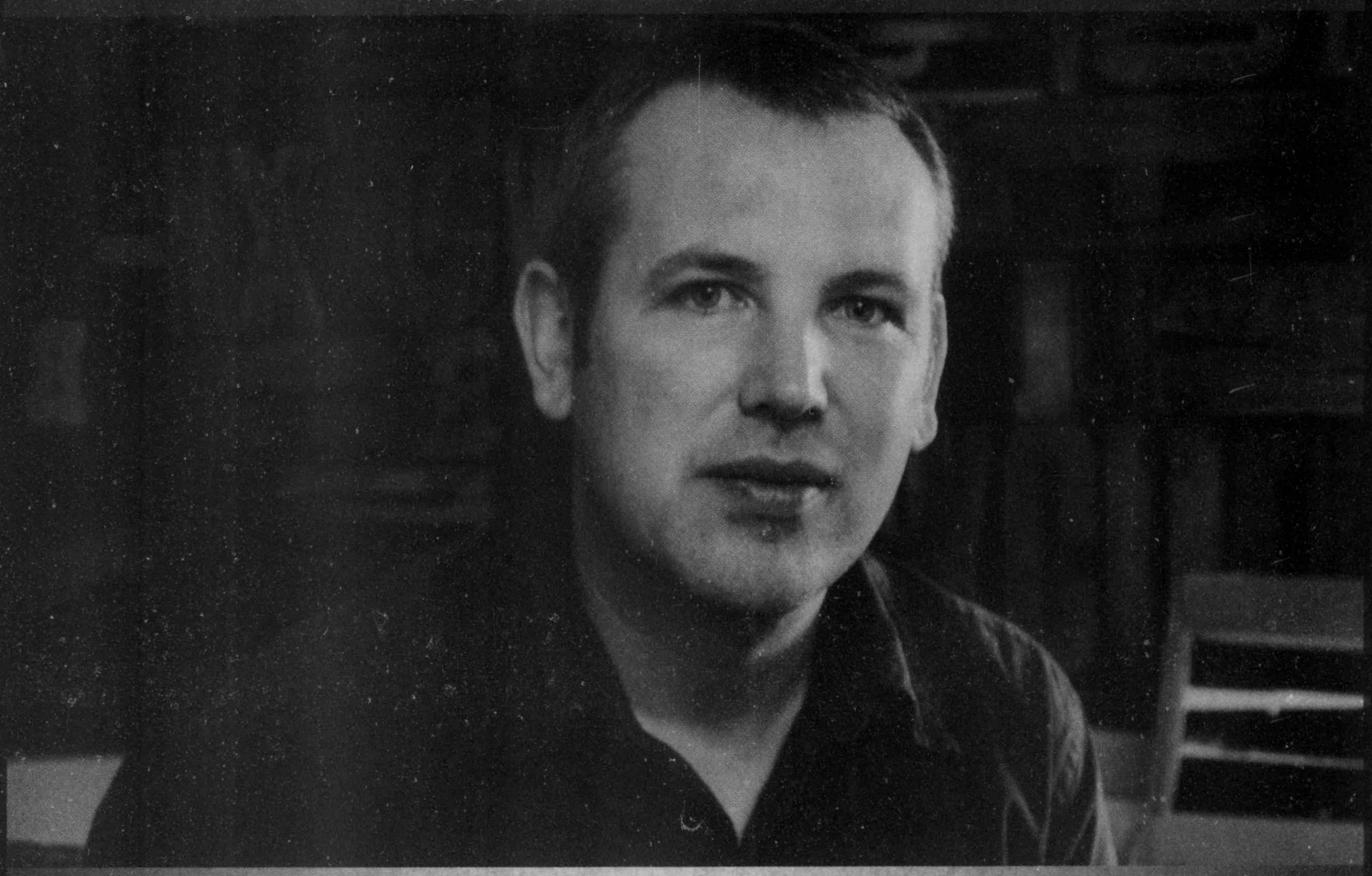


THE GLENLIVET® Nadurra 16 Year Old Single Malt Scotch Whisky 53% Alc./Vol. to 60% Alc./Vol. (106 Proof to 120 Proof). ©2007 Imported by The Glenlivet Distilling Company, Purchase, NY. Please drink responsibly.

Advertisement

THE ORIGINATORS

THE COMMUNICATOR *Brian Cairns*



FINE DESIGN. It's appropriate that Brian Cairns terms himself a "communication artist," since neither "illustrator" nor "designer" fully encapsulates the work of this groundbreaking Scot. By marrying graphic design and fine art, Cairns has created some of the most talked about projects in the industry—and collected a handful of impressive awards along the way.

In 2004, Cairns won a prestigious Gold Medal from the Society of Illustrators, in New York. Ever the Scotsman, and unafraid to stand out, he wore a kilt to accept his award in New York City. "I felt I was there on Scotland's behalf as well as my own since it's an international competition. It was quite fun traveling on the New York metro, too."

The visual Originator also generated buzz for the record sleeves he designed to be used as the wedding invitation for a famous Hollywood director. The director, who was getting married in Jamaica, bought a collection of old reggae 45s from a jukebox and sent the vinyls to guests to help get them in the mood for the wedding. Cairns's sleeve design was printed by letterpress to give the impression it had been done in a backstreet somewhere in Kingston. Not one to be pigeonholed, Cairns brings the same kind of innovative thinking to the myriad artistic avenues he walks, including graphic design, Web design, and interactive media.

With journal and sketchbook in tow, the well-traveled Cairns, whose work has been exhibited in London, New York, Los Angeles, and Japan, draws inspiration from the places he goes. For more material (and fun), he takes up hobbies—snowboarding and playing the accordion are among the latest. "I never switch off as an artist. It can drive my family to despair on holidays." At the end of each big project, Cairns likes to invite friends to celebrate over a meal, always followed by a glass of The Glenlivet. The single malt that started it all, The Glenlivet salutes Brian Cairns, a fellow Originator.

BROUGHT TO YOU BY

THE GLENLIVET.

The single malt that started it all.™

has a cuddly line of pocketbooks this season. There is a handsome brown suède tote with a border of fuzzy gray cashmere ribbing that juts from the top, almost as if the handbag were wearing a turtleneck (814 Madison Avenue, at 68th; $1,175 and $1,390). And then there is what I momentarily thought was an actual lamb but was in fact an oversized purse of shaggy long Mongolian lamb hair ($3,065).

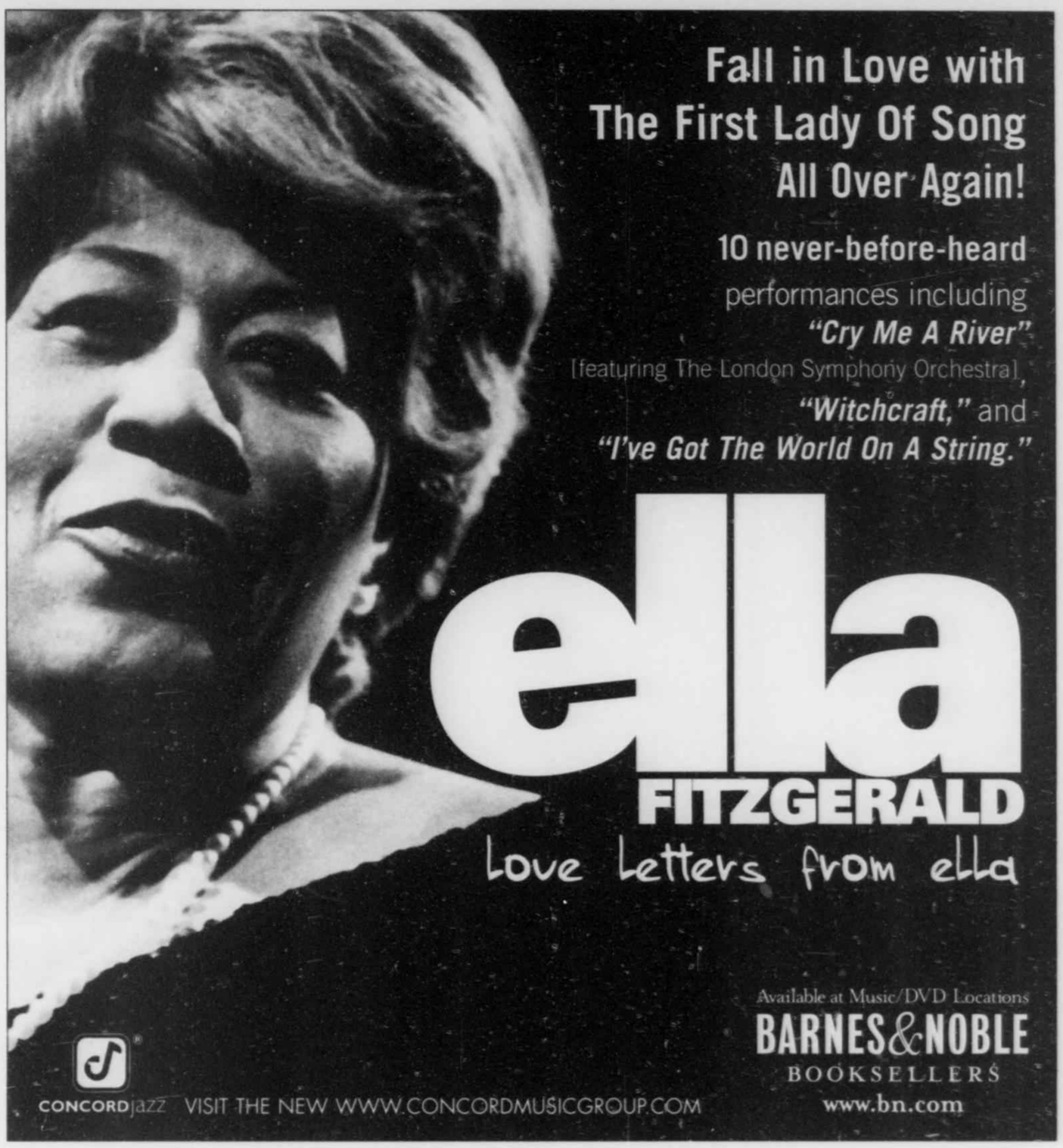
If you live in one of those uninhabitably overheated Manhattan apartment buildings, you need read no further. The rest of you, let's talk about Hanna Andersson's long johns. These striped pajama tops and bottoms are extremely not sexy, but they are extremely warm and cozy, and the combed organic cotton comes in striking color combinations (such as aqua surf/limeade and rose blossom/heather gray) (HannaAndersson.com; $40 for tops, $34 for bottoms).

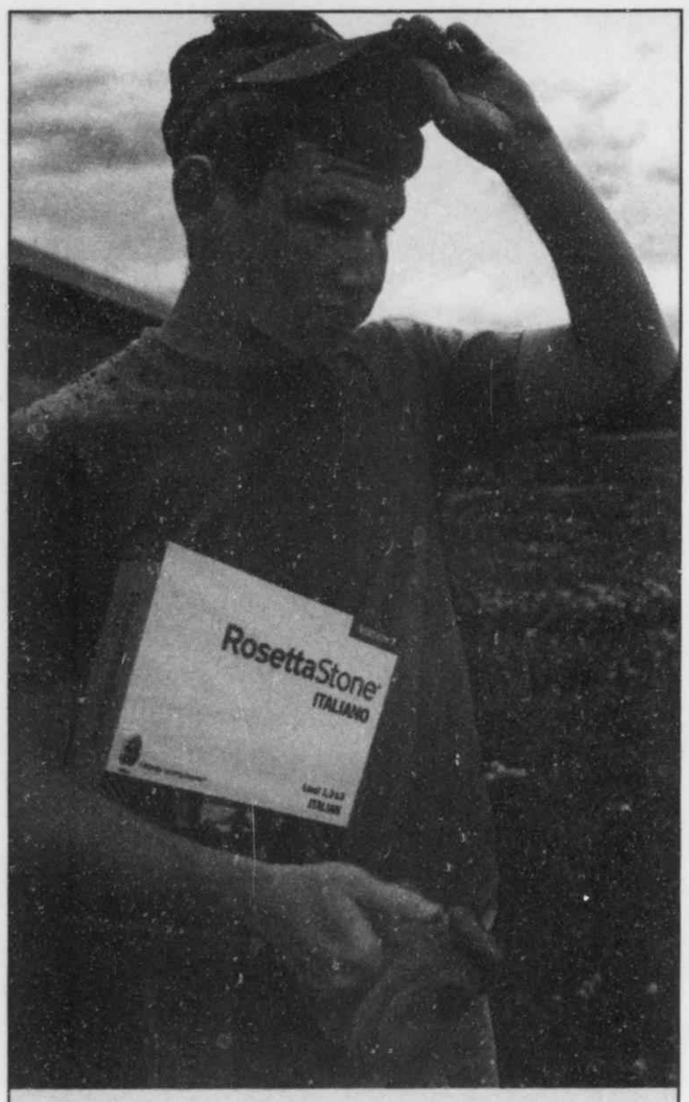
Still worried about the coming cold? Try putting on some battery-operated twelve-hour heated socks (Hammacher Schlemmer, 147 East 57th Street; $24.95), sipping hot cocoa (Mr. Coffee Cocomotion Hot Chocolate Maker; $26.83), and tucking yourself into L. L. Bean's flannel sheets (llbean.com; $16 to $42). Or take a special Japanese hot-water bath in the Tatami Suite in the Kitano Hotel, 66 Park Avenue, at 38th; the bathroom is equipped with a heated toilet seat ($890 per night). If that doesn't work, there is only one thing left to do: Miami (U.S. Airways; flights as low as $59 one-way). ♦

CONSTABULARY NOTES WE HATED TO COME TO THE END OF

From the Eureka (Calif.) Times-Standard.

A carpenter who keeps his clothes clean by working in the nude was arrested after a client returned home early and found him building bookcases in the buff. Percy Honniball, 50, was charged with misdemeanor indecent exposure this week for the October incident. He told officers he stripped before crawling under the client's house to do electrical work because he didn't want to soil his clothes, police said. Honniball said Thursday that working au naturel gave him a better range of motion and that a skilled craftsman can work clothing—and injury—free. "In certain situations such as demolitions where you are smashing rock you want to be clothed and protected because this rock can harm you," he said.





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She was an Italian supermodel.

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A NEUROLOGIST'S NOTEBOOK

THE ABYSS

Music and amnesia.

BY OLIVER SACKS

In March of 1985, Clive Wearing, an eminent English musician and musicologist in his mid-forties, was struck by a brain infection—a herpes encephalitis—affecting especially the parts of his brain concerned with memory. He was left with a memory span of only seconds—the most devastating case of amnesia ever recorded. New events and experiences were effaced almost instantly. As his wife, Deborah, wrote in her 2005 memoir, "Forever Today":

> His ability to perceive what he saw and heard was unimpaired. But he did not seem to be able to retain any impression of anything for more than a blink. Indeed, if he did blink, his eyelids parted to reveal a new scene. The view before the blink was utterly forgotten. Each blink, each glance away and back, brought him an entirely new view. I tried to imagine how it was for him. . . . Something akin to a film with bad continuity, the glass half empty, then full, the cigarette suddenly longer, the actor's hair now tousled, now smooth. But this was real life, a room changing in ways that were physically impossible.

In addition to this inability to preserve new memories, Clive had a retrograde amnesia, a deletion of virtually his entire past.

When he was filmed in 1986 for Jonathan Miller's extraordinary documentary "Prisoner of Consciousness," Clive showed a desperate aloneness, fear, and bewilderment. He was acutely, continually, agonizingly conscious that something bizarre, something awful, was the matter. His constantly repeated complaint, however, was not of a faulty memory but of being deprived, in some uncanny and terrible way, of all experience, deprived of consciousness and life itself. As Deborah wrote:

> It was as if every waking moment was the first waking moment. Clive was under the constant impression that he had just emerged from unconsciousness because he had no evidence in his own mind of ever being awake before. . . . "I haven't heard anything, seen anything, touched anything, smelled anything," he would say. "It's like being dead."

Desperate to hold on to something, to gain some purchase, Clive started to keep a journal, first on scraps of paper, then in a notebook. But his journal entries consisted, essentially, of the statements "I am awake" or "I am conscious," entered again and again every few minutes. He would write: "2:10 P.M: This time properly awake. . . . 2:14 P.M: this time finally awake. . . . 2:35 P.M: this time completely awake," along with negations of these statements: "At

Clive Wearing with his wife, Deborah, in 2005;

9:40 P.M. I awoke for the first time, despite my previous claims." This in turn was crossed out, followed by "I was fully conscious at 10:35 P.M., and awake for the first time in many, many weeks." This in turn was cancelled out by the next entry.

This dreadful journal, almost void of any other content but these passionate assertions and denials, intending to affirm existence and continuity but forever contradicting them, was filled anew each day, and soon mounted to hundreds of almost identical pages. It was a terrifying and poignant testament to Clive's mental state, his lostness, in the years that followed his

amnesia—a state that Deborah, in Miller's film, called "a never-ending agony."

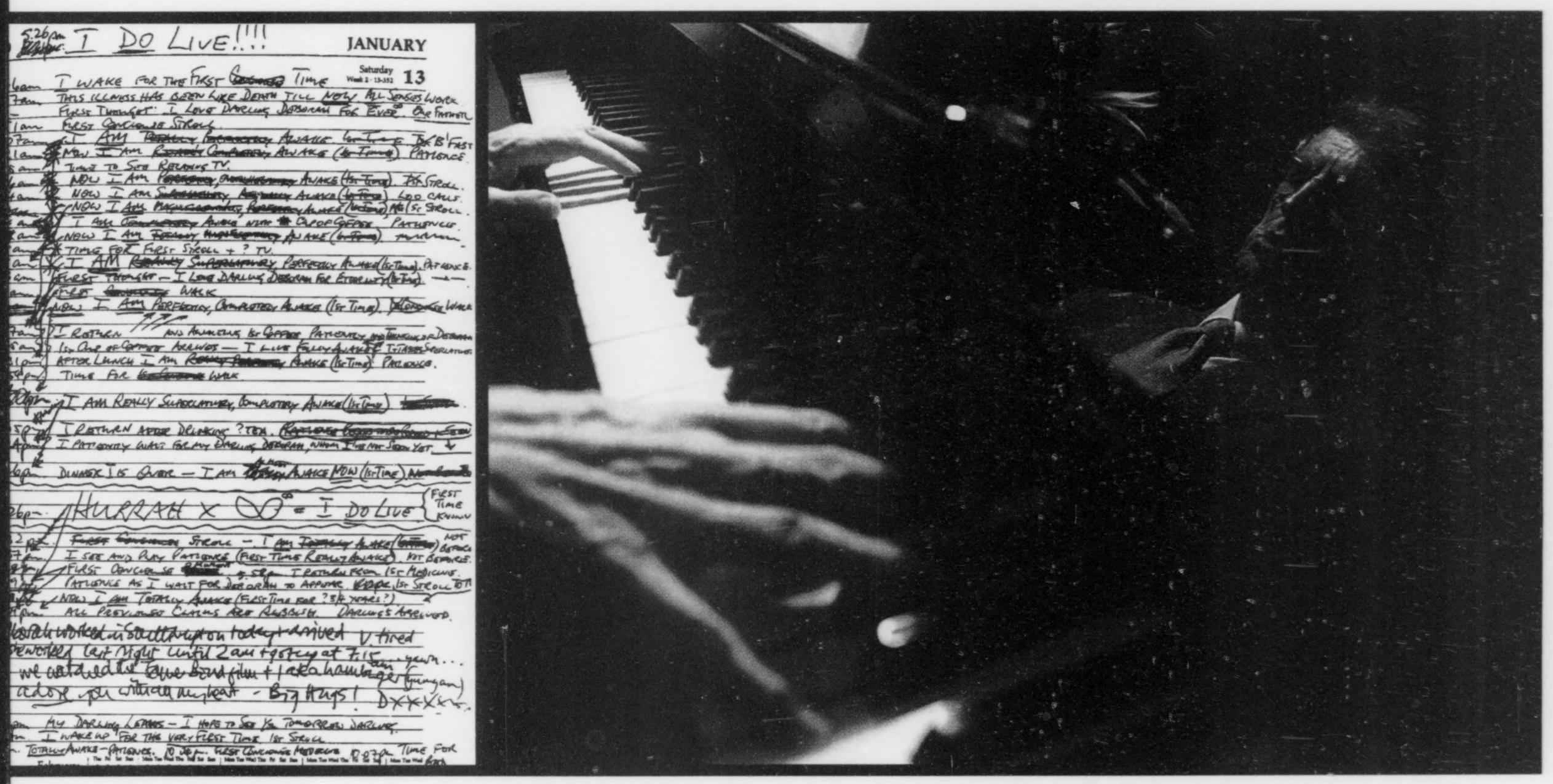
Another profoundly amnesic patient I knew some years ago dealt with his abysses of amnesia by fluent confabulations. He was wholly immersed in his quick-fire inventions and had no insight into what was happening; so far as he was concerned, there was nothing the matter. He would confidently identify or misidentify me as a friend of his, a customer in his delicatessen, a kosher butcher, another doctor—as a dozen different people in the course of a few minutes. This sort of confabulation was not one of conscious fabrication. It was, rather, a strategy, a desperate attempt—unconscious and almost automatic—to provide a sort of continuity, a narrative continuity, when memory, and been *somewhere*, even though they cannot recollect what or where. Yet Clive, rather than making plausible guesses, always came to the conclusion that he had just been "awakened," that he had been "dead." This seemed to me a reflection of the almost instantaneous effacement of perception for Clive—thought itself was almost impossible within this tiny window of time. Indeed, Clive once said to Deborah, "I am completely incapable of thinking."

At the beginning of his illness, Clive would sometimes be confounded at the bizarre things he experienced. Deborah wrote of how, coming in one day, she saw him

> holding something in the palm of one hand, and repeatedly covering and uncovering it with the other hand as if he were a magician practising a disappearing trick. He was holding a chocolate. He could feel the chocolate unmoving in his left palm, and yet every time he lifted his hand he told me it revealed a brand new chocolate.
>
> "Look!" he said. "It's new!" He couldn't take his eyes off it.
>
> "It's the same chocolate," I said gently.
>
> "No . . . look! It's changed. It wasn't like that before . . ." He covered and uncovered the chocolate every couple of seconds, lifting and looking.
>
> "Look! It's different again! How do they do it?"

Within months, Clive's confusion gave way to the agony, the desperation, that is so clear in Miller's film. This, in turn, was succeeded by a deep depression, as it came to him—if only in sudden, intense, and immediately forgotten moments—that his former life was over, that he was incorrigibly disabled.

As the months passed without any real improvement, the hope of significant recovery became fainter and fainter, and toward the end of 1985 Clive was moved to a room in a chronic psychiatric unit—a room he was to occupy for the next six and a half years but which he was never able to recognize as his own. A young psychologist saw Clive for a period of time in 1990 and kept a verbatim record of everything he said, and this caught the grim mood that had taken hold. Clive said at one point, "Can you imagine one night five years long? No dreaming, no waking, no



a page from Clive's diary, the contradictory entries written minutes apart; Clive at the keyboard—his musical powers remain intact.

thus experience, was being snatched away every instant.

Though one cannot have direct knowledge of one's own amnesia, there may be ways to infer it: from the expressions on people's faces when one has repeated something half a dozen times; when one looks down at one's coffee cup and finds that it is empty; when one looks at one's diary and sees entries in one's own handwriting. Lacking memory, lacking direct experiential knowledge, amnesiacs have to make hypotheses and inferences, and they usually make plausible ones. They can infer that they have been doing *something*,

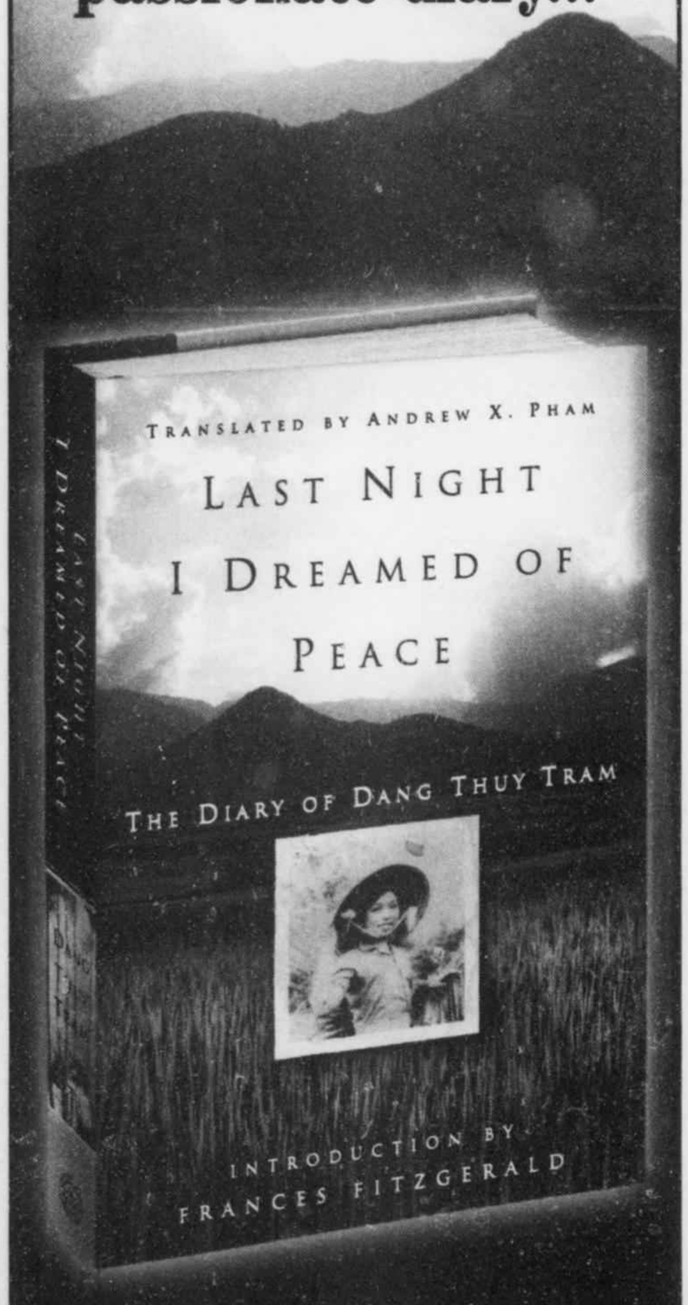
touch, no taste, no smell, no sight, no sound, no hearing, nothing at all. It's like being dead. I came to the conclusion that I was dead."

The only times of feeling alive were when Deborah visited him. But the moment she left, he was desperate once again, and by the time she got home, ten or fifteen minutes later, she would find repeated messages from him on her answering machine: "Please come and see me, darling—it's been ages since I've seen you. Please fly here at the speed of light."

To imagine the future was no more

MARTIN SALTER; COURTESY TRANSWORLD PUBLISHERS; JIRI REZAC

"Saved from the fire, a young Vietnamese doctor leaves behind a stunning, passionate diary..."*



"Like a gift from a heroine who was killed at 27 but whose voice has survived to remind us of the humanity and decency that endure amid—and despite—the horror and chaos of war."
—*Francine Prose, *O: The Oprah Magazine*

"As much a drama of feelings as a drama of war."
–Seth Mydans, *The New York Times*

"Thuy's diaries broke the mold."
–Frances Fitzgerald, Introduction to *Last Night I Dreamed of Peace*

For photos, maps, historical timeline and much more, visit ThuyTram.com

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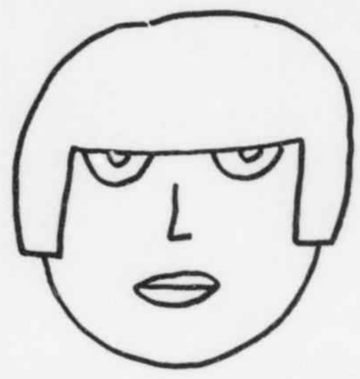
possible for Clive than to remember the past—both were engulfed by the onslaught of amnesia. Yet, at some level, Clive could not be unaware of the sort of place he was in, and the likelihood that he would spend the rest of his life, his endless night, in such a place.

But then, seven years after his illness, after huge efforts by Deborah, Clive was moved to a small country residence for the brain-injured, much more congenial than a hospital. Here he was one of only a handful of patients, and in constant contact with a dedicated staff who treated him as an individual and respected his intelligence and talents. He was taken off most of his heavy tranquillizers, and seemed to enjoy his walks around the village and gardens near the home, the spaciousness, the fresh food.



For the first eight or nine years in this new home, Deborah told me, "Clive was calmer and sometimes jolly, a bit more content, but often with angry outbursts still, unpredictable, withdrawn, spending most of his time in his room alone." But gradually, in the past six or seven years, Clive has become more sociable, more talkative. Conversation (though of a "scripted" sort) has come to fill what had been empty, solitary, and desperate days.

Though I had corresponded with Deborah since Clive first became ill, twenty years went by before I met Clive in person. He was so changed from the haunted, agonized man I had seen in Miller's 1986 film that I was scarcely prepared for the dapper, bubbling figure who opened the door when Deborah and I went to visit him in the summer of 2005. He had been reminded of our visit just before we arrived, and he flung his arms around Deborah the moment she entered.

Deborah introduced me: "This is Dr. Sacks." And Clive immediately said, "You doctors work twenty-four hours a day, don't you? You're always in demand." We went up to his room, which contained an electric organ console and a piano piled high with music. Some of the scores, I noted, were transcriptions of Orlandus Lassus, the Renaissance composer whose works Clive had edited. I saw Clive's journal by the washstand—he has now filled up scores of volumes, and the current one is always kept in this exact location. Next to it was an etymological dictionary with dozens of reference slips of different colors stuck between the pages and a large, handsome volume, "The 100 Most Beautiful Cathedrals in the World." A Canaletto print hung on the wall, and I asked Clive if he had ever been to Venice. No, he said. (Deborah told me they had visited several times before his illness.) Looking at the print, Clive pointed out the dome of a church: "Look at it," he said. "See how it soars—like an angel!"

When I asked Deborah whether Clive knew about her memoir, she told me that she had shown it to him twice before, but that he had instantly forgotten. I had my own heavily annotated copy with me, and asked Deborah to show it to him again.

"You've written a book!" he cried, astonished. "Well done! Congratulations!" He peered at the cover. "All by you? Good heavens!" Excited, he jumped for joy. Deborah showed him the dedication page: "For my Clive." "Dedicated to me?" He hugged her. This scene was repeated several times within a few minutes, with almost exactly the same astonishment, the same expressions of delight and joy each time.

Clive and Deborah are still very much in love with each other, despite his amnesia. (Indeed, Deborah's book is subtitled "A Memoir of Love and Amnesia.") He greeted her several times as if she had just arrived. It must be an extraordinary situation, I thought, both maddening and flattering, to be seen always as new, as a gift, a blessing.

Clive had, in the meantime, addressed me as "Your Highness" and inquired at intervals, "Been at Buckingham Palace? . . . Are you the Prime Minister? . . . Are you from the U.N.?" He laughed when I answered, "Just the U.S." This joking or jesting was of a somewhat waggish, stereotyped nature and highly repetitive. Clive had no idea who I was, little idea who anyone was, but this bonhomie allowed him to make contact, to keep a conversation going. I suspected he had some damage to his frontal lobes, too—such jokiness (neurologists speak of *Witzelsucht,* joking disease), like his impulsiveness and chattiness, could go with a weakening of the usual social frontal-lobe inhibitions.

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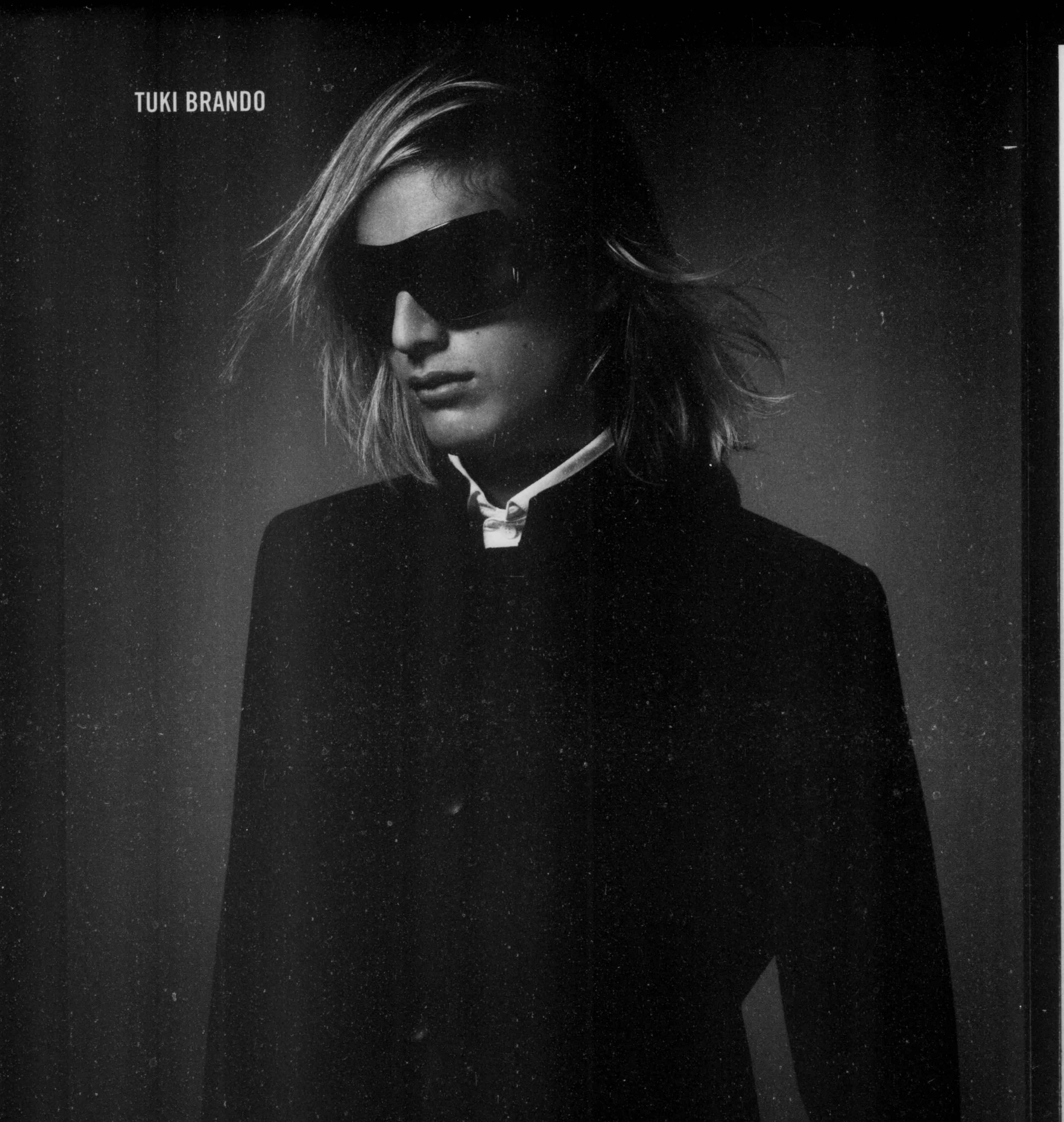
TUKI BRANDO



VERSACE

He was excited at the notion of going out for lunch—lunch with Deborah. "Isn't she a wonderful woman?" he kept asking me. "Doesn't she have marvellous kisses?" I said yes, I was sure she had.

As we drove to the restaurant, Clive, with great speed and fluency, invented words for the letters on the license plates of passing cars: "JCK" was Japanese Clever Kid; "NKR" was New King of Russia; and "BDH" (Deborah's car) was British Daft Hospital, then Blessed Dutch Hospital. "Forever Today," Deborah's book, immediately became "Three-Ever Today," "Two-Ever Today," "One-Ever Today." This incontinent punning and rhyming and clanging was virtually instantaneous, occurring with a speed no normal person could match. It resembled Tourettic or savantlike speed, the speed of the preconscious, undelayed by reflection.

When we arrived at the restaurant, Clive did all the license plates in the parking lot and then, elaborately, with a bow and a flourish, let Deborah enter: "Ladies first!" He looked at me with some uncertainty as I followed them to the table: "Are you joining us, too?"

When I offered him the wine list, he looked it over and exclaimed, "Good God! Australian wine! New Zealand wine! The colonies are producing something original—how exciting!" This partly indicated his retrograde amnesia—he is still in the nineteen-sixties (if he is anywhere), when Australian and New Zealand wines were almost unheard of in England. "The colonies," however, was part of his compulsive waggery and parody.

At lunch he talked about Cambridge—he had been at Clare College, but had often gone next door to King's, for its famous choir. He spoke of how after Cambridge, in 1968, he joined the London Sinfonietta, where they played modern music, though he was already attracted to the Renaissance and Lassus. He was the chorus master there, and he reminisced about how the singers could not talk during coffee breaks; they had to save their voices ("It was often misunderstood by the instrumentalists, seemed standoffish to them"). These all sounded like genuine memories. But they could equally have reflected his knowing *about* these events, rather than actual memories of them—expressions of "semantic" memory rather than "event" or "episodic" memory. Then he spoke of the Second World War (he was born in 1938) and how his family would go to bomb shelters and play chess or cards there. He said that he remembered the doodlebugs: "There were more bombs in Birmingham than in London." Was it possible that these were genuine memories? He would have been only six or seven, at most. Or was he confabulating or simply, as we all do, repeating stories he had been told as a child?

At one point, he talked about pollution and how dirty petrol engines were. When I told him I had a hybrid with an electric motor as well as a combustion engine, he was astounded, as if something he had read about as a theoretical possibility had, far sooner than he had imagined, become a reality.

In her remarkable book, so tender yet so tough-minded and realistic, Deborah wrote about the change that had so struck me: that Clive was now "garrulous and outgoing . . . could talk the hind legs off a donkey." There were certain themes he tended to stick to, she said, favorite subjects (electricity, the Tube, stars and planets, Queen Victoria, words and etymologies), which would all be brought up again and again:

"Have they found life on Mars yet?"

"No, darling, but they think there might have been water . . ."

"Really? Isn't it amazing that the sun goes on burning? Where does it get all that fuel? It doesn't get any smaller. And it doesn't move. We move round the sun. How can it keep on burning for millions of years? And the Earth stays the same temperature. It's so finely balanced."

"They say it's getting warmer now, love. They call it global warming."

"No! Why's that?"

"Because of the pollution. We've been emitting gases into the atmosphere. And puncturing the ozone layer."

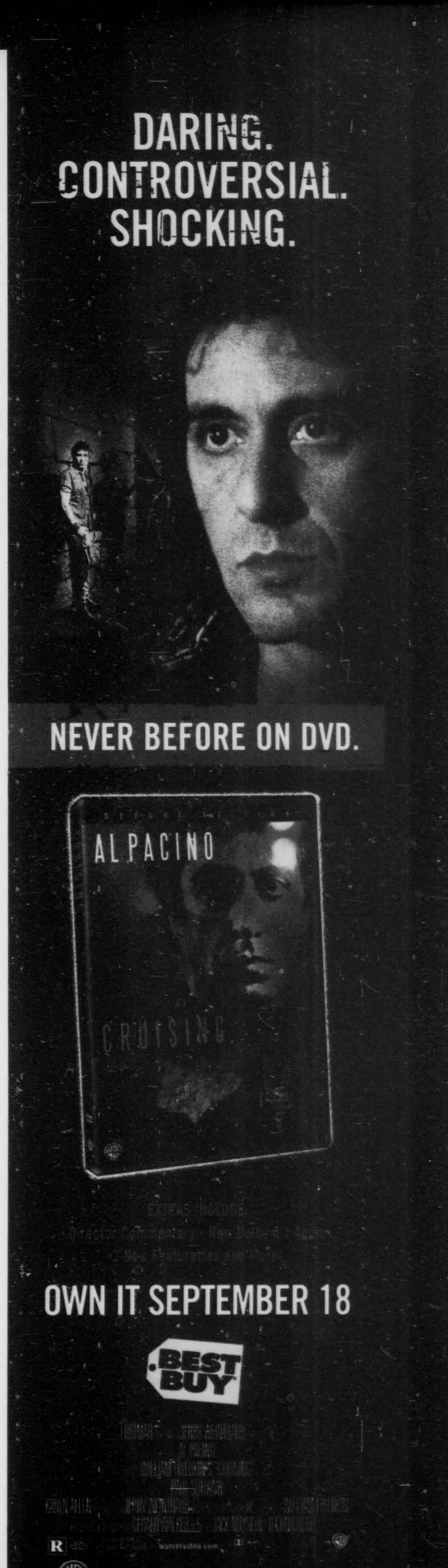
"OH NO! That could be disastrous!"

"People are already getting more cancers."

"Oh, aren't people stupid! Do you know the average IQ is only 100? That's terribly low, isn't it? One hundred. It's no wonder the world's in such a mess."

Clive's scripts were repeated with great frequency, sometimes three or four times in one phone call. He stuck to subjects he felt he knew something about, where he would be on safe ground, even if here and there something apocryphal crept in. . . . These small areas of repartee acted as stepping stones on which he could move through the present. They enabled him to engage with others.

I would put it even more strongly and use a phrase that Deborah used in another connection, when she wrote of Clive



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being poised upon "a tiny platform . . . above the abyss." Clive's loquacity, his almost compulsive need to talk and keep conversations going, served to maintain a precarious platform, and when he came to a stop the abyss was there, waiting to engulf him. This, indeed, is what happened when we went to a supermarket and he and I got separated briefly from Deborah. He suddenly exclaimed, "I'm conscious now . . . . Never saw a human being before . . . for thirty years . . . . It's like death!" He looked very angry and distressed. Deborah said the staff calls these grim monologues his "deads"—they make a note of how many he has in a day or a week and gauge his state of mind by their number.

Deborah thinks that repetition has slightly dulled the very real pain that goes with this agonized but stereotyped complaint, but when he says such things she will distract him immediately. Once she has done this, there seems to be no lingering mood—an advantage of his amnesia. And, indeed, once we returned to the car Clive was off on his license plates again.

Back in his room, I spotted the two volumes of Bach's "Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues" on top of the piano and asked Clive if he would play one of them. He said that he had never played any of them before, but then he began to play Prelude 9 in E Major and said, "I remember this one." He remembers almost nothing unless he is actually doing it; then it may come to him. He inserted a tiny, charming improvisation at one point, and did a sort of Chico Marx ending, with a huge downward scale. With his great musicality and his playfulness, he can easily improvise, joke, play with any piece of music.

His eye fell on the book about cathedrals, and he talked about cathedral bells—did I know how many combinations there could be with eight bells? "Eight by seven by six by five by four by three by two by one," he rattled off. "Factorial eight." And then, without pause: "That's forty thousand." (I worked it out, laboriously: it is 40,320.)

I asked him about Prime Ministers. Tony Blair? Never heard of him. John Major? No. Margaret Thatcher? Vaguely familiar. Harold Macmillan, Harold Wilson: ditto. (But earlier in the day he had seen a car with "JMV" plates and instantly said, "John Major Vehicle"—showing that he had an *implicit* memory of Major's name.) Deborah wrote of how he could not remember *her* name, "but one day someone asked him to say his full name, and he said, 'Clive David Deborah Wearing—funny name that. I don't know why my parents called me that.'" He has gained other implicit memories, too, slowly picking up new knowledge, like the layout of his residence. He can go alone now to the bathroom, the dining room, the kitchen—but if he stops and thinks en route he is lost. Though he could not describe his residence, Deborah tells me that he unclasps his seat belt as they draw near and offers to get out and open the gate. Later, when he makes her coffee, he knows where the cups, the milk, and the sugar are kept. He cannot *say* where they are, but he can go to them; he has actions, but few facts, at his disposal.

I decided to widen the testing and asked Clive to tell me the names of all the composers he knew. He said, "Handel, Bach, Beethoven, Berg, Mozart, Lassus." That was it. Deborah told me that at first, when asked this question, he would omit Lassus, his favorite composer. This seemed appalling for someone who had been not only a musician but an encyclopedic musicologist. Perhaps it reflected the shortness of his attention span and recent immediate memory—perhaps he thought that he had in fact given us dozens of names. So I asked him other questions on a variety of topics that he would have been knowledgeable about in his earlier days. Again, there was a paucity of information in his replies and sometimes something close to a blank. I started to feel that I had been beguiled, in a sense, by Clive's easy, nonchalant, fluent conversation into thinking that he still had a great deal of general information at his disposal, despite the loss of memory for events. Given his intelligence, ingenuity, and humor, it was easy to think this on meeting him for the first time. But repeated conversations rapidly exposed the limits of his knowledge. It was indeed as Deborah wrote in her book, Clive "stuck to subjects he knew something about" and used these islands of knowledge as "stepping stones" in his conversation. Clearly, Clive's general knowledge, or semantic memory, was greatly affected, too—though not as catastrophically as his episodic memory.

Yet semantic memory of this sort, even if completely intact, is not of much use in the absence of explicit, episodic memory. Clive is safe enough in the confines of his residence, for instance, but he would be hopelessly lost if he were to go out alone. Lawrence Weiskrantz comments on the

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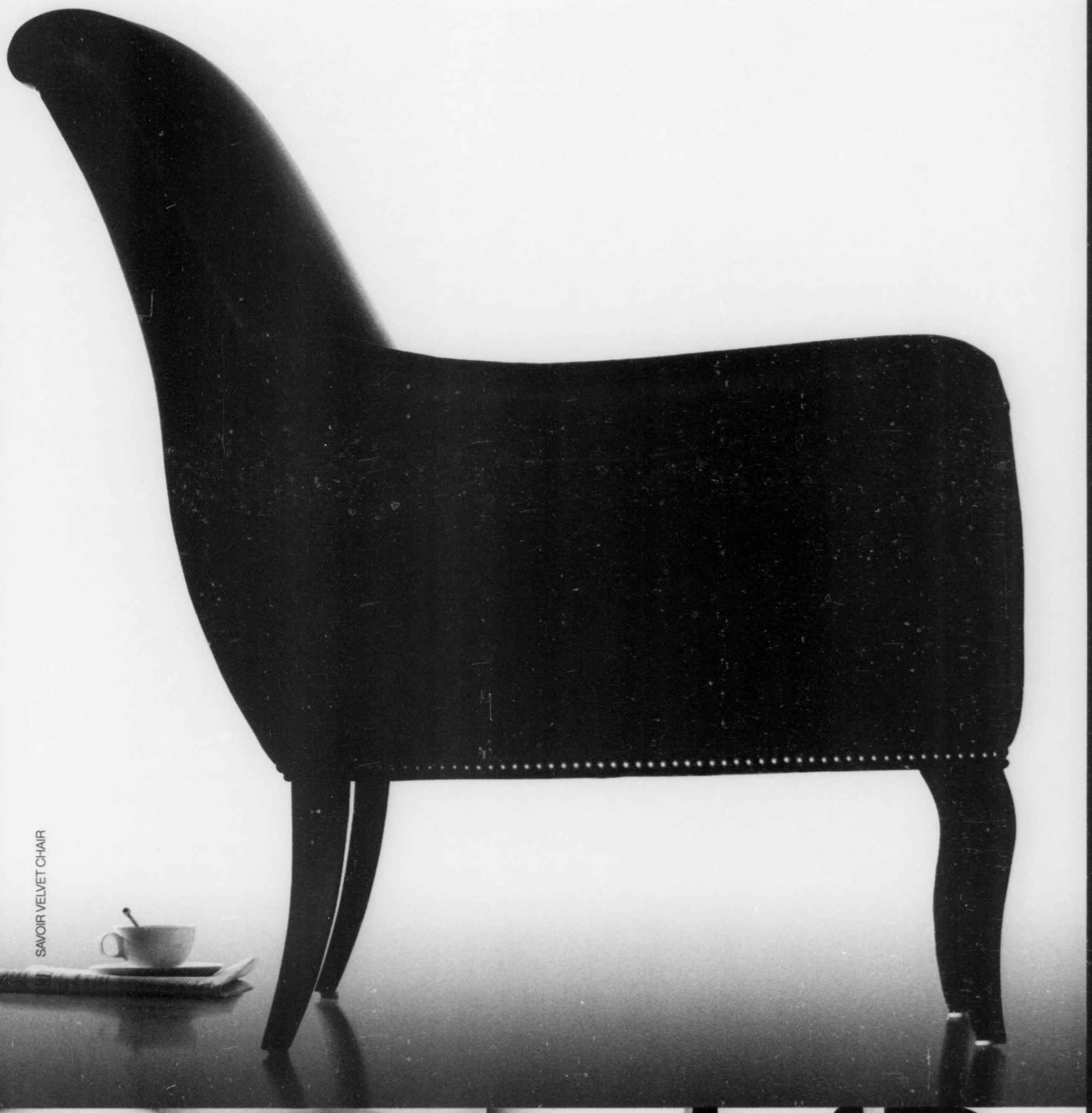

need for both sorts of memory in his 1997 book "Consciousness Lost and Found":

> The amnesic patient can think about material in the immediate present. . . . He can also think about items in his semantic memory, his general knowledge. . . . But thinking for successful everyday adaptation requires not only factual knowledge, but the ability to recall it on the right occasion, to relate it to other occasions, indeed the ability to reminisce.

This uselessness of semantic memory unaccompanied by episodic memory is also brought out by Umberto Eco in his novel "The Mysterious Flame of Queen Loana," in which the narrator, an antiquarian bookseller and polymath, is a man of Eco-like intelligence and erudition. Though amnesic from a stroke, he retains the poetry he has read, the many languages he knows, his encyclopedic memory of facts; but he is nonetheless helpless and disoriented (and recovers from this only because the effects of his stroke are transient).

It is similar, in a way, with Clive. His semantic memory, while of little help in organizing his life, does have a crucial social role: it allows him to engage in conversation (though it is occasionally more monologue than conversation). Thus, Deborah wrote, "he would string all his subjects together in a row, and the other person simply needed to nod or mumble." By moving rapidly from one thought to another, Clive managed to secure a sort of continuity, to hold the thread of consciousness and attention intact—albeit precariously, for the thoughts were held together, on the whole, by superficial associations. Clive's verbosity made him a little odd, a little too much at times, but it was highly adaptive—it enabled him to reënter the world of human discourse.

In the 1986 film, Deborah quoted Proust's description of Swann waking from a deep sleep, not knowing at first where he was, who he was, what he was. He had only "the most rudimentary sense of existence, such as may lurk and flicker in the depths of an animal's consciousness," until memory came back to him, "like a rope let down from heaven to draw me up out of the abyss of not-being, from which I could never have escaped by myself." This gave him back his personal consciousness and identity. No rope from Heaven, no autobiographical memory will ever come down in this way to Clive.

From the start there have been, for Clive, two realities of immense importance. The first of these is Deborah, whose presence and love for him have made life tolerable, at least intermittently, in the twenty or more years since his illness. Clive's amnesia not only destroyed his ability to retain new memories; it deleted almost all of his earlier memories, including those of the years when he met and fell in love with Deborah. He told Deborah, when she questioned him, that he had never heard of John Lennon or John F. Kennedy. Though he always recognized his own children, Deborah told me, "he would be surprised at their height and amazed to hear he is a grandfather. He asked his younger son what O-level exams he was doing in 2005, more than twenty years after Edmund left school." Yet somehow he always recognized Deborah as his wife, when she visited, and felt moored by her presence, lost without her. He would rush to the door when he heard her voice, and embrace her with passionate, desperate fervor. Having no idea how long she had been away—since anything not in his immediate field of perception and attention would be lost, forgotten, within seconds—he seemed to feel that she, too, had been lost in the abyss of time, and so her "return" from the abyss seemed nothing short of miraculous. As Deborah put it:

> Clive was constantly surrounded by strangers in a strange place, with no knowledge of where he was or what had happened to him. To catch sight of me was always a massive relief—to know that he was not alone, that I still cared, that I loved him, that I was there. Clive was terrified all the time. But I was his life, I was his lifeline. Every time he saw me, he would run to me, fall on me, sobbing, clinging.

How, why, when he recognized no one else with any consistency, did Clive recognize Deborah? There are clearly many sorts of memory, and emotional

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memory is one of the deepest and least understood.

The neuroscientist Neal J. Cohen recounts the famous story of Édouard Claparède, a Swiss physician who, upon shaking hands with a severely amnesic woman,

> pricked her finger with a pin hidden in his hand. Subsequently, whenever he again attempted to shake the patient's hand, she promptly withdrew it. When he questioned her about this behavior, she replied, "Isn't it allowed to withdraw one's hand?" and "Perhaps there is a pin hidden in your hand," and finally, "Sometimes pins are hidden in hands." Thus the patient learned the appropriate response based on previous experience, but she never seemed to attribute her behavior to the personal memory of some previously experienced event.

For Claparède's patient, some sort of memory of the pain, an implicit and emotional memory, persisted. It seems certain, likewise, that in the first two years of life, even though one retains no explicit memories (Freud called this infantile amnesia), deep emotional memories or associations are nevertheless being made in the limbic system and other regions of the brain where emotions are represented—and these emotional memories may determine one's behavior for a lifetime. A recent paper by Oliver Turnbull, Evangelos Zois, et al., in the journal *Neuro-Psychoanalysis*, has shown that patients with amnesia can form emotional transferences to an analyst, even though they retain no explicit memory of the analyst or their previous meetings. Nonetheless, a strong emotional bond begins to develop. Clive and Deborah were newly married at the time of his encephalitis, and deeply in love for a few years before that. His passionate relationship with her, a relationship that began before his encephalitis, and one that centers in part on their shared love for music, has engraved itself in him—in areas of his brain unaffected by the encephalitis—so deeply that his amnesia, the most severe amnesia ever recorded, cannot eradicate it.

Nonetheless, for many years he failed to recognize Deborah if she chanced to walk past, and even now he cannot say what she looks like unless he is actually looking at her. Her appearance, her voice, her scent, the way they behave with each other, and the intensity of their emotions and interactions—all this confirms her identity, and his own.

The other miracle was the discovery Deborah made early on, while Clive was still in the hospital, desperately confused and disoriented: that his musical powers were totally intact. "I picked up some music," Deborah wrote,

> and held it open for Clive to see. I started to sing one of the lines. He picked up the tenor lines and sang with me. A bar or so in, I suddenly realized what was happening. He could still read music. He was singing. His talk might be a jumble no one could understand but his brain was still capable of music. . . . When he got to the end of the line I hugged him and kissed him all over his face. . . . Clive could sit down at the organ and play with both hands on the keyboard, changing stops, and with his feet on the pedals, as if this were easier than riding a bicycle. Suddenly we had a place to be together, where we could create our own world away from the ward. Our friends came in to sing. I left a pile of music by the bed and visitors brought other pieces.

Miller's film showed dramatically the virtually perfect preservation of Clive's musical powers and memory. In these scenes from only a year or so after his illness, his face often appeared tight with torment and bewilderment. But when he was conducting his old choir, he performed with great sensitivity and grace, mouthing the melodies, turning to different singers and sections of the choir, cuing them, encouraging them, to bring out their special parts. It is obvious that Clive not only knew the piece intimately—how all the parts contributed to the unfolding of the musical thought—but also retained all the skills of conducting, his professional persona, and his own unique style.

Clive cannot retain any memory of passing events or experience and, in addition, has lost most of the memories of events and experiences *preceding* his encephalitis—how, then, does he retain his remarkable knowledge of music, his ability to sight-read, play the piano and organ, sing, and conduct a choir in the masterly way he did before he became ill?

H.M., a famous and unfortunate patient described by Scoville and Milner in 1957, was rendered amnesic by the surgical removal of both hippocampi, along with adjacent structures of the medial temporal lobes. (This was a desperate attempt at treating his intractable seizures; it was not yet realized that autobiographical memory and the ability to form new memories of events depended on these structures.) Yet H.M., though he lost many memories of his former life, did not lose any of the skills he had acquired, and indeed he could learn and perfect *new* skills with training and practice, even though he would retain no memory of the practice sessions.

Larry Squire, a neuroscientist who has spent a lifetime exploring mechanisms of memory and amnesia, emphasizes that no two cases of amnesia are the same. He wrote to me:

> If the damage is limited to the medial temporal lobe, then one expects an impairment such as H.M. had. With somewhat more extensive medial temporal lobe damage, one can expect something more severe, as in E.P. [a patient whom Squire and his colleagues have investigated intensively]. With the addition of frontal damage, perhaps one begins to understand Clive's impairment. Or perhaps one needs lateral temporal damage as well, or basal forebrain damage. Clive's case is unique, because a particular pattern of anatomical damage occurred. His case is not like H.M. or like Claparède's patient. We cannot write about amnesia as if it were a single entity like mumps or measles.

Yet H.M.'s case and subsequent work made it clear that two very different sorts of memory could exist: a conscious memory of events (episodic memory) and an unconscious memory for procedures—and that such procedural memory is unimpaired in amnesia.

This is dramatically clear with Clive, too, for he can shave, shower, look after his grooming, and dress elegantly, with taste and style; he moves confidently and is fond of dancing. He talks abundantly, using a large vocabulary; he can read and write in several languages. He is good at calculation. He can make phone calls, and he can find the coffee things and find his way about the home. If he is asked how to do these things, he cannot say, but he does them. Whatever involves a sequence or pattern of action, he does fluently, unhesitatingly.

But can Clive's beautiful playing and singing, his masterly conducting, his powers of improvisation be adequately characterized as "skills" or "procedures"? For his playing is infused with intelligence and feeling, with a sensitive attunement to the musical structure, the composer's style and mind. Can any artistic or creative per-

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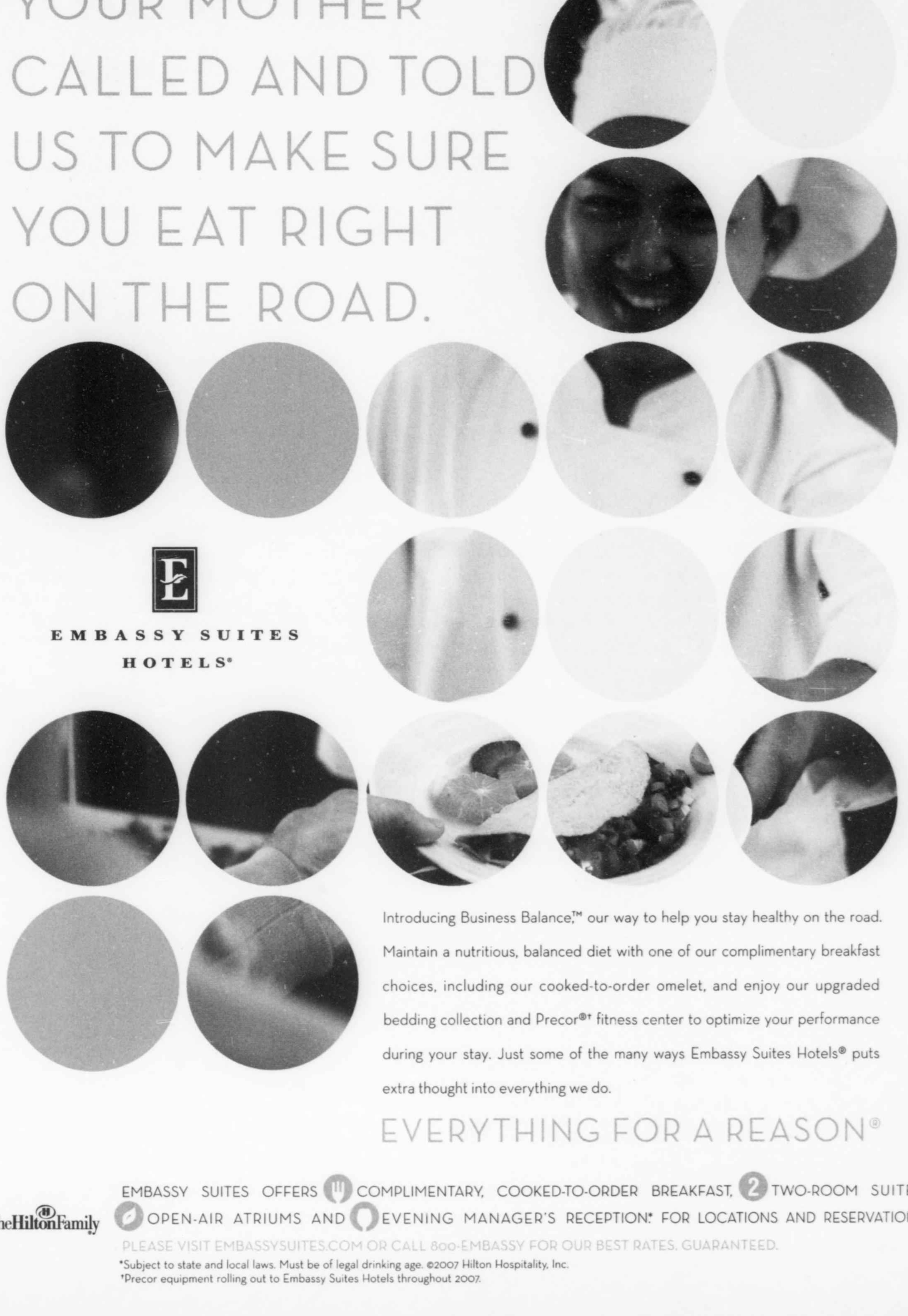

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formance of this calibre be adequately explained by "procedural memory"? Episodic or explicit memory, we know, develops relatively late in childhood and is dependent on a complex brain system involving the hippocampi and medial temporal-lobe structures, the system that is compromised in severe amnesiacs and all but obliterated in Clive. The basis of procedural or implicit memory is less easy to define, but it certainly involves larger and more primitive parts of the brain—subcortical structures like the basal ganglia and cerebellum and their many connections to each other and to the cerebral cortex. The size and variety of these systems guarantee the robustness of procedural memory and the fact that, unlike episodic memory, procedural memory can remain largely intact even in the face of extensive damage to the hippocampi and medial temporal-lobe structures.

Episodic memory depends on the perception of particular and often unique events, and one's memories of such events, like one's original perception of them, are not only highly individual (colored by one's interests, concerns, and values) but prone to be revised or recategorized every time they are recalled. This is in fundamental contrast to procedural memory, where it is all-important that the remembering be literal, exact, and reproducible. Repetition and rehearsal, timing and sequence are of the essence here. Rodolfo Llinás, the neuroscientist, uses the term "fixed action pattern" (FAP) for such procedural memories. Some of these may be present even before birth (fetal horses, for example, may gallop in the womb). Much of the early motor development of the child depends on learning and refining such procedures, through play, imitation, trial and error, and incessant rehearsal. All of these start to develop long before the child can call on any explicit or episodic memories.

Is the concept of fixed action patterns any more illuminating than that of procedural memories in relation to the enormously complex, creative performances of a professional musician? In his book "I of the Vortex," Llinás writes:

> When a soloist such as Heifetz plays with a symphony orchestra accompanying him, by convention the concerto is played purely from memory. Such playing implies that this highly specific motor pattern is stored somewhere and subsequently released at the time the curtain goes up.

But for a performer, Llinás writes, it is not sufficient to have implicit memory only; one must have explicit memory as well:

> Without intact explicit memory, Jascha Heifetz would not remember from day to day which piece he had chosen to work on previously, or that he had ever worked on that piece before. Nor would he recall what he had accomplished the day before or by analysis of past experience what particular problems in execution should be a focus of today's practice session. In fact, it would not occur to him to have a practice session at all; without close direction from someone else he would be effectively incapable of undertaking the process of learning any new piece, irrespective of his considerable technical skills.

This, too, is very much the case with Clive, who, for all his musical powers, needs "close direction" from others. He needs someone to put the music before him, to get him into action, and to make sure that he learns and practices new pieces.

What is the relationship of action patterns and procedural memories, which are associated with relatively primitive portions of the nervous system, to consciousness and sensibility, which depend on the cerebral cortex? Practice involves conscious application, monitoring what one is doing, bringing all one's intelligence and sensibility and values to bear—even though what is so painfully and consciously acquired may then become automatic, coded in motor patterns at a subcortical level. Each time Clive sings or plays the piano or conducts a choir, automatism comes to his aid. But what happens in an artistic or creative performance, though it depends on automatisms, is anything but automatic. The actual performance reanimates him, engages him as a creative person; it becomes fresh and perhaps contains new improvisations or innovations. Once Clive starts playing, his "momentum," as Deborah writes, will keep him, and the piece, going. Deborah, herself a musician, expresses this very precisely:

> The momentum of the music carried Clive from bar to bar. Within the structure of the piece, he was held, as if the staves were tramlines and there was only one way to go. He knew exactly where he was because in every phrase there is context implied, by rhythm, key, melody. It was marvellous to be free. When the music stopped Clive fell through to the lost place. But for those moments he was playing he seemed normal.

Clive's performance self seems, to those who know him, just as vivid and complete as it was before his illness. This mode of being, this self, is seemingly untouched by his amnesia, even though his autobiographical self, the self

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that depends on explicit, episodic memories, is virtually lost. The rope that is let down from Heaven for Clive comes not with recalling the past, as for Proust, but with performance—and it holds only as long as the performance lasts. Without performance, the thread is broken, and he is thrown back once again into the abyss.

Deborah speaks of the "momentum" of the music in its very structure. A piece of music is not a mere sequence of notes but a tightly organized organic whole. Every bar, every phrase arises organically from what preceded it and points to what will follow. Dynamism is built into the nature of melody. And over and above this there is the intentionality of the composer, the style, the order, and the logic that he has created to express his musical ideas and feelings. These, too, are present in every bar and phrase. Schopenhauer wrote of melody as having "significant intentional connection from beginning to end" and as "one thought from beginning to end." Marvin Minsky compares a sonata to a teacher or a lesson:

> No one remembers, word for word, all that was said in any lecture, or played in any piece. But if you understood it once, you now own new networks of knowledge, about each theme and how it changes and relates to others. Thus, no one could remember Beethoven's Fifth Symphony entire, from a single hearing. But neither could one ever hear again those first four notes as just four notes! Once but a tiny scrap of sound; it is now a Known Thing—a locus in the web of all the other things we know, whose meanings and significances depend on one another.

A piece of music will draw one in, teach one about its structure and secrets, whether one is listening consciously or not. This is so even if one has never heard a piece of music before. Listening to music is not a passive process but intensely active, involving a stream of inferences, hypotheses, expectations, and anticipations. We can grasp a new piece—how it is constructed, where it is going, what will come next—with such accuracy that even after a few bars we may be able to hum or sing along with it. Such anticipation, such singing along, is possible because one has knowledge, largely implicit, of musical "rules" (how a cadence must resolve, for instance) and a familiarity with particular musical conventions (the form of a sonata, or the repetition of a theme). When we "remember" a melody, it plays in our mind; it becomes newly alive.

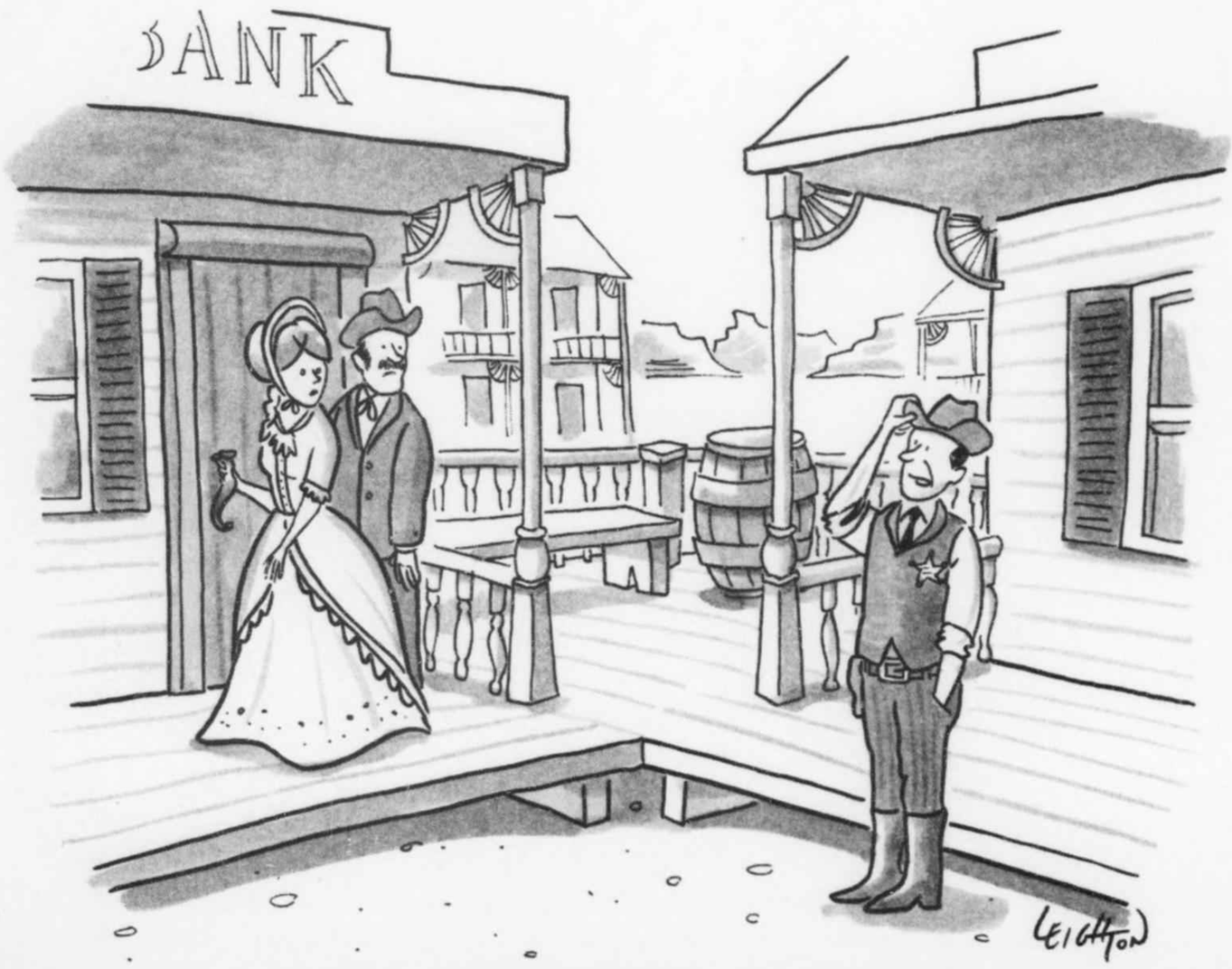
Thus we can listen again and again to a recording of a piece of music, a piece we know well, and yet it can seem as fresh, as new, as the first time we heard it. There is not a process of recalling, assembling, recategorizing, as when one attempts to reconstruct or remember an event or a scene from the past. We recall one tone at a time, and each tone entirely fills our consciousness yet simultaneously relates to the whole. It is similar when we walk or run or swim—we do so one step, one stroke at a time, yet each step or stroke is an integral part of the whole. Indeed, if we think of each note or step too consciously, we may lose the thread, the motor melody.

It may be that Clive, incapable of remembering or anticipating events because of his amnesia, is able to sing and play and conduct music because remembering music is not, in the usual sense, remembering at all. Remembering music, listening to it, or playing it, is wholly in the present. Victor Zuckerkandl, a philosopher of music, explored this paradox beautifully in 1956 in "Sound and Symbol":

> The hearing of a melody is a hearing *with* the melody. . . . It is even a condition of hearing melody that the tone present at the moment should fill consciousness *entirely*, that *nothing* should be remembered, nothing except it or beside it be present in consciousness. . . . Hearing a melody is hearing, having heard, and being about to hear, all at once. . . . Every melody declares to us that the past can be there without being remembered, the future without being foreknown.

It has been twenty years since Clive's illness, and, for him, nothing has moved on. One might say he is still in 1985 or, given his retrograde amnesia, in 1965. In some ways, he is not anywhere at all; he has dropped out of space and time altogether. He no longer has any inner narrative; he is not leading a life in the sense that the rest of us do. And yet one has only to see him at the keyboard or with Deborah to feel that, at such times, he is himself again and wholly alive. It is not the remembrance of things past, the "once" that Clive yearns for, or can ever achieve. It is the claiming, the filling, of the present, the now, and this is only possible when he is totally immersed in the successive moments of an act. It is the "now" that bridges the abyss.

As Deborah recently wrote to me, "Clive's at-homeness in music and in his love for me are where he transcends amnesia and finds continuum—not the linear fusion of moment after moment, nor based on any framework of autobiographical information, but where Clive, and any of us, *are* finally, where we are who we are." ♦



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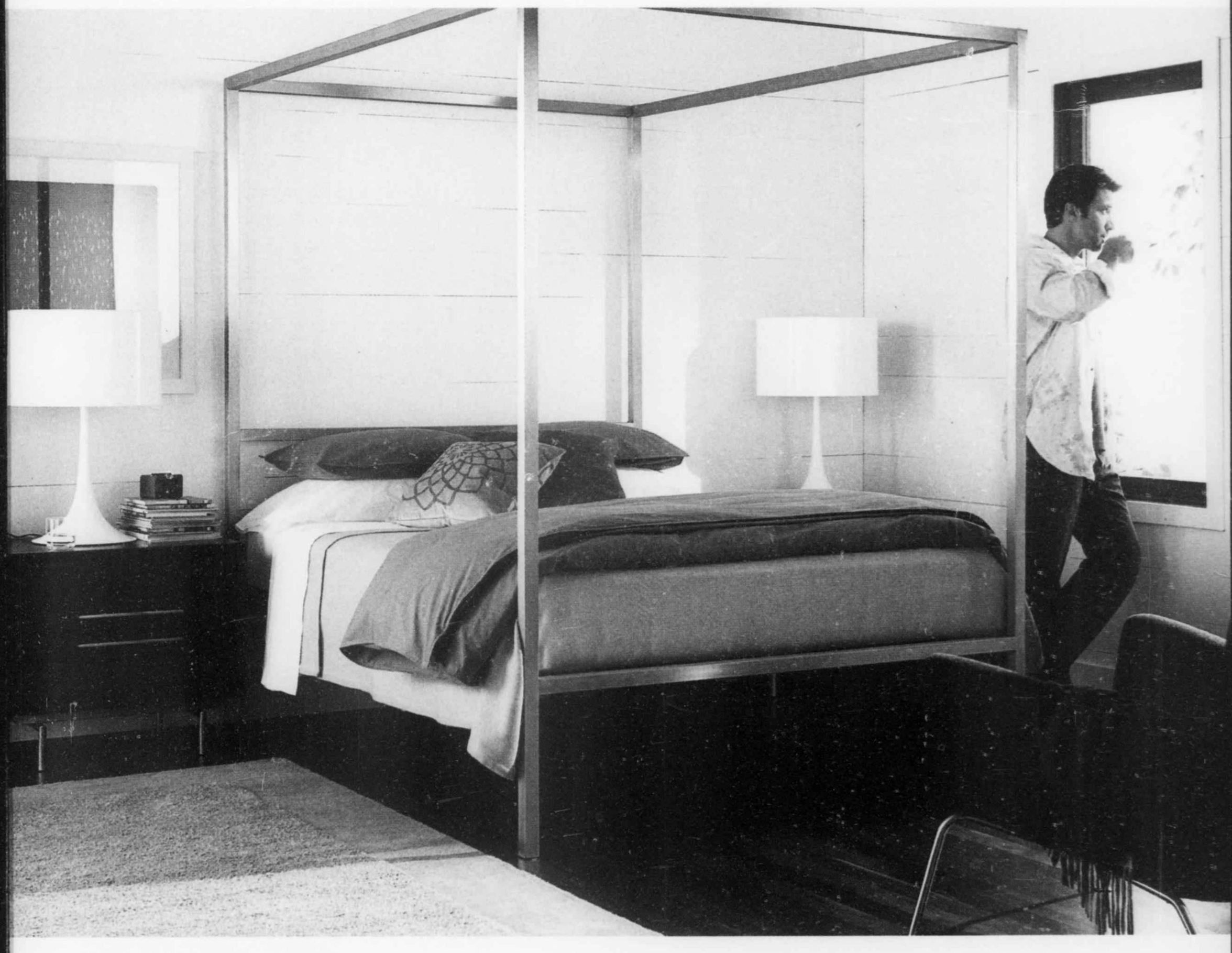

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THE ENTHUSIAST

Kim Hastreiter's downtown.

BY DANA GOODYEAR

Hastreiter's magazine, Paper, projects a fantasy of scrappy New York bohemia.

Kim Hastreiter has never been married or had children of her own (she has a terrier, Romeo), but everyone who knows her agrees that *Paper*, the downtown-life-style magazine she founded with David Hershkovits, in 1984, is a family—a freewheeling, kitschy, Munsters-like family, but a happy and highly functional one. The members of ThreeAsFour, a Chinatown fashion collective, call Hastreiter Mama Kim. The experimental designer Andre Walker used to call her Aunty. Sarah Sophie Flicker, a performance artist and one of the founders of a musical group called the Citizen's Band, who grew up in San Francisco, thinks of her as "my New York mom." The magazine, since its inception, has served as a pop-culture incubator, documenting the fashion, music, and art born from surfing, skateboarding, hip-hop, and gay life. In a recent issue, a gritty fashion spread photographed at several Los Angeles drive-throughs featured the model Jenny Shimizu on a Ducati, and the wife of Erik Brunetti, who designs FUCT T-shirts, with a lapful of fast food. The artist Ruben Toledo, who is married to the fashion designer Isabel Toledo, says that *Paper* is "the Wayward School of Creative Gypsies, and everyone in the creative world sets up camp there at one time or another."

Hastreiter is fifty-five, and looks more like the artsy woman who taught me pottery in junior high than like a typical fashion editor—not that she considers herself a fashion person. "I think the fashion world is so twisted, and that's why I'm not in that world," she says. "They're so concerned with what's trendy that they don't care if it's great." Her speech is as excited and unvarnished as a teen-ager's emoting over a favorite video game: what she likes is *sick* or *beautiful;* it gives her a *heart attack;* it *kills* her. She is large, and dresses in a uniform of loose, monochromatic linen—grainy-mustard yellow, indigo, green, or tomato red—Ted Muehling drop earrings, and a pair of cherry-Jolly-Rancher-red glasses that draw attention to the faculties for which she is known: visual acuity and an ability to spot undiscovered talent. "The glasses are a genuine metaphor for who she is—a person who sees things differently," Murray Moss, the co-owner of the design store Moss, said. "The first thing you see with those glasses is that she's looking at you. It's not that you discovered Kim. Kim discovered you—that's clear."

"I look at fashion from this other eyeball," Hastreiter says. "I smell cultural movements, and I try to articulate what I'm smelling." She is usually months, if not years, ahead of the mainstream. "Pre-*Vogue*" is how Isaac Mizrahi defines her timetable. "She's always got some crazy person she's hawking, someone you have to meet and no one's ever heard of. Then, two years later, everyone knows who they are, and you can't get an appointment for love or money."

Hastreiter's parties are famous for their unlikely mix of people—she likes to invite a wild card, such as Iris Apfel—and for the food, which Hastreiter, an accomplished cook, prepares from scratch. "You leave feeling giddy and inspired," Karen Kimmel, an artist who lives in Los Angeles, says. "You've made a new friendship, or found a potential collaborator, or heard of a store to go see, or made a connection over

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What's your business model?

I saw there were only three ways to buy private aviation: You could own your own plane; purchase a fractional ownership interest (pioneered by NetJets), wherein you pay for a percentage of an asset plus maintenance costs and a direct hourly cost; or basic charter, which is the least consistent of the three — maybe the plane and pilot are good, maybe they're not. We came up with a simple idea: prepaid time on the world's largest, best-maintained fleet, which would offer the consistency and benefits of fractional ownership without the long-term commitment.

Why aviation? You were an entrepreneur in sports and entertainment marketing before you co-founded Marquis Jet in 2001.

When colleagues from the sports and music industries had extra seats available on private jets, they'd invite my partner Jesse Itzler and me. We were the guys in the back of the plane setting up the catering and getting sodas for people. I thought, "This is one of the last places on earth where you have peace — at 41,000 feet. There is enormous opportunity here to expand the market. We're in the wrong business — we should be in private aviation." We knew a lot of people who were in the gray zone between charter and fractional. We did research and realized there were lots of folks in the sweet spot of 25 to 40 hours of annual private-flight needs. We used this research to establish our 25-hour Marquis Jet Card — the equivalent of, say, 5.5 round trips between Florida and New York.

How do you make consumers comfortable with a new service like private jet travel — especially in a field where some people have inherent fears?

We don't just sell private aviation. We sell safety-obsessed NetJets, the best aviation platform in the world. On top of that, we position ourselves as a hospitality company. It's all about the people. Our people diligently track reservations and flights, greet clients at the airport, and get to know their personal preferences. I make it a point to meet as many of our owners as I can. Everyone has a success story, how he or she came to be a Marquis Jet Card owner. I love to hear those stories.

How did you convince NetJets—a Warren Buffett/Berkshire Hathaway company—to be your partner?
Being a salesman is in my DNA. To me, "no" means "not now." If the answer is always yes, you're an order taker. A salesperson starts selling when the person across the table says no. You need to be able to draw a picture of your vision. We had six or seven meetings between July 2000 and February 2001 with Richard Santulli, the founder and CEO of NetJets (Santulli sold NetJets to Warren Buffett's Berkshire Hathaway in August, 1998). Before Richard gave us the green light to begin the Marquis Jet Card program, we needed to show persistence and make him feel comfortable that we were the right people to partner with.

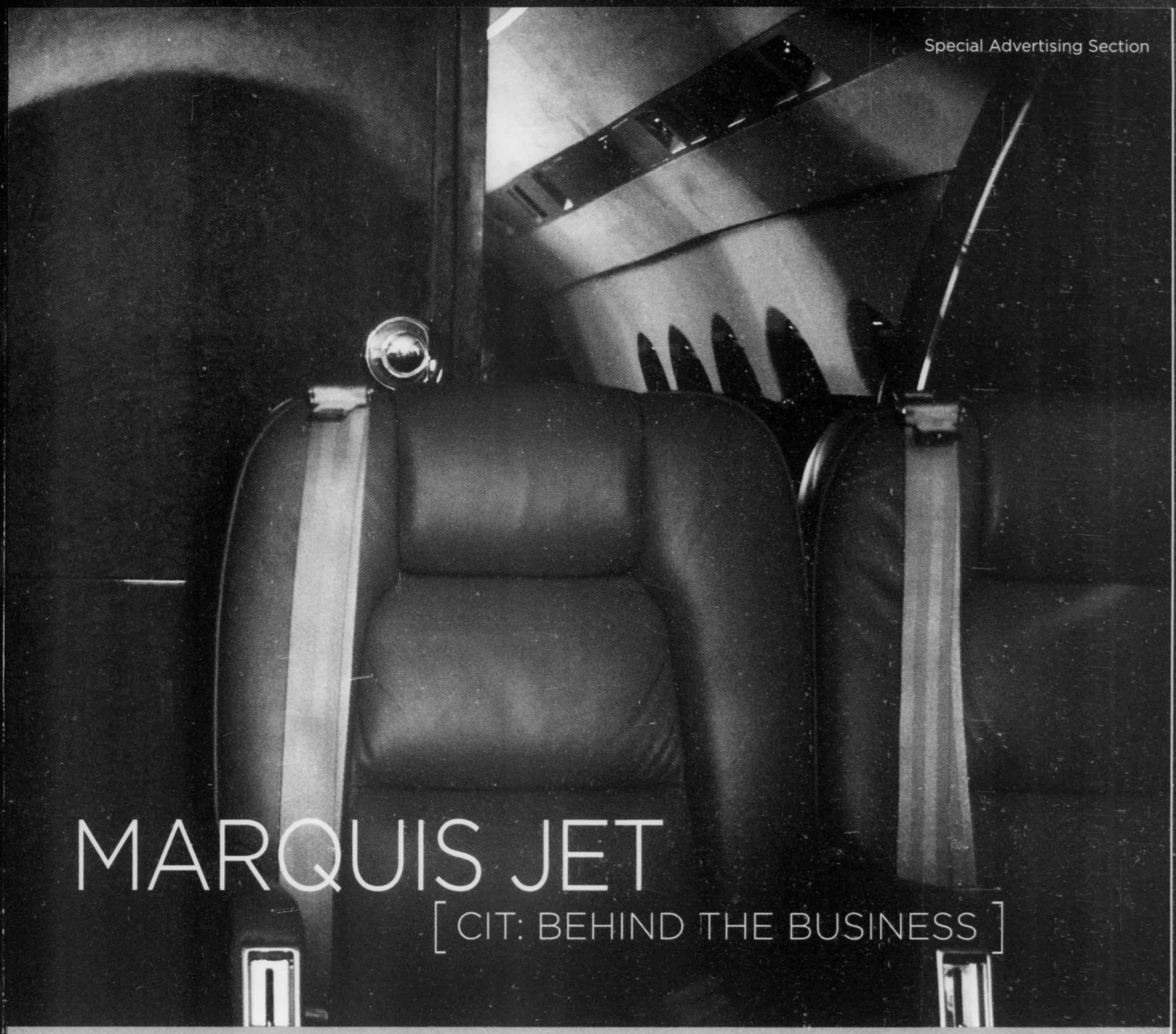
What is the importance of partnerships in building a business?
I've always been a partnership guy. It's one of the reasons we've done business so well with companies like CIT. They're partnership people. Growing up, when I played basketball, I was a point guard, which is about putting a team together and not necessarily getting all the glory. I play point guard here, too. I'm still the primary recruiter.

Is being a "connector" an essential trait for an entrepreneur?
I'd say so. My biggest asset used to be my Rolodex; now it's my BlackBerry. I have friends today from nursery school, kindergarten, grade school. I could pick up now with anyone I've ever met in my personal life and in my business life. It was through a high-school friend that early in Marquis Jet's development we received some major network TV exposure that was probably worth $20 million.

You have a talent for leveraging a brand in a way even the owners didn't see. Where does that come from?
I think it's something you're born with. Maybe it's just my optimistic view of the world. I believe there's always more juice to squeeze out of an orange. You could look at the best brands in the world and figure out line extensions that would enhance their existing businesses. I see possibilities every day when I'm walking down the street. You've just got to find and develop market opportunities before anyone else does and execute effectively. With NetJets, we took the core product, repackaged, re-branded and distributed it to a new client base.

Is Marquis Jet's appeal convenience or luxury?
We don't advertise or sell the notion of luxury. Our brand message is "accomplish more/get more done." This is not a socialite's tool. I call our owners the working wealthy. About 80% of our owner base is entrepreneurs, professionals and the world's top entertainers and professional athletes—all of whom are at or near the top of their fields. Our service is a validation of hard work. We're very careful that the brand represent accomplishment.

Do you believe you're part of a changing luxury landscape?
Today in America, having access to a private jet is part of what defines success. An entrepreneur has to ask one question: Is this a fad or a trend? A lot of the diets



MARQUIS JET

[CIT: BEHIND THE BUSINESS]

today, for example, are probably fads. But organic foods, the green movement? Slam-dunk trends. Private aviation? Slam-dunk trend. Today, there's a very big difference between commercial and private travel. Low-cost carriers, with their model of high-frequency, point-to-point service, did us a real favor. They left the gate wide open for grabbing customers from commercial business class or first class. Ninety percent of our owner base 5-10 years ago was flying commercial 100% of the time. We're the entry point to the private-aviation category.

Did you ever worry it wouldn't work?
I still wake up a couple of times per week worrying it's not going to work. If you're an entrepreneur, the day you wake up satisfied, either you're going to get caught by someone else, or it is "game over." My daughter is six and a half, just a little older than this business. I look at her and think, yeah, she's a special kid, but she hasn't really accomplished anything real yet. She's all potential. I see Marquis Jet the same way: all potential.

You helped start another business called Tour GCX partners in 2003.
Tour GCX is a Marquis Jet for private golf. The core philosophy is very similar. It's for people who don't want to be tied to a country club for life. You buy a card that represents 10 rounds of golf within a network and play at any of 30 clubs in the tri-state area. We are in the process of going national with the Tour GCX business.

Would you say your enterprises tend toward the egalitarian? Do you try to give people access to elite experiences they might not otherwise be able to access?
I took a page out of Warren Buffett's book, with his Berkshire A and B shares. It's creating a different package to address a larger market with an item that previously wasn't available in that "bite" size.

Who's the archetypal Marquis owner?
The millionaire next door, the working person who uses our jets to have a better life.

What are your passions outside of work?
My family, sports, helping young entrepreneurs and young people in general to realize their potential. I look at people the way I look at brands. I see value they don't always see. We have a division here called Marquis Cares that's helped about 100 organizations since inception. We want to support entrepreneurs, friends and new business models. I had support, and I feel like, as a citizen of the financial and entrepreneurial community, you've got to support the next guy coming up. You've got to give them the love.

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something visual with someone." George Lois, the pioneering magazine and ad designer, and his wife, Rosemary, say that, as a hostess and a matchmaker, Hastreiter is a present-day Gertrude Stein. "Kim finds these people, and she collects them like butterflies," George said. "I'm sure she could pull out a giant drawer and we're all there." The director Pedro Almodóvar wrote in an e-mail that, over the course of a twenty-year friendship with Hastreiter, she has introduced him to "underground artists, future legends, local icons, or simply deliciously extravagant and inspiring people." These people, he went on, "turn Downtown NY into a wild, welcoming, bright, dissolute, funny, unique and inspiring place. The sort of place you have to travel to at least twice a year unless you really want to fall into despair and boredom."

Paper, which has a circulation of about a hundred thousand, projects to its readers a fantasy of scrappy New York bohemia and an idea of downtown that gentrification has all but routed. The August issue had a story on the twenty-five-year-old designer behind the street-wear brand Married to the MOB (Most Official Bitches), and another on the Chinatown Soccer Club, a squad that sometimes includes the artist Ryan McGinness. But the changes in the city have hit the magazine where it lives: last year, after its rent went up, *Paper* moved its offices from Tribeca to Thirty-second Street, in Koreatown. Still, the world comes to *Paper:* Mark (the Cobrasnake) Hunter, a twenty-two-year-old Los Angeles photographer, takes naps on Hastreiter's couch; the members of Pink Martini, a band from Portland, like to use the office as a base when they're in town; Sarah Lerfel, the buyer for the Paris boutique Colette, recently held a meeting there, around a conference table that once belonged to Hastreiter's friend Geoffrey Beene, on chairs upholstered in bright pink, yellow, and blue graffiti fabric designed by Stephen Sprouse. Hastreiter's voice, guffawing, hooting, summoning, carries down the halls and over the cubicle walls.

On a Sunday night in June, *Paper* threw a party at The Box, a snug performance space below Houston. The evening was organized around a short set by Rufus Wainwright, who was on the cover of that month's issue. Hastreiter installed herself in a semicircular red-leather booth toward the stage, surrounded by friends: Cheryl Dunn, a photographer and filmmaker; Paige Powell, Andy Warhol's right hand for the last few years of his life, who was visiting from Portland; and Jennifer Chaitman, Romeo's veterinarian, who worked as a receptionist at The Factory when she was in high school. The light was low; a votive candle danced. Guests approached to pay their respects, and Hastreiter stretched her arms across the table to clasp hands. "Hi, Richie!" she called to Richie Rich, of the club-kid fashion label Heatherette, a slender fellow in metallic silver pants and a black T-shirt. (Traver Rains, the other half of the team, tipped his cowboy hat to her.) Drew Elliott, a *Paper* alumnus, pointed out a slim, tanned young man in a long sparkly scarf swaying in front of the stage.

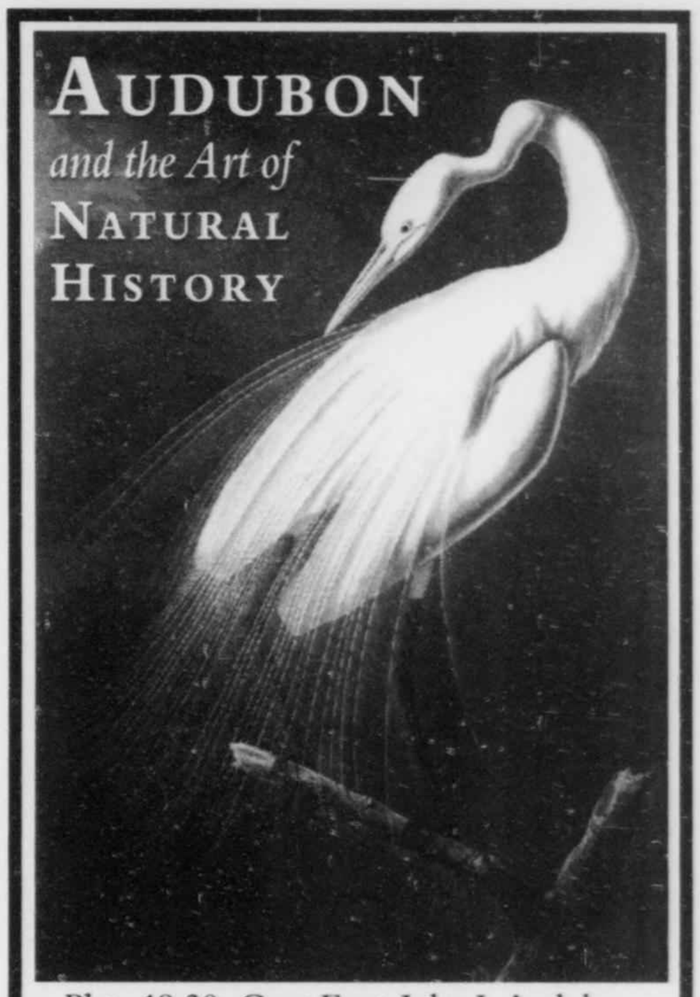
"Do you know that's Estéban Cortázar? He's from Colombia, but grew up in Miami."

"He's, like, the youngest designer to ever live," Hastreiter said, admiringly. She loves precociousness: Cortázar is twenty-three.

A tall man leaned across the table to greet Hastreiter, gathering his long hair under his chin to keep it clear of the candle. It was Steven Sebring, a fashion photographer, who had just finished a movie about Patti Smith. "*Hiiiiiii,*" Hastreiter said, beckoningly, and invited him to stop by the office sometime.

The Clemente twins, the sons of Francesco and Alba, came over to say hello. They were on summer break from college in California. Hastreiter told them that she was going to feature them in a fashion story, which their older sister, Nina, would be styling. "Are they cute or what?" Hastreiter said as they walked away. "Those Clemente boys, *whew*. I think the kids of these artists are the last hope for New York, now that it's so gentrified. Now all the kids are grown up and so cute."

Wainwright finished playing, and Hastreiter got up to leave but was stopped by a woman who told her that she should stay and meet the English pop singer Lily Allen, who was on her way to The Box. Ten minutes passed, and the woman reported that Allen had come, but had been turned away at the door. Hastreiter



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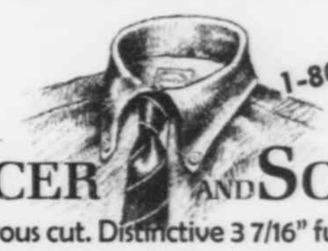
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laughed, without malice—in her mind, *she* is the outsider.

By the time Hastreiter made her way out front to catch a cab, she had forgotten Allen's name. "Who was the big V.I.P. they didn't let in?" she asked, playfully, and then told the story to some friends, punctuating it with a spirited "Ha! Ha!"

Hastreiter is an idealist, whose vision is best expressed in her apartment, a one-bedroom on a high floor of a white brick building just north of Washington Square Park, where a bowl of cherries lives on the dining table, the pots on the terrace yield a bumper crop of raspberries and peppers, and there's always a pitcher of iced coffee in the fridge. The living room has a low, built-in, L-shaped couch—"for *plotzing*," one of her friends says—and the apartment is filled with art made by people she knew or knows, or will: Jean-Michel Basquiat, Margaret Kilgallen, Chris Johanson, Barry McGee, Mike Mills. She prominently displays a large pen-and-ink drawing by Tauba Auerbach, a young artist whom she adopted into the family recently and has featured several times in *Paper*. Auerbach shares with Hastreiter a fascination with typography and used to work at a sign-painting shop in San Francisco; she made the sign for a store that *Paper* set up at the Basel art fair, in Miami Beach, last December. (The wares included Jeff Koons skateboards and Kiki Smith piggy banks, and the prices ran from $.99 to $9,999,999.) "If I see something that bends my mind, if I see something that's genius, I have to find out who did it and meet the person," Hastreiter says.

For fifteen years, Hastreiter has been collecting hooked rugs, drawings, paintings, and sculptures by artists from Creative Growth, a center in Oakland that works with developmentally impaired adults. (One of her many remarkable pieces is a plaster bust of an "albino Halle Berry," with bright blond hair and orange skin.) She introduced Murray Moss and Jake Shears, a member of the glam-rock band the Scissor Sisters who interned at *Paper* and later appeared on the cover, to Creative Growth; now they both collect. In a closet in the bedroom, Hastreiter has bags of luxury-label knockoffs; limited-edition artist sneakers; rare Manolo Blahnik shoes (he is an old friend); and a number of folded, gently fading knits designed by Keith Haring and Vivienne Westwood, a collaboration orchestrated by Hastreiter, who knew them both. She refers to this stuff as her 401(k).

Gloria Hastreiter, Kim's mother, says that Kim was a square, suburban girl—she grew up in West Orange, New Jersey—who gave no indication that she possessed an artistic streak. Gloria sent her to college at Washington University, in St. Louis, in the fall of 1969, with a wardrobe of A-line skirts and cardigan sweaters, blouses with Peter Pan collars, and penny loafers. "The skirts matched the socks matched the sweater," Gloria said. When she and Kim's father, Walter, went to visit two months later, they were met at the airport by a stringy-haired creature in workman's boots, carpenter's jeans from the Salvation Army, and an Indian shirt. "That was the beginning of her new life," Gloria said. Kim says, "I went right for the weird, crazy people. It was, like, I'm *ho-ooome!*"

After two years at Washington University, Hastreiter transferred to an experimental art school in Nova Scotia, and then to CalArts, where she studied with John Baldessari, making geometric paintings using colored metallic powder, and collaborating on conceptual-art videos. (Baldessari arranged for me to see one of the movies he made using some of his students as actors. In it, Hastreiter appears in grainy green light, reciting Norma Desmond's "No one ever leaves a star" lines, from "Sunset Boulevard.") She lived in Santa Monica, and met Joey Arias, who is still one of her closest friends. Arias—a singer and performance artist who is Thierry Mugler's muse and also appears with Cirque du Soleil, in Las Vegas—remembers their first encounter, on a corner in West Hollywood: "I saw her coming down the street. She was wearing her hair in a bowl cut, with short, short bangs. She had this amazing figure, real burlesque-looking, and had on a Mao jacket, tight, tight jeans, cowboy boots. I was, like, Who *is* this woman?" Together they drove cross-country to New York in 1976, in a pickup truck—Hastreiter's—with a dragon painted on the side. They sublet a place on Houston, and Hastreiter found work as a salesgirl at Betsey Bunky Nini, a boutique that Betsey Johnson owned with two partners,

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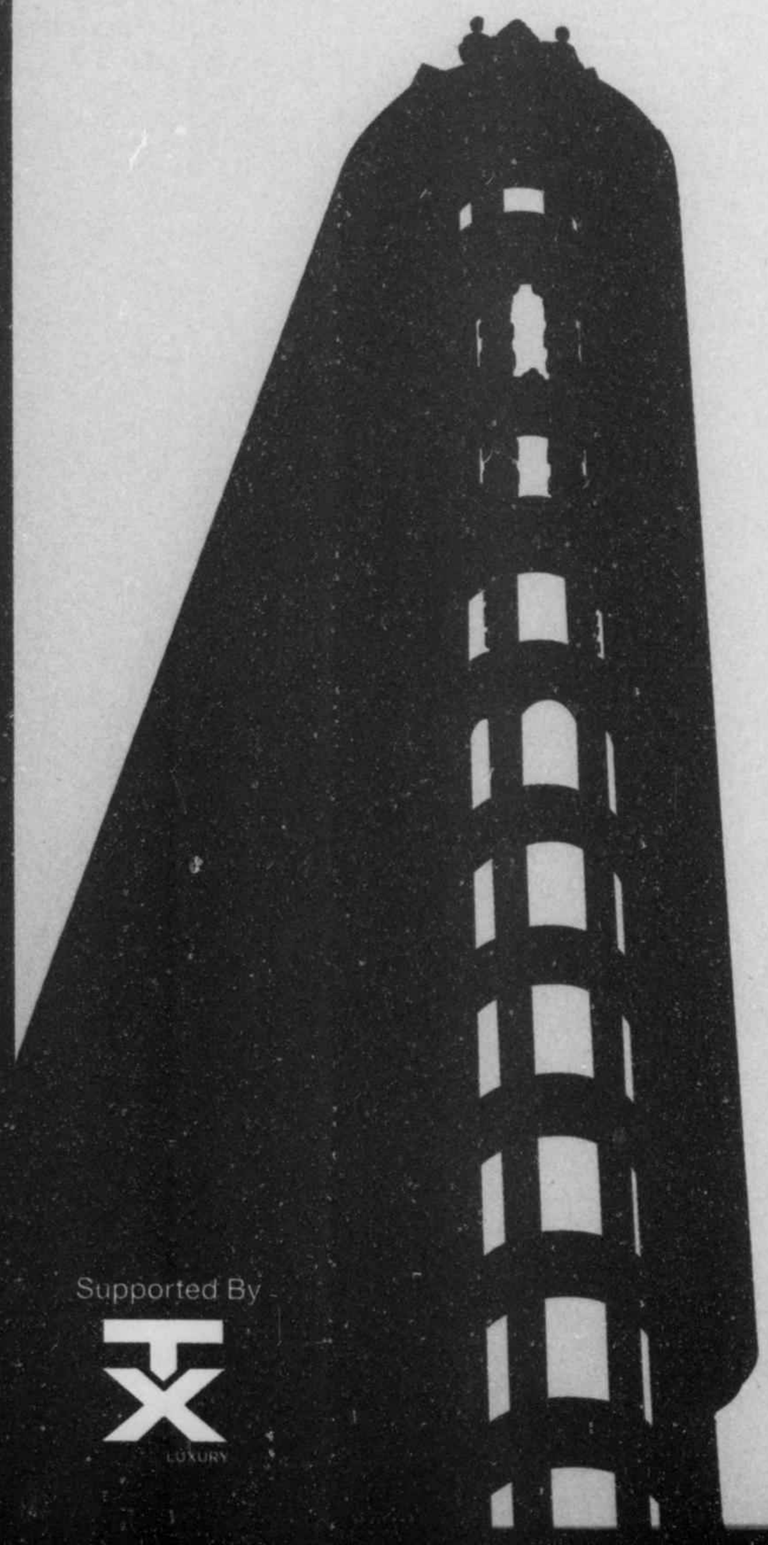

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on upper Madison, which was frequented by offbeat socialites and movie stars. Soon she was designing avant-garde windows. "She was a stylist, idea whiz kid, downtown gal," Johnson told me. "She was a fashion wonder."

Hastreiter and Arias went out dancing every night. "My look was leopard, complete leopard," she said. "One of my outfits was two scarves—one for the top and one for the bottom." Walking to work from the subway, wearing a fringed Castelbajac coat made from a Hudson Bay blanket, she was spotted by Bill Cunningham, the *Times* style photographer, who took her picture. They became friends, and he told her that the SoHo *Weekly News* was looking for a style editor. Hastreiter got the job.

"Everyone at the SoHo *News* went out all night, slept all day, and got to the office at 3 P.M.," Hastreiter said. She was a fixture at the Mudd Club, on White Street, which was the province of Debbie Harry, Fab Five Freddy, and the B-52s. "Then the new generation of kids, the younger generation, started Club 57 at 57 St. Mark's Place," Hastreiter said. "That was Ann Magnuson, Keith Haring, Kenny Scharf, and John Sex." She often featured the Club 57 kids in the SoHo *News*. "I started noticing in 1979 or 1980 that art and fashion and music and everything was crisscrossing. The artists were making fashion, the fashion people were making music. Stephen Sprouse was working with Debbie Harry. Malcolm McLaren and Vivienne Westwood were mixing music and fashion." That observation became the basis for most of what she finds interesting in fashion today.

On a Thursday night in July, Hastreiter invited me to meet her and Laura Wills, an old friend who started the vintage store Screaming Mimi's, at a gallery downtown. A former *Paper* copy editor, the writer and comedian Mike Albo, was going to appear with the Dazzle Dancers, an outrageous troupe that Hastreiter had once asked to perform at a dinner party for Almodóvar and another time, in an effort to lift spirits after 9/11, at Odeon, a restaurant not far from Ground Zero. There were three hundred people trying to get into the gallery, and the police were clearing the sidewalk, saying that the place was filled to capacity. A woman popped her head out the door and mouthed to Hastreiter, "Don't go." A few minutes later, she pulled the three of us in.

Inside, glitter flew through the air, lodging itself in ear wells, nose folds, scalps. The Dazzle Dancers—clad in neon strings and bits of iridescent fabric—jogged toward the stage. Each one kissed Hastreiter as he or she passed by.

The dance routine, heavily indebted to seventies workout videos, ended with the dancers shedding their costumes and bouncing around naked for a while. Hastreiter turned to Wills and stretched her mouth into a wide, delighted, "Oh my god" expression, followed by a "Ha! Ha!" She spotted a drag queen in a tiara and said that he used to do layouts for *Paper*.

We made our way back out to the street, and a young woman approached us. "I thought that was bullshit. What did you think?" she asked.

"Well, they're old friends of mine," Hastreiter responded.

"You should see some *real* shit sometime," the woman said, informing Hastreiter that she herself was trained in modern dance.

"I like them and I came to support them."

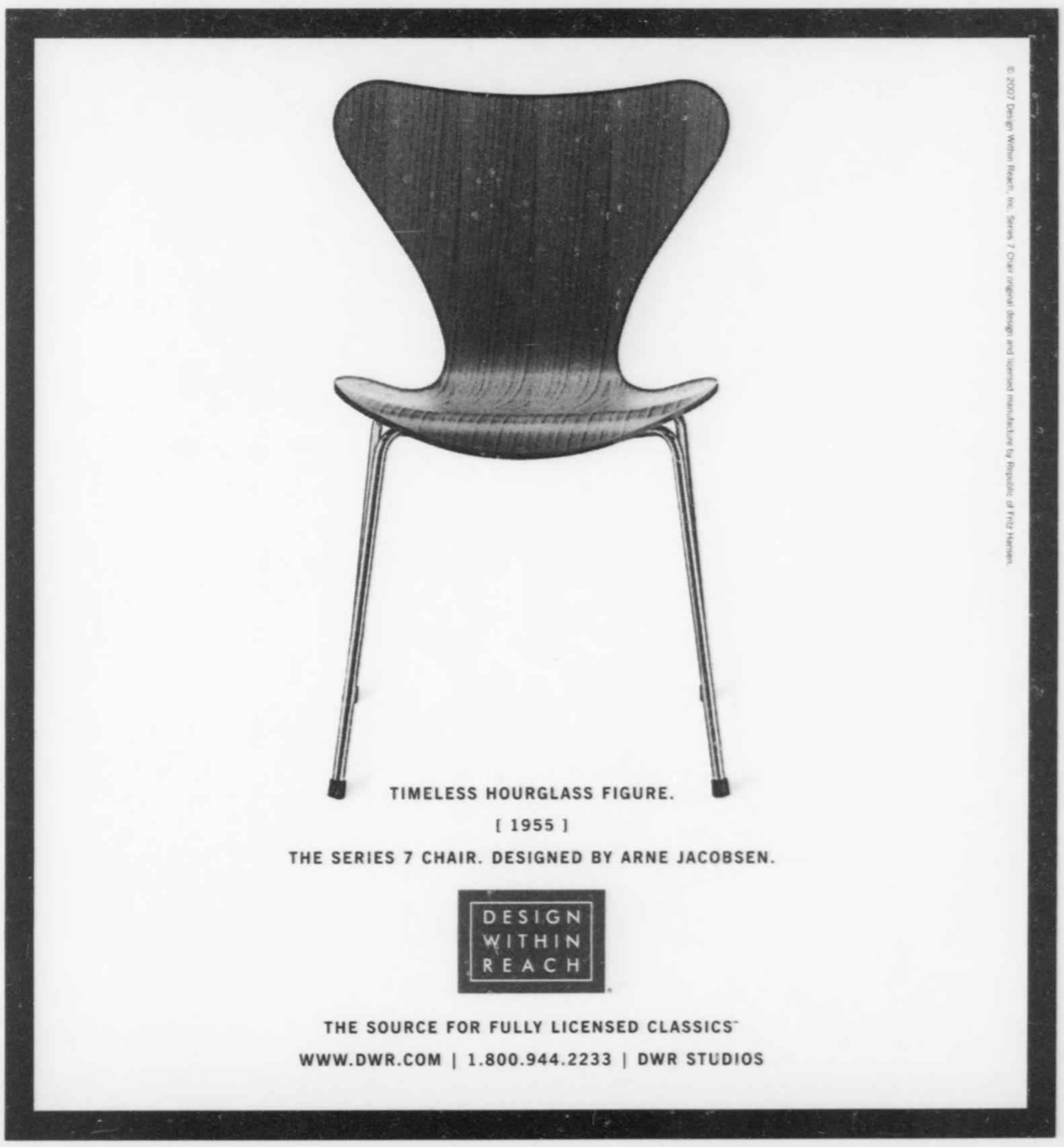
"But the performance was kind of cracked out."

"I'm not a dance critic; I just like them. They're having fun," she said, respectfully. After chatting for a few more minutes, Hastreiter excused herself.

"Kim doesn't see status. In her world, we're all wearing a badge that says 'Hi, my name is—'" Murray Moss told me. It's a blindness that goes in both directions: she is not a snob, and she isn't cowed by snobbery. As Moss put it, "She is so unintimidated she could be royalty."

Downtown—crime-ridden, sparsely inhabited, practically restaurant-free—was just beginning to boom when the SoHo *News* folded, in 1982. Hastreiter and Hershkovits, who was a writer and assistant managing editor there, started *Paper* with Richard Weigand and Lucy Sisman, art designers who freelanced at the *Times*. (Weigand and Sisman left *Paper* many years ago.) It was a way to continue documenting the emerging scene. "I still think we have the DNA of that time in the culture of the magazine," Hershkovits said. "That's what distinguishes us from other, similar things. We still do come from a community. Maybe no one knows what we're talking about, but it's there. People have a sense of it, or we school them in it."

The original *Paper* offices were on Lispenard Street, in a loft that Hastreiter bought with money she inherited from her grandmother. The lighting designer



Ingo Maurer lived upstairs. The sportswear designer Willi Smith lived below. A story in the *Daily News* in 1982 described the "New Wave glamor" of Hastreiter's décor: "Silver Cadillac paint is on the walls of the kitchen area. The dressing area is carpeted with wall-to-wall green Astro Turf. And nearly all of Hastreiter's appliances are 'customized' by Kenny Scharf, a New Wave artist who renders TVs, phones, coffee grinders and clocks nearly unidentifiable. For example, he painted Hastreiter's wireless antenna phone with Day-glo pyramids and a crucifix, glued a fake jewel to the 0 and topped the antenna with Christmas tinsel." Hastreiter liked the location because it was down the street from the Mudd Club. She tended to go there in her pajamas.

The first issue of the magazine was a folded poster in graphic black-and-white, smattered with stars and Haring-esque dashes, and it announced its ambitions on the back cover: it would be "Timelier than the Times"; "New Yorker than the New Yorker"; with "Nothing out of Vogue." It covered KonTiki style, home-brewed beer, art shows, design schools, the latest recording by Afrika Bambaataa. Homey exhortations ran vertically or doglegged around cut-and-pasted photographs: "Brighten up your tenement, buy a Liberace chandelier"; "Old fashioned witch hazel is the best cure for bruised knees." The aesthetic was do-it-yourself punk rock, with an elegant, humorous twist. In an early issue, Isabel Toledo modelled homemade snoods: one crocheted, one made from a supermarket onion bag, one a Woolworth's hairnet, one fashioned from jockstraps. There were "Hints from Hell-o-ise," on subjects such as "How do I remove a junkie from my couch?" Answer: "Purchase or borrow a sound effect record and tape the selection entitled 'Human Screams.' Place Walkman headphones securely over the ears of the nodding offender; shut all the lights in the room except one, trained on the exit (door or window). Turn up the volume to 10 and turn it on. You can also use any Yoko Ono record." The magazine's finances were likewise do-it-yourself. Hastreiter went around the city selling ads; for a while, her mother was the bookkeeper and subscription manager. In the early days, *Paper* was often laid out, after hours, at the *Times*.

Over the years, the magazine has evolved into a standard-size, perfect-bound glossy, but its enthusiasms are no less idiosyncratic than they were. It still feels autobiographical, like a yearbook or a MySpace page. "It's the longest-running zine in history and it plays by zine rules," Sally Singer, an editor at *Vogue* and a friend of Hastreiter, says. The fashion coverage is daring, and done on the cheap, with good results. In 1998, for example, Hastreiter commissioned the Malian photographer Malick Sidibe to shoot a fashion story on the beaches of Bamako. Hastreiter decided to have him photograph locals wearing designer bathing suits, which rolled neatly into the stylist's luggage. The photographs are stunning. Sidibe, who this year won the lifetime-achievement award at the Venice Biennale, was paid in film, since it was expensive in Mali and *Paper* had a deal with Kodak. A few years ago, Hastreiter asked the artist Coop—known for his busty, hot-rod-style pinups—to illustrate the couture collections. "The P.R. people got freaked but the designers loved it," she said. (When she asked Coop to do bathing suits, he gave her a drawing of a nude woman marked with tan lines from a Prada bikini and holding a tiny, strategically placed Prada pocketbook.) For this September's fashion issue, she commissioned the artists at Creative Growth to make drawings of clothes from the fall collections. Looking at their interpretations, probably for the hundredth time, she slapped her hand on her desk with joy and laughed raucously. "What are these fashion people going to say?"

"Kim's tastes are a lot riskier than most people's in fashion editorial, and she takes more chances, but Kim looks at fashion as a legitimate form of cultural production, equivalent to art," Carlo McCormick, an art critic who has worked at *Paper* since the beginning, said. "Classic is really important to her, but she has soft spots for things that border on failure or the absurd or the ridiculous. She's not looking for the next Tom Ford. She's looking for the next bold outsider."

From time to time, Hastreiter holds open calls for young designers in a rented Winnebago, which she named the Fashionmobile. One year, she parked the Fashionmobile in Union Square, with Geoffrey Beene and Amy Spindler, a *Times* fashion editor, inside. Doo-Ri Chung, who was then in her early twenties and designing men's clothes at Banana Republic, remembers getting there at five in the morning, taking a number, and waiting in the scorching August heat. When her turn came, she showed what she called a "Claire McCardell-inspired

"Tenth circle. Ladies' shoes."

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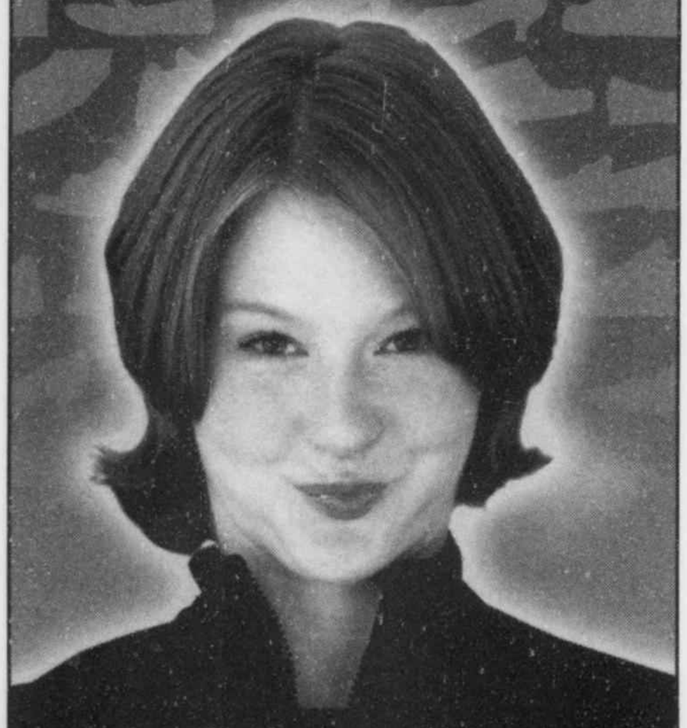

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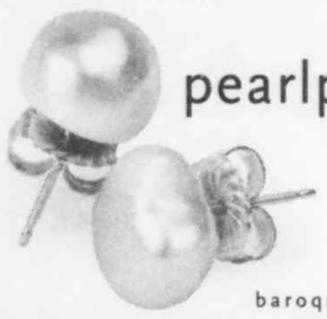

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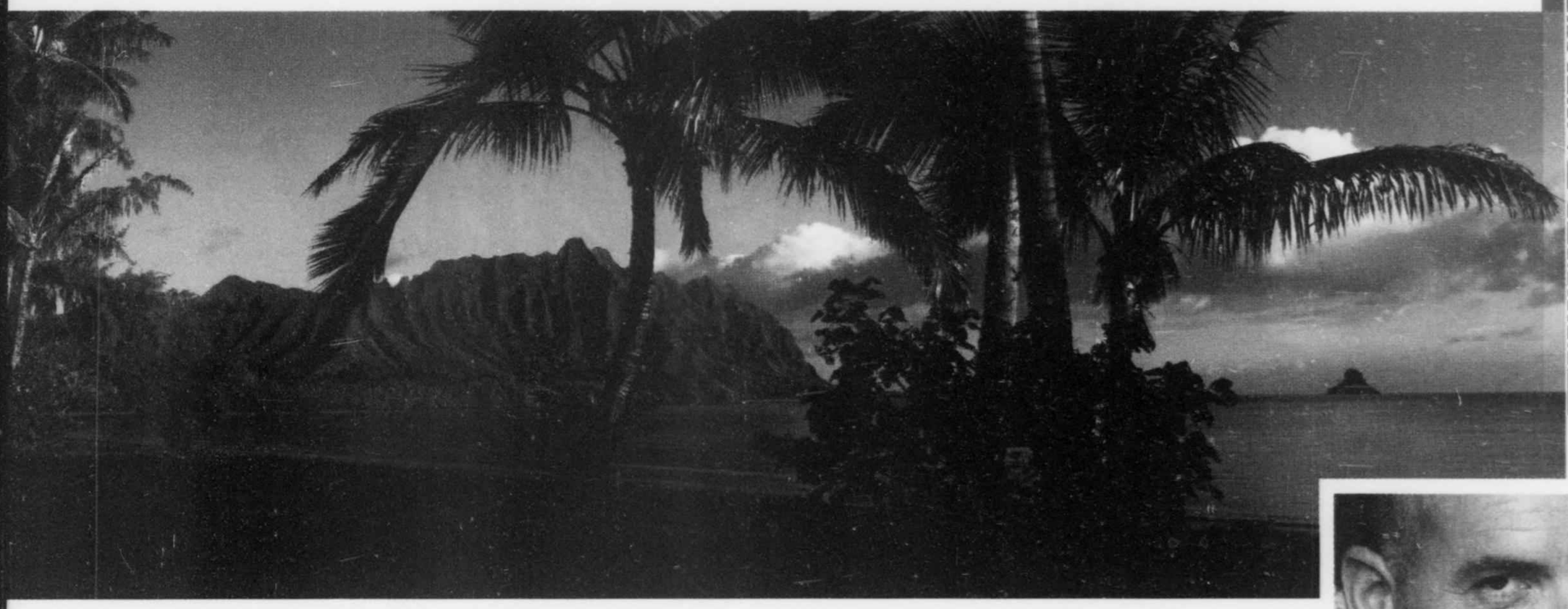
diaper dress, in charcoal-gray cashmere." Beene subsequently hired her as his assistant, and last year she won the Swarovski's Perry Ellis Award for women's wear from the Council of Fashion Designers of America. Jeremy Scott, who presented work in the Fashionmobile just after graduating from college, and earned a notice from Spindler in the *Times*, says that Hastreiter "has always been championing the underdogs and the eccentrics and the special needs of all the artistic domains. Some of them end up bursting aboveground and growing legs and being able to take off, and some of them don't, but it doesn't matter. It's about championing people that are creative, unique individuals who are challenging. But she's not single-minded. If Dolce & Gabbana does something that's very interesting, artistic, and wild, she's going to support that, too."

Hastreiter introduced the director John Waters to Pedro Almodóvar, and Almodóvar to Ruben and Isabel Toledo. Through her, the Toledos met Manolo Blahnik, who then supplied shoes for Isabel's shows (and designed a shoe called the Isabel), and Ted Muehling, who lent Isabel earrings for the same purpose. Hastreiter brought Pink Martini to the Toledos' studio; now Isabel makes clothes for China Forbes, the lead singer, and the Toledos visit the band out West. "My friends at this point have interconnected," Hastreiter says. "I've introduced them to each other, and this whole community has emerged." Ruben said that he would like someday to build a sculpture and call it "The Family Tree of Kim Hastreiter." He has already imagined it: "It has limbs with branches that keep giving fruits—and the roots! It goes in many directions and has a lot of breadth and its branches cover a lot of terrain. I would need a big space. An incredibly big space. I see a lot of scaffolding, a lot of crazy ladders and rope, and maybe a fireman's pole through the whole thing, for speed."

Corporations have also recognized Hastreiter's skill at connecting people. She works with *Paper's* advertisers to help them reach their intended audience, organizing parties and events, and consulting on campaigns. In 2002, she and Hershkovits formalized this dimension of the magazine's services by starting an offshoot called Extra, Extra. The company's biggest asset is *Paper's* Rolodex. At the Rufus Wainright party, which was sponsored by Splash, a Marc Jacobs body spray, Hastreiter looked around and said, "The people in this room are hard people for brands to capture, because they're really skeptical, but they're the blabbermouths, the mavens, the connectors, the discoverers."

Hastreiter tries to teach companies how to work with artists without turning them off, and helps artists navigate the world of corporate sponsorships. This summer, she arranged a meeting between the jeans company Diesel and Leyla Safai, an L.A. artist who had moved to New York and was going to be driving around selling imported treats, mix tapes, and sticker packs out of a pink ice-cream truck with a Marimekko-upholstered driver's seat. "I knew I'd need a chunk of change and called Kim," Safai said. "She's good for that." Hastreiter approached Dan Barton, Diesel's vice-president of communications. "She phoned me to tell me that there is this really 'cool chick' who drives a super cute, one-of-a-kind ice-cream truck who she thinks would be a perfect fit for Diesel," Barton wrote me in an e-mail. "So we go down to the *Paper* office and meet with Leyla. Kim is right; everything about Leyla fits with Diesel's often difficult-to-understand brand values." Diesel agreed to underwrite some of Safai's costs. In exchange, she agreed to hand out ice cream at a Diesel event and to display a sign in the window of her truck: "Read Paper, Wear Diesel, Eat Ice Cream, Follow Your Heart."

In 2002, Hastreiter attracted the attention of the creative team at Target when, in her annual design issue, she devoted two pieces to the store. In one, she took Moss to a Target in Queens and interviewed him about the Pop effects of product "striping" (placing color-coördinated multiples on the shelves). For the other, she invited some designer friends to invent new products for the store. Pierre Cardin designed simple, modern coffeepots and thermoses; Vladimir Kagan drew sketches for cocktail shakers,



TRANQUIL BY DESIGN

By John Heckathorn

"Hawai'i is a design inspiration," says Gordon Thompson III. "It seems that every decade, Hawai'i has come up with its own distinctive design sense—the use of pattern and color, the reflections of the natural world and of Hawaiian tradition."

Thompson knows something about design. During his thirteen years working at Nike, he "had a little bit to do," he says, with making the Nike swoosh one of the world's most recognizable logos. Trained in architecture, environmental design, and set design, Thompson oversaw the design of apparel, footwear, and equipment, as well as Nike's retail stores. He was also responsible for Nike's image in film, graphics, and other media.

Thompson notes that the current design movement in Hawai'i is to reinterpret traditional prints. "It's been a very 'print season' in both ready-to-wear and accessories," he says, "so the nature-based prints so prevalent in the islands are something I find very inspirational."

In 2000, Thompson was granted a six-week sabbatical from his job. He headed to Hawai'i to surf—and to fulfill his lifelong goal of buying a house there. Not just any house: he purchased the former Black Point home of Duke Kahanamoku, the Olympic swimmer, movie actor, and surfer who spread the sport across the world. For decades, Kahanamoku was also the sheriff of Honolulu, functioning as the city's greeter and most prominent citizen, the embodiment of sharing the aloha spirit.

"The *mana*"—spirit—"in that home is incredible," says Thomson. "When I was in architecture school, a teacher told me that buildings are like living organisms. Beyond aesthetics, there is an aura, a certain warmth that can envelop you. That is exactly what happened at our house."

Thompson finds the aura and design of Kahanamoku's former home to be tranquil and very Hawaiian. "To this day," he says, "everyone who walks in says the same thing: the house has an overwhelming calmness to it. I am glad we left so much of the original house when we renovated. It feels like old Hawai'i, still alive in the present day."

In 2000, Thompson moved on from Nike to become an executive vice president and creative director of Cole Haan, which Nike had purchased in the late eighties. There, with a mandate to reinvent the brand, he used Nike air technology to make comfortable high heels for women.

Just this summer, Thompson stepped away from his executive position at Cole Haan to function as the company's creative consultant. The move means he can focus on design. "But basically," he notes, "it means I can spend more time in Hawai'i."

CLOCKWISE, *TOP:* OAHU SHORELINE © GETTY IMAGES; *RIGHT:* GORDON THOMPSON © COLE HAAN; BOTTOM, *LEFT:* SARONGS WITH COLORFUL HAWAIIAN PRINTS © MITCH DIAMOND/ALAMY. *RIGHT:* HAWAIIAN TEXTILES © JAMES L. AMOS/CORBIS

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attractive toilet brushes, and ergonomic frying pans. Three Target executives flew to New York to meet Hastreiter, and later hired her as a consultant. "I'm this person who's whispering—or screaming—in their ear, an enthusiast," Hastreiter says. "If they're going to Europe, I tell them they should go to these stores, see these designers. When they come to New York, I'm the one schlepping them to some place they wouldn't have gone otherwise. It's very broad. I'm just a resource for advice. They run things by me." A few years ago, she introduced Target to the Art Production Fund, a nonprofit cofounded by the former art consultant Yvonne Force. Now Target is collaborating with Force to produce limited-edition, artist-designed beach towels, which sell for fifty dollars. The artists include Alex Katz, Rob Pruitt, Richard Phillips, and Marilyn Minter, and the towels, Force says, have been seen on beaches in the Hamptons and at Coney Island.

At the end of July, Hastreiter invited some friends over for dinner. Romeo barked like crazy and peed on a novelist's leg. Hastreiter served homegrown red and green cherry tomatoes as hors d'oeuvres. The night was warm and breezy, and on the terrace the pink hibiscus and black-eyed Susans moved under an almost-full yellow moon. Isabel Toledo, Sally Singer, Laura Wills, and Thelma Golden, the director of the Studio Museum in Harlem, sat on some couches. Hastreiter was in an armchair at the edge of the group, merrily exhorting her guests to check out her peppers. She was wearing bright green, which matched her Ted Muehling earrings and the elastic that held her ponytail. The Lagos-born designer Duro Olowu—whom Hastreiter fixed up with Golden a year ago—appeared on the terrace, and Hastreiter made a fuss over his baggy-seated, slim-legged, spiral-seamed bluejeans, which came from Japan. She asked if he knew some friends of hers with a great store in San Francisco. Before the night was over, she had begun to lay the groundwork for his clothes to be sold there.

In the living room, Mickey Boardman, a *Paper* editor who, as "Mr. Mickey," writes the advice column, sat on the built-in couch, talking with Ikram Goldman, the owner of a boutique in Chicago. Goldman was seven months pregnant, and wearing a sheer black Lanvin bib dress. Boardman had on a pair of khakis and a blue sport shirt, with a rainbow-sherbet-colored sequinned woman's jumper tied around his neck, and a blue-plastic heart bracelet on his wrist. The table was set with light-gray and charcoal ceramic bowls and plates, made, after long consultation with Hastreiter, by Heath, a company in Sausalito. The napkins were orange, lime, and red. At the last minute, an extra person had come, so Hastreiter pulled up a chair and made it a table for thirteen. Fig leaves from the terrace pressed against the window glass.

"Now I'm going to be like an insane person," Hastreiter said, surveying the table when the bowls had been filled with a pale-yellow cold squash soup she had cooked the night before. "It just doesn't look good." She went around the table with a clutch of chives from the terrace, snipping a few centimetres' worth into each bowl. The seating was casual. "I want to sit in the middle," Hastreiter said, taking her spot. "So this is a yellow squash soup," she announced, and unceremoniously started to eat.

Boardman said that Hastreiter was going to be making her début at the Hollywood Bowl in September, playing the triangle for Pink Martini in the song "Brazil." Then Boardman told the tale of "the oldest living intern," who came to *Paper* after her husband died, eventually became the staff party photographer, and is known for her tendency to wear sunglasses while shooting at night. (John Waters based the "blind paparazzo" character in his film "Pecker" on her.) "The hip-hop people love her," Hastreiter said.

Out came a dill sauce and a chimichurri and a blue tureen full of corn salad and a red one with rice salad, along with a delicate pink poached salmon. After a while, Hastreiter got up to fetch the dessert, a peach torte that she had made that morning. At the table, Isabel was clapping wildly at something Boardman had said. Laughter made it hard to hear the words. Hastreiter smiled and, glistening in the humid night, glasses sliding down her nose, served up a big heap of peaches and ice cream. Somewhere on her, a speck of glitter winked. ♦

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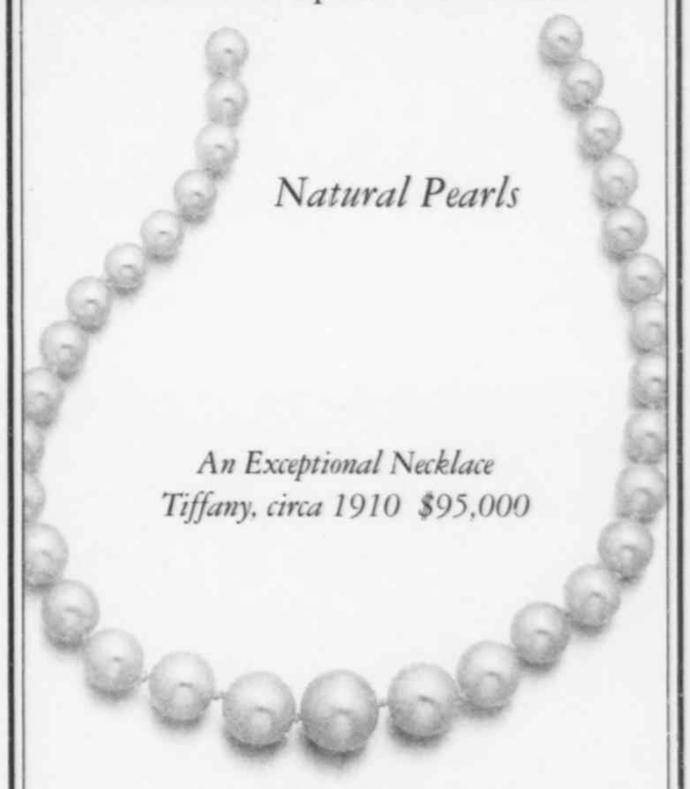

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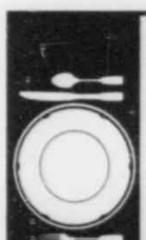

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ANNALS OF TECHNOLOGY

SOLAR CHIC

Dressing off the grid.

BY HENRY ALFORD

Now you can let your clothes charge your small household appliances.

History has not been kind to garments that serve a function other than that of keeping their wearers warm or unnaked or adorable. You don't see a lot of people running around in chain mail these days, and the vogue for beer helmets—those baseball hats equipped with beer-can holders that allow the hat's wearer to drink beer through a plastic tube—seems to have stalled in frat houses. But I have hopes of better things for the Solar-Powered Jacket, a new item that the Italian firm Ermenegildo Zegna is launching later this year. Its heart is in the right place. Moreover, after test-driving the jacket for a three-week period recently, I can report that it possesses a quality quite rare in an article of clothing: utter unpredictability.

I started on the seventeenth floor of Zegna's offices, on Fifth Avenue, where Christian Lorey, one of the company's sales directors, issued me a prototype of a silvery-gray bomber jacket made of a breathable fabric called Microtene. Lorey is an ebullient man with a diamond stud in each ear and a fondness for the word "ciao." He pointed out two two-inch-by-three-inch solar panels embedded in the jacket's removable Nehru-style collar. The panels are wired to a battery in the breast pocket which is the size of a deck of cards; with four hours' worth of sun, the battery can be used to charge five- and six-volt appliances like cell phones and iPods.

Lorey sketched a few scenarios in which the solar jacket would be useful. "Say you've driven from San Francisco to Napa and you're having lunch at the French Laundry. You can leave the collar on your dashboard and let it charge while you eat," he said. "Or, in the Northeast or the Caribbean, it's great for boat owners—say, if you're on a boat for a week." I asked if the solar panels were fragile, and Lorey told me that if I took a hammer to them they'd break. He added, "But you can throw the coat in the back of your Bugatti and you'll be fine."

Putting on the jacket, I headed off for the No. 6 train—I'm riding it while my Bugatti is in the shop—eager to start charging my battery. Owing to a slight metallic sheen and to the verticality of its three-inch-high, solar-panel-bearing collar, the jacket attracts its share of stares on the street. "It's a solar jacket," I found myself explaining to one gawking passerby, who gave me a thumbs-up and said, "Beautiful." Over the next several days, I experimented with various methods of harvesting the sun's energy—with the collar both on the jacket and off—and then injecting this fiery goodness into my cell phone and iPod. I loved obsessing over the positioning of the three-inch-by-eighteen-inch removable collar in my office window as I tried to make it soak up the sun's rays as effectively as possible; I was reminded of tanning, or of grilling eggplant. One day, outside a café, I sat on a bench with my feet pulled up in front of me so that my knees were shoulder height; I dangled the two shiny black solar panels over my kneecaps, like some sort of Sierra Club pasties. The peak experience, though, was the first time I juiced my iPod with the power of the sun; I whooped with

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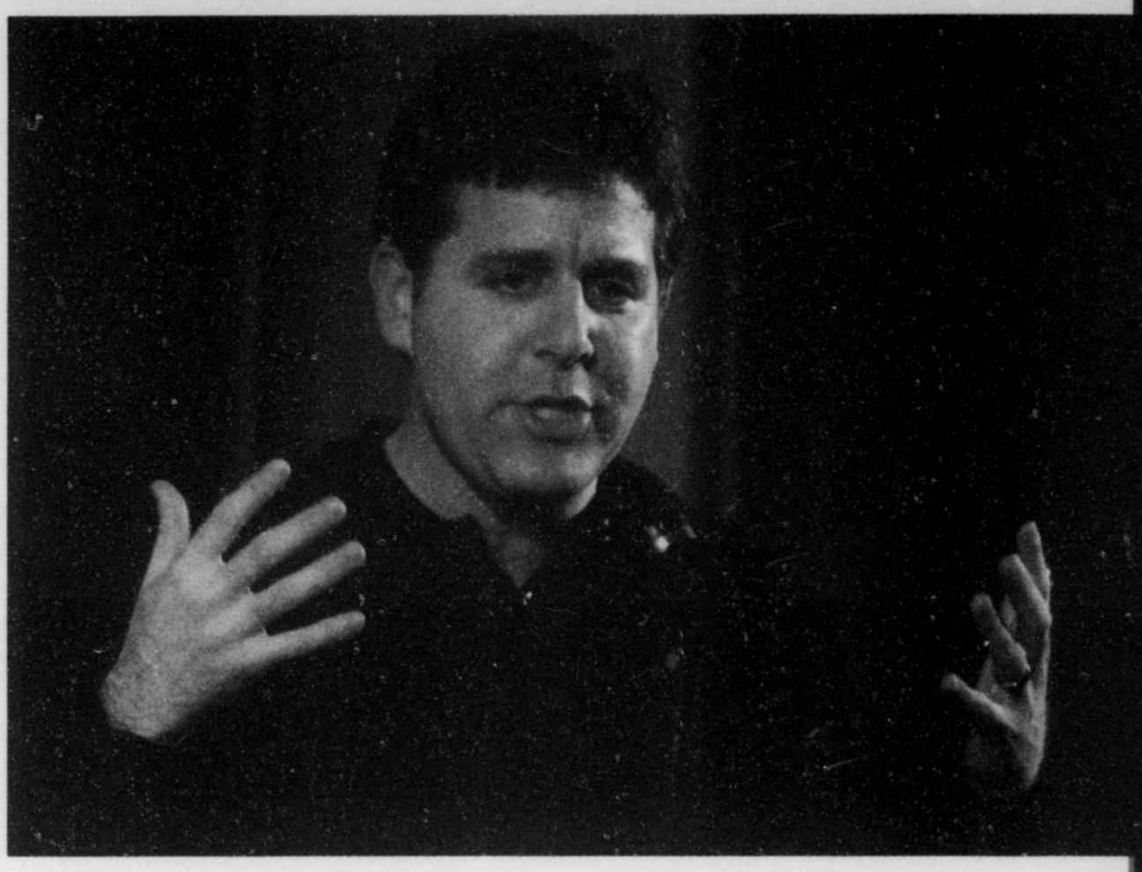
Everyone Has a Story

PRESIDENT CLINTON & THE EGG TIMER

A "Best of The Moth" Story Selection

MARK KATZ was President Bill Clinton's humor writer and also penned speeches for Vice President Al Gore and Secretary of State Madeleine Albright during the Clinton years. In 2004, he published "Clinton & Me" (Miramax Books), an epic comic journey that took him from the principal's office to the Oval Office. In this adaptation of a story he told live at a Moth event, the unimpeachable Katz puts a painfully funny spin on the time he pitched a self-deprecating joke to an embattled President in no mood to laugh.



It's Washington, D.C., on a snowy Saturday night in January, 1995. I'm in a holding room in a hotel wearing a tuxedo. In my left hand is a draft of a speech I've written; in my right hand is an egg timer. I'm doing deep-breathing exercises because I know at any moment through that door will walk the President of the United States.

While I can't explain briefly how I came to write humor speeches for Bill Clinton over the course of his two terms in office, I can tell you that this was a particularly bad time to be doing it. Just a few months earlier he'd received a severe rebuke in the 1994 midterm elections: Newt Gingrich and his Contract-with-America Republican Congress. At that moment, Bill Clinton seemed like a guy halfway through a failed term. Everyone knew that 1995 had to be a good year for him or '96 would be his last, so his White House set out a plan to get him back on track. Part of that plan included the State of the Union address.

> "President Clinton relieved me of my egg timer, taking it forcibly from my hands and placing it on a mantel as though he was a parent taking a sharp instrument away from a child."

They put together such an ambitious speech, so chock-full of agenda-setting ideas, in fact, that it set a new record: it was an hour and twenty-one minutes long. In the news the next day, *all* the pundits could talk about was how long his speech was, all but ignoring its content. Everyone at the White House was very upset. Everyone but me. Because now I was there that week to write a humor speech for him.

Every year, the President gives four humor speeches. There's the White House Correspondents' Dinner, the Gridiron Dinner, the Radio & Television Correspondents' Dinner, and one I promise that you haven't heard of, the Alfalfa Club Dinner—a fraternity of very important Washington insiders all there to hear a humor speech from the President. I realized this was a great opportunity. All of a sudden this speech had a reason to be relevant. Now I wanted to give him a comic retort to the silly accusation that he'd given a State of the Union address that was too long. The solution was simple enough: an everyday egg timer.

The whole idea was that the President would set his egg timer to five minutes, and place it on the corner of the podium brimming with gravitas, unleashing a room full of laughter and applause for someone doing self-directed humor at his own expense. Maybe this joke would reassure those in the room who wished him well—and unnerve those who did not. This was my hope for this speech even as Bill Clinton entered the hotel holding room where I was waiting all alone, less than an hour before he was going to deliver it.

Now, I could tell from the moment he walked in, he was not the least bit happy to be there. I said, "Good evening, Mr. President!" But he had no "hello" for me. Only a grim look. A moment later, the First Lady came into the room. She didn't even make eye contact. The first words the President had for me that night were, "You can put that egg timer away . . ."

READ "PRESIDENT CLINTON & THE EGG TIMER" IN ITS ENTIRETY AT THEMOTH.ORG/ARTOFTHESTORY

TOP: KATZ IMAGE ©JUDY ROSENTHAL; BELOW: COURTESY OF THE MOTH

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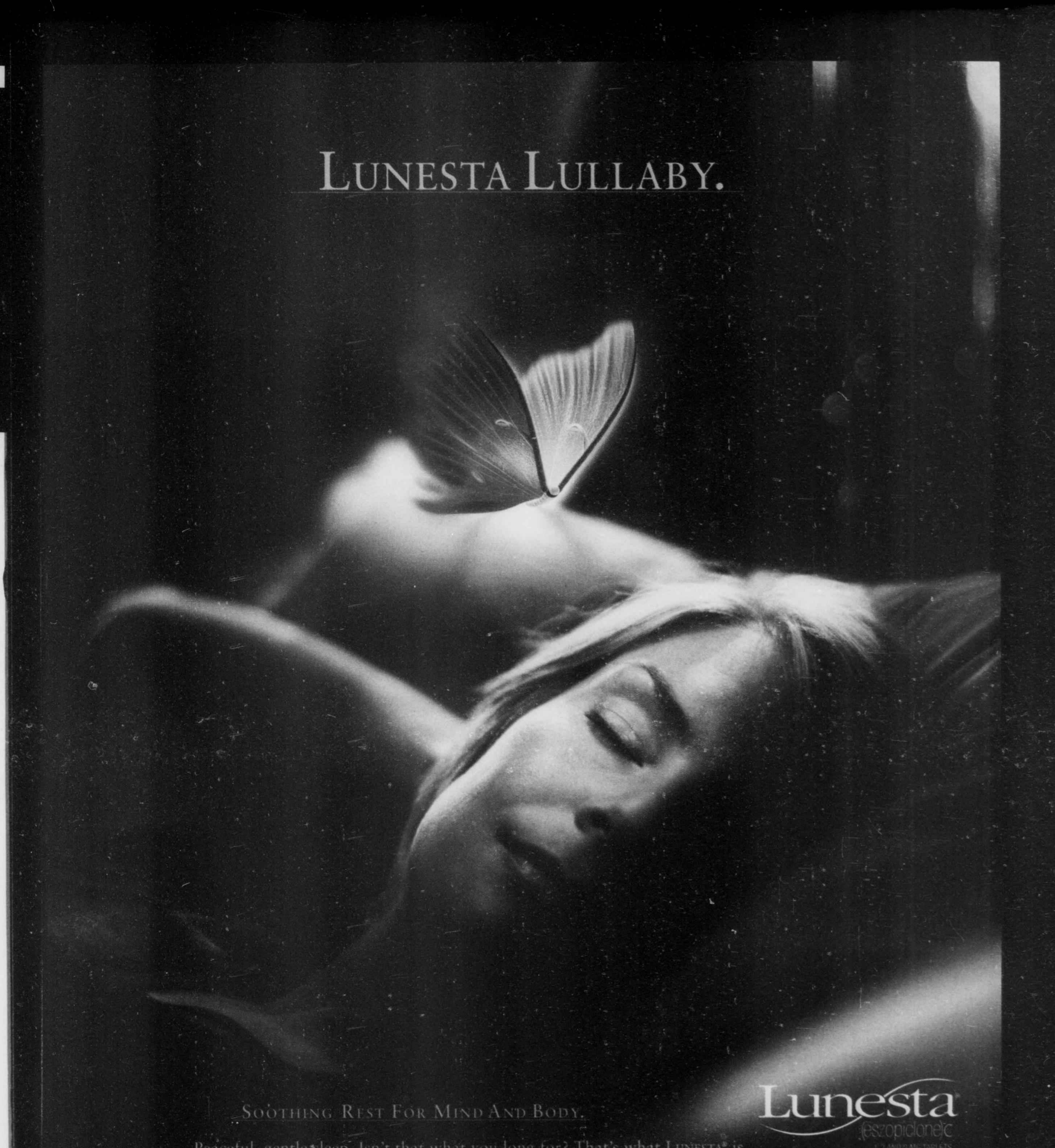

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- Lightheadedness
- Difficulty with coordination

Sleep medicines can make you sleepy during the day. How drowsy you feel depends upon how your body reacts to the medicine, which sleep medicine you are taking, and how large a dose your doctor has prescribed. Daytime drowsiness is best avoided by taking the lowest dose possible that will still help you sleep at night. Your doctor will work with you to find the dose of LUNESTA that is best for you. Some people taking LUNESTA have reported next-day sleepiness.

To manage these side effects while you are taking this medicine:

- When you first start taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, until you know whether the medicine will still have some effect on you the next day, use extreme care while doing anything that requires complete alertness, such as driving a car, operating machinery, or piloting an aircraft.
- Do not drink alcohol when you are taking LUNESTA or any sleep medicine. Alcohol can increase the side effects of LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine.
- Do not take any other medicines without asking your doctor first. This includes medicines you can buy without a prescription. Some medicines can cause drowsiness and are best avoided while taking LUNESTA.
- Always take the exact dose of LUNESTA prescribed by your doctor. Never change your dose without talking to your doctor first.

Special Concerns

There are some special problems that may occur while taking sleep medicines.

Memory Problems

Sleep medicines may cause a special type of memory loss or "amnesia." When this occurs, a person may not remember what has happened for several hours after taking the medicine. This is usually not a problem since most people fall asleep after taking the medicine. Memory loss can be a problem, however, when sleep medicines are taken while traveling, such as during an airplane flight and the person wakes up before the effect of the medicine is gone. This has been called "traveler's amnesia." Memory problems have been reported rarely by patients taking LUNESTA in clinical studies. In most cases, memory problems can be avoided if you take LUNESTA only when you are able to get a full night of sleep before you need to be active again. Be sure to talk to your doctor if you think you are having memory problems.

Tolerance

When sleep medicines are used every night for more than a few weeks, they may lose their effectiveness in helping you sleep. This is known as "tolerance." Development of tolerance to LUNESTA was not observed in a clinical study of 6 months' duration. Insomnia is often transient and intermittent, and prolonged use of sleep medicines is generally not necessary. Some people, though, have chronic sleep problems that may require more prolonged use of sleep medicine. If your sleep problems continue, consult your doctor, who will determine whether other measures are needed to overcome your sleep problems.

Dependence

Sleep medicines can cause dependence in some people, especially when these medicines are used regularly for longer than a few weeks or at high doses. Dependence is the need to continue taking a medicine because stopping it is unpleasant.

When people develop dependence, stopping the medicine suddenly may cause unpleasant symptoms (see *Withdrawal* below). They may find they have to keep taking the medicine either at the prescribed dose or at increasing doses just to avoid withdrawal symptoms.

All people taking sleep medicines have some risk of becoming dependent on the medicine. However, people who have been dependent on alcohol or other drugs in the past may have a higher chance of becoming addicted to sleep medicines. This possibility must be considered before using these medicines for more than a few weeks. If you have been addicted to alcohol or drugs in the past, it is important to tell your doctor before starting LUNESTA or any sleep medicine.

Withdrawal

Withdrawal symptoms may occur when sleep medicines are stopped suddenly after being used daily for a long time. In some cases, these symptoms can occur even if the medicine has been used for only a week or two. In mild cases, withdrawal symptoms may include unpleasant feelings. In more severe cases, abdominal and muscle cramps, vomiting, sweating, shakiness, and, rarely, seizures may occur. These more severe withdrawal symptoms are very uncommon. Although withdrawal symptoms have not been observed in the relatively limited controlled trials experience with LUNESTA, there is, nevertheless, the risk of such events in association with the use of any sleep medicine.

Another problem that may occur when sleep medicines are stopped is known as "rebound insomnia." This means that a person may have more trouble sleeping the first few nights after the medicine is stopped than before starting the medicine. If you should experience rebound insomnia, do not get discouraged. This problem usually goes away on its own after 1 or 2 nights.

If you have been taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine for more than 1 or 2 weeks, do not stop taking it on your own. Always follow your doctor's directions.

Changes In Behavior And Thinking

Some people using sleep medicines have experienced unusual changes in their thinking and/or behavior. These effects are not common. However, they have included:

- More outgoing or aggressive behavior than normal
- Confusion
- Strange behavior
- Agitation
- Hallucinations
- Worsening of depression
- Suicidal thoughts

How often these effects occur depends on several factors, such as a person's general health, the use of other medicines, and which sleep medicine is being used. Clinical experience with LUNESTA suggests that it is rarely associated with these behavior changes.

It is also important to realize it is rarely clear whether these behavior changes are caused by the medicine, are caused by an illness, or have occurred on their own. In fact, sleep problems that do not improve may be due to illnesses that were present before the medicine was used. If you or your family notice any changes in your behavior, or if you have any unusual or disturbing thoughts, call your doctor immediately.

Pregnancy And Breastfeeding

Sleep medicines may cause sedation or other potential effects in the unborn baby when used during the last weeks of pregnancy. Be sure to tell your doctor if you are pregnant, if you are planning to become pregnant, or if you become pregnant while taking LUNESTA.

In addition, a very small amount of LUNESTA may be present in breast milk after use of the medication. The effects of very small amounts of LUNESTA on an infant are not known; therefore, as with all other prescription sleep medicines, it is recommended that you not take LUNESTA if you are breast-feeding a baby.

Safe Use Of Sleep Medicines

To ensure the safe and effective use of LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, you should observe the following cautions:

1. LUNESTA is a prescription medicine and should be used ONLY as directed by your doctor. Follow your doctor's instructions about how to take, when to take, and how long to take LUNESTA.
2. Never use LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine for longer than directed by your doctor.
3. If you notice any unusual and/or disturbing thoughts or behavior during treatment with LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, contact your doctor.
4. Tell your doctor about any medicines you may be taking, including medicines you may buy without a prescription and herbal preparations. You should also tell your doctor if you drink alcohol. DO NOT use alcohol while taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine.
5. Do not take LUNESTA unless you are able to get 8 or more hours of sleep before you must be active again.
6. Do not increase the prescribed dose of LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine unless instructed by your doctor.
7. When you first start taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, until you know whether the medicine will still have some effect on you the next day, use extreme care while doing anything that requires complete alertness, such as driving a car, operating machinery, or piloting an aircraft.
8. Be aware that you may have more sleeping problems the first night or two after stopping any sleep medicine.
9. Be sure to tell your doctor if you are pregnant, if you are planning to become pregnant, if you become pregnant, or if you are breastfeeding a baby while taking LUNESTA.
10. As with all prescription medicines, never share LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine with anyone else. Always store LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine in the original container and out of reach of children.
11. Be sure to tell your doctor if you suffer from depression.
12. LUNESTA works very quickly. You should only take LUNESTA immediately before going to bed.
13. For LUNESTA to work best, you should not take it with or immediately after a high-fat, heavy meal.
14. Some people, such as older adults (i.e., ages 65 and over) and people with liver disease, should start with the lower dose (1 mg) of LUNESTA. Your doctor may choose to start therapy at 2 mg. In general, adults under age 65 should be treated with 2 or 3 mg.
15. Each tablet is a single dose; do not crush or break the tablet.

Note: This summary provides important information about LUNESTA. If you would like more information, ask your doctor or pharmacist to let you read the Prescribing Information and then discuss it with him or her.

Rx only

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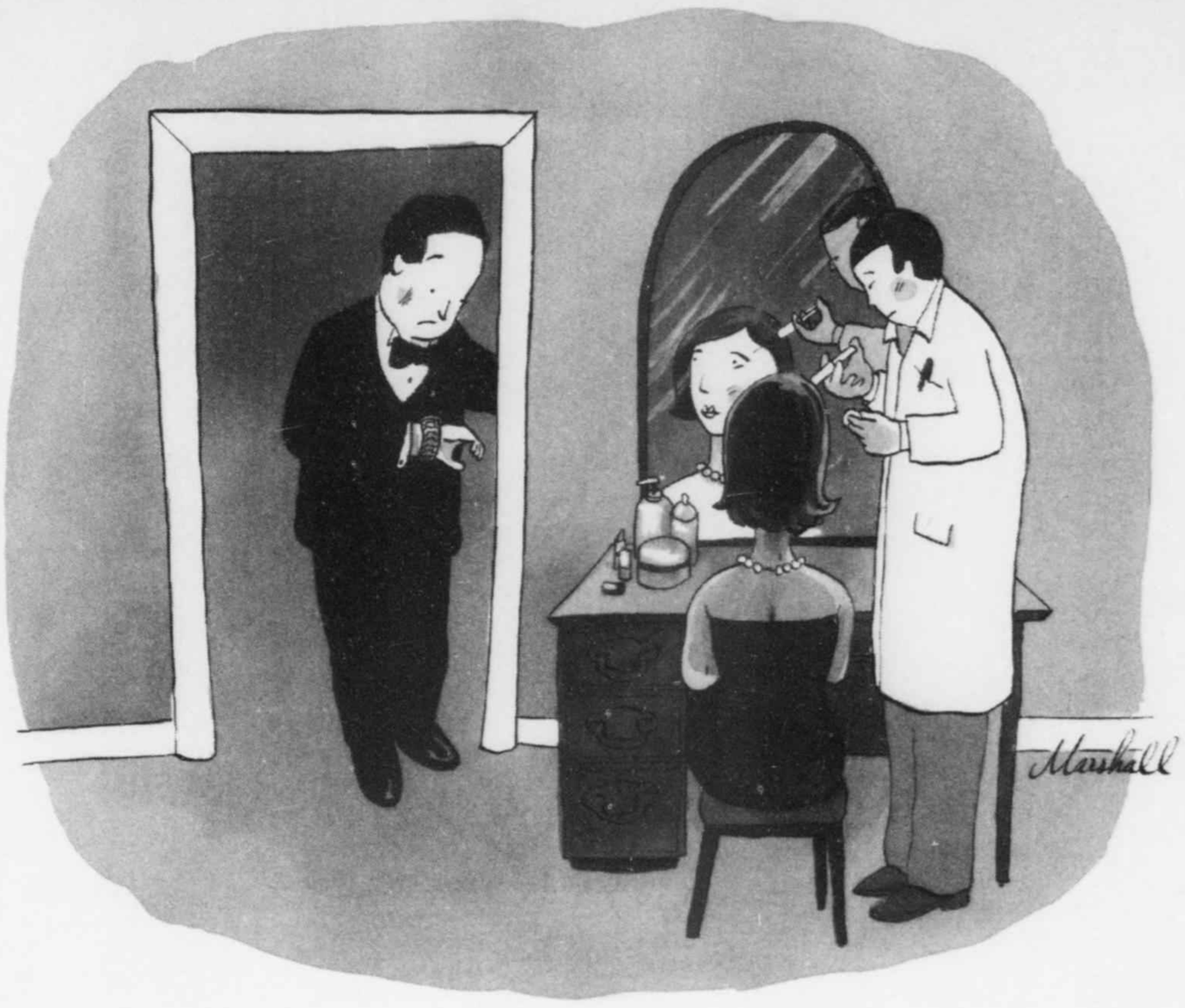

joy, and wished Al Gore were present.

During these initial forays, two things quickly became clear. First, the solar panels wanted to be in direct sunlight—in hazy or diffuse light it could take as long as twelve hours to charge the battery fully. Second, solar energy—or solar energy as filtered through the lens of a fashion designer—is mercurial. Though my iPod had easily taken a complete charge from the battery, I could never get more than a forty-one-per-cent charge on my cell phone. Stranger still, seemingly identical weather conditions on different days would produce varying results; one day's four hours of direct sun would charge my phone thirty per cent, another's only sixteen per cent. Moreover, the battery's light sometimes flashed when it was not supposed to.

I decided to investigate what other gizmos the solar jacket might be able to charge. At B & H, a huge electronics store, I plugged myself into an MP3 player but was unable to power it. A friendly salesman wearing a yarmulke wasn't able to help me, but he was entranced by the solar jacket. Tugging it and me toward him, he said, "Let me take a closer look at this wonderful thing. Is it your own gimmick?" I said it was not. He inspected it further, impressed. I told him, "I'm hoping to go off the grid entirely. I'd like to become a self-sustaining scientific marvel, like Carol Channing." He nodded. "Very nice."

I returned to Lorey to ask for troubleshooting advice. I told him about the battery's moodiness. He reminded me that I was wearing a prototype, and that the battery on the finished jacket would be lithium, not alkaline, as mine was. He encouraged me, when collecting sun with the collar removed, to prop the collar so that it stood straight up, like a Richard Serra sculpture, rather than lying flat. (From then on, I adopted this policy.)

Having resolved to transcend the limitations of my equipment—would Copernicus be Copernicus if he'd spent all day whinging about the humidity?—I stepped up my efforts. The amount of solar energy intercepted by Earth in one day, according to the Renewable Resource Data Center, is greater than the amount of energy the country uses in an entire year—but that doesn't mean it's going to fall neatly into the solar receptors hanging around your neck. I needed to adopt a more aggressive stance toward battery-charging.

Once I did so, I had excellent results, and I made a lot of new friends. While eating lunch at the Carnegie Deli one day, I asked the manager if I could charge the collar in the restaurant's front window. He huffed his assent, like a football coach: "Go! Go! Go!" I went. Twenty minutes

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later, I discovered my waiter gesticulating wildly near the collar, explaining what it was to two of his colleagues; when I walked over, he put the collar around my neck and playfully pretended to electrocute me. At La Goulue, on upper Madison Avenue, a smiling hostess suggested that I sit at a table on the sidewalk and drape the jacket over the back of a chair; during the meal the restaurant's debonair headwaiter came by and pretended to "cook" his hands over the panels. (My lunch companion observed, "Tech breaks down barriers.") Another day, I asked the suave captain in the Grill Room at the Four Seasons if he would prop the collar in the restaurant's window. "Certainly," he said, and then joined me at the bar to tell me about the time he'd used solar panels on a boat. The only friction I encountered while charging occurred at a Starbucks, where a preppy young executive sat next to me at the counter, facing the street. Upon seeing me break in half a pile of wooden coffee stirrers to prop the jacketless collar into an upright position, the man flashed me a seasick look and then fled to another part of the store.

After a friend told me that roadside venders in remote parts of Africa use car batteries to charge customers' cell phones, I spent part of an afternoon sitting in front of a café near my office, in the Village, asking people if I could "juice" their cell phones with solar power. I met with three demurrals (a hipster woman in her twenties: "I really can't take any chances today"), one phone for which I didn't have the proper adapter tip, and a reluctant "O.K." This last individual—a bearded N.Y.U. grad student—seemed enthusiastic until, some twelve minutes into the process, he stood up abruptly and said, "Uh, I should get going?" We sheepishly uncoupled, and I thought, He is *so* late adopter.

I wondered what other appliances my jacket might be able to power. A visit to the Web site usbgeek.com brought into my life a small flurry of gadgets equipped with USB ports—these are the same gadgets, such as little fans, whose USB, or universal serial bus, connections allow people to run them off their computer. Though the tiny vacuum cleaner for my computer keyboard (twelve dollars) has provided distraction and solace during my workdays, it is the eight-inch-tall refrigerator (thirty dollars)—it chills one can of soda—that most impresses me: I'm using the sun to chill the liquid that slakes the thirst that's created by the sun. The circle of life, etc.

Could I power five- and six-volt appliances if they didn't have USB plugs? One day, I put seven of my small household appliances into a shopping bag and went to my local Best Buy to find out. I told John, a skinny general manager there, about the solar jacket. I pulled my electric mixer out of the bag and said, "I'd love to get off the grid with this." John said that I'd need a tip that goes from female AC to male USB, adding, "And I've never seen anything like that." Unwilling to be stymied, I went to my office and phoned more than a dozen electronics stores listed in the Yellow Pages before finding one—a repair shop called Hi-Tech, on the Lower East Side—that was willing to work with me. Hi-Tech is a busy place owned and operated by Frank Farooq, a Teddy-bear-like Pakistani in his late forties. For ten dollars a pop, Farooq and his young Russian employee, Irene, were willing to cut the cords off my small appliances and solder them to USB cables. The project did not initially excite Farooq—"This is not normal," he said. Our first success was a six-inch-long fluorescent utility light; its milky, nacreous glow seems all the more lovely for being powered by the star nearest Earth. On first seeing its light turn on, I raised a victory fist in the air and yelled, "We'll take down the grid!" Farooq made a fist, too, and said, "I'm ready!" On my next visit, Farooq and Irene successfully powered a Canon P1-DH palm-printer calculator for me. Alas, their efforts to solar-power my Black & Decker cordless Detail Shrubber, for trimming hedges, resulted only in semi-success: the Detail Shrubber's six-inch blades gnash once or twice before they poop out and stop altogether.

I walked around with the utility light in my jacket for about a week. When I went to see "The Simpsons Movie" down at Battery Park one night, I used the light to help retrieve a quarter I'd dropped on the theatre's sticky floor; I've also employed it, hidden inside my jacket, to give myself an eerie glow when in the presence of small children. Over time, the joy that solar power initially conferred on me has deepened, and is now mixed with the kind of smug self-regard that can come only after generous expenditures of time and effort. I saw a Greenpeace volunteer on the sidewalk in midtown the other day. I asked him for a donation. ♦

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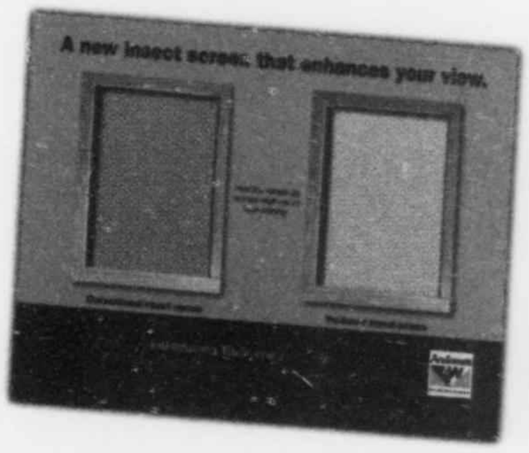

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ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

THE SURREALISTS' MUSE

Marie-Laure de Noailles's outrageous example.

BY FRANCINE DU PLESSIX GRAY

"The Vicomtesse Marie-Laure de Noailles is the very first person to see." These were my editor's instructions a half century ago when I was assigned to write an article on French art collectors for *Elle*. The Vicomtesse de Noailles had long been at the center of Parisian avant-garde style. She was the patron and muse of artists, filmmakers, and musicians such as Man Ray, Luis Buñuel, Alberto Giacometti, Salvador Dali, and Francis Poulenc, and the creator of modernist interiors that would be widely copied in Europe and America. So I was somewhat daunted when I entered the Noailleses' residence at 11 Place des États-Unis, where Marie-Laure had lived for decades, and walked up the staircase, which was hung with Courbets, Watteaus, and Burne-Joneses, interspersed with works by Paul Klee, Juan Gris, and Balthus.

I followed a liveried valet past a Van Dyck and two Goyas into the main drawing room, which was sparingly furnished in Art Deco style. The Vicomtesse was standing in a corner, smoking, in the company of a beautiful young man. Marie-Laure and her guest stared at me as I approached, their looks distinctly tainted with malice. I extended my hand; Marie-Laure did not reciprocate but instead said, in a hoarse voice, "Let's continue to stand."

She went on staring at me with haughty insolence. Marie-Laure was tall, and much stouter than the fashionable woman I'd seen in pictures from the nineteen-thirties and in portraits by Dali, Man Ray, Balthus, and Picasso. The features of her pale, aquiline face, which was framed by a mop of wild black hair, had begun to droop. As I proceeded to interview her, any trace of tolerance she might have had for me was diminished by my lack of an adequate retort to the one query she put to me: "Men who love Proust have short penises, don't you think?" Then she looked at her watch and said, in crisp British-accented English, "I must go. I have a date with my gyno in twenty minutes."

My memory of the episode is so steeped in panic that I can't remember if I ever wrote the article. When I recounted the incident, decades later, to the Vicomtesse's close friend the writer James Lord, he said, "It would have been irresistible for Marie-Laure to rake any young woman over the coals that way." Another friend, the composer and author Ned Rorem, whom Marie-Laure supported in the nineteen-fifties, told me, "For five years, I had two meals a day at her table. Five years she lodged me, fed me, gave me spending money. And during those years I was able to compose dozens of hours of playable music." In his journal ("The Paris Diary and The New York Diary, 1951-1961"), Rorem wrote,

A pioneer of the modernist sensibility: the Vicomtesse de Noailles, painted by Balthus and photographed by Man Ray, in 1936.

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"Marie-Laure is first of all a child, second an artist, third a Vicomtesse. . . . Fourth, she's a saint, fifth, a masochist . . . and sixth, a bitch. . . . Above all, she is generous, not to mention crazy."

Marie-Laure and her husband, Charles de Noailles, were pioneers of the modernist sensibility, having assembled a collection of painting and sculpture which included almost every member of the European avant-garde. They were also the first generation of patrons for whom film was a creative outlet, and they subsidized the most daring films of the twenties and thirties, notably Buñuel and Dali's "The Golden Age." Matthew Gale, a curator at the Tate Modern, in London, who organized an exhibition called "Dali and Film" (it will travel to the Los Angeles County Museum of Art next month and to the Museum of Modern Art next year), calls the Noailleses key figures in "keeping the engine of innovation going among the Surrealists." "One tends to see artists heroically struggling," he says. "But, in fact, brave patrons like Marie-Laure and Charles de Noailles were crucial in allowing new ideas and new work to be made."

What motivated Marie-Laure, this sacred monster whose irreverent, far-ranging vision helped to launch the Surrealist movement and left its mark on many aspects of twentieth-century culture? Marie-Laure Bischoffsheim—her maiden name—was the descendant, on her father's side, of a wealthy German banking family and, on her mother's side, of a French aristocratic clan who traced their ancestry to the Marquis de Sade. Marie-Laure's maternal grandmother, the acid-witted Comtesse de Chevigné, born Laure de Sade, was the Marquis's great-granddaughter. She shocked her peers by associating with artists and bohemians. (She was also reputed to be the first French society woman to have uttered the word *merde* in public.)

Laure de Sade married an aristocrat with little money, and when their daughter Marie-Thérèse came of age they married her off to a sickly but affluent young man named Maurice Bischoffsheim, who died of tuberculosis eighteen months after his daughter, Marie-Laure, was born, in 1902. According to Laurence Benaïm, in "Marie-Laure de Noailles: The Vicomtesse of the Bizarre," a biography published in France in 2001, Marie-Laure became one of Europe's wealthiest heiresses at the age of seven, upon the death of her rich German grandfather. She was brought up by her reclusive mother and a British governess. Her mother was worried that the girl had inherited her father's frail health, so she educated her at home. Intellectually precocious, Marie-Laure was reading Mallarmé and Poe before the age of ten and reciting Baudelaire for visitors.

Having moved with her mother and stepfather to Paris, Marie-Laure grew into a bookish teen-ager with a pale, beaky face and a head of unruly black hair. She attended the Institut Catholique, where, according to her letters, she was preoccupied with trying to understand

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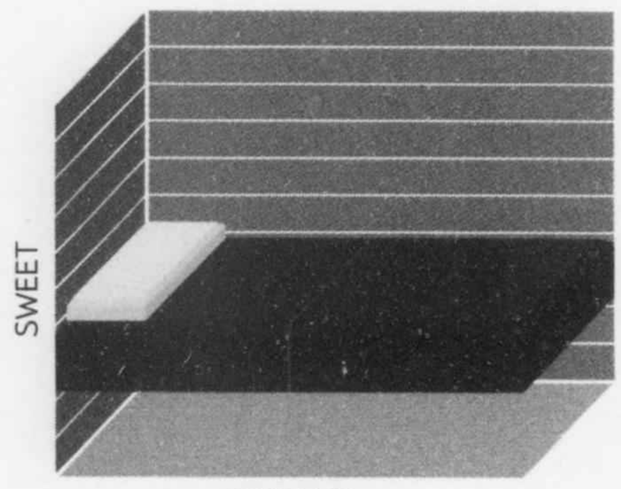

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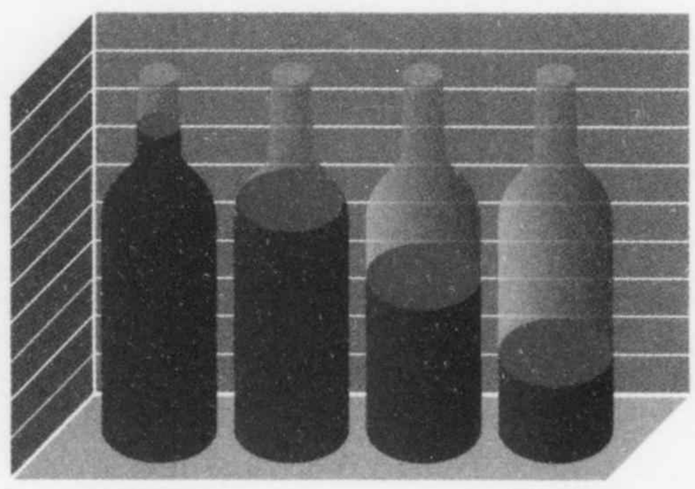

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Leibniz. When she turned twenty, a ball was given, announcing her readiness for marriage. Three months later, in February, 1923, she married the Vicomte de Noailles.

Charles de Noailles was handsome, courteous, and well educated, with avant-garde tastes unusual in an aristocrat. While still a bachelor, he had bought a 1907 Picasso. The young Noailleses' honeymoon included a cruise stop in Cuba, where Marie-Laure refused to leave her cabin because, according to James Lord, she was so engrossed in Freud's "Introduction to Psychoanalysis." The couple went on to New York and Key West, where they lived on a houseboat and Marie-Laure noticed that Charles, obsessed with his body, liked nothing better than to lie in the sun for hours to cultivate a deep tan. Back in Paris, "the Charles," as friends called the couple, gave many parties and costume balls. In those years, Marie-Laure remained a reserved young wife, who seemed to lean on her husband, as Benaïm put it, "like a wounded bird." She was deeply in love with Charles, a seductive yet distant mentor. Although they were intensely devoted to each other, the couple's sexual intimacy more or less ended after the birth of their second child; throughout their marriage they kept separate bedrooms and always addressed each other in the formal *vous*.

The Noailleses shared a passion, however: Charles had passed on to his wife his interest in the nineteen-twenties avant-garde. Their friend Pierre Bergé, the business partner of Yves Saint Laurent, told a French television interviewer that Charles and Marie-Laure "found their own equilibrium by exerting a destabilizing influence on other people." Early in their marriage, they began to collect works by Max Ernst, Man Ray, Francis Picabia, Giorgio de Chirico, and Yves Tanguy; according to Benaïm, they bought one of the two Mondrians ever sold in France. These artists, along with composers such as Poulenc and Georges Auric and many Surrealist writers, particularly Jean Cocteau, on whom Marie-Laure had had a crush since adolescence, became their favorite guests. (Marie-Laure generally disliked women, and was notoriously rude to them.) The Noailleses were noted for their informality, and guests could announce themselves to Marie-Laure an hour before lunch. Poulenc, whose concerto "Aubade" was commissioned by the Noailleses in 1928, was addressed by Marie-Laure as Poupoule.

Soon after returning from their honeymoon, the Noailleses moved into the palatial house at 11 Place des États-Unis, which had been built by Marie-Laure's grandfather Bischoffsheim, and which he had left her in his will, along with his collection of Old Masters. To update their drawing room, they hired Jean-Michel Frank, a twenty-eight-year-old decorator who became France's most influential designer, owing largely to the innovative décor that he created for the Noailleses. He covered the living-room walls with large panels of square parchment, which made a neutral background

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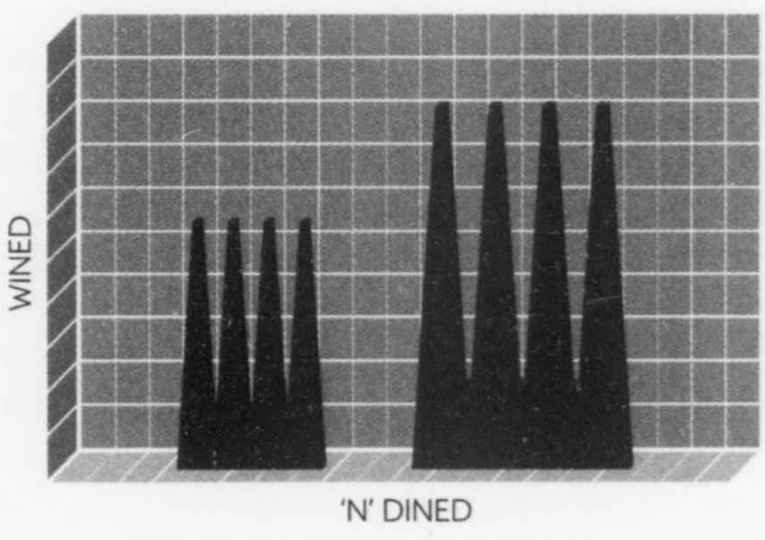

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for their art collection, in which a Dali hung between two Goyas. He upholstered blocky chairs and sofas in white linen, black leather, or white fake fur. Frank's motto for his spare rectilinear style was "The last touch of elegance is elimination." "It was all very white, naked, strange," Abbé Mugnier, a priest popular in Paris salons, noted. Marie-Laure's personal aesthetics were in accord with her stark décor: she wore mainly Chanel, principally the couturiere's tidy little suits, of which she had about forty versions, most of them in black.

After the Noailleses finished decorating their Paris house, they began to look for an architect for a villa they wanted to build in the South of France, in Hyères. Marie-Laure was pregnant with their first child, Laure, when they travelled to Germany to seek out Mies van der Rohe, who was too busy to take them on. They then visited Le Corbusier, whose didactic personality put them off. So they settled on a young French modernist, Robert Mallet-Stevens, the first French architect to have seriously studied the work of Frank Lloyd Wright. His creation, a forty-bedroom house made of reinforced concrete, looked like a Cubist cruise ship.

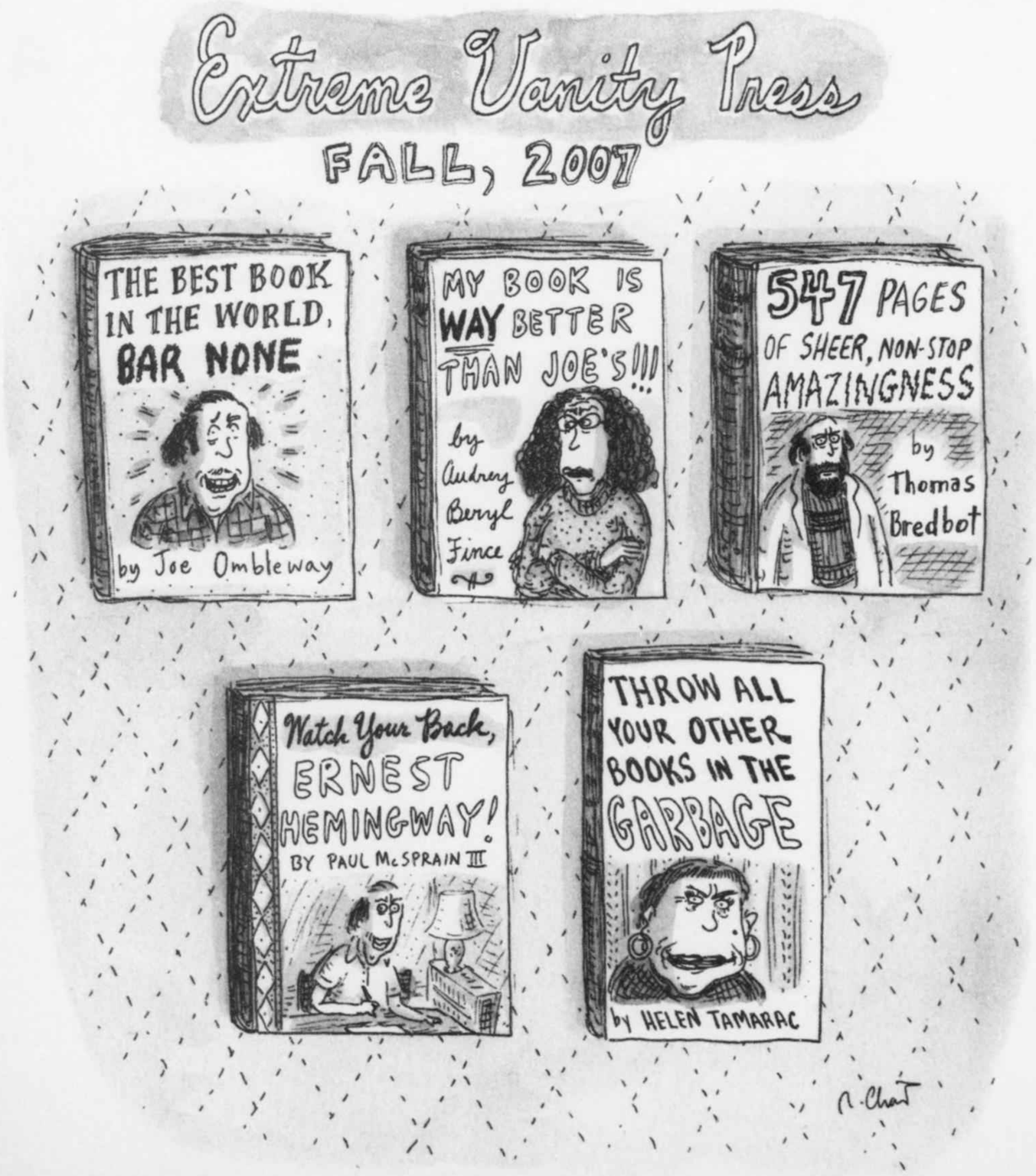
"Innumerable rooms, rectilinear, unicolored" was the way the painter Jean Hugo described the house in his memoirs. "Like the blocks of a child's game tumbling one into the other, forming a strangely obscure labyrinth in which guests constantly lost their way." Each of the monastic guest rooms had its own flowered terrace. There was a Cubist garden with block-shaped shrubbery and sculptures commissioned from Brancusi and Giacometti, who later made several portrait busts of Marie-Laure.

The Noailleses may have been the first family in Europe to have a covered swimming pool, an athletic center, and a personal trainer; their gymnasium was outfitted with parallel bars, punching bags, and volleyball nets, and was overseen by a blond gym teacher named M. Taré. All guests found striped swimsuits and exercise pants in their rooms. The house became the place where intellectuals cultivated their bodies. Even André Gide, an austere man in his sixties, found himself playing volleyball, "more or less naked," he wrote in his diary. "I hope you'll do a gymnastics workout with me every morning," Charles wrote to Buñuel before a visit, according to Benaïm. "I'm not hopeful about the athleticism of the others in the group" (Auric, Cocteau, Christian Bérard).

Decades later, Marie-Laure liked to ask new friends this question: "At what age did you become yourself?" She easily fixed the year in her own life: 1929, when she was twenty-seven. Several things happened that year which made everything change for her.

Having installed Paris's first private screening room in their house, the Noailleses became interested in avant-garde cinema. (They had commissioned a short film from Jacques Manuel about the high jinks at Hyères, called "Biceps and Jewels.") They were extremely taken with "Un Chien Andalou," and Charles began to finance a film each year as a birthday present for Marie-Laure, including "Blood of a Poet" and "The Golden Age," the collaboration between Buñuel and Dali.

"Marie-Laure took exceptional pleasure in shocking people," her friend Bernard Minoret told me, "and through these two men's work she created a sensational brouhaha." The Noailleses gave Buñuel two hundred and sixty thousand francs to shoot "The Golden Age," and he moved into their house at Hyères to write the script. Each evening, Buñuel would read what he had written to his patrons, and, according to his autobiography, "My Last Sigh," they found the work "exquisite and delightful." In July of 1930, the Noailleses hosted an early screening at their home. In the film, after some Surrealist shenanigans—cows settling into beds, the heroine sucking on the big toe of a statue of the Pope, bishops being thrown out of windows—the action moves to the castle where the infamous Duc de Blangis, the protagonist of Sade's "120 Days of Sodom," has been holding his orgies. When the Duke emerges from the castle, the audience sees that he is Jesus Christ. Buñuel wrote that his intention had been to make viewers "redden with shame" by mocking all that was sacred—the family,



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Every day, 2,000 years of history runs through Guy Steibel's hands. He is the co-director of excavations at Masada. "I feel that I touch the 10,000 people who lived here, loved here, died here," he says. "I know many of them by name." Guy, who is also professor of archeology at Jerusalem's Hebrew University, often takes his family camping in the desert so "we can feel the history of Israel." As we were taking his picture he unearthed an ancient coin. "You see?" he said. "Masada is talking to us."
Israel. We hope to see you soon. Shalom.

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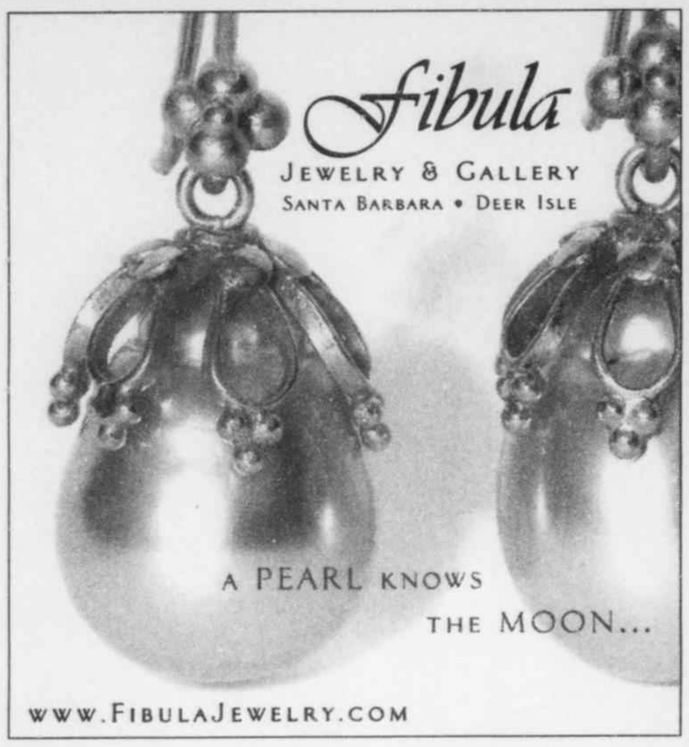

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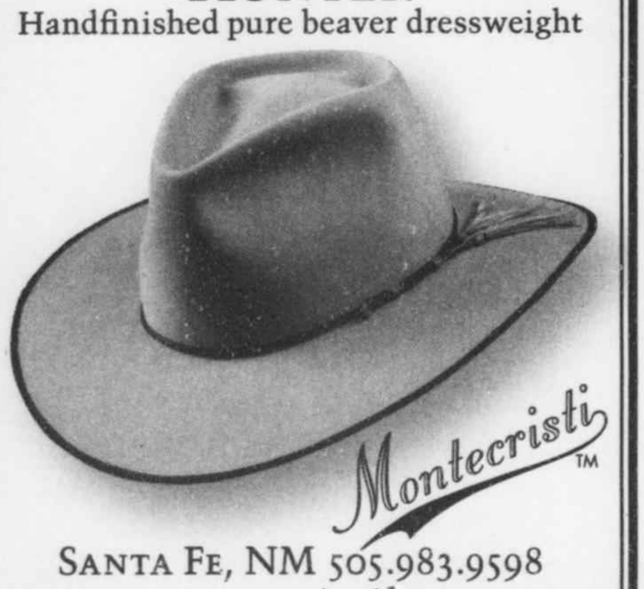

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"You'd save a world of fuss by not shootin' at me in the first place."

• •

the bourgeoisie, organized religion, and national pride.

After the movie's première, which was attended by Gertrude Stein, Brancusi, and Georges Braques, the Noailleses stood to greet the audience. But the guests left icily, without a word. At another of the movie's first showings, members of the Anti-Jewish League marched into the theatre shouting "Death to Jews!" and throwing stink bombs at spectators and ink onto the screen. Critics accused the Noailleses of creating "a Bolshevik spectacle." "L'Age d'Or" was soon referred to in Paris as "L'Age d'Ordure," or "The Age of Garbage." The film was confiscated by the police. The bishop of Paris was alerted, and, according to Buñuel, Charles's mother had to go to Rome for a chat with Pope Pius XI, who was threatening Charles with excommunication. He also had to resign from the Jockey Club, Paris's most élite institution. "The Golden Age," which Matthew Gale, the Tate curator, calls "a bitter masterpiece," was out of circulation for fifty years.

Charles and Marie-Laure each reacted very differently to the hullabaloo: Charles soon left Paris for Hyères, writing to Buñuel, "We are obliged to avoid all scandal now, we must be forgotten." Ceasing to flaunt his love of modernism, he replaced a Picasso on his living-room wall with a Rubens and sought refuge in gardening. Marie-Laure, on the other hand, discovered that she relished scandal. She could now be spared tedious high-society evenings and engage more fully in supporting the work of her Surrealist friends. She particularly enjoyed making them read the original manuscript of Sade's "120 Days of Sodom." Marie-Laure's mania for Sade's novel, which she kept in a phallus-shaped case, led to new interest in Sade on the part of the Surrealists and to the beginning of his general renaissance.

The other episode that changed Marie-Laure's life occurred shortly after the "Golden Age" fiasco. She walked into Charles's room one day and found him in bed with M. Taré. "It's not amusing for a young wife to walk into her husband's room and find him in bed with his gym teacher," she said, decades later, to James Lord. However, the revelation gave her a new sense of power. "Until the age of thirty I was timid and soft-spoken," she told Minoret. "Then one day I began to talk and I've never stopped since."

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September 20 - December 8, Monterrey, México

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Exhibitions

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Inspired by the objects, these exhibitions will encourage multi-sensorial and dynamic learning by creating an interaction between the graphics, audiovisuals and atmospheres,transforming each space. This will increase each object's potential, as well as its communication properties and meanings.

• Isis and the Feathered Serpent

Parque Fundidora Exhibition Center (Old Lewis Warehouse) / West Wing

September 20th to January 13th 2008.

This exhibition presents, for the first time, the analogies and diversity of two great civilizations through their deities: Isis, one of the most relevant divinities of Pharaonic Egypt, symbol of fertility and knowledge; and Quetzalcoatl, the main god of Prehispanic Mexico, a living representation of goodness and wisdom, creator and giver of life.

• America Migration

Parque Fundidora Exhibition Center (Old Lewis Warehouse) / East Wing

September 20th to January 13th 2008.

America Migration will show more than 900 selected prehispanic pieces, in 11 thematic halls, thanks to the collaboration of important museums from Bolivia, Canada, Colombia, United States, Ecuador, Peru and Mexico.

• Frida

Museum of Modern Art of Monterrey / MARCO

August 31st to September 30th

This exhibition will commemorate the centenary of the birth of one of the icons of Mexican painting. The Forum celebrates this date with an exhibition of self portraits from different stages in her life, eighteen oil paintings, sketches, as well as nearly 100 photographs.

• Buddha Guanyin. Treasures of Compassion

Museum of the Northeast

An exhibition of important pieces of art, from the Capital Museum of Beijing, that illustrate the symbolism and meaning that this Bodhisattva has in China.

• 2501 Migrants

Fundidora Park

September 20th to January 13th 2008

An outdoor installation with human figures made from clay. The Oaxacan artist, Alejandro Santiago, approaches cultural diversity representing the phenomenon of migration of the population from the southeast of Mexico, and the displacement of their cultural heritage to the cities.

• Horno^3 Science and Technology Center

Steel Museum

Opening August 2007

• Uncertainty Principle

Centro de las Artes I and II

September 20th to February 24th 2008

• Gold and Salt

Centro de las Artes II

September 20th to February 24th 2008

• Habitat. From risk to sustainability

Centro de las Artes III (Old Generators Warehouse) / 1st floor

September 20th to February 24th 2008.

• Los Nuevos Leones

Centro de las Artes III (Old Generators Warehouse) / 2nd floor

September 20th to February 24th 2008

• Dialogue in the Dark

Carlos Prieto Auditorium

• Museum of the Northeast / MUNE

An Extension of the Museum of Mexican History

• B.A.N.G. Bits, Atoms, Neurons and Genes

Planetario Alfa

October 3rd to January 6th 2008

• Images of the Natives in the Art of New Spain, Centuries XVI to XVIII

Museum of Mexican History

• Journey of Light

Glass Museum

September 12th to January 13th 2008

• Entrance to the Present

Museum of Modern Art of Monterrey/ MARCO

• Alfonso Reyes. The path between life and fiction.

Conarte Gallery

• The boys and girls of Mexico.

Metropolitan Museum of Monterrey

Cultural Expressions

Art, ways of living, value systems, traditions, beliefs, gastronomy and clothing as a sample of how humans can celebrate and understand that these differences make us equal.

Theatre: Classical and avant-garde, street shows, ballet and contemporary dances.

Cabaret: Comedy theater, satire and humor.

Music: Sacra, traditional, contemporary, folkloric and popular.

Film: Documental, avant-garde, short and long films.

Circus: National and international companies.

Workshops: For everyone.

From the 210 international guests that are part of the Cultural Expressions program, we can highlight:

September

El Gran Silencio / Mexico / September 21st and December 1st

Mexican rock band that fuses cumbia, reaggae, hip hop among others. They come from Advanced Regia movement.

Goran Bregovic / Bosnia-Herzegovina / September 22nd

Born in Sarajevo, Bosnia-Herzegovina, this composer is internationally recognized for being the author of soundtracks like "The times of the gypsies", "Underground", "Arizona Dreams". Bregoviç is one of the most famous composers from the Balkans. His music mixes traditional folklore with rock, Bulgarian music and other styles.

Martirio / Spain / September 21st and 22nd

Peter Brook Sizwe Banzi est Mort / United Kingdom / September 21st, 22nd and 23rd

Teatro Gioco Vita / Italy / September 25th through the 30th

Taptoe Theatre / Belgium / September 20th through the 23rd

Regiomontano Film Festival / September 25th, 26th and 27th

Tim Sweeney / USA / September 28th

Tambores Yamato / Japan / September 28th and 29th

Yamato was founded by Masa Ogawa in 1993 in Nara, 'the land of Yamato', which is said to be the birthplace of Japanese culture. Presently based in Asuka Village, Nara Prefecture, the performers travel all over the world with Japan's traditional Wadaiko drums.

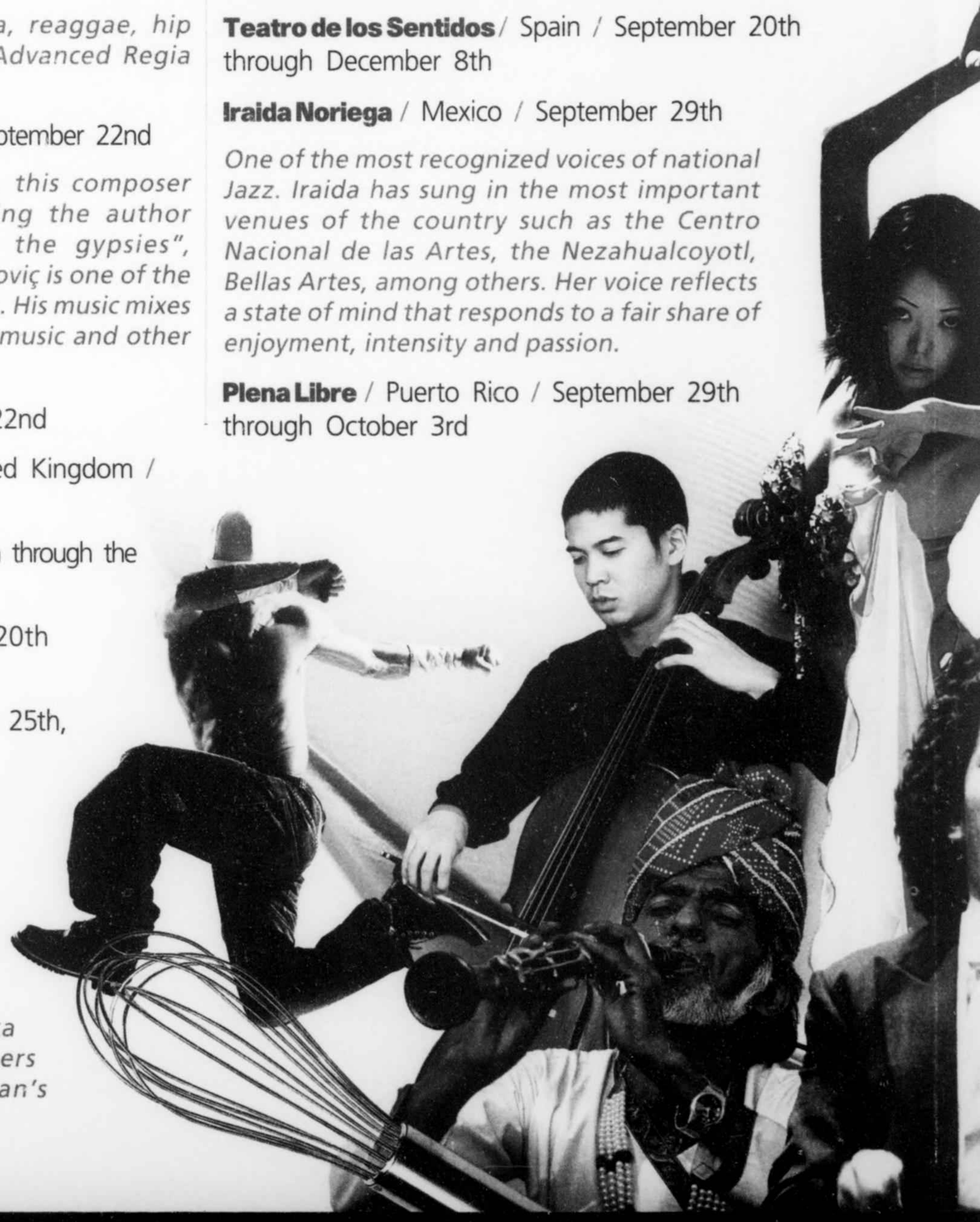
Orquesta Sinfónica del Principado de Asturias / Spain / September 23rd and 27th

Teatro de los Sentidos / Spain / September 20th through December 8th

Iraida Noriega / Mexico / September 29th

One of the most recognized voices of national Jazz. Iraida has sung in the most important venues of the country such as the Centro Nacional de las Artes, the Nezahualcoyotl, Bellas Artes, among others. Her voice reflects a state of mind that responds to a fair share of enjoyment, intensity and passion.

Plena Libre / Puerto Rico / September 29th through October 3rd



November

Dmitri Hvorostrovsky / Russia / November 2nd

Yoshi Oida – Winterreise / Japan-Mexico-Monterrey / November 2nd, 3rd and 4th

The japanese actor and film director Yoshi Oida is a fascinating artist, disciple of two of the great masters of theatre (Peter Brook and Okura-san) creator of a style that perfectly combines acting oriental and occidental techniques.

Ostrava Theatre Puppets / Czech Republic / November 2nd through the 4th

Kinky / Mexico / November 3rd

Lila Downs / Mexico / November 4th

Mariza / Portugal / November 4th

Huellas de Paz / Spain / November 4th through the 8th

La Muy Hambrienta Oruga / Canada / November 6th through the 11th

Documentary Film Festival / November 7th through the 12th

Daniela Mercury / Brazil / November 9th

Nortec Colective and Banda Agua Caliente / Mexico / November 11th

Ensemble Intercontemporain / France / November 15th and 24th

Plastilina Mosh / Mexico / November 17th

Al Kindi & The Whirling Dervishes of Damascus / Syrian Arab Republic / November 18th

Teatro de las Estaciones / Cuba / November 20th through the 25th

Huun Huur Tu / World Music / Russia / November 21st

Regina Orozco / Musical Comedy Theatre - Cabaret - Singer / Mexico / November 22nd through the 24th

Teresa Salguiero / Portugal / November 23rd

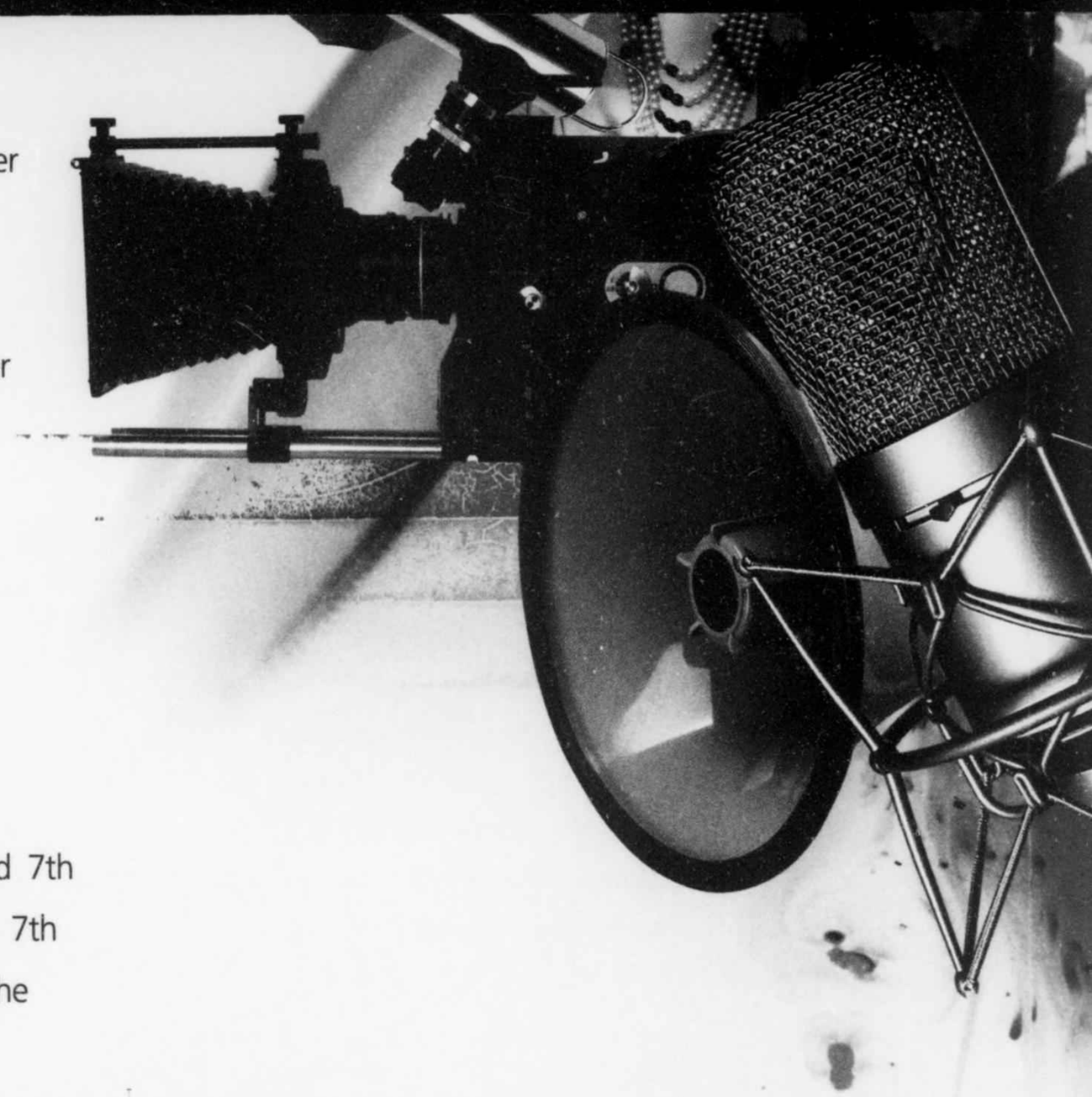
Migration Film Festival / November 28th through December 6th

Maria Bayo and Combattimento Consort Amsterdam / Netherlands / November 28th and 29th

Scrap Arts / Canada / November 28th through the 30th

Richard Bradshaw's Shadow Theatre / Australia / November 30th through December 2nd

October



Water Puppets from Vietnam / Vietnam / October 2nd through the 21st

Mandalay Puppets / Birmania / October 2nd through the 7th

Martha Escudero and Roser Ros / Spain / October 2nd through the 7th

Canciones del Ombligo de la Luna / Mexico / October 2nd through the 7th

Les Deux Mondes / Supported by the Québec Delegation / October 3rd through the 7th

Dj ibojima / Sweden / October 3rd

Dj Tsuyoshi / Japan / October 5th

Baobab / Guinea / October 5th, 6th and 7th

Eleftheria Arvanitaki / Greece / October 6th and 7th

Bill Shanon / Crutch Production / USA / October 7th

Laurie Anderson / USA / In collaboration with the International Cervantino Festival / October 9th

X Alfonso / Cuba / October 12th

Muñequitos de Matanzas / Cuba / October 11th through the 14th

A band from Matanzas, Cuba, founded in 1952 when Arsenio Rodríguez started to experiment different rhythms with kitchen instruments, mainly plates and bowls. His followers created a style called kitchen rumba.

Music Master of Armenia / Armenia / October 13th and 14th

Jennifer Ramsay / UK / October 16th through the 21st

Sanda Weigl / Singer / Rumania-USA / October 18th, 19th, and 20th

Emio Greco / Contemporary dance / Netherlands / In collaboration with the International Cervantino Festival / October 19th

Circus OZ / Australia / October 20th through November 4th

Founded in 1977 by fusing two consolidated groups, Soapbox Circus and The New Circus. The philosphy principles of the company can be seen clearly through their collective creations, gender equity, and team work, a uniquely Australian Firm.

Eva Yerbabuena / Spain / In collaboration with the International Flamenco Festival / October 20th

Boniface Ofogo Nkama / Africa-Spain / October 23rd through the 29th

Latin Film Festival / October 24th through November 1st

Génerik Vapeur / France / October 24th, 25th and 26th

Astrid Haadad / Mexico / October 25th, 26th, and 27th

Angélique Kidjo / Benín / October 21st

Jumbo / Mexico / October 27th

Dulcinea Langfelder: Victoria / Quebec, Canada / October 24th through the 28th

Beijing Modern Dance Ldtx / China / In collaboration with the International Extremadura Festival / October 27th

Fito Páez / Argentina / October 28th

Musician, singer, composer, lyricist, scriptwriter and film director. Considered one of the best Latinamerican rock musicians. Among his successes are "Mariposa tecnicolor" and "Al lado del camino". He has been awarded with two Latin American Grammys.

Krapp / Argentina / In collaboration with the International Extremadura Festival / October 28th

The Field / Sweden / October 28th

Niré Collazo / Uruguay / October 29th through November 4th

Teresa Puig / Spain / October 30th through November 4th

Fulanos / Argentina / October 30th through November 4th

December

Ojos de Brujo / Spain / December 1st and 2nd

Inspector / Mexico / December 1st

Kafig / Modern dance / France / December 2nd

Titiriteros de Bínefar / Spain / December 4th through the 8th

Otolab / Italy / December 6th

Jaguares / Mexico / December 7th

Daara J / Senegal / December 7th and 8th

Oscar Chávez with The Morales / Mexico / December 8th

La Única Internacional Sonora Santanera / Mexico / December 8th

Eugenia Leon / Mexico / December 8th

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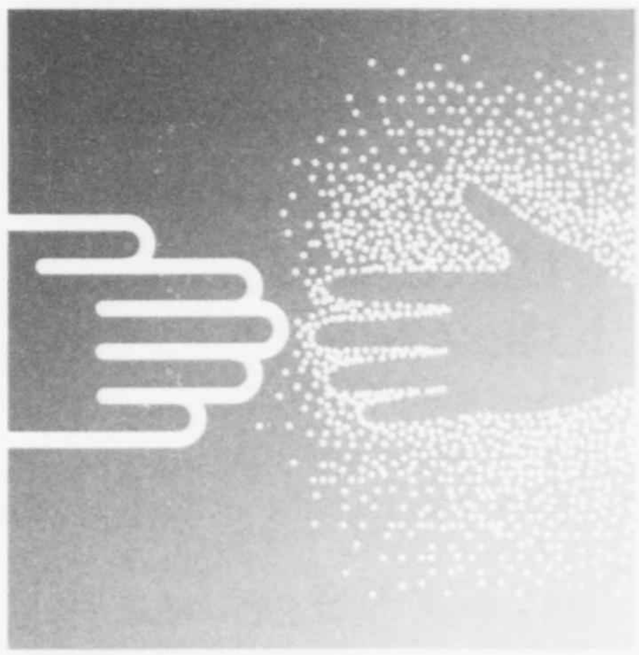


Monterrey 2007
Forum

Forum Dialogues

The Forum encourages understanding and participation through interaction and gatherings.

Conferences, world meetings, debates, emblematic dialogues, round tables, seminaries and workshops.

12 central themes that will be explored during eight weeks:

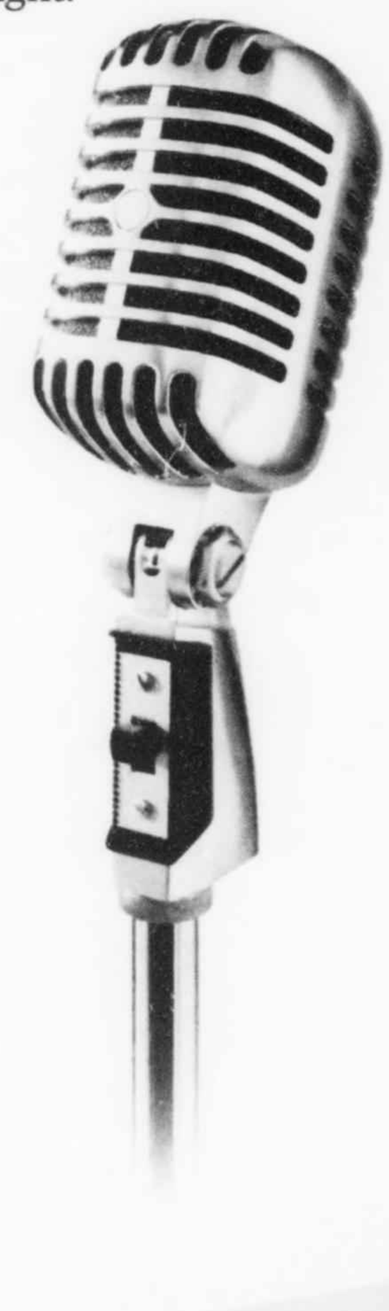
Peace and Spirituality:	September 25th - 29th
Education. Science and Technology:	October 2nd - 6th
Cities and Population. Natural resources:	October 9th - 13th
Knowledge-based development:	October 16th - 20th
Health and quality of life culture:	October 23rd - 27th
Government and participation. Human rights and justice:	October 30th - November 3rd
Identity and diversity. Cultural policy:	November 6th - 10th
Communication:	November 13th - 17th

World Meetings

Interreligious World Meeting
September 21st - 24th
UN-Habitat Global Report
October 1st - 4th
1st Knowledge Cities Summit
October 17th - 19th
Annual Meeting of Local Networks of Global Compact
October 17th - 19th
World Wisdom Council of the Budapest Club
November 2nd and 3rd
Among Others...

Among the international speakers that will come to the event in Monterrey, we can highlight:

Mario Molina.
October 10th.
Mario Vargas Llosa.
October 29th
Samuel Ruiz García.
September 22nd.
Peter Singer.
October 29th.
Adolfo Pérez Esquivel.
October 30th.
Michel Wievorka.
November 6th.
Geshe Sopa.
September 23rd.



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The acclaimed literary and arts festival returns.

Events sell out quickly, so be sure to watch for the complete Festival guide, in the September 17th issue of *The New Yorker*, on newsstands on September 10th.

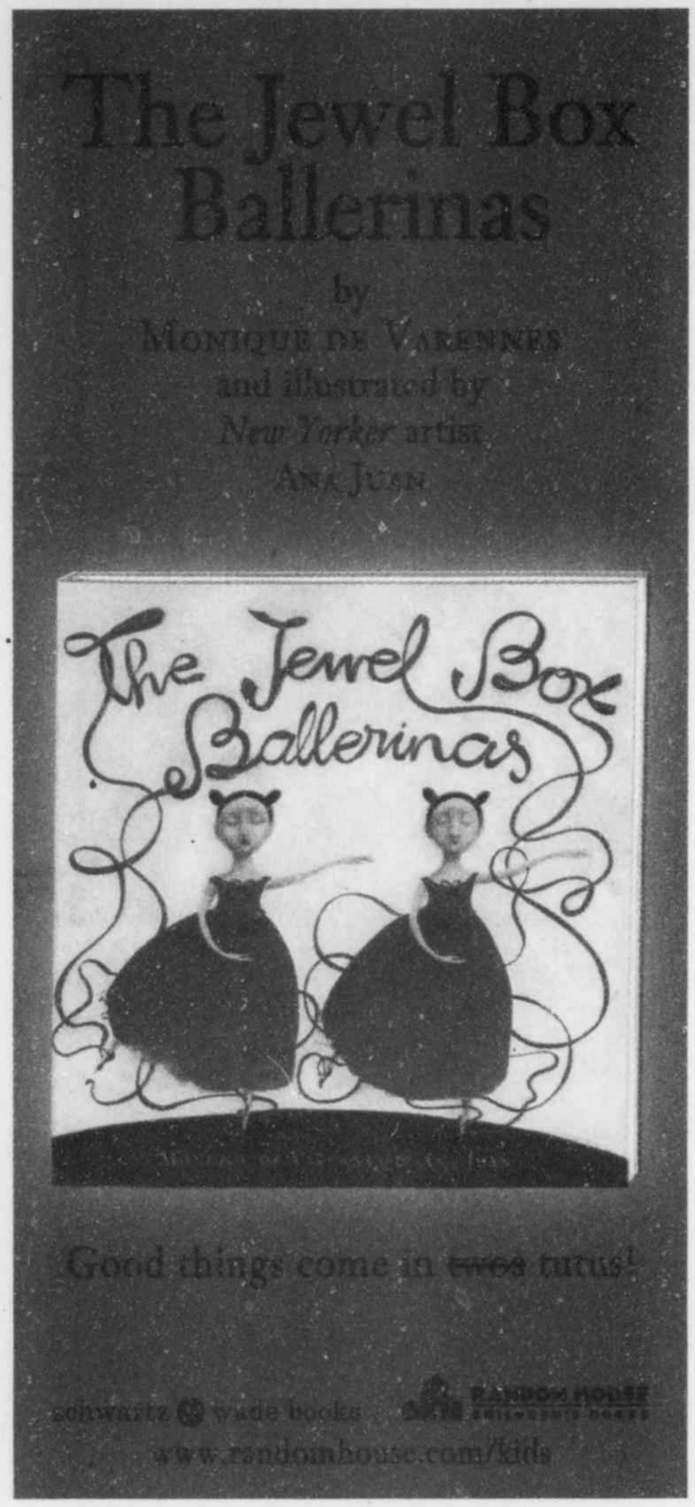
Tickets available at 12 noon E.D.T. on September 15th, at ticketmaster.com, at all *ticketmaster* outlets in the New York metropolitan area, or by calling 1.877.391.0545.

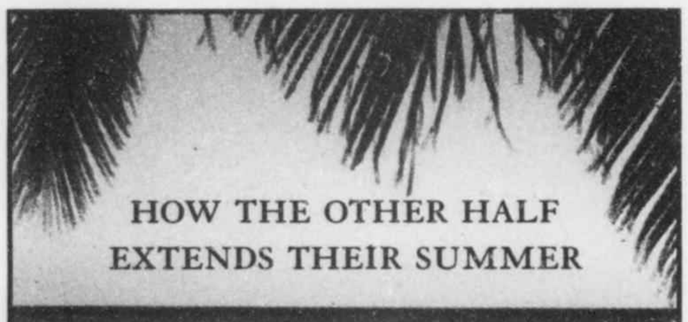
Please visit **festival.newyorker.com** to sign up for official Festival Wire e-mails. The complete Festival guide will appear online on September 10th.

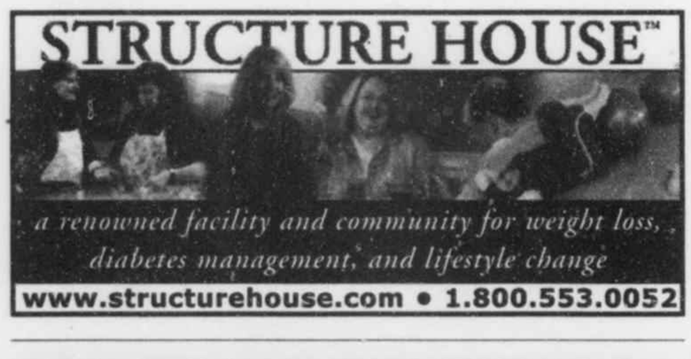
Presented By

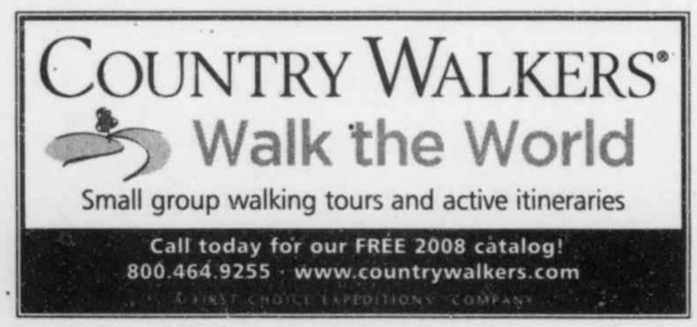
ACURA

ADVANCE

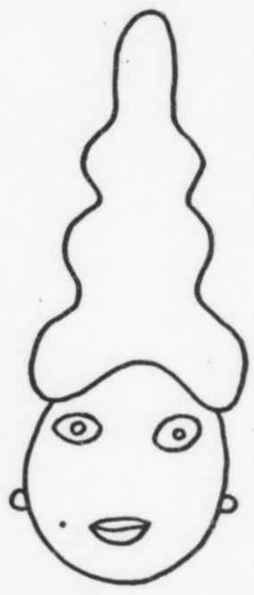








Marie-Laure began to hold forth volubly, even over lunch, on sex toys and other prurient subjects. ("Marie-Laure, *je vous en prie*," Charles would say.) However, her nephew Philippe de Montebello, now the director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, says that she minded her manners during family meals. "There were two Marie-Laures," he told me. "In front of us she never uttered one off-color word or joke." In general, though, she modelled herself increasingly on her spirited grandmother, and she began to take lovers.



The first object of her affection was a bisexual British millionaire named Edward James, who published *Minotaur*, a magazine about art and psychoanalysis beloved by the Surrealists. Invited to stay with the family at Hyères, James was more or less assaulted by Marie-Laure, who slid into his bed one night "like a moonbeam," he wrote in his book, "Swans Reflecting Elephants: My Early Years." Initially put off, he eventually acceded. A few weeks later, he wanted to leave, worried that his hostess was becoming indiscreet, but Charles, apparently exhausted by his wife's new eccentricities, begged him to stay, telling him, "The fortnight you spent with us is the most peaceful one I've had in years." James stayed on. Later, he wrote, "Marie-Laure lived for drama. . . . A good hysterical scene, with a choice audience, if possible, gave her a truly great pleasure."

After James came one of the two great passions of Marie-Laure's life: Igor Markevitch, a composer and conductor. He was twenty-one and had just had an affair with Serge Diaghilev when he met the thirty-two-year-old Marie-Laure, at Hyères. In the summer of 1933, Markevitch became ill: his doctors prescribed rest in Switzerland, and Marie-Laure followed him, settling with him in a one-bedroom chalet in the mountains. In his memoir, "Être et Avoir Été," he wrote that, after a few weeks, seeing how happy she was, "this woman in appearance so blessed with all of life's possible gifts had all along been inwardly impoverished." With Markevitch, Marie-Laure embraced a new domesticity. She tied on an apron and took over all the household tasks. Her lover was impressed by her extraordinary discipline: even with all the housework, he noted, she read a book or two a day while keeping a detailed journal and maintaining a wide-ranging correspondence. (Throughout their lives, Marie-Laure and her husband wrote to each other every day.) She even proved to be a meticulous nurse.

Charles de Noailles dropped in on the couple twice in the course of the summer. Markevitch described him as "very much at ease . . . a model husband." But then Marie-Laure became pregnant. A meeting was convened with Charles, the lovers, and a Parisian lawyer. The three men decided that Marie-Laure would have an abortion. Markevitch felt that Marie-Laure, who wanted to have the child, never got over it. The relationship foundered, and she accused him of cheating on her with Cocteau. But shortly after their breakup Marie-Laure demonstrated her extraordinary generosity: she commissioned Markevitch to compose a piece on the theme of "Paradise Lost," a favorite work of hers. Not long after this, the couple, having resumed their romance, drove to Salzburg in Marie-Laure's Alfa Romeo. They took a bad turn and skidded off the road, close to a precipice. Markevitch was able to get out of the car, but Marie-Laure was stuck for hours. When a rescue team finally reached her, she was waiting calmly in her seat, a copy of Hölderlin's poems open on her knees.

Marie-Laure's romance with Markevitch, who was suspected by friends of having occasionally added zeros to the checks she gave him, impelled her family to put her on a strict allowance. When she needed cash for her next major lover—the cellist Maurice Gendron, for whom she bought a Stradivarius—she sold a Dali.

In the mid-nineteen-thirties, Marie-Laure developed a new style, that of the left-wing militant. This shift was occasioned by her affair with Michel Petitjean, an editor of the progressive newspaper *La Flèche*, who was only eight years younger than she. Now referred to as the Red Viscountess, she became a supporter of the Front Populaire. ("She went everywhere where one could raise a fist in '36," Drieu la Rochelle wrote.) During the Second World

War, both the Vicomte and the Vicomtesse joined ambulance units, but that was the extent of their patriotic involvement. Having just one Jewish grandparent on her father's side, Marie-Laure was not Jewish by German or Vichy standards, and so was relatively safeguarded from persecution (although she was once held for twenty-four days in a concentration camp when she crossed into Lausanne without her papers being in order). German occupying forces tried to evict her from her house on the Place des États-Unis, but she was spared: she obtained a document from the American Embassy stating that President Wilson had stayed there in 1919 and that the house was under American protection. Another time, sheer chutzpah saved her: Two German officers came into her bedroom. "Gentlemen, haven't you been taught to take your hats off in a lady's room?" she snapped. "Emma, bring me my tea." The officers turned and left.

Charles de Noailles spent the Occupation years in the South of France concentrating on his garden. ("Who does Charles like best, men or women?" a friend once asked Marie-Laure. "He likes flowers," she answered.) Marie-Laure continued her prewar schedule, dining at the Café Flore with Jean-Louis Barrault and Dora Maar and Cocteau, attending openings and premières. During this period, she had a brief liaison with a German officer ("But he was Austrian!" she would later plead to friends). The romance became public when the lovers had a car accident, with Marie-Laure's friend Georges Auric at their side. This time, her nose was broken, and she had to breathe through her mouth for the rest of her life.

"Time devours chic faster than it devours faces," Marie-Laure once wrote. Her own looks contradicted that theory. Philippe de Montebello, who first knew her in the postwar decades, remembers her as "incredibly ugly, but in a captivating way." By the nineteen-fifties, she had to give up her Chanel suits: to conceal her large belly, she wore wide peasant skirts with ballet slippers, and carried baskets instead of handbags. "I'm the worst-dressed woman in Europe since 1940," she told Bernard Minoret. "In order to be beautiful I'd have to have eighteen operations."

It was in this new incarnation that Marie-Laure met the last great love of her life, a Spanish painter named Oscar Dominguez, one of the few heterosexuals she ever took up with. Dominguez, four years older than she, was born in the Canary Islands and, after moving to Paris, hung out on the fringes of the Surrealist movement. A man whose face resembled that of an Easter Island statue, Dominguez was a heavy drinker given to outrageous behavior—he would shout out "My penis is hard as gold" at the dinner table. According to a friend, the couple looked like the union of a transvestite Louis XVI and a Cro-Magnon man, and even at formal parties they pawed each other like teen-agers.

Dominguez was a decent painter,

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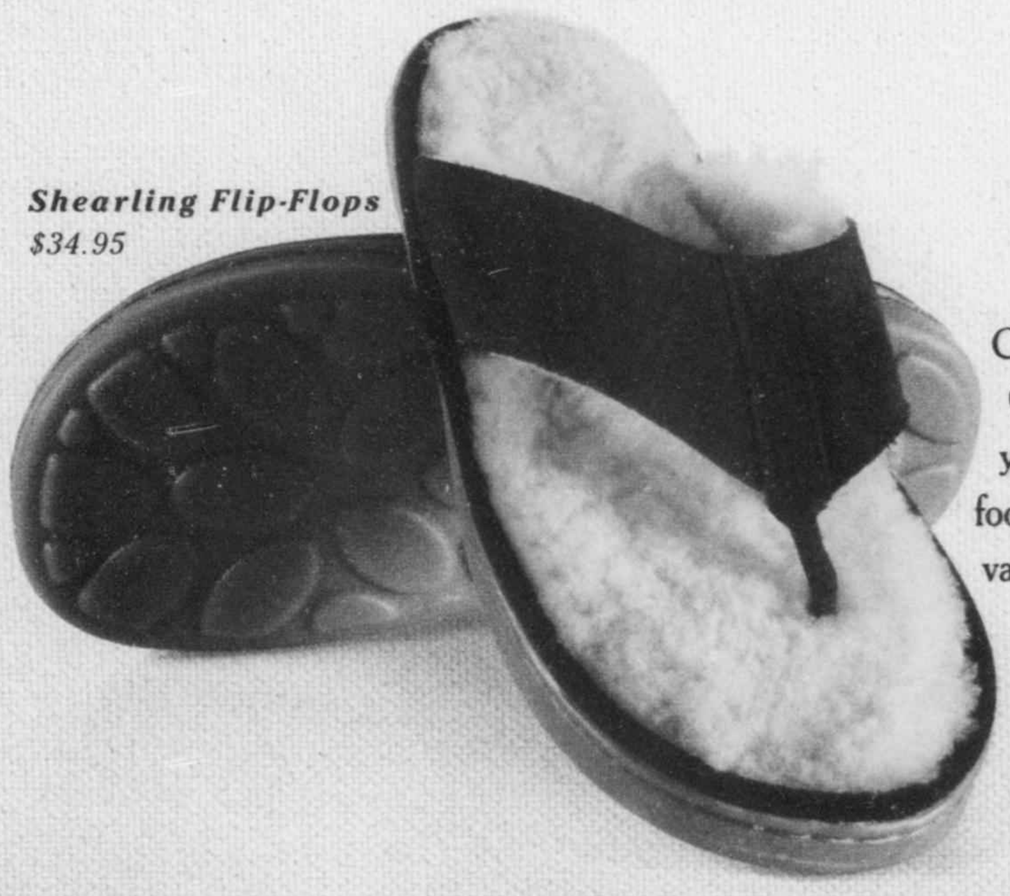

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but his greatest gift was for forgery. He worshipped Picasso and would carefully copy Marie-Laure's Picassos, replace them with his own versions, and then sell the originals to a dealer. On one occasion, Marie-Laure, pinched for cash, tried to sell a Picasso through James Lord. In his book, "Six Exceptional Women," which contains a chapter on Marie-Laure, Lord writes that the dealer told him that he'd had that painting for almost a year already—Dominguez had sold it to someone who had in turn sold it to him. Marie-Laure had always been careful about her art collection, hiding her more valuable bibelots whenever she gave a party. "The richer people are, the more they filch," Montebello remembers her telling him. But Dominguez remained beyond reproach. Marie-Laure was accustomed to being taken advantage of by men, and when Lord told her what Dominguez had done she replied, "It's a sort of exorcism of the Picasso demon."

One day, Dominguez's own demons caught up with him. According to Ned Rorem, he prepared a white canvas, took a large dose of barbiturates, slit his wrists and his ankles, and for the few minutes remaining to him painted on the canvas with his own blood. After Dominguez died, Marie-Laure, then fifty-five, stopped drinking, and within six months she found a new lover. His name was Jean Lafont, and he bred corrida bulls in the Camargue. Twenty-five years her junior, he was bisexual, but Marie-Laure was never calmer than she was with Lafont. In her last two decades, she took up painting, and by the nineteen-sixties she had annual shows at Paris galleries, and even one in New York. She was furiously competitive about her work, painting a picture a week—accomplished, pleasant phantasmagoric landscapes—and putting a black mark on her studio wall whenever a work was sold.

In 1963, Marie-Laure de Noailles was awarded the Palme d'Or—a good-citizenship prize—by the newspaper *Le Provençal*. "She's not a grande dame but a knight," the playwright Marcel Achard said at the time. "She doesn't have the vapidity, the pallor, or the evanescence of court ladies; she has the *force de frappe*, the violence, the enthusiasm and passion of the knight. . . . All the great artists of the epoch owe something to Marie-Laure."

"I owe everything to her," Ned Rorem told me earlier this year. When I asked him about the Nazi lover, he said, "That may have been part of her aristocratic arrogance—very Sadian—to consider herself immune from most ethical or moral prerogatives."

Marie-Laure continued to lust after beautiful young men. Shortly before she died, as she watched a military parade of five hundred soldiers in Hyères, she said, "Here are five hundred happinesses passing by." In her final years, she grew increasingly rude, not bothering to say hello or goodbye, shuffling into Galignani, the booksellers, and elbowing her way toward the book she wanted, snapping, "Put this on the Vicomte's account." Yet she remained an arbiter of Paris style. Her witticisms continued to make the rounds. In the late fifties, she spotted the actress Jeanne Moreau, who had been involved with the director Louis Malle, being escorted by Prince Napoleon Murat. "*Elle va de mal en pire*," she acidly commented ("She goes from bad to worse"—a pun on Malle and *empire*). She still gravitated toward whatever was new: in the early sixties, she bought one of César's compressed cars and placed it in her entrance hall, next to a Bernini. She continued to dote on handsome young men, such as the writer François-Marie Banier, whom she put up at Hyères with his boyfriend a few months before her death.

It was Banier who heard her last words. "No, I don't want to die," she told him on the phone, in a wheezing voice, on a January evening in 1970. She told her butler that she was "suffocating" but forbade him to alert friends. She died the following morning, of pulmonary edema, and was buried in the Bischoffsheim vault at Montparnasse Cemetery.

The Noailleses' house on the Place des États-Unis is now owned by Baccarat, the crystal firm, which had Philippe Starck redesign the Jean-Michel Frank interiors as a museum for glassware. Charles de Noailles died in 1981, at the age of ninety, deaf, having planted his flower beds to the end. ♦

"It's just that your acts of kindness are so random."

Photo by Bryan Adams

"*Life is* FULL OF SOUNDS. *For 500 million people* IT'S NOT."

Plácido Domingo

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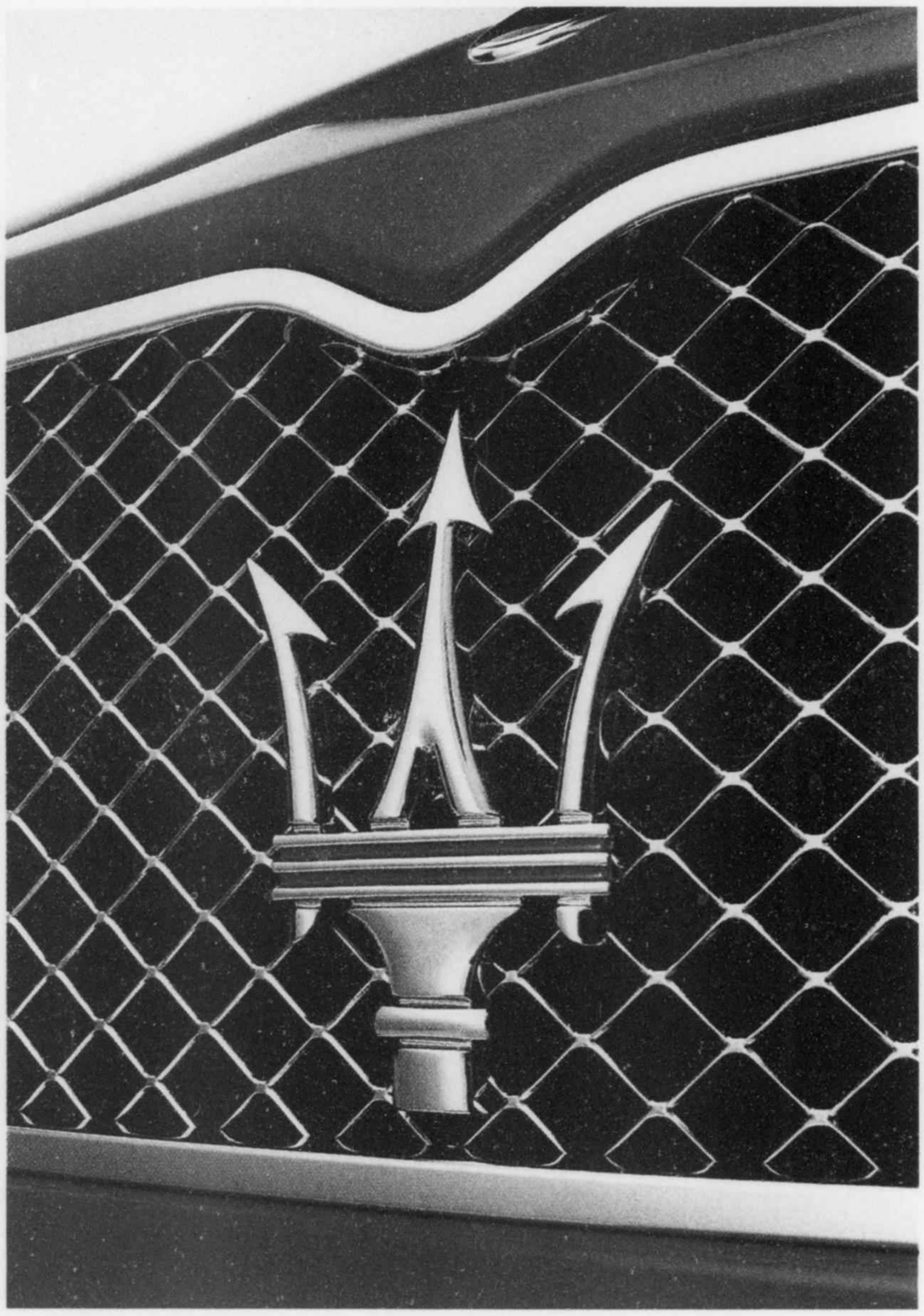
FICTION

THE MASERATI YEARS

BY MAXIM BILLER



It was a very cold day. He hadn't closed the balcony door overnight, and when he breathed out a small cloud of vapor rose from his mouth. He lay in bed with only his face outside the covers, making clouds of vapor. Another five, no, another ten of them, and he'd get up.

She hadn't kissed him when she awoke at dawn. She had simply reached for him, and when he'd been lying on top of her she hadn't given him any help, but it had been quite easy all the same. She hadn't kissed him before she left, either, and he'd fallen back asleep straightaway and dreamed of a bottle of Corona as large as the water pump in Monbijouplatz.

Then he woke up again—it was afternoon—and he thought of the big bottle of Corona. He'd have liked a cigarette, but he didn't have any left. He went to the bathroom, came back, turned his cell phone on, and put it down again. "Hi, Tom-Cat, I'm pregnant. Sorry to tell you this way. Going to my parents."

Two other text messages had arrived, both from someone at the production company, who had also left messages on his voice mail, sounding angrier each time, asking where he was. There'd been a rehearsal at one o'clock, someone would be there until six.

"Hi, Tom-Cat, I'm pregnant. Sorry to tell you this way. Going to my parents."

Oh, go to hell, he thought, breathing out another little cloud. No. 4.

The movie was about three friends meeting again after many years. One was now a singer, one was a doctor, and the third, the part he played, was nothing much. His character had never left home—he still lived with his family—and he wasn't as handsome as he used to be, but you could see that he once had been. During the single night depicted in the film everything would change for all of them. "The Lost Night." Not a bad title, if a little too American.

He still had the cooking sherry his mother had bought the last time she visited, and maybe there was a bottle of wine somewhere. A cigarette would be better. He imagined the smoke filling his lungs, slowly making him dizzy, but then the smoke would have to leave them again, although he'd prefer not to breathe it out at all. Little cloud No. 5.

I'll have to sell the car, he suddenly thought. He was surprised to find himself thinking that, but it was exactly what he thought. I'll have to sell the car. I can't afford it anymore if I have to pay up every month. Not this car, anyway. Step on the gas too hard and something goes off, *bang*, and the guy from Brunnenstrasse has to come and tow it away, and then you have to take taxis until he's got hold of a new engine, and an engine like that costs a bundle. So there go the Maserati years, he thought, and for a moment he felt sad. Then he felt furious, and then he closed his eyes and went to sleep.

When he woke up, it was getting dark again. Not entirely dark yet, but pretty dark. It was gray, blue-gray outside—the kind of light you get only at the end of November, the beginning of December, at around three or half past in the afternoon, when Berlin might as well be in Finland.

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ON A PASSENGER FERRY

(*For Grace Paley*)

The deck is big, and crowded. In one corner,
an old woman, sick, on chemo, not in pain, is
writing in an elementary-school notebook.
Nobody else saw her, but I saw her.
I had seen her before. Her round, kind face,
smiling and still as a photograph
outside a window—

—Jean Valentine

Three or half past—right. He got up, went to the bathroom, and on the way back he looked in the big kitchen drawer to see if there were any cigarettes there. He didn't find any, so he picked up the sherry bottle, but then he put it down again. He felt for a moment the way he used to as a child, walking around the apartment on a Sunday while everyone else was still asleep. Since no one wanted to play with him, he would go back to bed, and the sheets were as perfectly cool as they felt now.

They had never discussed it. He hadn't asked any questions, and she hadn't said anything. He'd thought, If she doesn't say anything, then there's nothing to discuss, nothing can happen. It was that way with other women. If there'd been anything to discuss, she would surely have said something, he'd thought, and now he was thinking that of course that had been stupid of him. She would have said something only if she didn't want any problems. So either there was nothing to discuss or she did want problems.

When he first met her, in the Casolare, he'd thought, This is going nowhere, and if it does go somewhere then it won't be for long. He had looked out at the canal and ordered successive glasses of wine for her, thinking the same thing the whole time. Presumably, she had been thinking something quite different. She had black hair, blue eyes, and a look that could bring you to tears. He'd thought, That's how it is when they're a little older. They aren't ashamed of anything in bed, though, and you don't have to feel ashamed of anything with them, either.

His phone rang, and he jumped up at once. When he saw that it was someone from the production company, he let it ring. It stopped, and then a text came in from the wardrobe supervisor, but he deleted it without reading it and went back to bed. Then he got up again and closed the balcony door. He put some music on, lay down, and listened to Al Green, and thought of how he'd never listen to Al Green in his beautiful car anymore. It was still rather cold in the room. He'd pulled the quilt right up to his chin, and the cold air was like the wind that blew in his face in the Maserati. He drove up Leipziger Strasse to Potsdamer Platz and continued on west. He listened to "La-La for You," and the white winter sun danced between the buildings ahead of him.

The Biturbo really was a beautiful car. Its engine had a pleasant, stern sound, it sat five people, and it was as angular as a chocolate box. And now all that was over, because she hadn't told him he had to take precautions. They'd done it ten or perhaps twelve times, even when she'd had her period. They'd been good together—he'd enjoyed himself and so had she—and now he'd have to get rid of his beautiful car.

He breathed out through his mouth, but nothing happened. He tried again, but the room wasn't cold enough anymore. He could feel the warmth of the radiator behind the bed. You could almost touch that warmth, and when he thought of the cold weather outside he didn't want to go out at all.

They wouldn't be shooting without him anyway. They couldn't shoot without him! Niklas had written the part specially for him—his character in the film was a little like his real self. Niklas had often said so, and he hadn't always liked that, but mostly it was O.K. Now he was glad, because they really couldn't do without him, even in rehearsal. Anyway, at the moment everyone wanted to make films featuring him.

Or, no, of course they could manage without him. And who in fact did still want to make films featuring him? Exactly—people who hadn't worked with him before. He was always offered the same kind of part, but that was his own doing—he could say no. The directors he'd started out with worked with other people now, just throwing him the occasional bone out of charity. A small part in the film, large letters in the opening credits: "Guest appearance by our old friend Feri, and, no, we don't know why we're doing this, either."

Shit, I want to make more little clouds, he thought. He got up, opened the balcony door, and crawled back into bed. It was dark in the room, but he didn't switch a light on. It wasn't gray or blue-gray outside the window anymore; it was almost black. From outside, a little of the ugly orange East Berlin street lighting filtered in, and the objects in the room seemed to quiver slightly. His breath turned immediately to vapor outside his mouth, and he felt as if the air in his lungs were lost forever.

No. 7, he thought. Then he made the other three and closed his eyes. He fell asleep, woke up ten minutes later, and went into the kitchen. He drank his mother's sherry, went to the bathroom, lay back down, and dropped off to sleep again. He slept half the night, and then there was a text message.

"Hi, had a fright? Just wanted to see how cold you really are. Don't ever call me again. Meow."

He switched off his phone, went into the bathroom, and showered. He took a very long, very hot shower, and he kept thinking: Go to hell. Then he lay down and tried to sleep, and it worked better than he'd expected. ♦

(*Translated, from the German, by Anthea Bell.*)

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LES TRESORS DE VENISE
Il lago di Como
LA
LA
RA IN ITALIA
RA ITALIANA

PROFILES

MONDO DONATELLA

What it takes to carry on the Versace legacy.

BY LAUREN COLLINS

"*Mai più! Mai più!*" Donatella Versace, staccato and picking up speed, was yelling into a cell phone that an assistant had just planted in her right palm. Despite the buffed nails, her hands were meaty and brown—when she holds a goblet, they threaten to crush the bulb. She batted at the air like a lion, her index finger glinting with a gigantic canary diamond.

A few minutes earlier, the mood on the sixth floor of the Versace mansion, on Fifth Avenue, had been serene. Visitors, there to preview Versace's 2007 cruise collection, were offered sparkling water and caviar; vases of tulips and peonies graced low tables, and boxes of sugar cookies, iced to resemble the flowers, had been trussed with neat silk bows. There had been a minor panic over the whereabouts of Donatella's pocketbook, but the bag was found, and a 10 A.M. appointment with the editors of *Women's Wear Daily* and *W* proceeded without incident. "Oh, that's so cute!" an editor said, assessing a jumpsuit that melded hot pants with a bustier. "It's graphic *and* it's girly," another decreed, approvingly, of a silk shift printed with a huge calla lily.

The trouble began when, between appointments, Donatella repaired to an outdoor terrace to smoke. Seated at a wrought-iron table, she thumbed open a pack of "special DV Marlboro Reds" (so called because her staff in Milan is instructed to cover the customary "Smoking Kills" label on every pack with a sticker bearing a DV monogram in medieval script). She flipped the top of her lighter, which is paved with pink crystals, and started leafing through a copy of the July issue of *Vogue*.

Suddenly, she homed in on a page, letting her black sunglasses slip down the bridge of her nose and then teeter around her jawbone. Summoning a crew of retainers to the table, she jabbed a finger at page 111: a fashion spread of an austere Versace coat, shaped like a bell and trimmed at the hem with a band of gray fox fur. Facing it, on page 110, was a Versace advertisement showcasing a baby-pink ceramic watch, studded with pink diamonds. "I need my phone," she said.

Within seconds, she was on the line with a team of attorneys in Milan. Evidently, the ad was outdated and had been placed by a licensee, without Donatella's consent. The juxtaposition of the two photographs was accidental, but the effect was embarrassingly inconsistent. For years, Versace upheld a reputation as the loudest, louchest, most decadent name in fashion, but recently the company has aspired to a quieter image—less superlative than comparative, the sort that might improve its fortunes at department stores in the "better ladies' apparel" section. "She's saying, 'Send them a legal letter,'" an assistant explained, translating from Italian the escalating blasts of contempt. "She never approved that image. The new ad campaign is supposed to have a cleaner look."

"*Non si deve permettere!*" Donatella continued, flicking her cigarette in the direction of an ashtray etched with Versace's emblem, a Medusa head. "*Mai più!*"

Donatella—everybody calls her that, or D.V.—is the creative director and vice-president of the board of Gianni Versace S.p.A, a fashion company founded, in 1978, by her older brother Gianni, who was murdered by a serial killer in Miami Beach in 1997. She owns twenty per cent of the company; her oldest brother, Santo, owns thirty. The remaining shares are controlled by her twenty-one-year-old daughter, Allegra, under the terms of Gianni's will. Gianni's death left Donatella, who was essentially an unprepared understudy, with awe-

Donatella Versace at the family retreat at Lake Como. Photograph by Miles Aldridge.

some responsibility. She is charged with designing not only men's and women's clothing for four apparel brands (Versace, Versace Atelier, Versace Collection, and Versace Jeans Couture) but a host of lucrative "life-style products" (among them perfume, watches, belts, couches, dishes, eyeglasses, shoes, bags, and scarves). For the Versace line alone, Donatella produces twelve collections a year. The demands on her time, and lungs, are such that she dispatches Allegra to the cinema to scout movies in advance.

In recent seasons, Donatella has begun to win respect as a designer, but for years she was Gianni's cosseted helpmeet, serving in the largely ornamental capacities of muse, mascot, and de-facto First Lady. Her duties included presiding over parties and keeping the models entertained; legend has it that she once flew a hairdresser from New York to Italy to give her and Naomi Campbell extensions while they lounged in her brother's bathroom eating spaghetti. The actor Rupert Everett, one of Donatella's best friends, describes her as "a kamikaze blonde in black leather and stilettos, more like a character from 'Blade Runner' than the stately doyenne of a Milanese fashion house."

Her physical appearance may be her most celebrated asset: a little bit Pam Anderson (scarecrow hair, trout lips), a little bit Barbarella (flared pants and corset tops cut as tight as bondage gear), with a face imposing enough to belong on Mt. Rushmore, regardless of whether its features were chiselled by nature or man. At twelve, Donatella had her first highlights—" 'Lighter and lighter and lighter,' I told them!" she recalled. At fourteen, she was suspended from school for wearing eyeliner to rival Cleopatra's; by sixteen, she was a platinum blonde. If women's figures, as fashion magazines would have us believe, approximate fruits, Donatella's is less a pear than a green banana: firm, tightly encased, and hunched forward at the waist, so that, seen from the side, she appears to be almost C-shaped. Donatella thinks that her legs are short, so she wears towering Lucite heels and bold, monochromatic ensembles ("But never red! That's Valentino"). At home, she prefers cashmere sweatpants. She's been said to resemble Janice, the electric guitarist from the Muppets, but Janice is not as tan.

Donatella's look assumes a corresponding character—she has a husky voice and a haughty pout that have made her perhaps less famous as a designer than as a camp goddess. (When was the last time you saw a pubescent boy on YouTube impersonating Donna Karan?) She has a talent for malapropisms: "My mother was a mistress," she'll say, intending to communicate that she is the daughter of a woman who was handy with a needle. Her favorite words are "fabulous" and "modern." But there's a paradox in the caricature of Donatella as a slinky hedonist: her persona is, in some ways, her livelihood, but her livelihood relies on her ability to disprove it. The conflicting expectations of her various constituencies—staff, family, public, celebrity friends—seem to leave her discomfited, hovering between playing the executive and playing the puppet.

Donatella is a consumer, as much as an icon, of popular culture. "I loaf the Killers," she told me. "In my house, I have two different stereos, and sometimes I have punk rock on one floor and pop on the other." She goes to Red Hot Chili Peppers concerts ("two nights consecutive") with her sixteen-year-old son, Daniel, pores over DVDs of "Desperate Housewives" (Bree is her favorite), and admires the novels of Jay "how you say, Ma-kiv-verney?" On "Saturday Night Live," the comedian Maya Rudolph performs a recurring sketch in which Donatella, by turns hyper and sullen, jewels flashing like strobe lights, runs around the house evicting freeloaders. "Get oat! Get oat!" she shrieks. Donatella gets, and even perpetuates, the gag. She appeared as herself in the Ben Stiller farce "Zoolander." After seeing the "S.N.L." sketch, she got on the phone with Rudolph and said, "I can tell from a mile away that your jewelry is fake. You can't do that to me, darling. . . . I'm allergic to it. I get a rash all over my body."

Donatella has joked that she would like to be buried in a crystal coffin, like Snow White, when she dies. At the moment, though, business is lively. Under the guidance of a strict new C.E.O., Giancarlo Di Risio, Versace posted a profit, of $25.4 million, for the first time since 2001. (The company, which was carrying a hundred and sixty million dollars in debt as of 2004, had not expected to break even until later.) In May, construction began on Palazzo Versace, a luxury resort on the banks of Dubai Creek that will be furnished entirely with Versace products, from the bedsheets to the bath gels. Ten new boutiques, seven of them in China, will be open by the end of 2007; Elad Properties, the developer that recently bought the Plaza hotel, appointed Donatella to design its model condominiums.

Donatella herself is in demand. Appearing at Saks Fifth Avenue in May, she sold thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of perfume in an afternoon. Versace clothes—traditionally characterized by lurid silk prints, revealing slits, and an abundance of Greek motifs, curlicues, and gilt—have taken on polish. "You can see the self-discipline in the design," Linda Wells, the editor of *Allure,* told me. "You put it on and you feel very put together. It's not bohemian and sloppy and falling off your shoulders."

But Donatella remains a fatalist. "Life is difficult," she says. " 'Happiness' is a word I do not believe exists." She is taxed with preserving her brother's legacy and, with it, the means of her entire family. Allegra, who is a student at Brown University, has struggled with serious anorexia and is considering a career in acting. Daniel, her son, is in a punk band called Nucleus. "I appreciate my mom's work and stuff, but I'm not that into fashion," he told me. Donatella frets that she doesn't spend enough time with them. "I try to give my children quality time instead of quantity time," she said recently. "I hope it work. But then I see a mother with her children twenty-four hours a day and she didn't do a good job, either." It was June; she hadn't had a day off in six months, and there were four appointments to go before the cruise presentation was finished. "I'm so tired," she told me. "I wish I could sleep." Referring to the day after the tenth anniversary of Gianni's murder, she declared, "I will not sleep until July 16th."

In Milan, just before Christmas, the streets of the Quadrilatero d'Oro, the city's shopping district, were jammed. The windows of Dolce & Gabbana spilled over with kumquats, purple

grapes, pecans, and marzipan, as if set for a holiday feast. The windows of the Versace store, on Via Montenapoleone, were, by contrast, full of accessories, all wrought in white leather and embossed with Greek-key motifs. The centerpiece was the Versace Couture Limited Edition Jet Bag, which is long and slim (like the case for a flute) and costs twenty-four hundred dollars. One of a thousand made, its name refers to a recent deal between Versace and a company called Tag Aviation: the bag's quilted material is the same that Donatella is using to outfit the interiors of a series of Versace private jets. This spring, Donatella received her first commission, from a Russian oligarch.

Inside, vitrines were crammed with rhinestone-studded clutches. The second and third floors housed the women's ready-to-wear collection ("more sportif," a clerk said). "The mood of the collection, maybe it's a little conservative, but with the V you can identify the brand," the clerk continued, holding up a sleeveless mock turtleneck, with a patent-leather chevron across the chest, that you might imagine Ivana Trump wearing in front of the fireplace in Aspen. I admired a black leather whipstitch skirt, slightly kinky but assertive—Versace at its best. Back on the ground floor, a cashier was ringing up a purchase for a woman who was wearing jeans with "Oh, My Gold!" embroidered in metallic thread on the rump.

The Versace offices are just around the corner, on Via Manzoni. When I got there to see Donatella, I was met by her personal assistant, Bruce Guimar. Guimar, a young ponytailed Frenchman, goes everywhere Donatella goes, and his roles range from body man to secretary to Sherpa to houseboy. He led me into her office. There was a framed kimono hanging above her desk, and a bookshelf filled with pictures: Donatella and Boy George, her kids on a Jet Ski, a signed photograph of Jennifer Lopez ("To Donatella—thank you for making me feel beautiful!").

"I don't know what to do first in this day," Donatella began, as she sipped espresso. "I have to get ready for the men's show, in January, but in the meantime we have a pre-season collection, and I'm preparing the haute couture as well, so I have three collections for January."

Since undergoing treatment for cocaine addiction, in 2004, Donatella has adhered to a spartan regimen. "My life is not crazy like people think it is," she said. That morning, she had jogged on the treadmill in the gym at her house and lifted free weights—"but very, very low, because if I do too much weights my muscle gets bigger." She added, "I don't have the passion to do yoga, because I keep talking. I never shut up and breathe at all!" She had made a number of phone calls—a daily round instituted as part of a plan to overhaul the company's notoriously haphazard management style. "It's, like, one half hour of phone calls in the morning," she said. "Call everybody, check everything."

At two o'clock, she went upstairs to the studio to meet with her design assistants to go over the season's "flash" outfits—women's clothing that would be previewed at the men's show as a sort of teaser. The latest idea was to focus on day clothing, a departure from the bombshell evening gowns (see Elizabeth Hurley encased in safety pins) that have long enhanced Versace's name recognition but not its bottom line. "I put attention on day clothes, and they become more special because less obviously Versace, less glitzy, no Swarovski," Donatella said. "I'm over glitz." The revised look is mod, geometric, and slightly space age. For the spring collection, Donatella was planning to embroider the clothes with a plastic similar to the one used in film for Polaroid cameras. "Is, for me, more modern," she said.

A model emerged from a back room, wearing a sparkly silver dress. The back was cut in a V so deep that she wasn't able to walk without providing a view of her gluteal cleft. Donatella huddled with several design assistants—two Marcos and a Lee.

"It's really too low in the back," Marco No. 1 said.

"*Un pochino*," Donatella replied. He took it up a little. The neckline of the dress also descended into a V.

"I don't like it," Donatella said. "It's got to be like this." She took a piece of paper from a nearby table and tore it so that the edges were round. She held the cutout against the model's collarbone, like a dickey, and began scribbling on it, to demonstrate how it would look with an overlay of beads.

"*Perfetto, perfetto, sì!*"

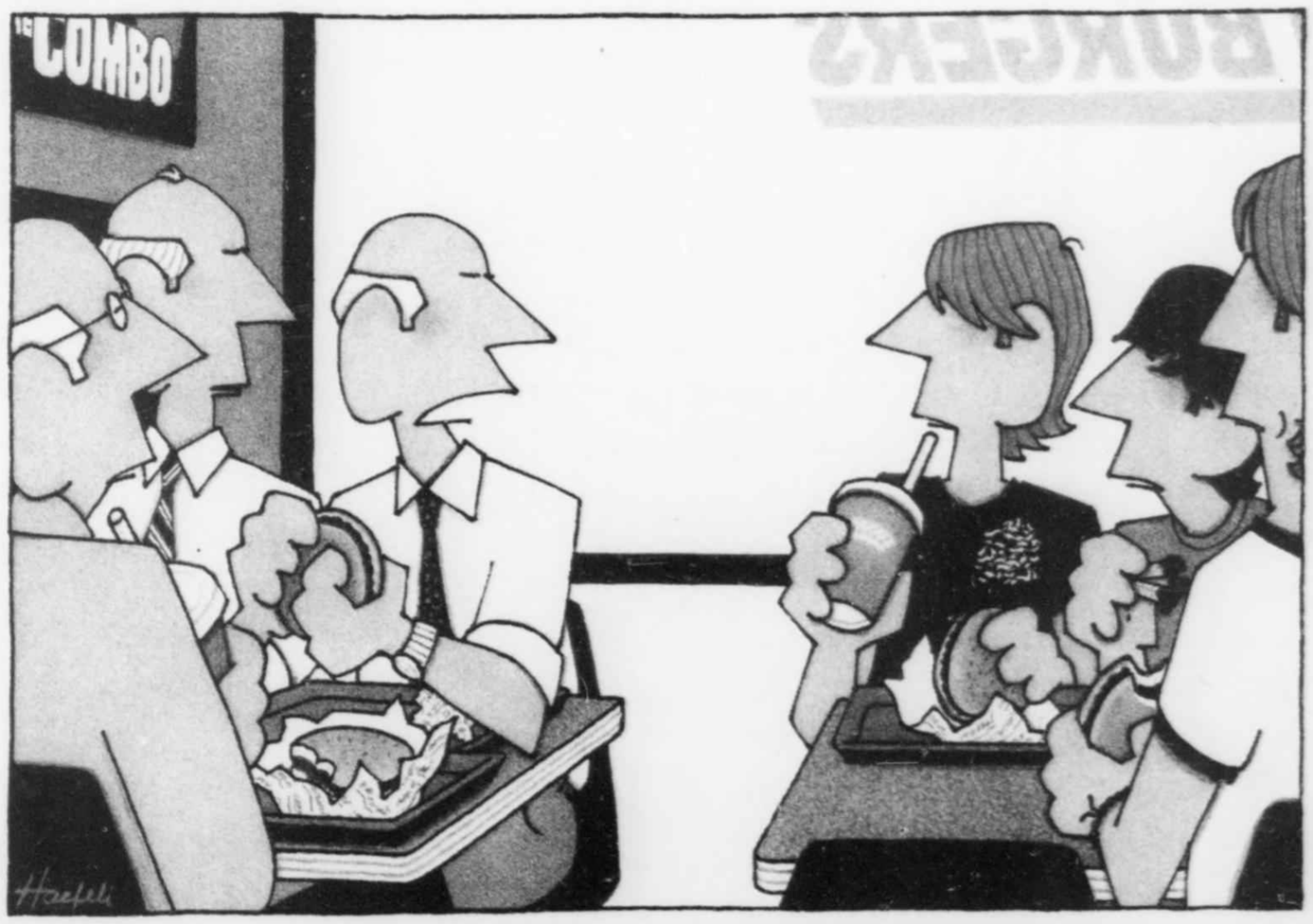
"*Bella* sexy," Donatella replied. "*Bello profondo* will be *bella* sexy!"

Next came a cashmere jersey dress that was part Savile Row, part Frederick's of Hollywood—a tuxedo, basically, with bra cups.

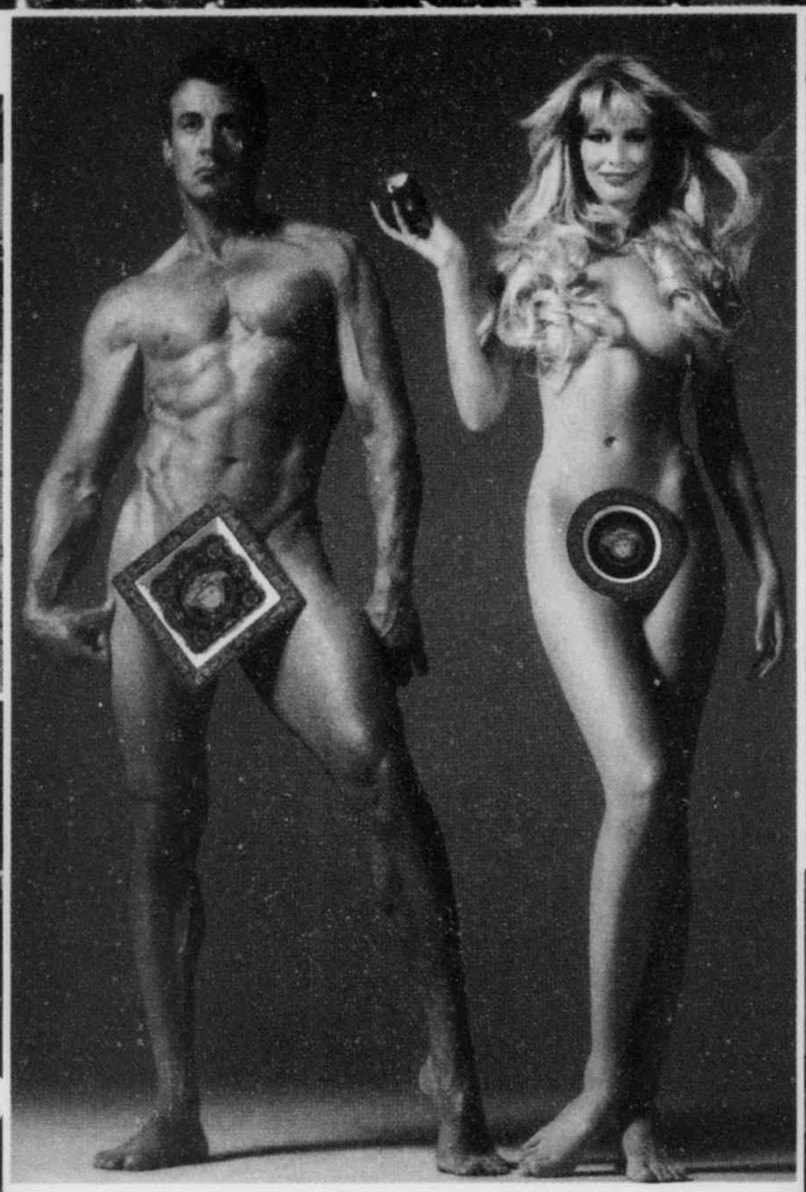
"I want it to be a classic men's shirt in a sexy dress," Donatella said. "What do you call it?" she asked, gesturing madly, as if playing charades, toward the collar.

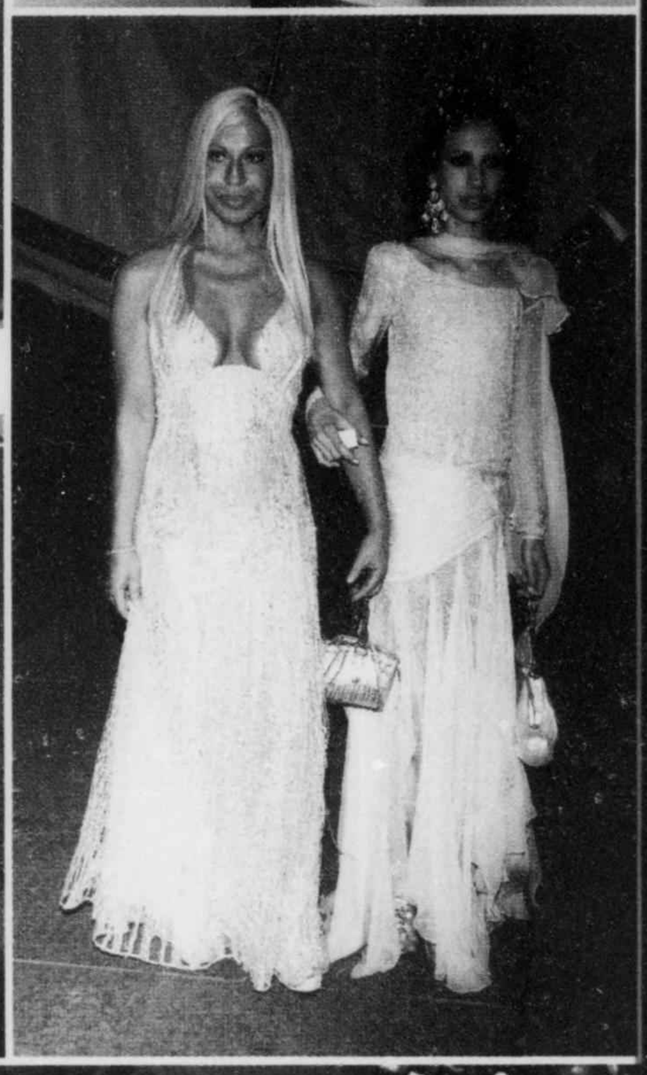
"A collar stay?"

"The front has to be like a men's shirt." The buttons were pearlescent, so she grabbed a Sharpie and started coloring



"We invented your hair."





them dark. "We should do a white cuff as well, with black cufflinks!"

The third outfit was a black sheath dress bisected by diagonal strips of turquoise and red plastic. Donatella thought it would look best with black tights and bright shoes. Then she changed her mind: the tights should be shiny instead of matte. The model reappeared.

Donatella was pleased, except on one count. "She has good legs," she said. "I hate her."

That night, Donatella hosted a Christmas party for the Italian press in Gianni's second-floor apartment at the Versace palazzo, on Via Gesù. The atmosphere was opulent but warm: a tree decked with pink and purple lights, champagne in buckets of ice on a porch. Elvis's "Blue Christmas" was on the stereo. Guimar, wearing a black suit and an earpiece, kept watch over Donatella. "This is my life now, this is my family," he told me. "A mission I have to ace."

Santo Versace, a seigneurial figure, was standing near an antique sideboard. A former accountant, he oversaw the company's finances for many years but has been less visible since the hiring of Di Risio. (Santo was convicted, in Italian court in 1997, of bribing tax agents, as were officers of several other Italian fashion companies. A higher court later overturned the ruling, finding that all the men were victims of extortion.)

"My work is at Gianni Versace," Santo said in a gravelly voice, "but all my engagement otherwise is with charity. I work in fashion because Gianni was a talent. But in my life I always think about the people who were suffering, the people on the pavement."

"I like this—is fantastic," he said, popping a vegetable wonton into his mouth and wandering off.

Manolo Blahnik, the shoe designer, was in town and had decided to drop by the party. "Sorry, I been crazy," he said. "I been working all day, and I have twenty minutes to put on my little tie, wash my hair, and come down. I don't do that very often. For Donatella, I would." He went on, "I adore her. She is one of the few women I respect in fashion. I love the

Clockwise, from top left: With Gianni, as children; two pages from Versace books; Elton John and Gianni; a look from the fall collection;

Versaces a million years ago. This is, by God, a proper Italian warm people. Donatella, with time, is going to be one of the few—few!—talents in fashion, I promise you. She has something that nobody has: talent." He began to yell. "Talent! *Talento. Waa! Waa! Waa!*"

Donatella approached, greeting him with a kiss on each cheek.

"Lady, lady, you see: this is Donatella," he said. "No time, always the future!"

"Don't believe Manolo. He knows me too much," Donatella demurred.

"Is the truth! Is the truth, you bitch!"

The collection that Donatella had been working on made its début in late February, with a runway show at an eighteenth-century theatre in Milan that Versace owns. The clothes were an immediate hit, alluding to the Versace lineage—chunky chains, draped bodices, snaking metallic breastplates—while transcending its connotations of vulgarity with a range of crisp, architectural coats and suits that suggested a woman who buys instead of being kept.

"The printed Versace shirt belongs to an era, which is early nineties," Donatella told me. "We are in 2007. The world has moved on. Gianni would move on if he was alive." Cathy Horyn wrote in the *Times*, "Ms. Versace's collection was a real testament to her brother's genius"; the consensus, moreover, was that Donatella had finally exceeded the constraints of flame-keeping to generate her own heat. I asked Donatella if she thought she was a great designer. "I have no answer," she said. "I have a lot to learn still."

Donatella's ambivalence reflects a recognition that her recent collections have been notable less for their positive qualities than for an absence of inelegant ones: when critics praise her for being restrained, it's clear, in the backhanded way of a snob calling someone polite, that the underlying expectation is the opposite. Certainly, her toned-down ball gowns and revved-up Easter suits aim for the middle, resulting in a silhouette that is inarguably tasteful but somewhat timid. She mentioned that she would love to dress another woman whose style, to

with friends; Donatella, shot by Helmut Newton; with Prince Charles; with Missy Elliott; with Allegra; the family at Como; with Gianni.

varying degrees of success, splits the difference between sexy and cute: Hillary Clinton. "I would suggest her not to do too many suits, because they make her look hard," Donatella said. "Little dresses, not too stiff. There would be some jersey dresses, not too light, but I think she need big colors because she's a blonde like I am. A good shade of blue—deep, deep purple, but no pastel. And no reds! Very small heels—not thin—and black sheer stockings! I would love her to become most glamorous President ever."

When Donatella was younger, she had a reputation for being headstrong ("She says exactly what she damn well thinks," Trudie Styler noted), but, at fifty-two, she is a serial self-belittler: "I am petrified," "I get very anxious," "I have a major talent to lose things," "If I drove, I'd have a huge accident," "Sorry, today I am congested," "I hate my foot." She made her name on the party circuit, but, in social settings, she spaces in and out of focus. She can bring to mind a how-to diagram for reading body language, clinging to intimates and physically recoiling from strangers, less out of disdain than animal fear.

Rupert Everett, in his memoir "Red Carpets and Other Banana Skins," recalls Donatella on New Year's Eve of 1999, giving a party at Casa Casuarina, the family's Miami Beach mansion, where Gianni had died two years earlier. "I found Donatella sitting alone on a couch in the garden, wearing a silver dress, wrapped up in a thousand memories," Everett writes. He describes her dutiful attentions to a mob of sybarites and mooches. "To them she was the brash party diva. People didn't see the depth or the sadness, though sometimes she offered it, humbly and with dignity, in a conversation, but it was always overlooked."

I wondered if Donatella would ever write a memoir. "No," she said. "I don't know that people are interested in what I have to say." (In 1999, the Versaces succeeded in killing a biography of Gianni by the British journalist Christopher Mason.)

Her life story, punctuated by near-gothic excesses of the body and privations of the soul, is archetypal: first a fairy tale, then a horror movie, now something closer to a resurrection parable. Her father, Antonio, came from a prominent clan of methane-gas suppliers in Reggio Calabria, on Italy's southern coast. Her mother, Francesca, was the daughter of an anarchist. "My mother, she was treated, you know, like the low class," Donatella said. To prove herself, Francesca, a seamstress, used what little money she had to open an atelier. The business prospered, and soon she had a series of Francesca Versace boutiques around southern Italy. "She was very, very strong person," Donatella said. "She wore the pants in the family." Donatella's father spent his days reading poetry, and never disciplined his daughter.

Santo was born in 1944. Gianni arrived two years later. There was also an older sister, Tina, whom Donatella has rarely mentioned. One spring day, the family went to a carnival, and Tina, who was twelve, fell and skinned a knee. She contracted a tetanus infection. Given the wrong medication by a doctor, she died, still in her party dress, in less than twenty-four hours. "Sudden death is frequent in my family," Donatella told me.

Donatella was born in 1955, three years after the accident. "I was the baby of the family," she said. "I was so spoiled. I was the best-dressed little girl in my city." Gianni and Donatella, despite the difference in their ages, were inseparable. "Gianni always treated me like an adult, never my age. I loved that, of course," Donatella said. "He made me a miniskirt in patent leather, black, and a bright-yellow top, with patent-leather boots and blond hair to here. I was so young. We were lying about my age, telling everybody I was older. My mother, she wanted to kill him."

Donatella attended university in Florence, studying literature and languages. In the late seventies, Gianni's business began to take off, and she joined him in Milan, first as a design assistant and then as the unofficial majordomo for marketing and public relations. Donatella cultivated relationships in the spheres of music, film, and celebrity—practically inventing the concept of the supermodel—while her brother steeped himself in the creative life, poring over histories of antiquity and art. (In addition to runway clothes, Gianni designed costumes for the ballet and the theatre. His designs made reference to everything from Seneca and harlequins to Warhol.) Running the company as a filial fiefdom, the siblings often clashed. "We can fight at six o'clock and have a nice dinner at eight," Gianni told an in-

RESIGNATION

I like trees because they seem more resigned
to the way they have to live than other things do.
— *Willa Cather*

Here the oak and silver-breasted birches
Stand in their sweet familiarity
While underground, as in a black mirror,
They have concealed their tangled grievances,
Identical to the branching calm above
But there ensnared, each with the others' hold
On what gives life to which is brutal enough.
Still, in the air, none tries to keep company
Or change its fortune. They seem to lean
On the light, unconcerned with what the world
Makes of their decencies, and will not show
A jealous purchase on their length of days.
To never having been loved as they wanted
Or deserved, to anyone's sudden infatuation
Gouged into their sides, to all they are forced
To shelter and to hide, they have resigned themselves.

—J. D. McClatchy

PAGE 156, BORDER: COURTESY VERSACE; CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: SIPA PRESS; RICHARD AVEDON/COURTESY VERSACE; BRUCE WEBER/COURTESY VERSACE; ANDREA RENAULT/GLOBE PHOTOS; GIANNI GIANSANTI/CORBIS; ADAM SCULL/GLOBE PHOTOS

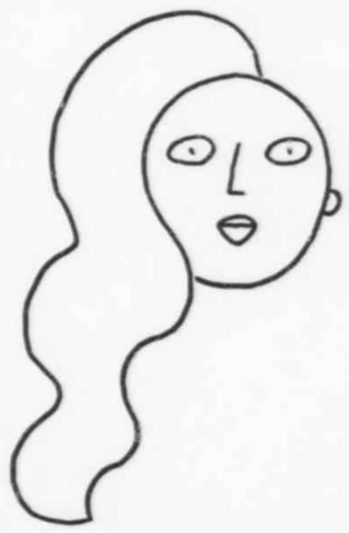
terviewer. He lavished ornate apartments on Donatella, choosing all of their furnishings, and bought her a twenty-carat diamond ring. In 1995, he appointed her designer of the Versus sportswear line. "I can be in Chicago or on the moon, and we'll talk a hundred times a day," he once said.

In 1985, Donatella married Paul Beck, a model from upstate New York whom Gianni had recruited to work in the company's advertising department. When their daughter, Allegra, was born, in 1986, Gianni chose her name. Daniel, named after the Elton John song, arrived four years later. Gianni, a year before his death, published "Do Not Disturb," a monograph about his houses, in Milan, Lake Como, and Miami Beach, dedicating it to "Allegra, 'my little princess,' and to Daniel, 'my little teddy-boy.'" The book includes a series of portraits, taken by Bruce Weber, that portray a communelike existence, suffused with glamour, wealth, and sex. Gianni and his longtime boyfriend, Antonio D'Amico, frolic amid ocean waves with Donatella, Beck, and the kids; Daniel, on the beach, pinches the nose of D'Amico, who is wearing dripping white swim trunks with a Medusa head at the waist; Allegra nestles into her mother's bosom while Donatella strokes Gianni's temple; a beaming Gianni dresses Allegra up as a hoopskirted infanta.

Talk has long persisted that Paul Beck was Gianni's lover before he became Donatella's, but Beck told a reporter in 1997, "I've never denied being a very good friend of Gianni's, but it's never been more than that." Beck and Donatella separated in 2000, but he remains on the Versace payroll, though it is difficult to tell in precisely what capacity. When I asked what he does, a publicist said, "He's kind of an ambassador." (His official title is PR/Communications Consultant.) I asked Donatella why Beck continues to work at the company. "Why not?" she said, laughing. With a slumber-partyish charm, Donatella loves to gossip about relationships—she set Halle Berry up with her boyfriend, a Versace model—but, since her separation, she has rarely dated. "I have an interest, of course, but I'm too busy," she said. "And then I think, Oh my God, who wants to date me? I'm so complicated. People have a low perception of me, men especially. They think, This woman, she's a nightmare."

In the summer of 1997, the Versace family was quietly preparing for an initial public offering on the New York Stock Exchange. Several years earlier, Gianni had undergone chemotherapy for a rare cancer of the inner ear. (Maureen Orth, who wrote "Vulgar Favors," an exhaustive account of Gianni's murder, contends that Gianni was secretly suffering from AIDS, but this has never been confirmed and is adamantly denied by the Versace clan.) During Gianni's convalescence, he and Donatella had a serious rift. They had only recently reconciled when, on the morning of July 15th, Gianni left Casa Casuarina to buy some magazines. Returning to the house, he walked up several steps. As he attempted to unlock the front gate, Andrew Cunanan, a drifter with delusions of grandeur, shot him at point-blank range—first in the neck, and then in the face—with a .40-calibre semiautomatic handgun. Within the hour, Gianni was dead.

To the shock of the fashion world, Gianni had bequeathed his entire fifty-per-cent stake in Versace to Allegra, who was eleven. (She learned of her uncle's murder when a news bulletin interrupted her morning cartoons.) To Daniel he left an art collection, including Picassos and Légers. Anthony D'Amico was reportedly awarded a monthly stipend, for ten years, of around twenty-nine thousand dollars, along with a lump sum. The will ignored Donatella, Santo, and Santo's young children, but, days later, the family announced that the company would continue with Donatella as designer.



Gianni was cremated at a funeral home in Pompano Beach, and his ashes were sent back to Italy on Donatella's instructions, in a box draped with weeping podocarp branches and white dendrobium orchids. The funeral was held in Milan's cathedral. The mourners included Julian Schnabel, Carolyn Bessette Kennedy, and the Princess of Wales, whose own funeral, weeks later, drew many of the same crowd. Donatella and Allegra wore black mantillas; Naomi Campbell, in a veil, clutched a yellow rose. Elton John, who with Sting performed an a-cappella version of the Twenty-third Psalm, broke down in front of an urn containing Gianni's ashes. In New York, a woman placed a paid notice in the *Times:* "You touched the hearts of all who knew you and admired your work. Your longtime customer, Cindy Carner, Ft. Lee, N.J." Three months later, Donatella presented her first solo collection, at the Ritz hotel in Paris, where she had last seen her brother.

Three years ago, Elton John, along with Allegra and Daniel, persuaded Donatella to go into treatment for cocaine addiction. She says that she first tried drugs a couple of years before Gianni's death; afterward, she began to use them more frequently. "I start and I stop and I start again after," she told me. "I think it was inside of me to want to quit for a long time. You know, you think you're in control, and you try to stop, but you're not. What happened was I was in a severe, severe depression. I start to isolate myself from everybody, and I would see my children suffer seeing me like that, but I didn't have the strength to talk about it. I was crying a lot.

"I remember Elton John doing a concert for Gianni in our home town. And I had a fashion show three days after. I decide to fly there to go to this concert, which I wasn't supposed to do. And I remember being backstage, on the side, crying and crying and looking at Elton in his eyes." A few days later, Donatella threw a small party for Allegra's eighteenth birthday. "I left the room, and when I came back there was Elton sitting down—I didn't invite him—and a few friends of mine, very important, and my children," she recalled. "They were all so afraid, because nobody believe I was going to say yes. Elton said, 'Donatella, you know what, we're not forcing you, but you need to go to rehab. There is a plane waiting for you.' But I say yes. I was ready. I had no idea what rehab was, but I left that night. I changed from my evening dress and jewelry into a jogging suit and, half an hour later, I was on the plane."

One of the first things Donatella did upon completing rehab was to hire Di Risio, the former C.E.O. of Fendi, to give

PAGE 157, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: DAVE BENNET/GLOBE PHOTOS; COURTESY VERSACE; J. BARRETT-ALLEN/GLOBE PHOTOS; ©THE HELMUT NEWTON ESTATE/MACONOCHIE PHOTOGRAPHY; SIPA PRESS; ROXANNE LOWIT; DAVE WESTING/GLOBE PHOTOS

the company a thorough scrubdown. His initial moves were bold: he suspended the haute-couture runway shows, cut spending on travel, and sold off a number of assets, including a town house Gianni owned in Manhattan (for thirty-five million dollars) and its furnishings (the art alone sold for eleven million dollars). Di Risio curtailed the Versace tradition of lavishing free, custom-made clothes on celebrity friends of the house. Instead, he has encouraged Donatella to hold special shows and fittings for wealthy private customers. ("You know, in Arabic countries they are a little bigger," a member of the Versace V.I.P. team told me in Milan.) "It was scary, but at the same time liberating," Donatella said, of hiring Di Risio. "I thought I had been making decisions, but I wasn't following through.

"We went through a couple of fights," she went on. "He would say something and I didn't want to listen, but he made me listen and he was right." Di Risio explained, "Now we have people that have specific managerial directives with objectives."

Di Risio's mandate is to steer Versace into a position in which the family could proceed with the I.P.O. it had plotted in the months before Gianni died. His business plan centers on expanding the company into a full-service "luxury life styles" conglomerate, along the lines of L.V.M.H., comprising not only clothes and planes but cars, yachts, helicopters, furniture, and hotels. (In addition to the resort in Dubai, the company will open fourteen Palazzo Versace hotels in the coming years.) Under Di Risio's stewardship, accessories have gone from accounting for four to forty per cent of the company's revenues. "You know, to be in love with a sketch on a piece of paper is good, but it cannot be everything," Donatella said.

In the beginning of February, Donatella, who increasingly serves as the company's travelling saleswoman, flew from Milan to Los Angeles—first class, in a window seat, on Air France—to celebrate the reopening of Versace's Beverly Hills boutique. The boutique had been renovated as part of a plan to overhaul the company's eighty-two freestanding stores. The idea was to enact a sort of reverse face-lift, not an augmentation but a paring down: out with the ottocento overkill; in with pale walls and stark lacquered wood. Gold Medusa heads around the world were painted white.

Inside the boutique one morning, it was clear that understatement is a relative concept in the house of Versace. The objects on which you can put a Medusa head, of whatever color, apparently include clothes hangers, neckties, rolling luggage, letterhead, and a Kleenex-box cover. A giant pair of rhinestone sunglasses decorated with a Medusa was called the Manhattan but was, perhaps, more evocative of Odessa.

In a warren of grubby back rooms on the second floor, Donatella was preparing for a segment with the tabloid television show "Access Hollywood." A group of models who would perform a mini-runway show were getting their bangs teased, while Paul Beck sat nearby and Santo wandered around, handing out pamphlets for a craniofacial charity called Operation Smile. Donatella stood alone in a corner, studying a sheaf of notes that her staff had streaked with a pink highlighter.

"I am so nervous," she said, and then asked, "Can I see the girls?"

"Yes, yes, you're the boss," a staff person replied.

Donatella needs to be reminded of her authority often: as the Lyndon Johnson of fashion—catapulted by assassination to a position of unprecedented power—she exhibits a fundamental ambivalence about being in charge. Aside from the rare tantrum (likely involving sleep or cigarettes), she tends to accept the instructions of her staff unquestioningly. In return, they treat her like a show dog, trotting her in and out of events, fussing over her health and her humor—"I don't want you to be tired"—sometimes with seemingly little regard for her wishes or her seniority. The implication of their china-doll condescension is that Donatella is easily shattered. To her disadvantage, it makes her appear aloof when, in fact, she can be self-confidently gracious, indulging the cat pictures of her minions and the baby stories of junior fashion editors with genuine compassion. "Donatella can have a ball, but she's also shy and serious," Ingrid Sischy, the editor of *Interview*, told me. "I don't mean she's had the opportunity to read Foucault, but you can sit her down and say, 'Hey, I've got this problem,' and she's willing to go there." Some of this overmanagement amounts to anxiety about the company's new image: last year, Donatella's people were irate at the suggestion, in an article, that Paul Beck had sweaty armpits.

"I need girls, I need hair, I need makeup!" someone shouted. A bag of blond hair extensions careened through the air. "We need a lint brush!"

Flanked by models—one in an electric-yellow evening gown that was cut

"Well, excuse me for providing a sweatshop in a city that demands attractive—and affordable—pashminas!"

short in the front and long in the back—Donatella emerged from the back. She was wearing a black bustier-and-flared-pants ensemble, in a thick and tight material that recalled a scuba suit.

She stomped a foot and clapped her hands like a flamenco dancer. "Quiet!" she barked at Beck, before breaking into giggles. (Her occasional stabs at imperiousness give the impression that she is imitating imitations of herself.)

The interview began, and the anchor asked Donatella to give her three words that would describe her friend Jennifer Lopez.

At a loss, Donatella was interrupted by a handler: "She's the most, um, sunny person?"

"Vivacious!" another chimed in.

Rolling again, the anchor asked about a party that Donatella once threw for Lopez, to celebrate her marriage to Cris Judd, one of her backup dancers.

Donatella motioned for the cameras to stop and said, protectively, "That was two husbands ago. We can't talk about that."

The next morning, Donatella (and, posthumously, Gianni) was honored by the City of Beverly Hills with the Walk of Style Award, in which the recipient is immortalized on Rodeo Drive with a sidewalk plaque. "I don't feel I am good enough for an award," Donatella told me. The mayor read from a proclamation done up to look like an illuminated manuscript: "Whereas, the house of Versace has an inspired legacy as an influential force in our culture . . . Whereas, Versace's designs have graced the most important red carpet events around the world for the past two decades . . ."

Before long, Donatella's staff had hustled her into a waiting sedan, in a manner so peremptory it brought to mind "Weekend at Bernie's." The car delivered her to the Beverly Hills Hotel, where she had taken a bungalow, so that she could primp for a celebratory party to be held that night. "Where is my friend Rupert? Is he coming?" Donatella asked, as Alan Rohwer, a longtime consultant to Versace, scattered gold brocade throw pillows around the room and lit scented candles. Bruce Guimar handed around glasses of fresh, pulpy orange juice.

When Donatella travels, every effort is made to replicate the luxuries of home. "Remember those Barbie dream-house cases that you just open up and everything comes falling out?" Rohwer said. Bathrooms are important, as Donatella, no matter what time she gets home, always has an evening soak. Linda Wells calls Donatella's bathroom in Milan the "Eighth Wonder of the World," and said—of its python-covered chairs, tile mosaics of Magritte paintings, and alphabetized array of lotions, perfumes, and salts—"It's like Sephora times fifty." (I mistakenly wandered into her bathroom in the bungalow and was reprimanded by two staff members.) When Donatella likes a product, she buys it in triplicate, and is said to have once been so worried about her toiletries during an earthquake in Los Angeles that she yelled, "Paul, my creams! My creams!" This year, for a trip to Hawaii, she packed purple bedsheets. Another time, renting a villa in Saint-Tropez that belonged to Johnny Hallyday, she was put off by the American Indian-themed décor: "Johnny, I love you, but I'm bringing my own furniture."

In L.A., one bedroom in the bungalow had been transformed into a beauty salon, complete with a special hair-styling chair. Donatella sat and pulled out her earrings so that Dean, her hairdresser, could pick at her hair extensions with a plastic comb.

Dean spritzed each side of her head for four seconds with a large can of hair spray. Donatella reapplied her lip gloss, squeezing the pink goo with the slow concentration of a baker icing a cake, and reached under her weave to grasp a tuft of real hair. She bound it in a rubber band, and was ready to go.

Guimar had set up a laptop on the table, and Donatella and her entourage gathered around it, as if it were a hearth. They were watching a DVD of an appearance that Donatella had made the night before on "Jimmy Kimmel Live!" (Guimar manages correspondence for Donatella, who does not e-mail, and he had, uncharacteristically, left her "in" box open: "phone call Mr. Di Risio/Mr. Testino," "Re: re: re: Barnsley House & Hurley Wedding," "Important Breaking News Regarding the Middle East.")

"I hate to see myself," Donatella said. She had been seated next to Dominic Monaghan, from "Lost," on the show. "He talks a lot, that guy," she said. "We should invite him tonight."

One of the publicists overruled her: "He's not big enough. We have a problem with too many V.I.P.s already."

The party, held in a tent outside the Beverly Hills municipal building, was attended by, among others, Marc Anthony, Jennifer Lopez, Kanye West, Jada Pinkett Smith, Mary J. Blige, Cindy Crawford, and Drew Barrymore. The seats had been arranged in concentric layers of social importance, with a penned "V.I.P." area as the central node, like the ring at a boxing match. There, amid Greek-key-decorated couches, Donatella, in a mermaidish gown, held court, while her less fortunate guests gawked. Santo and his daughter, Francesca, sat alone at a peripheral table. Two women, Nita Bass and Jacqueline

Siegel, Versace customers from Orlando, were excited just to be there.

"My china is all Versace," Siegel said.

"Jacqueline delivered her baby in Versace," Bass said. "She had no time to change when her water broke."

"I have seven children, four dogs, and at least a quarter of a million dollars' worth of Versace when you count my purses and stuff."

After dinner, a presentation commenced: Sharon Stone performed a profanity-laced Donatella impersonation, involving a Versace-designed Lamborghini Murcielago LP640 Roadster that was being auctioned that evening for charity ("I love it so much my boobies stay right up"), and Ingrid Sischy gave an emotional tribute. Elton John told a story about going to Venice, for the first time, with Gianni, and spending a hundred thousand dollars on tablecloths. On a trip to Paris, John, in turn, inspired Gianni to buy seventeen Franck Muller watches.

Finally, Donatella took the stage. "Maybe I have your attention?" she said. "There is no Versace event without a little rock and roll. I am very pleased to welcome Axl Rose and his band, the Guns N' Roses!"

As the band launched into "Knockin' on Heaven's Door," Donatella closed her eyes. She clapped harder than anyone in the room, wriggling her hips and waving her arms back and forth above her head.

In June, as the tenth anniversary of Gianni's murder neared, Donatella received an omen. She had the notion of staging a ballet in tribute to her brother, and for the occasion she was determined to engage La Scala, the opera house in Milan. "I ask them, 'Give me one evening,' " she recalled. "I thought, September is O.K., October is O.K." The officials of La Scala were receptive to the idea, but they could offer only a single opening: July 15th, the date that Gianni had been killed. "In three years, that is the only evening they have free. If that is not a sign, tell me what is," Donatella said.

To choreograph the ballet, Donatella enlisted her brother's frequent collaborator and friend Maurice Béjart, the director of the Béjart Ballet Lausanne. On the eve of the performance, the atmosphere was tense. Béjart, who is eighty and uses a wheelchair, had arrived in Milan only three days before the curtain was to rise. He still had two dress rehearsals to conduct. Late in the afternoon, Donatella decided that some of the leotards needed more spangles.

Donatella was on the brink emotionally. "I was shaking," she said later. "I was, you know, 'I'm not gonna make it. Psychologically, I'm going to break.' Béjart was worried, too, because he was really thinking that Gianni was looking down from up there. And then he was afraid the ballet wouldn't please him enough." All day long, she kept reaching into her pocket. It turned out that she had been fingering a pewter skeleton key, the key to the gate of Casa Casuarina. "This is the last thing Gianni touch before he die," she said. "So I take this key in my hand, and I think, What happened to him, you know, *this* is a tragedy. He die, he's not alive anymore. This is really the worst thing that can happen to you, to lose your life. So I say to myself, 'You're going to make it. Grow up, you're a grownup here, you can do it.' "

The ballet, called "Grazie, Gianni, con Amore," featured his costumes for previous Béjart ballets, interspersed with some new ones by Donatella. (To commemorate the tenth anniversary of Fellini's death, Béjart staged a ballet entitled "Ciao, Federico.")

Béjart leaned against a barre on the right side of the stage, under an enormous black-and-white portrait of Gianni that was suspended by cables from the ceiling. "*Bonsoir, Gianni, bonsoir*," he called plaintively into a microphone. "*Gianni, nous dansons pour toi ce soir.*" The portrait disappeared into the dark.

The first number was an excerpt from a piece that Béjart and Gianni had worked on together. A corps of male dancers, dressed in nude bodysuits, twirled female dancers wearing Gianni's designs from different eras. Then, the sound of a gunshot rang out, and a dancer in a red leather motorcycle jacket made an anguished cry. The opening chords of a Queen song blared: "I was born to love you with every single beat of my heart."

At the end of the performance, Gianni's picture again descended from the rafters, and Béjart yelled, "*Merci, Gianni, merci! Je danserai pour toi!*"

After Donatella presented the ballerinas with sprays of red roses, she gave a dinner at Palazzo Reale, an eighteenth-century palace. Jessica Alba was there, seated to her right. "She's a sweetheart," Alba said. "We love to girl-talk."

"Isn't she sweet?" Donatella said. "I loaf her."

The next morning, Donatella and her driver, Gabriele, picked me up in a black Mercedes S550. Donatella had, at last, slept in peace. "You know, today is such a good day for me," she said, smiling. We were heading to Villa Fontanelle, the Versace family retreat at Lake Como. It had been Donatella and Gianni's favorite place to talk, sitting on a gliding swing under the shade of a big magnolia tree. "Gianni used to come to Como every Thursday," she said. "He would do his prints here. Always is full of memories for me."

As the car made its way into the hills, Donatella, chain-smoking, talked about the upheavals of the past decade. "I think change in life is important," she said. "I don't like to look at the past. The past is inside you. Now, after ten years, this is a starting point for me to go towards something new. I don't know exactly what, but I start again something new." She said that she felt ready for a change. "Believe it or not, I have been listening to jazz at this moment, not rock."

The car skidded suddenly, as the driver performed a stomach-turning swerve. "I will die, Gabriele!" she yelled to the front seat. "No, he's a great driver. Ha-ha. *Bello!*"

Donatella had not been to Como in five months. "I didn't have one day free," she said. "Believe me, I don't act like a victim, because I'm not, but this past year, crazy, crazy, crazy—I been on the plane forever. I get off the plane and be in the office, working late at night, and I feel guilty for the people working around me. Nobody's Superwoman, and I'm going to make a mistake if I don't stop." Her plan for August was to rent a villa in the Caribbean, with Allegra, Daniel, and four of her friends, and "swim like a maniac."

The car was hot and smoky. Donatella had her legs tucked up underneath her, and I sat sideways, facing her, bracing myself uneasily against the lurching movement of the car. "You know, at one point in my life I thought I could do whatever I want," she said. She reached into a pocket and produced the skeleton key, pawing at it like a rabbit's foot. "I lost control."

"I'm feeling a little carsick," I said, finally, as we shot into a tunnel. Too late.

Donatella leaped into action. "Are you O.K.?" she asked. "Is O.K., is O.K. Don't worry!" She clawed at the buttons on the door console and rummaged in her bag, pulling out a packet of purple-and-green floral-print tissues. She ordered the driver to pull over and got out of the car. "I'm so sorry. Is my fault. Stay in the shade," she said, steadying my arm with the soothing pats of a school nurse. After a few minutes, she led me back to the Mercedes and commanded, "You will sit in the front."

When we arrived at Villa Fontanelle, Guimar, having apparently been alerted to the crisis by walkie-talkie, met us in the driveway. He shoved a crystal tumbler into my hand. "This is lemon water, without sugar," he said. "Drink it."

It was a beautiful cloudless day at the villa, with a breeze that both warmed and cooled, rustling through citrus groves, oak trees, pansies, hydrangeas, and parterres of scarlet begonias and boxwoods. Gianni called the estate, which was built in about 1800, his "Proust" place (as opposed to the Miami "Batman" place), and spent millions restoring it. The main house, which has eight bedrooms, is constructed of local sandstone and roofed in terra-cotta tiles. From its central balustrade, wreathed with jasmine, you can hear the water lapping the lakeshore.

Donatella took me on a tour, passing outsized guest cottages (there are three of them, one with a gym), a greenhouse, a boathouse, and Medusa-head fountains, the water gushing from their mouths offering an unwelcome reminder of the mishap in the Mercedes. "This garden, where my children grew up, was full of toys," she said. "Doesn't it look like another century? Nothing moves, everything is the same here. You stay one day here, you feel like a month rest." Inside the main house, amid a profusion of marble busts, lapis-lazuli obelisks, mahogany wardrobes inlaid with Greek and Roman cameos, antique mirrors, and ram's-head urns, was an electric-purple drum set. On an outdated Panasonic phone in the living room, important numbers had been put on speed dial: "New York-Casa. Miami-Casa. Milano-Casa. Elton Woodside. A. Wintour. Avedon Studio." Daniel's room had a school certificate tacked to the wall: "Daniel Beck—Being Considerate to Others." Donatella's bedroom, which Gianni had decorated in pink silks, was unchanged, except for a pair of large Bang & Olufsen speakers. "Gianni wouldn't let modern things in the house," she said. New portable air-conditioners were stationed around the rooms, their gray coils hanging out the windows like elephant trunks.

Donatella led me to the magnolia tree, where a Filipino butler served a lunch of caviar penne, salmon, green salad, and tiramisu with homemade coffee ice cream. Max and Milo, her golden retrievers, curled around her ankles. (Even her pets have a provenance. Donatella got them as puppies from the photographer Bruce Weber.) A waterskier buzzed by. As espresso arrived, in cups with little gold Hermes-wing handles, Guimar, wearing an earpiece, ran over with Donatella's cell phone.

"Elton, how are you?" Donatella rasped. "Was very emotional, very moving. I felt as if you were there even if you were not there. Everybody was crying because Béjart put a picture of him onstage and was saying, 'Ciao, Gianni,' and talking to him all the time. . . . I'm going to be in the Caribbean. . . . You in the South of France? Maybe we will come see you! . . . She's doing better. Thank you, Elton, and give my love to David as well. Thank you for calling, Elton. I love you."

The land at Villa Fontanelle rises steeply at the back of the property, so that cool mountain streams trickle down to feed a series of limestone grottoes. Donatella wanted to visit one of them. The gravel crunched beneath her heels as she tottered down a manicured path. Ducking our heads, we entered a little cave.

"The light is off," Donatella cried out. "Who put it off?" She ran her hands frantically along the stone walls, feeling for a switch.

"Alan! Alan! Alan!" she yelled, breathing fast and clutching at her stomach.

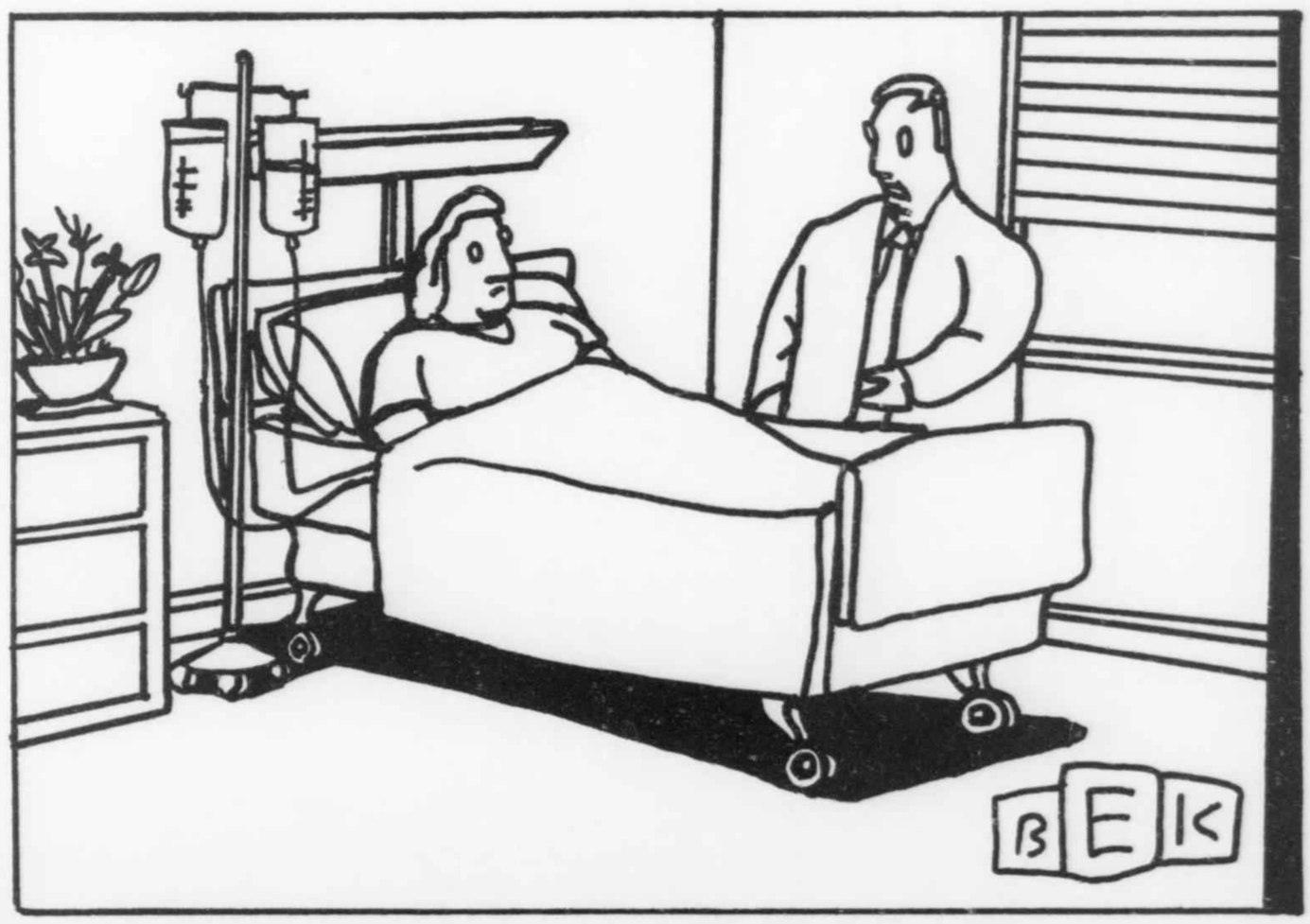
"*Arrivo!*" Rowher ran over from the house.

"There's no light in the grotto for the ashes. I want to see the ashes—where are they?"

Rowher found the switch, and the cave glowed with a soft light.

"Finally," Donatella said, letting out a gush of breath. "For a moment, I thought someone stole the ashes. Thank you, Alan, sorry."

Donatella walked over to a hollow in the wall, where a reliquary had been arranged behind a glass plate. A silver crucifix had been nailed into the stone above the window, inside of which was a white linen-and-lace handkerchief, a framed photograph of Gianni, and Gianni's remains, in a filigreed gold box. Donatella had sent sixty red roses the day before and, at Allegra's request, placed a single gardenia in the bouquet. "He would be sixty December 5th," she whispered. "Is the place he loved the most here." Donatella couldn't stay the night at Villa Fontanelle. She had been there for two hours, and had to get back to Milan for a meeting. ♦



"We're going to beat this thing apart."

LEFT: COURTESY CLASSIC CAMERAS WETZLAR/LEICA; RIGHT: MAGNUM

A CRITIC AT LARGE

CANDID CAMERA

The cult of Leica.

BY ANTHONY LANE

Fifty miles north of Frankfurt lies the small German town of Solms. Turn off the main thoroughfare and you find yourself driving down tranquil suburban streets, with detached houses set back from the road, and, on a warm morning in late August, not a soul in sight. Nobody does bourgeois solidity like the Germans: you can imagine coming here for coffee and cakes with your aunt, but that would be the limit of excitement. By the time you reach Oskar-Barnack-Strasse, the town has almost petered out; just before the railway line, however, there is a clutch of industrial buildings, with a red dot on the sign outside. As far as fanfare is concerned, that's about it. But here is the place to go, if you want to find the most beautiful mechanical objects in the world.

Many people would disagree. Bugatti fans, for instance, would direct your attention to the Type 57 Atlantic, the only car I know that appears to have been designed by masseuses. Personally, I would consider it a privilege to die at the wheel of a Lamborghini Miura—not difficult, when you're nudging a hundred and seventy m.p.h. and waving at passersby. But automobiles need gas, whereas the truest mechanisms run on nothing but themselves. What is required is a machine constructed with such skill that it renders every user—from the pro to the banana-fingered fumbler—more skillful as a result. We need it to refine and lubricate, rather than block or coarsen, our means of engagement with the world: we want to look not just *at* it, however admiringly, but through it. In that case, we need a Leica.

There have been Leica cameras since 1925, when the Leica I was introduced at a trade fair in Leipzig. From then on, as the camera has evolved over eight decades, generations of users have turned to it in their hour of need, or their millisecond of inspiration. Aleksandr Rodchenko, André Kertész, Walker Evans, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Robert Capa,

Leica advertising from 1935, when the camera was widely in use by Europeans, and an Elliott Erwitt photograph from 1955.

Robert Frank, William Klein, Garry Winogrand, Lee Friedlander, and Sebastião Salgado: these are some of the major-league names that are associated with the Leica brand—or, in the case of Cartier-Bresson, stuck to it with everlasting glue.

Even if you don't follow photography, your mind's eye will still be full of Leica photographs. The famous head shot of Che Guevara, reproduced on millions of rebellious T-shirts and student walls: that was taken on a Leica with a portrait lens—a short telephoto of 90 mm.—by Alberto Díaz Gutiérrez, better known as Korda, in 1960. How about the pearl-gray smile-cum-kiss reflected in the wing mirror of a car, taken by Elliott Erwitt in 1955? Leica again, as is the even more celebrated smooch caught in Times Square on V-J Day, 1945—a sailor craned over a nurse, bending her backward, her hand raised against his chest in polite half-protestation. The man behind the camera was Alfred Eisenstaedt, of *Life* magazine, who recalled:

> I was running ahead of him with my Leica, looking back over my shoulder. But none of the pictures that were possible pleased me. Then suddenly, in a flash, I saw something white being grabbed. I turned around and clicked.

He took four pictures, and that was that. "It was done within a few seconds," he said. All you need to know about the Leica is present in those seconds. The photographer was on the run, so whatever he was carrying had to be light and trim enough not to be a drag. He swivelled and fired in one motion, like the Sundance Kid. And everything happened as quickly for him as it did for the startled nurse, with all the components—the angles, the surrounding throng, the shining white of her dress and the kisser's cap—falling into position. Times Square was the arena of uncontrolled joy; the job of the artist was to bring it under control, and the task of his camera was to bring life—or, at least, an improved version of it, graced with order and impact—to the readers of *Life*.

Still, why should one lump of metal and glass be better at fulfilling that duty than any other? Would Eisenstaedt really have been worse off, or failed to hit the target, with another sort of camera? These days, Leica makes digital compacts and a beefy S.L.R., or single-lens reflex, called the R9, but for more than fifty years the pride of the company has been the M series of 35-mm. rangefinder cameras—durable, companionable, costly, and basically unchanging, like a spouse. There are three current models, one of which, the MP, will set you back a throat-drying four thousand dollars or so; having stood outside dustless factory rooms, in Solms, and watched women in white coats and protective hairnets carefully applying black paint, with a slender brush, to the rim of every lens, I can tell you exactly where your money goes. Mind you, for four grand you don't even get a lens—just the MP body. It sits there like a gum without a tooth until you add a lens, the cheapest being available for just under a thousand dollars. (Five and a half thousand will buy you a 50-mm. f/1, the widest lens on the market; for anybody wanting to shoot pictures by candlelight, there's your answer.) If you simply want to take a nice photograph of your children, though, what's wrong with a Canon PowerShot? Yours online for just over two hundred bucks, the PowerShot SD1000 will also zoom, focus for you, set the exposure for you, and advance the frame automatically for you, none of which the MP, like some sniffing aristocrat, will deign to do. To make the contest even starker, the SD1000 is a digital camera, fizzing with megapixels, whereas the Leica still stores images on that frail, combustible material known as film. Short of telling the kids to hold still while you copy them onto parchment, how much further out of touch could you be?

To non-photographers, Leica, more than any other manufacturer, is a legend with a hint of scam: suckers paying through the nose for a name, in a doomed attempt to crank up the credibility of a picture they were going to take anyway, just as weekend golfers splash out on a Callaway Big Bertha in a bid to convince themselves that, with a little more whippiness in their shaft, they will swell into Tiger Woods. To unrepentant aesthetes, on the other hand, there is something demeaning in the idea of Leica. Talent will out, they say, whatever the tools that lie to hand, and in a sense they are right: Woods would destroy us with a single rusty five-iron found at the back of a garage, and Cartier-Bresson could have picked up a Box Brownie and done more with a roll of film—summoning his usual miracles of poise and surprise—than the rest of us would manage with a lifetime of Leicas. Yet the man himself was quite clear on the matter:

> I have never abandoned the Leica, anything different that I have tried has always brought me back to it. I am not saying this is

"She made her hat in rehab."

NOT FOR CHOPIN

Don't put off your shower anymore
listening to Chopin.
Take the Preludes personally;
he's telling you that he can describe a progression
that you yourself have been unable to see,
shapely, broad light at one-thirty,
evening travelling up a road,
an overcast day as gentle bones.
Don't remember the music;
remember it as something obvious
that you are compelled, doomed, to obscure
and complicate. You erase it twice.
The first time
as you listened, unable
to have it,
the second time
as you were unable
to remember it.
Angry with Chopin,
what does he know?
The components of your dinner are waiting for you downstairs.
The golden evening takes flat, slow turns outside.
Become gray.
Listen to him describe what you would be like
if you were blind, sitting in a chair, at a wake, the days short, that there might be nothing
else, night,
content, unable, unwishing, to recall desire, or sight.

—Arda Collins

the case for others. But as far as I am concerned it is the camera. It literally constitutes the optical extension of my eye.

Asked how he thought of the Leica, Cartier-Bresson said that it felt like "a big warm kiss, like a shot from a revolver, and like the psychoanalyst's couch." At this point, five thousand dollars begins to look like a bargain.

Many reasons have been adduced for the rise of the Leica. There is the hectic progress of the illustrated press, avid for photographs to fill its columns; there is the increased mobility, spending power, and leisure time of the middle classes, who wished to preserve a record of these novel blessings, if not for posterity, then at least for show. Yet the great inventions, more often than not, are triggered less by vast historical movements than by the pressures of individual chance—or, in Leica's case, by asthma. Every Leica employee who drives down Oskar-Barnack-Strasse is reminded of corporate glory, for it was Barnack, a former engineer at Carl Zeiss, the famous lensmakers in Jena, who designed the Leica I. He was an amateur photographer, and the camera had first occurred to him, as if in a vision, in 1905, twenty years before it actually went on sale:

Back then I took pictures using a camera that took 13 by 18 plates, with six double-plate holders and a large leather case similar to a salesman's sample case. This was quite a load to haul around when I set off each Sunday through the Thüringer Wald. While I struggled up the hillsides (bearing in mind that I suffer from asthma) an idea came to me. Couldn't this be done differently?

Five years later, Barnack was invited to work for Ernst Leitz, a rival optical company, in Wetzlar. (The company stayed there until 1988, when it was sold, and the camera division, renamed Leica, shifted to Solms, fifteen minutes away.) By 1913-14, he had developed what became known as the ur-Leica: a tough, squat rectangular metal box, not much bigger than a spectacles case, with rounded corners and a retractable brass lens. You could tuck it into a jacket pocket, wander around the Thuringer woods all weekend, and never gasp for breath. The extraordinary fact is that, if you were to place it next to today's Leica MP, the similarities would far outweigh the differences; stand a young man beside his own great-grandfather and you get the same effect.

Barnack took a picture on August 2, 1914, using his new device. Reproduced in Alessandro Pasi's comprehensive study, "Leica: Witness to a Century" (2004), it shows a helmeted soldier turning away from a column on which he has just plastered the imperial order for mobilization. This was the first hint of the role that would fall to Leicas above all other cameras: to be there in history's face. Not until the end of hostilities did Barnack resume work on the Leica, as it came to be called. (His own choice of name was Lilliput, but wiser counsels prevailed.) Whenever you buy a 35-mm. camera, you pay homage to Barnack, for it was his handheld invention that popularized the 24-mm.-by-36-mm. negative—a perfect ratio of 2:3—adapted from cine film. According to company lore, he held a strip of the new film between his hands and stretched his arms wide, the resulting length being just enough to contain thirty-six frames—the standard number of images, ever since, on a roll of 35-mm. film. Well, maybe. Does this mean that, if Barnack had been more of an ape, we might have got forty?

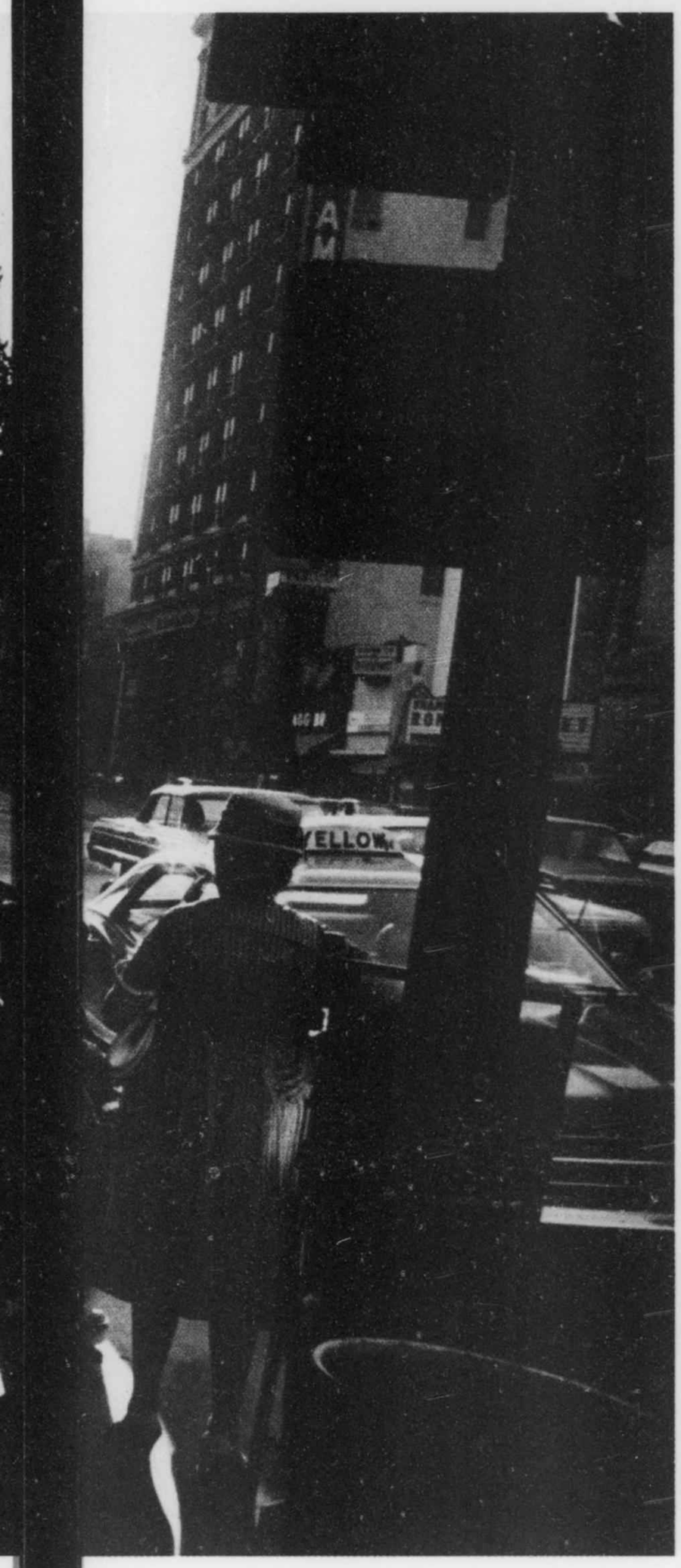
When the Leica I made its eventual début, in 1925, it caused consternation. In the words of one Leica historian, quoted by Pasi, "To many of the old photographers it looked like a toy designed for a lady's handbag." Over the next seven years, however, nearly sixty thousand Leica I's were sold. That's a lot of handbags. The shutter speeds on the new camera ran up to one five-hundredth of a second, and the aperture opened wide to f/3.5. In 1932, the Leica II arrived, equipped with a range finder for more accurate

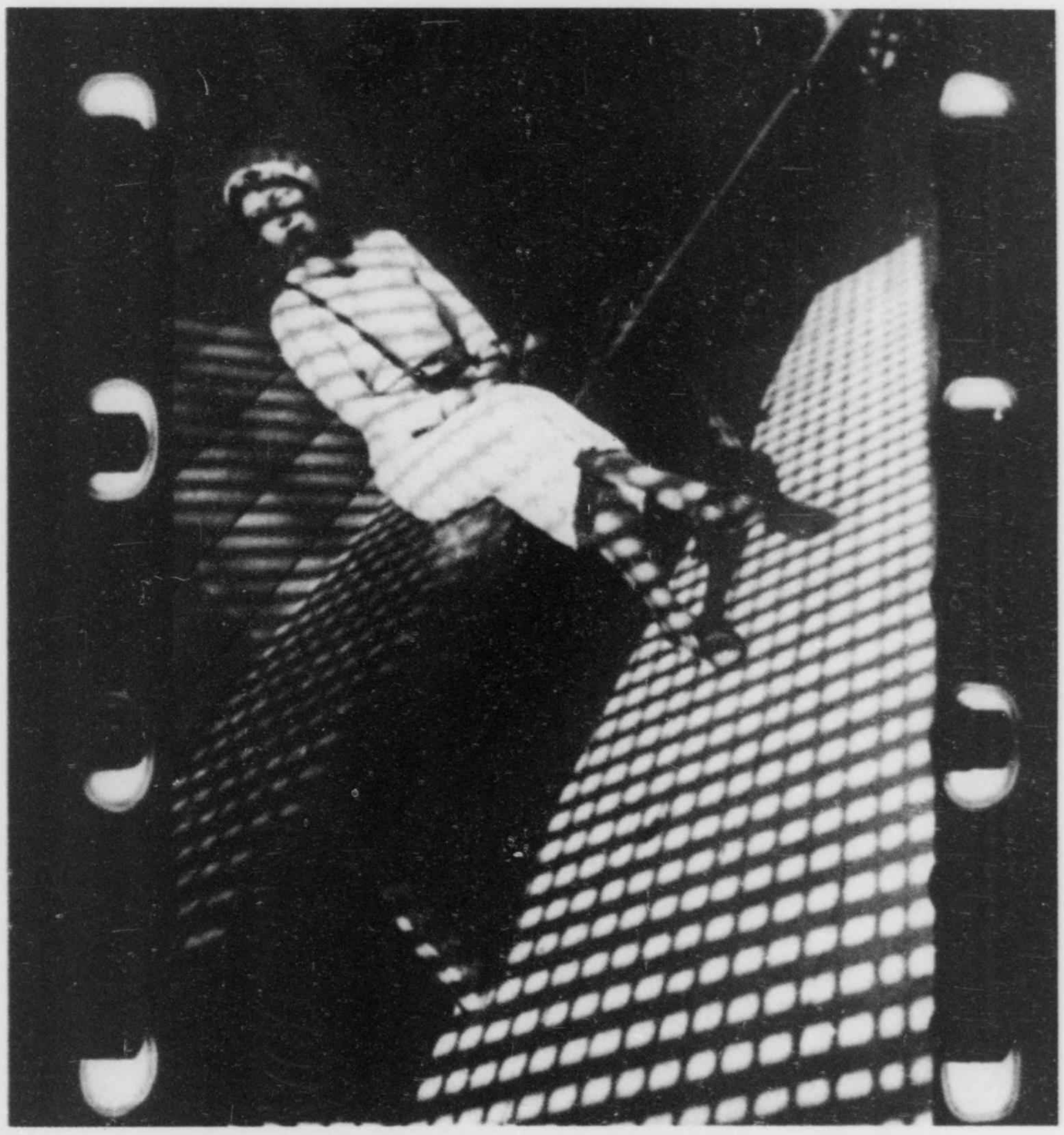
focussing. I used one the other day—a mid-thirties model, although production lasted until 1948. Everything still ran sweetly, including the knurled knob with which you wind on from frame to frame, and the simplicity of the design made the Leica an infinitely more friendly proposition, for the novice, than one of the digital monsters from Nikon and Canon. Those need an instruction manual only slightly smaller than the Old Testament, whereas the Leica II sat in my palms like a puppy, begging to be taken out on the streets.

That is how it struck not only the public but also those for whom photography was a living, or an ecstatic pursuit. A German named Paul Wolff acquired a Leica in 1926 and became a high priest to the brand, winning many converts with his 1934 book "My Experiences with the Leica." His compatriot Ilsa Bing, born to a Jewish family in Frankfurt, was dubbed "the Queen of the Leica" after an exhibit in 1931. She had bought the camera in 1929, and what is remarkable, as one scrolls through a roster of her peers, is how quickly, and infectiously, the Leica habit caught on. Whenever I pick up a book of photographs, I check the chronology at the back. From a monograph by the Hungarian André Kertész, the most wistful and tactful of photographers: "1928—Purchases first Leica." From the catalogue of the 1998 Aleksandr Rodchenko show at MOMA: "1928, November 25—Stepanova's diary records Rodchenko's purchase of a Leica for 350 rubles." And on it goes.

The Russians were among the first and fiercest devotees, and anyone who craves the Leica as a pure emblem of capitalist desire—what Marx would call commodity fetishism—may also like to reflect on its status, to men like Rodchenko, as a weapon in the revolution-

A 1969 Los Angeles photograph by Garry Winogrand, and, opposite top, Aleksandr Rodchenko's "Girl with a Leica" (1934).



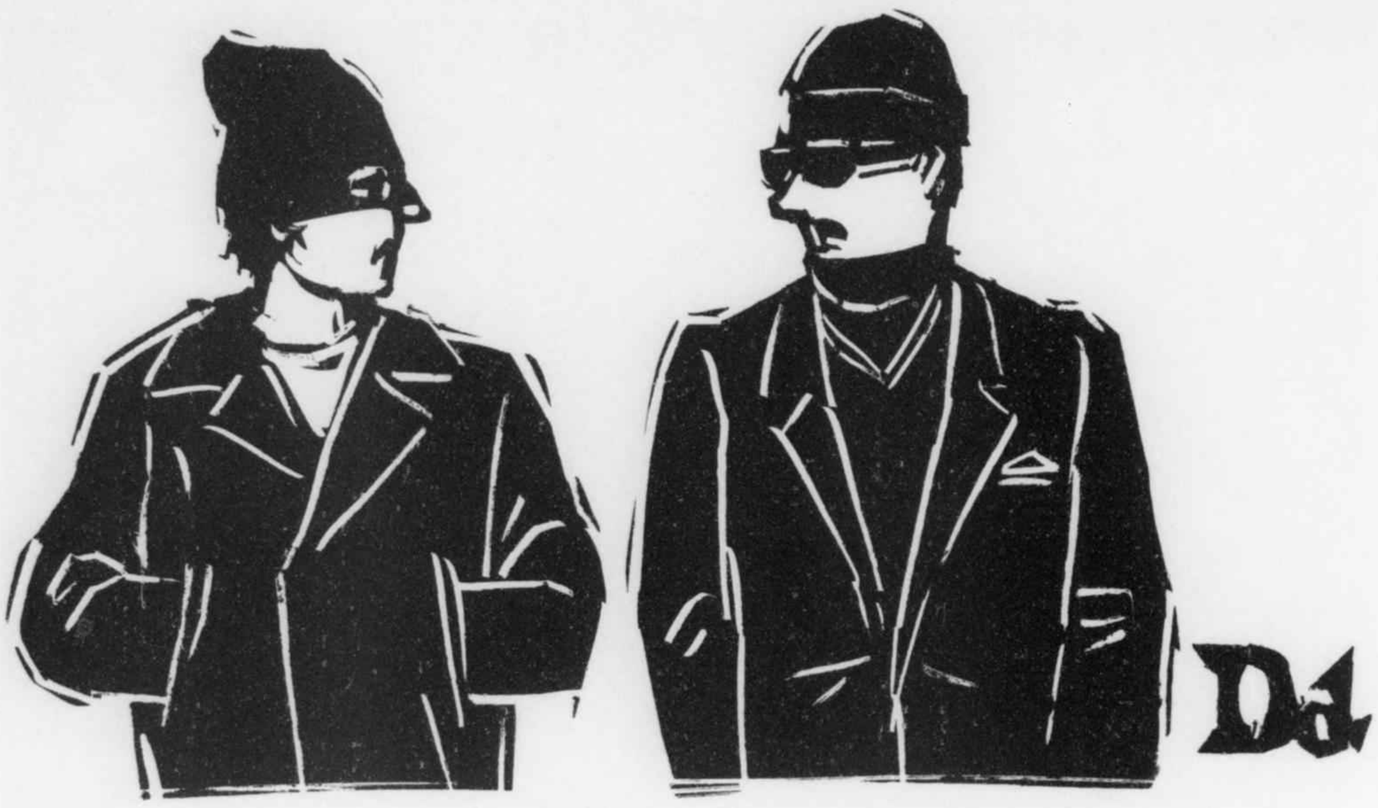


LEFT: © THE ESTATE OF GARRY WINOGRAND/FRAENKEL GALLERY, SF; RIGHT:© ESTATE OF ALEKSANDR RODCHENKO/RAO, MOSCOW/VAGA, NY

ary struggle. Never a man to be tied down (he was also a painter, sculptor, and master of collage), he nonetheless believed that "only the camera is capable of reflecting contemporary life," and he went on the attack, craning up at buildings and down from roofs, tipping his Leica at flights of steps and street parades, upending the world as if all its old complacencies could be shaken out of the bottom like dust. There is a gorgeous shot from 1934 entitled "Girl with a Leica," in which his subject perches politely on a bench that arrows diagonally, and most impolitely, from lower left to upper right. She wears a soft white beret and dress, and her gaze is blank and misty, but thrown over the scene, like a net, is the shadow of a window grille—modernist geometry at war with reactionary decorum. The object she clasps in her lap, its strap drawn tightly over her shoulder, is of the same make as the one that created the picture.

When it came to off-centeredness, Rodchenko's fellow-Russian Ilya Ehrenburg went one better. "A camera is clumsy and crude. It meddles insolently in other people's affairs," he wrote in 1932. "Ours is a guileful age. Following man's example, things have also learned to dissemble. For many months I roamed Paris with a little camera. People would sometimes wonder: why was I taking pictures of a fence or a road? They didn't know that I was taking pictures of them." Ehrenburg had solved the problem of meddling by buying an accessory: "The Leica has a lateral viewfinder. It's constructed like a periscope. I was photographing at 90 degrees." The Paris that emerged—poor, grimy, and unposed—was a moral rebuke to the myth of bohemian chic.

You can still buy a right-angled viewfinder for a new Leica, if you're too shy or sneaky to confront your subjects head-on, although the basic thrust of Leica technique has been to insist that no extra subterfuge is required: the camera can hide itself. If I had to fix the source of that reticence, I would point to Marseilles in 1932. It was



"I'm trying to dress less traditional thug and more smart criminal."

• •

then that Cartier-Bresson, an aimless young Frenchman from a wealthy family, bought his first Leica. He proceeded to grow into the best-known photographer of the twentieth century, in spite (or, as he would argue, because) of his ability to walk down a street not merely unrecognized but unnoticed. He began as a painter, and continued to draw throughout his life, but his hand was most comfortable with a camera.

When I spoke to his widow, Martine Franck—the president of the Henri Cartier-Bresson Foundation, in Paris, and herself a distinguished photographer—she said that her husband in action with his Leica "was like a dancer." This feline unobtrusiveness led him all over the world and made him seem at home wherever he paused; one trip to Asia lasted three years, ending in 1950, and produced eight hundred and fifty rolls of film. His breakthrough collection, published two years later, was called "The Decisive Moment," and he sought endless analogies for the sensation that was engendered by the press of a shutter. The most common of these was hunting: "The photographer must lie in wait, watching out for his prey, and have a presentiment of what is about to happen."

There, if anywhere, is the Leica motto: watch and wait. If you were a predator, the moment—not just for Cartier-Bresson, but for all photographers—became that much more decisive in 1954. "Clairvoyance" means "clear sight," and when Leica launched the M3 that year, the clarity was a *coup de foudre;* even now, when you look through a used M3, the world before you is brighter and crisper than seems feasible. You half expect to feel the crunch of autumn leaves beneath your feet. A Leica viewfinder resembles no other, because of the frame lines: thin white strips, parallel to each side of the frame, which show you the borders of the photograph that you are set to take—not merely the lie of the land within the shot, but also what is happening, or about to happen, just outside. This is a matter of millimetres, but to Leica fans it is sacred, because it allows them to plan and imagine a photograph as an act of storytelling—an instant grabbed at will from a continuum. If you want a slice of life, why not see the loaf?

The M3 had everything, although by the standards of today it had practically nothing. You focussed manually, of course, and there was nothing to help you calculate the exposure; either you carried a separate light meter, or you clipped one awkwardly to the top of the camera, or, if you were cool, you guessed. Cartier-Bresson was cool. Martine Franck is still cool: "I think I know my light by now," she told me. She continues to use her M3: "I've never held a camera so beautiful. It fits the hand so well." Even for people who know nothing of Cartier-Bresson, and for whom 1954 is as long ago as Pompeii, something about the M3 clicks into place: last year, when eBay and *Stuff* magazine, in the U.K., took it upon themselves to nominate "the top gadget of all time," the Game Boy came fifth, the Sony Walkman third, and the iPod second. First place went to an old camera that doesn't even need a battery. If the Queen subscribes to *Stuff*, she will have nodded in approval, having owned an M3 since 1958. Her Majesty is so wedded to her Leica that she was once shown on a postage stamp holding it at the ready.

It's no insult to call the M3 a gadget. Such beauty as it possesses flows from its scorn for the superfluous; as any Bauhaus designer could tell you, form follows function. The M series is the backbone of Leica; we are now at the M8 (which at first glance is barely distinguishable from the M3), and, with a couple of exceptions, every intervening camera has been a classic. Richard Kalvar, who rose to become president of the Magnum photographic agency during the nineties, remembers hearing the words of a Leica fan: "I know I'm using the best, and I don't have to think about it anymore." Kalvar bought an M4 and never looked back: "It's almost a part of me," he says. Ralph Gibson, whose photographs offer an unblinking survey of the textures that surround us, from skin to stone, bought his first Leica, an M2 (which, confusingly, postdated the M3), in 1961. It cost him three hundred dollars, which, considering that he was earning a hundred a week, was quite an outlay, but his loyalty is undimmed. "More great photographs have been made with a Leica and a 50-mm. lens than with any other combination in the history of photography," Gibson said to me. He advised Leica beginners to use nothing except that standard lens for two or three years, so as to ease themselves into the swing of the thing: "What you learn you can then apply to all the other lengths."

One could argue that, since the nineteen-fifties and sixties, the sense of Europe as the spiritual hearth of Leica, with the Paris of Kertész and Cartier-Bresson glowing at its core, has been complemented, if not superseded, by America's attraction to the brand. The Russian love of the angular had exploited

the camera's portability (you try bending over a window ledge with a plate camera); the French had perfected the art of reportage, netting experience on the wing; but the Leicas that conquered America—the M3, the M4, and later the M6, with built-in metering and the round red Leica logo on the front—were wielded with fresh appetite, biting at the world and slicing it off in unexpected chunks. Lee Friedlander, photographing a child in New York, in 1963, thought nothing of bringing the camera down to the boy's eye level, and thus semi-decapitating the grownups who stood beside him. (All kids dream of that sometime.) Men and women were reflected in storefront windows, or obscured by street signs; many of the photographs shimmered on the brink of a mistake. "With a camera like that," Friedlander has said of the Leica, "you don't believe that you're in the masterpiece business. It's enough to be able to peck at the world." One shot of his, from 1969, traps an entire landscape of feeling—a boundless American sky, salted with high clouds, plus Friedlander's wife, Maria, with her lightly smiling face—inside the cab of a single truck, layering what we see through the side window with what is reflected in it. I know of long novels that tell you less.

Before Friedlander came Robert Frank, born in Switzerland; only someone from a mountainous country, perhaps, could come here and view the United States as a flat and tragic plain. "The Americans" (1958), the record of his travels with a Leica, was mostly haze, shade, and grain, stacked with human features resigned to their fate. No artist had ever studied a men's room in such detail before, with everything from the mop to the hand dryer immortalized in the wide embrace of the lens; Jack Kerouac, who wrote the introduction to the book, lauded the result, taken in Memphis, Tennessee, as "the loneliest picture ever made, the urinals that women never see, the shoeshine going on in sad eternity." Then, there was Garry Winogrand, the least exhaustible of all photographers. Frank's eighty-three images may have been chosen from five hundred rolls of film, but when Winogrand died, in 1984, at the age of fifty-six, he left behind more than two and a half thousand rolls of film that hadn't even been developed. He leavened the wistfulness of Frank with a documentary bluntness and a grinning wit, incessantly tilting his Leica to throw a scene off-balance and seek a new dynamic. His picture of a disabled man in Los Angeles, in 1969, could have been fuelled by pathos alone, or by political rage at an indifferent society, but Winogrand cannot stop tracking that society in its comic range; that is why we get not just the wheelchair and the begging bowl but also a trio of short-skirted girls, bunched together like a backup group, strolling through the Vs of shadow and sunlight, and a portly matron planted at the right of the frame—a stolid import from another age.

I recently found a picture of Winogrand's M4. The metal is not just rubbed but visibly worn down beside the wind-on lever; you have to shoot a heck of a lot of photographs on a Leica before that happens. Still, his M4 is in mint condition compared with the M2 owned by Bruce Davidson, the American photographer whose work constitutes, among other things, an invaluable record of the civil-rights movement. And even his M2, pitted and peeled like the bark of a tree, is pristine compared with the Leica I saw in the display case at the Leica factory in Solms. That model had been in the Hindenburg when it went up in flames in New Jersey in 1937. The heat was so intense that the front of the lenses melted. So now you know: Leica engineers test their product to the limits, and they will customize it for you if you are planning a trip to the Arctic, but when you really want to trash your precious camera you need an exploding airship.

If you pick up an M-series Leica, two things are immediately apparent. First, the density: the object sits neatly but not lightly in the hand, and a full day's shooting, with the camera continually hefted to the eye, leaves you with a faint but discernible case of wrist ache. Second, there is no lump. Most of the smarter, costlier cameras in the world are S.L.R.s, with a lumpy prism on top. Light enters through the lens, strikes

"What about you, Walter—how do you feel about same-age marriage?"

an angled mirror, and bounces upward to the prism, where it strikes one surface after another, like a ball in a squash court, before exiting through the viewfinder. You see what your lens sees, and you focus accordingly. This happy state of affairs does not endure. As you take a picture, the mirror flips up out of the light path. The image, now unobstructed, reaches straight to the rear of the camera and, as the shutter opens, burns into the emulsion of the film—or, these days, registers on a digital sensor. With every flip, however, comes a flip side: the mirror shuts off access to the prism, meaning that, at the instant of release, your vision is blocked, and you are left gazing at the dark.

To most of us, this is not a problem. The instant passes, the mirror flips back down, and lo, there is light. For some photographers, though, the impediment is agony: of all the times to deny us the right to look at our subject, S.L.R.s have to pick *this* one? "Visualus interruptus," Ralph Gibson calls it, and here is where the Leica M series plays its ace. The Leica is lumpless, with a flat top built from a single piece of brass. It has no prism, because it focusses with a range finder—situated above the lens. And it has no mirror inside, and therefore no clunk as the mirror swings. When you take a picture with an S.L.R., there is a distinctive sound, somewhere between a clatter and a thump; I worship my beat-up Nikon FE, but there is no denying that every snap reminds me of a cow kicking over a milk pail. With a Leica, all you hear is the shutter, which is the quietest on the market. The result—and this may be the most seductive reason for the Leica cult—is that a photograph sounds like a kiss.

From the start, this tinge of diplomatic subtlety has shaded our view of the Leica, not always helpfully. The M-series range finder feels made for the finesse and formality of black-and-white—yet consider the oeuvre of William Eggleston, whose unabashed use of color has delivered, through Leica lenses, a lesson in everyday American surrealism, which, like David Lynch movies, blooms almost painfully bright. Again, the Leica, with its range of wide-aperture lenses, is *the* camera for natural light, and thus inimical to flash, yet Lee Friedlander conjured a series of plainly flashlit nudes, in the nineteen-seventies, which finds tenderness and dignity in the brazen. Lastly, a Leica is, before anything else, a 35-mm. camera. Barnack shaped the Leica I around a strip of film, and the essential mission of the brand since then has been to guarantee that a single chemical event—the action of light on a photosensitive surface—passes off as smoothly as possible. Picture the scene, then, in Cologne, in the fall of 2006. At Photokina, the biennial fair of the world's photographic trade, Leica made an announcement: it was time, we were told, for the M8. The M series was going digital. It was like Dylan going electric.

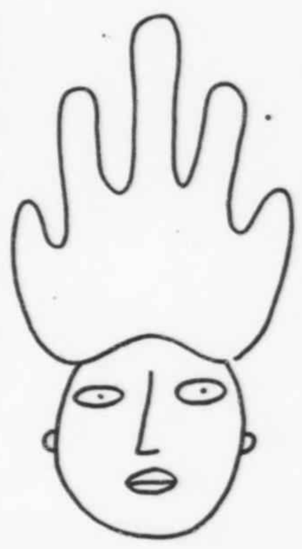
In a way, this had to happen. The tide of our lives is surging in a digital direction. My complete childhood is distilled into a couple of photograph albums, with the highlights, whether of achievement or embarrassment, captured in no more than a dozen talismanic stills, now faded and curling at the edges. Yet our own children go on one school trip and return with a hundred images stashed on a memory card: will that enhance or dilute their later remembrance of themselves? Will our experience be any the richer for being so retrievable, or could an individual history risk being wiped, or corrupted, as briskly as a memory card? Garry Winogrand might have felt relieved to secure those thousands of images on a hard drive, rather than on frangible film, although it could be that the taking of a photograph meant more to him than the printed result. The jury is out, but one thing is for sure: film is dwindling into a minority taste, upheld largely by professionals and stubborn, nostalgic perfectionists. Nikon now offers twenty-two digital models, for instance, while the "wide array of SLR film cameras," as promised on its Web site, numbers precisely two.

Even a company like Leica, servant to the devout, has felt the brunt. For the fiscal year 2004-05, the company posted losses of almost twenty million euros (nearly twenty-six million dollars), and in 2005 the banks partially terminated its credit lines; in short, Leica was heading for extinction. Since then, there has been something of a turnaround. Major

"If I don't think it's going to work, will it still work?"

restructuring is still under way, with a new C.E.O.—a genial Californian called Steven K. Lee—brought in to oversee the changes. According to a report of June 20, 2007, the past year has seen the company inching back into profitability, and much of that improvement is due to the M8. The camera's birth was fraught with complications, and reports streamed in from owners that in certain conditions, thanks to a glitch in the sensor, black was showing up on digital images as deep purple—troubling news if you happened to be shooting a portrait of Dracula, or a Guinness commercial. There were also rumblings about the quality of the focus, which is the last thing you expect from a Leica. One well-known photographer described the camera to me as "unusable," and said he sometimes felt like throwing it against a wall. But the company responded: cameras were recalled to the factory, Lee signed four thousand letters of apology, and the crisis passed. Nevertheless, the camera still needs a filter fixed to every lens to correct its vision, and Leica will want to do better next time. When I asked Lee about the possibility of an M9—an upgraded M8, with all the kinks ironed out—he smiled and said nothing.

Lee knows what is at stake, being a Leica-lover of long standing. Asked about the difference between using his product and an ordinary camera, he replied: "One is driving a Morgan four-by-four down a country lane, the other one is getting in a Mercedes station wagon and going a hundred miles an hour." The problem is that, for photographers as for drivers, the most pressing criterion these days is speed, and anything more sluggish than the latest Mercedes—anything, likewise, not tricked out with luxurious extras—belongs to the realm of heritage. There is an astonishing industry in used Leicas, with clubs and forums debating such vital areas of contention as the strap lugs introduced in 1933. There are collectors who buy a Leica and never take it out of the box; others who discreetly amass the special models forged for the Luftwaffe. Ralph Gibson once went to a meeting of the Leica Historical Society of America and, he claims, listened to a retired Marine Corps general give a scholarly paper on certain discrepancies in the serial numbers of Leica lens caps. "Leicaweenies," Gibson calls such addicts, and they are part of the charming, unbreakable spell that the name continues to cast, as well as a tribute to the working longevity of the cameras. By an unfortunate irony, the abiding virtues of the secondhand slow down the sales of the new: why buy an M8 when you can buy an M3 for a quarter of the price and wind up with comparable results? The economic equation is perverse: "I believe that for every euro we make in sales, the market does four euros of business," Lee said.



I have always wanted a Leica, ever since I saw an Edward Weston photograph of Henry Fonda, his noble profile etched against the sky, a cigarette between two fingers, and a Leica resting against the corduroy of his jacket. I have used a variety of cultish cameras, all of them secondhand at least, and all based on a negative larger than 35 mm.: a Bronica, a Mamiya 7, and the celebrated twin-lens Rolleiflex, which needs to be cupped at waist height. ("If the good Lord had wanted us to take photographs with a 6 by 6, he would have put eyes in our belly," a scornful Cartier-Bresson said.) But I have never used a Leica. Now I own one: a small, dapper digital compact called the D-Lux 3. It has a fine lens, and its grace note is a retro leather case that makes me feel less like Henry Fonda and more like a hiker named Helmut, striding around the Black Forest in long socks and a dark-green hat with a feather in it; but a D-Lux 3 is not an M8. For one thing, it doesn't have a proper viewfinder. For another, it costs close to six hundred dollars—the upper limit of my budget, but laughably cheap to anyone versed in the M series. So, to discover what I was missing, I rented an M8 and a 50-mm. lens for four hours, from a Leica dealer, and went to work.

If you can conquer the slight queasiness that comes from walking about with seven thousand dollars' worth of machinery hanging around your neck, an afternoon with the M8 is a dangerously pleasant groove to get into. I can understand that, were you a sports photographer, perched far away from the action, or a paparazzo, fighting to squeeze off twenty consecutive frames of Britney Spears falling down outside a night club, this would not be your tool of choice, but for more patient mortals it feels very usable indeed. This is not just a question of ergonomics, or of the diamond-like sharpness of the lens. Rather, it has to do with the old, bewildering Leica trick: the illusion, fostered by a mere machine, that the world out there is asking to be looked at—to be caught and consumed while it is fresh, like a trout. Ever since my teens, as one substandard print after another glimmered into view in the developing tray, under the brothel-red gloom of the darkroom, my own attempts at photography have meant a lurch of expectation and disappointment. Now, with an M8 in my possession, the shame gave way to a thrill. At one point, I stood outside a bookstore and, in a bid to test the exposure, focussed on a pair of browsers standing within, under an "Antiquarian" sign at the end of a long shelf. Suddenly, a pale blur entered the frame lines. I panicked, and pressed the shutter: kiss.

On the digital playback, I inspected the evidence. The blur had been an old lady, and she had emerged as a phantom—the complete antiquarian, with glowing white hair and a hint of spectacles. It wasn't a good photograph, more of a still from "Ghostbusters," but it was funnier and punchier than anything I had taken before, and I could only have grabbed it with a Leica. (And only with an M. By the time the D-Lux 3 had fired up and focussed, the lady would have floated halfway down the street.) So the rumors were true: buy this camera, and accidents will happen. I remembered what Cartier-Bresson once said about turning from painting to photography: "the adventurer in me felt obliged to testify with a quicker instrument than a brush to the scars of the world." That is what links him to the Leicaweenies, and Oskar Barnack to the advent of the M8, and Russian revolutionaries to flashlit American nudes: the simple, undying wish to look at the scars. ♦

THE CRITICS

THE ART WORLD

THE PATRIOT

Turner and the drama of history.

BY SIMON SCHAMA

Poor old Turner: one minute the critics were singing his praises, the next they were berating him for being senile or infantile, or both. No great painter suffered as much from excesses of adulation and execration, sometimes for the same painting. "Slavers Throwing Overboard the Dead and Dying—Typhon Coming On" had, on its appearance at the Royal Academy, in 1840, been mocked by the reviewers as "the contents of a spittoon," a "gross outrage to nature," and so on. The critic of the *Times* thought the seven pictures—including "Slavers"—that Turner sent to the Royal Academy that year were such "detestable absurdities" that "it is surprising the [selection] committee have suffered their walls to be disgraced with the dotage of his experiments." John Ruskin, who had been given "Slavers" by his father and had appointed himself Turner's paladin, not only went overboard in praise of his hero but drowned in the ocean of his own hyperbole. In the first edition of "Modern Painters" (1843), Ruskin, then all of twenty-four, sternly informed the hacks that "their duty is not to pronounce opinions upon the work of a man who has walked with nature threescore years; but to impress upon the public the respect with which they [the works] are to be received."

The reasons for both the sanctification and the denunciation were more or less the same: Turner's preference for poetic atmospherics over narrative clarity, his infatuation with the operation of light rather than with the objects it illuminated. His love affair with gauzy obscurity, his resistance to customary definitions of contour and line, his shameless rejoicing in the mucky density of oils or in the wayward leaks and bleeds of watercolors—these were condemned as reprehensible self-indulgence. Sir George Beaumont, collector, patron, and, as he supposed, arbiter of British taste, complained noisily of Turner's "vicious practice" and dismissed his handling of the paint surface as "comparatively, blots." The caustic essayist William Hazlitt was especially troubled by Turner's relish of visual ambiguity: the sharp line melting into the swimming ether. Contrary to Ruskin, Hazlitt thought it was unseemly for Turner to fancy himself playing God, reprising the primordial flux of Creation. Someone, Hazlitt commented, had said that his landscapes "were pictures of nothing and very like."

But that is precisely what we *do* like, do we not? Turner's art of conjuring something from nothing, and then (unlike God) having the temerity to deposit the working trace of that mysterious process on the canvas, has made him a paragon for modernists. He seems to have understood picturing as a collaborative process between the artist's hand and the beholder's eye, in which the former laid down suggestive elements and the imaginative observer assembled them in his mind to make a coherent subject. Sometimes he would help the process along, sometimes not. But he was much taken by the indeterminacy of the exercise, by forms that escaped resolution. The sobriety of the hard edge became, one has to think, a sign of conceptual banality, a weakness in the mind's eye. For him the purest form, and one that he repeatedly returned to, was also the most naturally unstable: the rainbow.

Taken to task by an American buyer for the indistinctness of the very beautiful 1832 painting "Staffa, Fingal's Cave"—Hebridean cliffs veiled by streaming rain and sea spray—Turner, through an intermediary, begged the American's pardon, for "indistinctness is my fault." But,

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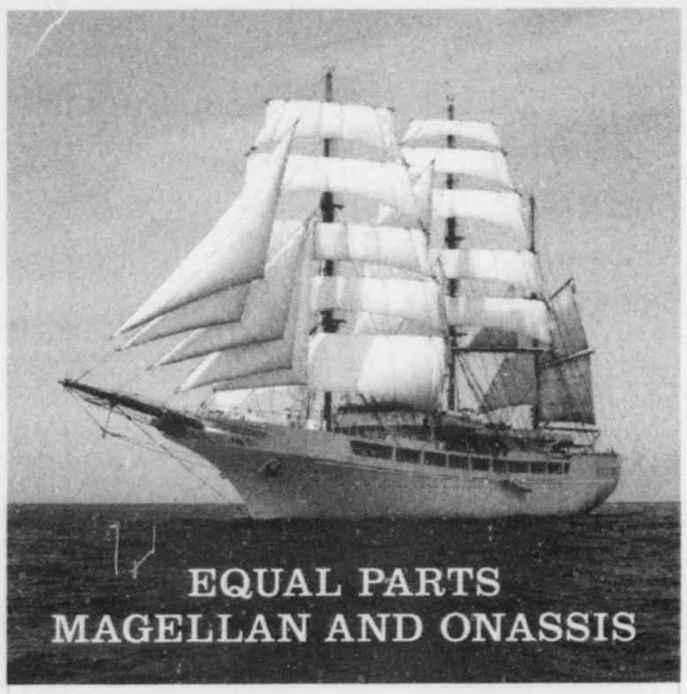
Turner painted two versions of "The Burning

as that vice turned—for his modernist apostles—into a virtue, the script changed, and Turner was apocryphally made over into the defiant independent who had wanted the American to know that "indistinctness is my *forte*."

It's often said that Turner had only two true subjects: the anatomy of light and what Ruskin nicely called the "palpitating" vitality of paint itself. His learned preoccupation with optics, the struggles to analyze and represent the diffusion of light, fathered a poetry of radiance and grandfathers him into the ancestry of Impressionism; his emotively weighty manipulation of pigment did the same for Expressionism. So it is the Turners that most affronted the stuffy Victorians, mired as they were in anecdotal sentimentality and ponderous literalism, with which we most easily identify: pictures big with prophetic courage, the inkling of an alternative life for paint. With Turner, so this story goes, the story doesn't matter; it's the opera of the drenching colors, the unloosed play of the brush, the gouge of his untrimmed thumbnail scoring a groove through the sticky pigment—that's his claim to immortality. Why should he give a fig about all those gods

of the House of Lords and Commons, 16th October 1834." Above, a self-portrait from about 1799.



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and heroes and Scriptures and battles?

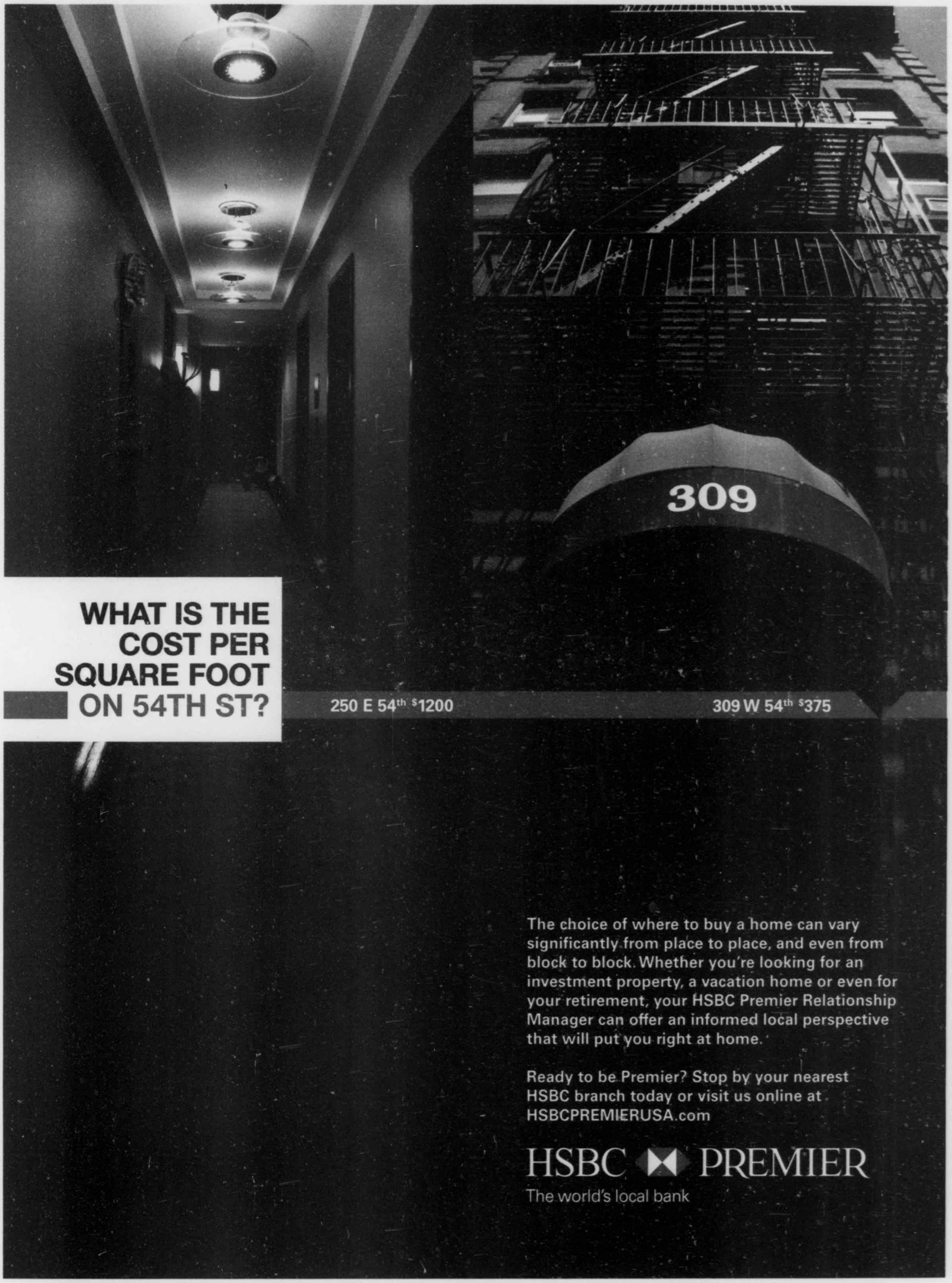
Except that he did, obstinately and passionately, as the National Gallery's show, opening in October, blazingly demonstrates. The procession of phenomenal narrative pictures that constitute its core makes it clear that we do Turner no favors by pinning the tinny little medal of First Modernist on him. Subject matter meant a great deal to him, and if claiming him for the poetry or the physics of light blinds us to the seriousness with which he yearned to be Britain's first great history painter, he would not have thanked us. What, I believe, he wanted us to see was that, as far as the monumental oils were concerned, all his radical formal experimentation—the trowellings and the "mortary" quality of the paint surface that his critics complained of, the scrapings and rubbings and stainings—was at the service of those grand narratives. It's correct to think of light as his subject, but when he was most ambitious light was a protagonist in an epic narrative of creation and destruction—an Anglo-Zoroastrian burnout.

"Regulus," for example, tells a gruesome tale probably drawn from Oliver Goldsmith's "Roman History," which Turner had in his library. The tragic hero Marcus Atilius Regulus was a Roman consul-general who, captured by the Carthaginians in the First Punic War, was released on parole and sent home to persuade his countrymen to sue for peace. Instead, Regulus urged the Senate to fight on, but, being an honorable gent, returned to Carthage to face the music. To punish him for violating their trust, his captors cut off his eyelids and stood him in the noon sun to go blind. Then they locked him in a barrel with the nails pointing inward to finish the job.

Turner originally painted the picture in 1828 in Rome, where he took a lot of abuse for histories in which you couldn't make head or tail of the action. Stung by the criticism, Turner shelved the painting until, nine years later, he sent it to the winter show of the British Institution, in Pall Mall. There, according to contemporary witnesses, he confounded his peers by coating the picture with lumps of flake-white: "He had two or three biggish hog [bristle] tools to work with and with these he was driving the white into all the hollows, and every part of the surface. This was the only work he did, and it was the finishing stroke." At the end of the attack, the sun, a fellow-Academician reported, was a protruding disk of pigment like a "boss on a shield." Even though the white has yellowed somewhat, we can still see this intervention as an enactment of what happened to Regulus: the scalding of the retina, the light that switches off vision—whiteout. Viewers complained that Regulus was nowhere to be found, but although there is a characteristically perverse miniature figure that might conceivably answer to the tragic hero, it's more likely that Turner simply virtualized him into the murderous glare. That heavy-handed business with the white pigment wasn't just a proto-Expressionist performance but a calculated fit between manner and matter.

For Turner, light was not just the enabler of vision. Especially in his histories, he conceived of it as a dramatic actor: the vehicle of emotive as well as optical illumination; the agency of romantic disorientation or, in its absence, the demon of eclipse. And all these states of vision were personal and local, the spectacles of his own story. For Turner, the ultimate subject was always the history of Britain, and he felt that subject in his marrow. Yes, he travelled, relentlessly. Yes, there was Venice and Mt. Cenis, and the Loire and the Alps, the Rhine and the Rhône and the Seine. But he always came home; at heart he was a self-conscious British patriot and, more than that, a Londoner, born and bred a five-minute walk from the Thames.

He was born on St. George's Day, April 23rd, celebrated as the birthday of both Shakespeare and the Prince of Wales. It was the spring of 1775, the week of the "shot heard round the world" at Lexington green. So he came to maturity when Britain, shaken by the American debacle, turned to territorial memory for a romantically reinvented bond of nationhood. Geography was history and history was destiny. The young Turner, tramping the countryside in the seventeen-nineties, often sketched or painted in watercolors Gothic ruins or vaults where balladeers imagined ancient canticles being moaned in the moonbeams, mossy limestone crypts housing the sleep of ancestors: Ewenny Priory, Tintern



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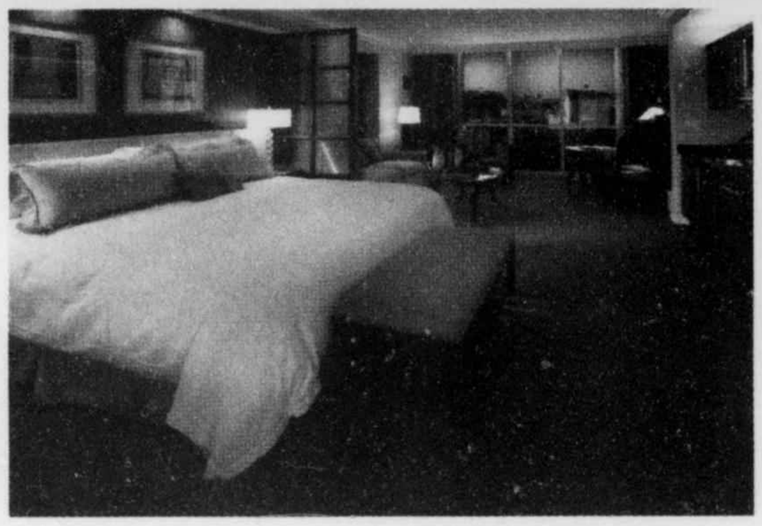

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[Explore] PUERTO VALLARTA

ART BY THE SEA

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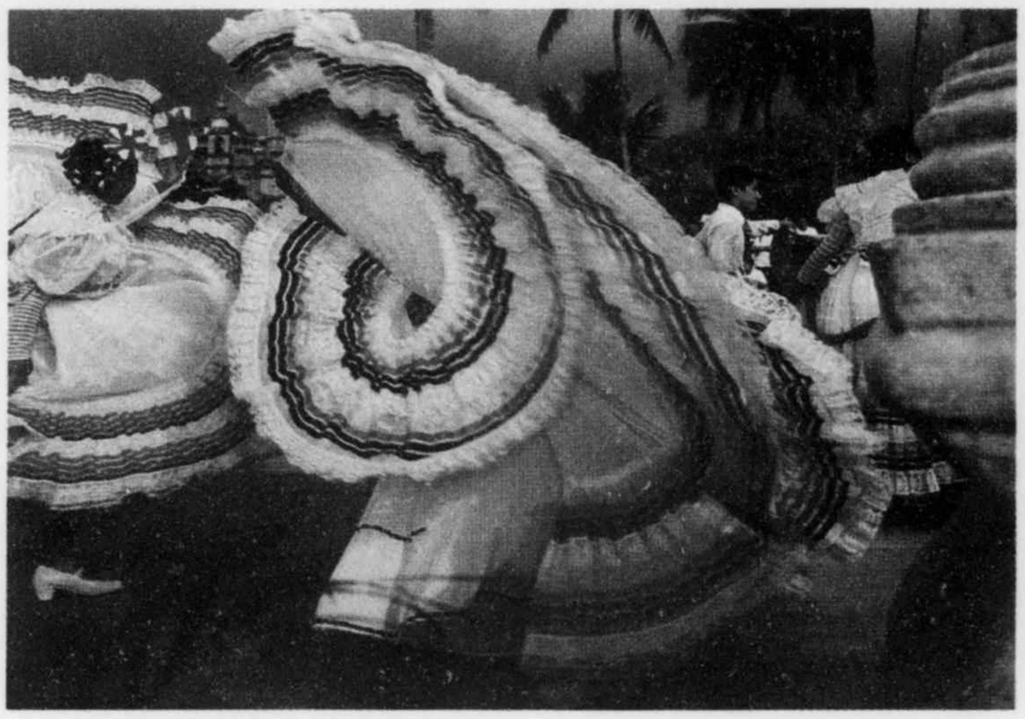
Art lovers also come to appreciate Puerto Vallarta's beauty—bougainvillea-draped balconies, crystal-blue water, the jungle-covered Sierra Madre Mountains—and enjoy the many outdoor adventures available, from snorkeling and scuba diving to mountain biking and horseback riding. For golfers, there are seven world-class courses, including two championship courses designed by Jack Nicklaus and Tom Weiskopf.



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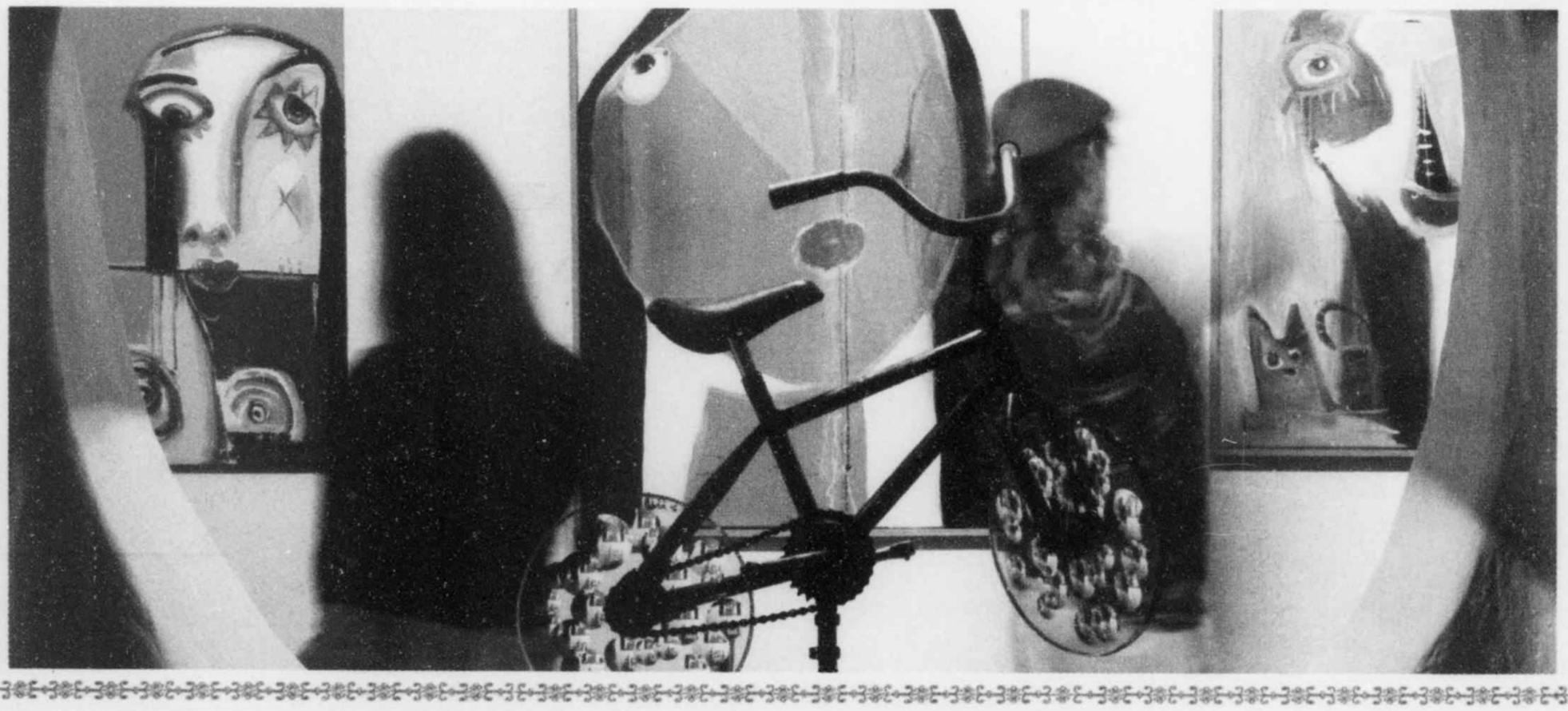

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Abbey, Stonehenge. The Napoleonic Wars triggered a burst of antiquarianism; greaves and helmets long rusted shut were extracted from dung-floored barns, given a lick of grease and polish, and reassembled to stand guard in the manorial hall.

Commercially astute, Turner knew that there was a ready market for this fabulous junk, but, in any case, he loved it himself. When, in 1802, it was time for a submission that would mark his acceptance as a full member of the Royal Academy, he offered a bardic romance: Dolbadern Castle, in Wales, the prison of the Welsh prince Owain ap Gruffydd, who had been locked up by his brother Llywelyn. The ruin was just a plain circular tower squatting on a modest hillock, but Turner gave it the full Romantic treatment, upping the altitude, lowering the point of view, backlighting the tower, and setting it on a plinth of rock, crowned with scudding clouds. As in "Regulus," the tragic hero of Dolbadern became virtualized, personified this time in craggy stone, not blinding light. Turner was interested not in the deeds of the heroes but, rather, in the ways in which their memory might be visually transmitted to posterity. It was as though mere flesh and blood, however handsomely booted and spurred, weren't quite sufficient, and neither was the art that purported to celebrate them—better to embody them in rocks and ruins.

His approach to war, too, was radically unheroic. The norm for battle pieces was to memorialize the genius of command and the gallantry of the ranks. Turner had tried this, in 1800, with an innocuous version of the battle of Seringapatam, in southern India, where serried lines of scarlet coats advance on the distant citadel of the Sultan of Mysore. But what he really liked, in common with much of the British public, was a good disaster. Around 1805, a series of calamities—the Plagues of Egypt, the destruction of Sodom, shipwrecks, the panic-stricken and the prostrate—begin

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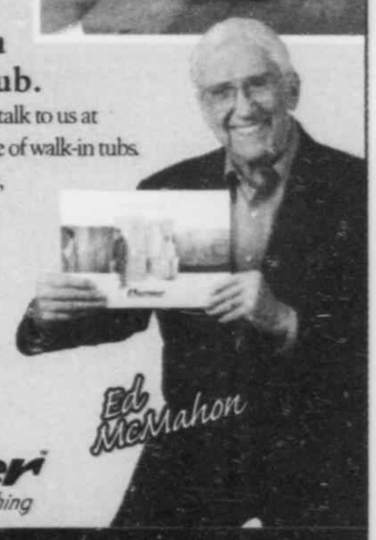

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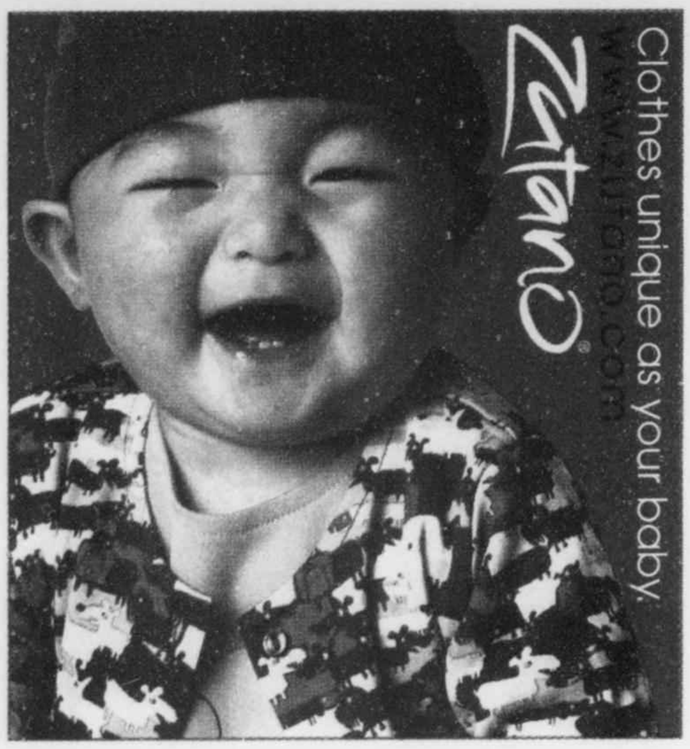

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to populate his large dark, thunderstruck canvases. In all these gloomy efforts, the human figures are limp, almost invertebrate, their faces summarized in a few caricatural strokes and their bodies weirdly attenuated, as if in a new Mannerism. Turner was not, as sometimes charged, an incompetent figure painter. He had spent years in academic drawing and in his early career had produced conventionally modelled studies. But when it came to the big oils he chose to stylize them, as if in self-conscious repudiation of the classical tradition. (And here it does seem legitimate to see that rejection inaugurating something that would end up with Matisse's "La Danse" or "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon.") For Turner, the distortions were the agents of narrative: the representation of the figure as victim, the disarticulated plaything of history's mischief.

In the case of the spectacular action painting "The Battle of Trafalgar," Turner did his homework, going to Sheerness to see the hulk of Nelson's flagship, H.M.S. Victory, and carefully sketching its splintered beams. But he threw the research away to compose, in 1806, an astounding enactment of the chaos of war at sea, using a viewpoint high up in the mizzenmast shrouds, where, although ostensibly on the British man-of-war, the beholder can as easily imagine himself in the roost of the French sharpshooter who kills Nelson. The entanglement of the ships of the line, like so many lumbering dinosaurs locked in belligerent slaughter, is described through an inchoate massing of sails, each impossible to connect to any vessel in particular. It's a maritime traffic jam, a smoke-choked pileup with nowhere to go, no visible stretch of *sea!* And, in case people weren't already confused, Turner made matters worse by collapsing two discrete consecutive episodes into one: the French surrender, indicated by the tricolor laid on the deck of Nelson's flagship, and the canonical climax of Trafalgar, Nelson dying, stretched out amid the huddle of his grieving officers. Victory's victory becomes Pyrrhic, the tragedy embittering the triumph.

The Duke of Wellington fared no better than Nelson. In 1817, Turner, after visiting the site of the bloody victory over Napoleon, at Waterloo, chose instead to paint the harrowing aftermath: a nocturnal carpet of corpses lit by the sulfurous glare of a rocket, with grieving wives and sweethearts, some of them carrying infants, searching desperately through the human debris. It is a return to the distraught Niobes of the Greeks, the wailing woman as personification of calamity.

Tragic poundings—fires that cleansed, extinctions that were the prelude to rebirths—became the great theme of Turner's mature epics. It was as though the life cycle of the man born on Shakespeare's birthday were an emblem of England's own fate: history written on the body. Turner was tormented by asthmatic wheezes and joint pains, for which he took the narcotic herb thorn apple (consumed daily through the goop that accumulated in the bowl of his pipe). As middle age advanced, he felt a steady drumbeat of decease, the winnowing of those closest to him. In 1825, his patron and first great collector, the Yorkshireman Walter Fawkes, radical in politics and hospitable in character, died in debt; then, in 1829, Old Dad, whom the son had shamelessly exploited as factotum and workhorse but who had also been his bosom friend; then the heavily landed connoisseur and collector (of women as well as of pictures) George Wyndham, the Third Earl of Egremont, who, after Fawkes's death, had made Turner his house artist, giving him lodging and studio space. In return, he painted, rather ambiguously, a series of glimmering rectangular views of house and park and some of the Earl's business enterprises—such as the Chichester Canal and the Brighton Chain Pier—designed to be set in the panelled walls of the dining room. Two of those paintings Turner elongated, the fish-eye vision emptying the frame and lending the space a sombre fatefulness. The canal is aligned ninety degrees to the picture plane, and, on it, a little man hunched in a coat, a battered hat on his head, sits in a rowboat fishing—one of Turner's favorite pursuits—as a black-sailed brig moves ominously toward us, an allegorical self-portrait smuggled into the commission. A note of elegy seems to hang over Turner's work for Egremont. After going to the Earl's funeral, in 1837, he

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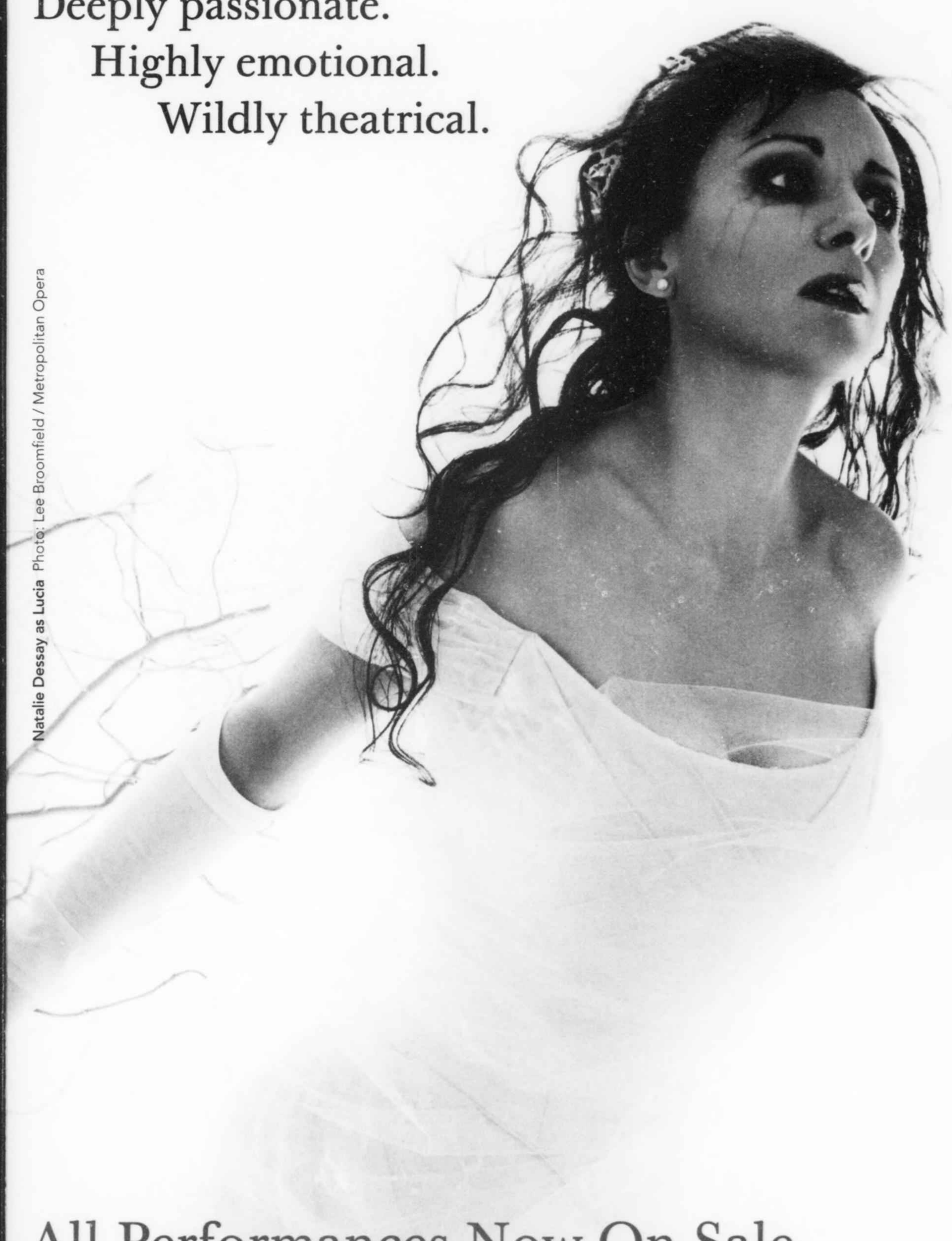

Natalie Dessay as Lucia Photo: Lee Broomfield / Metropolitan Opera

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painted one of the house's great rooms in wild disarray, as if the aristocratic world the Earl embodied had been attacked by an invasion of light.

Such alterations exercised the most strenuous minds of early Victorian Britain. Many of them, like the architect A.W.N. Pugin and Thomas Carlyle, eulogized what they imagined to be a lost, devotional, architecturally Perpendicular, Christian Albion and waxed wrathful about the materialist hell of the Age of Machinery, with its philistine utilitarianism and worship of what Ruskin, the sherry merchant's son, called, contemptuously, "the goddess of Getting-On." In an implausible overreading of "The Goddess of Discord Choosing the Apple of Contention in the Garden of the Hesperides," Ruskin recruited Turner as an anti-capitalist, but the truth is that his mills were usually neither dark nor satanic. His sketch of the town of Dudley, made around 1830, when the possibility of an English revolution hung in the air along with bituminous fumes, gives obvious prominence to the emblems of an older world—church and castle barely holding their own amid the chimneys. Consuming fires, Turner seems to have thought, were just the medium through which the country had to pass to come to a new national life.

When the Houses of Parliament caught fire, on the night of October 16, 1834, Turner, along with a throng of fellow-Londoners, rushed to see the spectacular inferno. Hiring a boat, he bobbed back and forth, riding the tide, at Westminster Bridge. There had been no foul play, but, since a Parliamentary-reform act had been passed just two years before, amid loudly voiced fears that, unless it was legislated, the kingdom might, like France in 1830, go down in bloody revolution, the relationship between rulers and ruled was in perilous play. A dominating feature of the two "Burning of the Houses of Lords and Commons" paintings that resulted—one now in Cleveland and one in Philadelphia—is the crowds jamming the embankment and Westminster Bridge, watching, fixedly, the cremation of "Old Corruption."

This is another authentic first—the painting of the People. Turner was putting on canvas Burke's definition of representative government as a contract between the past and the present. The past is embodied, as if in a Gothic allegory, in the spectacle of the purifying inferno. In the Philadelphia painting, Turner has augmented this feeling of a political altarpiece by turning Westminster Bridge into a structure that seems cut from alabaster rather than limestone, and appears to liquefy into the flame-tinted water at its far end. But the two pictures also look forward to the great issue of the nineteenth century: the test of popular legitimacy. In the Cleveland painting (the two are united in the National Gallery show), Turner broadens the river so that he can give prominence to the rapt masses in the foreground, dramatizing their distance from the burning palace of Westminster. One figure, enigmatically, holds up a sign that reads, simply, "NO." This does not make Turner some sort of socialist. It is still Britain, and auspicious unrevolutionary stars are twinkling above the Thames. But the poetics of power did absorb him. And although we often think of Turner as the lyricist of the empty landscape, the truth is that the other Turner, the denizen of the London alleys and pubs, was truly Hogarth's heir, with an unerring instinct for the crowd as social animal.

Every so often, that public-minded, historically fretful Turner thought that Britain should confront ugly truths. The doomed "Slavers" was conceived in just such a proselytizing spirit and timed for 1840, the year an abolitionist congress was to be convened in London. But Turner's ambition for a history painting that would achieve, through the medium of marine catastrophe, a moral reckoning had been rehearsed around 1835.

He was, once again, playing with fire, and although that 1835 picture is in a radically incomplete state, it's the skeleton of a masterpiece. Flecked with gobs of phosphorescent cinders raining down from the sky into a storm-churned sea, the huge composition was traditionally given the title "Fire at Sea." For years, it was underrated and underread as a rough sketch. It is in the National Gallery show, where visitors will find it described as "Disaster at Sea," which is right but not right enough. Fifteen years ago, the scholar Cecilia Powell recog-

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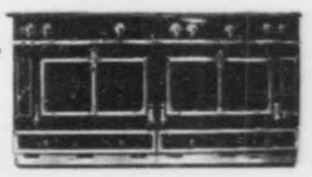

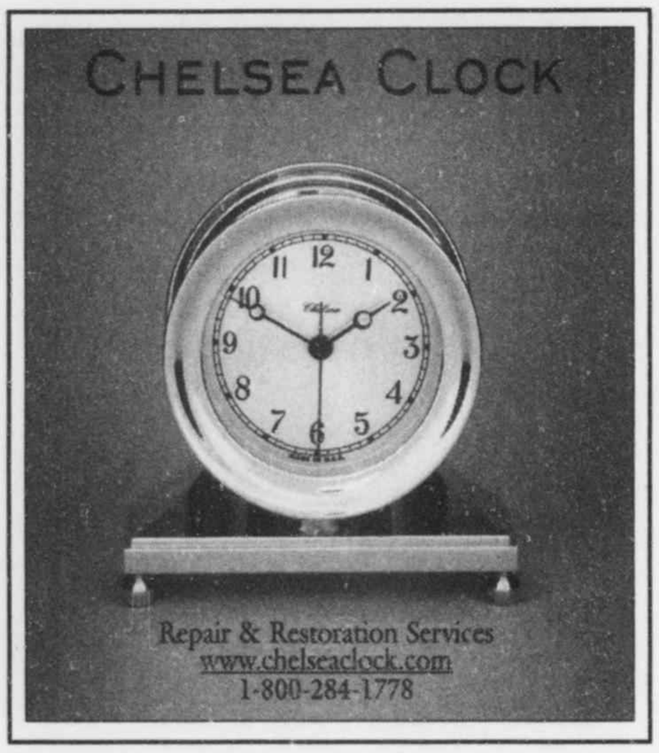

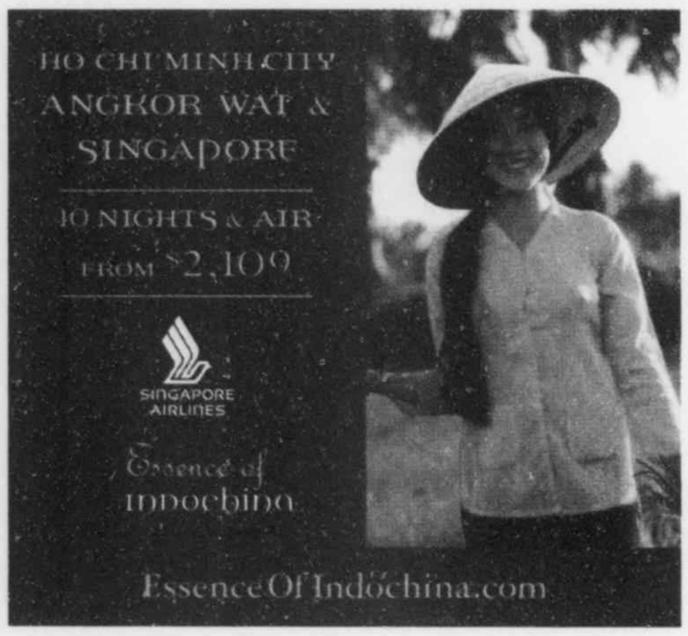

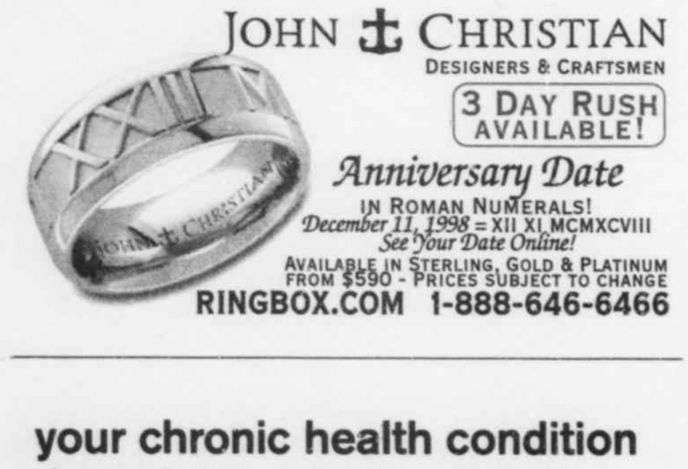

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nized that the work depicted an actual calamity, or, rather, a crime: the sinking of the Amphitrite, in September, 1833. Powell made one simple, vital connection that hadn't been noticed before: the frantic figures wrapped about the broken mast and fallen spars of the rapidly sinking wreck are all women and small children. The Amphitrite was a convict ship transporting female prisoners and their infants to the penal settlement in New South Wales. Driven off course by a storm in the Channel, it ran aground near Boulogne and began to break up. It was close enough for appalled French witnesses to offer assistance, but the captain, evidently a stickler for the rulebook, declined, on the ground that he had no authority to land his charges anywhere but their antipodean prison. He battened down the hatches to prevent just such an escape. In desperation, the women broke through, but to no avail. Though one Frenchman actually swam out to the ship with a line, all of the more than a hundred women and children drowned. Three crew survived.

The atrocity was widely reported in the press. Ballads were written and sung about it. Turner could not possibly have missed it, and he responded with a painting of timeless tragic power: the "Guernica" of nineteenth-century British art. The bodies are a curling ribbon of writhing, pathetic, naked *women*, arms flung out to the babes who slip from them into the sea for which—in the transparent film of water washing over a spar—the painter deployed all the prodigious gifts of the illusionism he was thought to have abandoned for poetically pretentious freedom. Turner's bodies are already bobbing flotsam. They are helpless, ugly, manic, and they tear us apart. Our mere witness seems to implicate us in the enormity of the cruelty, the proper effect of all great histories from Caravaggio to Picasso. The pity of the thing is relentless, because of the phenomenal coherence of Turner's draftsmanship, the violence of the storm, and the desperation of the victims—who should be flying away, centrifugally, but instead are sucked into the whorl of the merciless elements.

We'll never know why Turner never finished or exhibited the painting. Perhaps he did finish it and this is it. At any rate, the Amphitrite was among the three hundred or so oils left in his studio when he died, in 1851, and so it was included in his bequest to the nation. Turner was the first painter in the history of art to give his work to the public, rather than to a church or a patron—and this, too, speaks to the intensity of his devotion to the cultural life of the British people. Ruskin was at least right about that.

In the century and a half since Turner was buried, in St. Paul's Cathedral, the British have loved him with a grateful ardor that has nothing to do with his place in the genealogy of modernism and everything to do with the poetic visualization of their history. The year before last, BBC's Radio 4 asked listeners to vote for the greatest painting—from anywhere in the world, any time. The hot candidate was, unsurprisingly, Constable's "Haywain," that cart-horse idyll by a plashy stream that seems to preserve the English countryside, in all its cow-parsley, humming-bee, "Wind in the Willows" summery splendor forever and ever amen. But the winner was Turner's "The Fighting Temeraire Tugged to Her Last Berth to Be Broken Up" (1838), a painting not about the embalming of the British past but about its unsentimental coupling with the future.

Although the sky over the Thames is saturated with a nectarine sunset that seems to mourn the passing of the timber veteran of Trafalgar, reduced to a pallid phantom (Turner, as always, taking liberties), its masts and furled sails are restored as it is tugged to Beatson's breakers yard, at Rotherhithe. Thackeray, who adored the painting, assumed that Turner had cast the tugboat as the gnomic villain of the piece, dragging the valetudinarian to its last indignity. But Turner—especially in his own last years—was not at all hostile to the incoming empire of technology. Quite the opposite: he believed that the speeding train or the chugging paddle steamer could be turned into a visual lyric that married time with motion. For that matter, since the two vessels are sailing upstream, and thus westward, the vermillion sky behind them, in the east, may actually be a sun*rise*, a fanfare for the future, not a dirge for the past. That's the wonderful thing about being British: you can never really tell which is which. ♦

BRIEFLY NOTED

The Indian Clerk, *by David Leavitt (Bloomsbury; $24.95).* This melancholy novel, set in Cambridge around the start of the First World War, focusses on the real-life partnership between the British mathematician G. H. Hardy and his Indian protégé Ramanujan. Hardy, astonished by the genius of Ramanujan—who, largely unschooled, writes rudimentary proofs that are brilliant even in their mistakes—campaigns to have him brought to England on a scholarship, and then pushes him toward solving the infamous Riemann hypothesis. Leavitt delicately suggests ways in which Hardy's willful blindness toward human weaknesses and Ramanujan's sublimation of physical and emotional pain into the abstraction of equations lead slowly and inextricably to the young man's death. Mathematics and its paradoxes provide a deep vein of metaphor that Leavitt uses to superb effect, demonstrating how the most meaningful relationships can defy both logic and imagination.

The Worst Intentions, *by Alessandro Piperno, translated from the Italian by Ann Goldstein (Europa; $14.95).* "Today it's a trip to be Jewish. Lamented, looked after, exalted." So declares Daniel Sonnino, the disgruntled and dissembling narrator of this wickedly scathing début novel, a coruscating mixture of satire, family epic, Proustian meditation, and erotomaniacal farce. Daniel is hellbent on recording every idiosyncrasy of his wealthy Roman Jewish clan, a tribe of voluptuaries who are "allergic to inner life," their customs summed up as "Twist. Midnight swims. Gallons of alcohol." Among the cast are Daniel's philandering grandfather, who, when bankrupt, flees to New York on the Concorde; his father, an albino dandy; and his Catholic mother, who dismisses the Sonninos (including her husband and sons) as "braggarts, dishonest, happy-go-lucky egotists, who lived beyond their own possibilities." There's no plot per se, but Piperno's headlong prose is worth the ride, by turns slangy and incantatory, incisive and profane.

Dead Certain, *by Robert Draper (Free Press; $28).* One of the more disconcerting elements in this portrait of George W. Bush is the real enthusiasm with which the President has, apparently, taken to visiting wounded soldiers. Time and again, he departs from Walter Reed with the sense of another Presidential job well done—"healed," he tells Draper—rather than with any despair, doubt, or impulse to change course. But then Bush has never been the dark-night-of-the-soul type. Draper, who interviewed him at length, comes up with good (and controversial) material about what he did or didn't know about the dissolution of the Iraqi Army, and with priceless details: the President's staff discovered that the best way to sell him on an idea was to say, "This is going to be a really tough decision." Still, though Draper tries gamely, it's hard to write absorbingly about a character who never develops.

Esalen, *by Jeffrey J. Kripal (Chicago; $30).* This history of the Esalen Institute describes how the Big Sur hot springs became a crucible for a brand of secular metaphysics known as "the religion of no religion." Founded in the early nineteen-sixties, Esalen drew eccentrics and artists like Aldous Huxley, Timothy Leary, Henry Miller, and Joan Baez, and soon became a sort of sybaritic commune, where life consisted, according to Kripal, of "sodomy in the baths, glossolalia in the lodge, fistfights in the parking lot, folk music in the cabins, and meditation in the Big House." But, as the counterculture increasingly melded bohemian hedonism with ideas about social justice, Esalen's personality shifted, too. The institute conducted racial-understanding workshops and later worked to improve relations with the Soviet Union, even sponsoring a 1989 visit to the U.S. by Boris Yeltsin.

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ON TELEVISION

IN THE TRENCHES

Ken Burns on the Second World War.

BY NANCY FRANKLIN

A wounded marine awaits evacuation from Iwo Jima, in February, 1945.

You have to work very hard, and take yourself very seriously as the keeper of the keys to America, to make a tedious documentary about the Second World War. But that is what Ken Burns and Lynn Novick have done with their fifteen-hour series "The War," which will begin on September 23rd, on PBS. They've taken a subject that is inexhaustible and made it merely exhausting. Scene by scene, interview by interview, the series doesn't bore, if you are of the school that believes that everyone's experiences are at least somewhat interesting, and that the experiences of those who went through the Second World War are more interesting than most. What's off-putting is Burns's approach to the material, and by that I don't mean what has come to be known over the years since his 1990 opus on the Civil War as "the Ken Burns effect"—the pan-and-zoom technique with which Burns creates a sense of life and movement in still images and squeezes emotional juice from them. During the months-long promotional run-up to "The War," Burns emphasized that his documentary would be different from the usual treatment of the Second World War. It would highlight the experiences of people from four towns (Waterbury, Connecticut; Sacramento, California; Mobile, Alabama; and Luverne, Minnesota, a small farming community about thirty miles from Sioux Falls, South Dakota) and would be a "bottom-up" look at the war—concentrating on the people who actually did the fighting (and the waiting at home)—as opposed to a top-down perspective featuring generals and politicians. In addition, there would be no "experts"—no military analysts, no historians. (There will also be, in some places, no swearing; local stations worried about F.C.C. fines for offensive language are being offered a version of the series which removes the four instances of tangy language that unaccountably made their way into a documentary about what it's like to kill, to see your friends be killed, and to spend endless days and nights in unrelieved fear of being killed yourself.)

The Civil War, jazz, baseball, and now the Second World War—all of Ken Burns's subjects have been worthy (whether something a little less self-evidently worthy from him might be refreshing is another matter), but it's appropriate to examine his approach, because he is now essentially TV's designated historian (in January, Burns and PBS extended their contractual love connection through 2022), and his take on a subject is usually the final take. Earlier this year, Hispanic groups, aided by the Hispanic Congressional Caucus, put pressure on Burns and PBS to include some stories of Latinos in the film, which was already finished, after six years of work, involving dozens of interviews, hundreds of hours of research, reading, travelling, filming, editing, and writing (including the inevitable companion volume, by Burns and Geoffrey C. Ward, who also wrote the series). To be excluded was to be written out of history, they insisted. Burns eventually added twenty-eight minutes to the film, which, however, do not add much; the scenes—the extra material throws a Native American veteran into the mix, as well as two Hispanics—feel tacked-on, because they are. Burns had originally said that reëditing the film "would be destructive, like trying to graft an arm onto your child." It turns out that not reëditing the film was also like grafting an arm onto your child.

Burns proposes to create portraits of the towns he chose—what they gained during the war and what they lost. Sacramento seems to have been picked because it had a large Japanese-American population and could provide a platform for telling viewers about the internment camps. Mobile became an overcrowded hub for defense jobs, and its degree of racial tension increased accordingly. One of the interviewees from Waterbury, Ray

COURTESY U.S. NATIONAL ARCHIVES AND RECORDS ADMINISTRATION

Leopold, talks about what it meant to be Jewish and about the high level of craftsmanship that used to be found in the city's factories, and that's about as vivid as Waterbury gets. But that's fine—Burns wastes too much time trying to establish the localness of his vision, anyway. Virtually every time you see newsreel footage, you first see a shot of a theatre marquee in one of the towns, and then a stock shot of people inside a theatre. The four-towns device just doesn't work, and Burns doesn't even really stick to it. If he did, he couldn't have included the wonderful Daniel Inouye, the senator from Hawaii, and his tale of seeing the bombers fly over on December 7, 1941, and his description of fighting in Europe. (Burns is using a tried-and-true source: Inouye is one of the people whose wartime experiences are recounted in Tom Brokaw's "The Greatest Generation.") Luverne comes across the most clearly, because of the inclusion of newspaper columns by the local paper's owner and editor, Al McIntosh, who is the very model of a small-town newspaperman and a real find. His columns, read by Tom Hanks, on the comings and goings of the soldiers, the seasons, and his neighbors are like the monologues of the Stage Manager in "Our Town."

Notwithstanding the disclaimer at the beginning of each episode—"The Second World War was fought in thousands of places, too many for any one accounting"—"The War" *does* try to tell the complete story of the American war. It covers Pearl Harbor right through V-E Day and on to victory in Japan, and includes plentiful footage of engagements that are often slighted in such programs—the Italian, North African, and Philippine campaigns—all the while jumping back and forth between towns and interviewees and diaries and letters. It's hard to keep track of which well-groomed, well-spoken octogenarian is from which town and where he fought. With the women, it's easier: there aren't very many of them. The two seen most often are rather striking: Katharine Phillips, a charming Mobilian from a comfortably insulated family, and Sascha Weinzheimer, from a wealthy Sacramento farm family that had "enormous holdings" in the Philippines. Weinzheimer was living there as an eight-year-old with her family when the Japanese took over, and spent the war in a prison camp. Glenn Frazier, from Fort Deposit, Alabama, was also a prisoner in the Philippines, where he'd chosen to be posted before the war, figuring that, if war did break out, it would be with Germany, and he'd beat the odds. Instead, he ended up on the Bataan death march and remained a prisoner for the duration of the war.

Burns has said that he hoped by making "The War" to understand something about being in battle, and he has been able to elicit from many of the men descriptions of their moment of conversion, as it were, to being dutiful soldiers who were willing and sometimes eager to kill. Frazier, dignified in suit and tie, with a trim white mustache, talks about the day a Japanese plane strafed a field hospital on Luzon and hit a friend next to him, and "all I ever found of him was his left foot and a shoe." Frazier looked up and saw the pilot of the plane smiling, "and at that point I had no problem with killing." Sometimes the men speak of what that conversion cost them, and Burns lets the camera linger when they stop recounting such horrible moments, and their faces tell you everything—that no one who wasn't there will ever really understand. (These are also the few moments of silence in "The War," which has a nagging, peskily ever-present soundtrack by Wynton Marsalis and a monotonous voice-of-doom narration by the actor Keith David.)

At fifteen hours, "The War" is too much of a not good enough thing. A spark is missing—a spark that you almost always find in even the most unassuming documentary on the History Channel. A few years ago, for example, I saw one about a battle on a Pacific island I had never heard of. Guam, Guadalcanal, Bougainville, Iwo Jima I knew, of course, but not Peleliu—the site of a horrendous, prolonged, and unnecessary battle that resulted in thousands of casualties. The story was told largely by men who had fought there, and it was unforgettable. PBS has also presented good work: a documentary in its P.O.V. series, "Of Civil Wrongs and Rights," tells the story of Fred Korematsu, a Japanese-American who fought the internment order in 1942 and was arrested; his case went all the way to the Supreme Court and remained an open wound for decades, until his conviction was vacated in 1983. Three years ago, Seattle Public Television produced "The Perilous Fight," a documentary that chronicled the war with color footage that had never been seen before, and with dozens of letters and diary entries and some news reports by Ernie Pyle; it happened to air in New York a few weeks ago, and I couldn't help noticing that Burns had used a surprising amount of the same material, despite having a multimillion-dollar budget and a crack research team.

Burns said that one of the motivations for the project was hearing, in the late nineties, that something like a thousand veterans of the Second World War were dying every day. That gave him a sense of urgency, without giving him any good ideas. During the publicity juggernaut for "The War" (and let history record that the ten-million-dollar marketing campaign includes "commemorative" cans of Budweiser and, as I live and breathe, oranges and eggs branded with station and time-of-broadcast information), Burns talked about focussing on "ordinary" people, while adding that he came to realize that, as it says on the Bud can, "in extraordinary times there are no ordinary lives." This kind of burbling fatuousness does not aid the cause of getting to the truths of war, and Burns should know better.

He *does* know better. As he did in "The Civil War," Burns brings to the fore an uncannily gifted storyteller and synthesizer, someone who combines emotion and intelligence in seemingly perfect proportions. In fact, he brings two of them to light: Samuel Hynes, a fighter pilot from Minneapolis, and Quentin Aanenson, an Army pilot from Luverne. These two soft-spoken, thoughtful men anchor the series. Burns, coyly, never identifies them fully. Hynes is a distinguished professor (now emeritus) of literature at Princeton, and the author of a highly regarded memoir of the war. Aanenson made a documentary about his experiences in the Pacific, which was shown on PBS in the nineties; he was a panelist on Charlie Rose's show on the fiftieth anniversary of D Day, and the airport in Luverne is named for him. Together, they are the Shelby Foote of "The War." ♦

THE CURRENT CINEMA

SOLDIERS

"In the Valley of Elah."

BY DAVID DENBY

In his long movie career, Tommy Lee Jones has never wasted a word or an emotion. When he's silent, his glinting eyes and suppressed smile suggest a secret held in reserve. When he speaks, at Gatling-gun speed, the words come out as definitive. There's no arguing with this man; he doesn't give you an opening. He says only what he wants to say, and he delivers his lines with commanding off-kilter intonations (rising when you would expect falling, or just deadpan). Jones is the driest and most thoroughly stylized of American movie stars—a natural-born hipster wit—but he's not a lightweight. Even in a spoof like "Men in Black," his ease and quickness carried authority (and he didn't let the grinning Will Smith ace him out). In Paul Haggis's "In the Valley of Elah," Jones plays a Vietnam vet and former M.P., Hank Deerfield, whose son, Mike, after serving in Iraq, has gone AWOL in America. Jones has portrayed military men before, but Hank Deerfield is the role of a lifetime, and he has stripped himself of any vestige of vanity to play it. The vertical lines in his face run deeper than ever; a ten-dollar haircut exposes his big ears. Suddenly, he's a primal American image—awkwardly iconic, with a creased-leather face from a Depression photograph—and he gives a great, selfless, and heartbreaking performance that completely dominates this elusive but powerful movie. Haggis, the writer-director of "Crash," has done something shrewd: he has mounted a devastating critique of the Iraq war by indirection. Rather than dramatizing, say, the disillusion of a young soldier as he experiences the chaos of the occupation, he has moved disillusion into the soul of a military father. And the anguish that the father feels is all the more affecting because it's held in check by Jones's natural reticence.

When Hank hears that Mike (Jonathan Tucker) is missing, he says no more than a few words to his wife, Joan (Susan Sarandon), then drives from their home in Tennessee to Fort Rudd, in New Mexico, where he meets with members of his son's unit, who are polite but reveal nothing. A few days later, the boy's body, gruesomely burned and dismembered, turns up in a field near the base. In creating the story, Haggis began with an actual murder—the death of Specialist Richard Davis, in 2003, as reported by Mark Boal in a sombre *Playboy* article published in May, 2004. Working with Boal, Haggis changed the military base and the name of the family, added material from other true stories culled from vets, and expanded the father's role in tracking down his son's killers. After Hank calls his wife (the telephone exchange between a stoical Jones and a distraught Sarandon is a short, tragic movie in itself), he responds to the loss as a military man. He makes the bed in his cheap motel with tight hospital corners, and he uses his M.P.'s skills to find out what happened. The meaning of his son's life, his own life, and the war itself may lie in the solution to the crime. In this search, he has no more than an uncertain ally: Emily Sanders (Charlize Theron), a single mother and a police detective, who apparently got her job after having an affair with her boss and has to face the derision of the male officers on the force.

Haggis has added elements of movie mythmaking to the real-life stories. Hank's quest may remind you of earlier patriarchs played by John Wayne (in "The Searchers") or George C. Scott (in "Hardcore") who went looking for lost children. And the invention of a beautiful female detective who needs to prove herself can only be called pure Hollywood, though the role is crisply written by Haggis and sternly fleshed out by the toughest of cookies, Charlize Theron, who adds intellectual clarity to the hard-rock confrontational work she did in "Monster" and "North Country." With her hair returned to its natural brunette and pulled back from her face, her clothes a functional shirt-and-slacks combo from a chain outlet, Theron is armed—that is, unadorned—for battle. She takes on the Army, which wants Mike's death covered up, as well as her own department, which doesn't give a damn about the crime. She's in everybody's face, but her rage, no matter how familiar from her other movies, comes as a relief: Hank has to stifle himself in order to keep going, and we can't possibly be as emotionally restrained as he is. Working both alone

Charlize Theron and Tommy Lee Jones in Paul Haggis's Iraq-war movie.

LARA TOMLIN

and together, these two thorny, rather solitary people make a good team, but Haggis, positioning them at odd angles to each other, respects the distance between them; even when they warm up a bit, he doesn't pull on our heartstrings. In the movie's austere scheme, they are the only heroes we're going to get.

"In the Valley of Elah" moves steadily and strongly forward on two tracks. Part of the movie is a complex and suspenseful police procedural, culminating in a set of unnerving interrogations. The picture is also a technological and metaphysical lunge at the truth. When Hank first arrives at the base, he heists his son's camera phone and turns it over to a hacker, who, day by day, pieces together the war scenes that Mike recorded. (The data has been fried by heat.) The hacker sends the material, in fragments, to Hank, and, as he sorts through the mesmerizing rubble—partial scenes of terror, exhilaration, torture, and death—we're reminded of classic sequences from Antonioni's "Blow-Up," Coppola's "The Conversation," and De Palma's "Blow Out," in which the evidence of a crime lies buried in visual or aural hash. But this time, as the digital clumps break up and reform, the truth tauntingly escapes our grasp. We watch furious little scenes of Mike and members of his unit screaming at each other, and all sorts of hints and implications flash by, but we can't quite put together what we've seen with Mike's death at home. In the end, Haggis has made a miniature version of the war's confusion, in which the actuality of what's going on eludes full understanding. Mike's videos are the only "movie" we see of Iraq, and, for all their hallucinatory power, they're emblematic of the war's failure.

Of this much we're sure: the boys in Mike's unit have nearly gone feral. The heat, the prolonged enclosure in combat vehicles, the fear that if they stop to avoid hitting someone in the road they might become a target—all of this has perverted natural goodness and turned it into something else. Hank Deerfield worked for years as a military policeman, and he's no innocent. But these boys are more callous than what he knows. All through the investigation, as he enters the fast-food joints and the raucous topless bars near the base, he's like an abashed visitor from another country, and when he watches the war scenes his son's behavior cuts into his soul. He saw Americans screwing up in Vietnam (we assume), but he taught his boy better. The movie's emotional center is the bond between warriors from two generations, and that bond comes close to breaking. The title, I think, is partly ironic. David fought Goliath in the Valley of Elah. Hank sees himself as a latter-day David, slaying monsters, and this is a view that he has clearly passed on to his son, but the movie suggests something else—that Hank's notion of military uprightness has vanished, and America, including Mike, has become monstrous. Yet if the boy seems like an alien, Haggis offers a partial reconciliation at the end—a photograph taken by Mike that tells Hank, in effect, what he gave his son and what his son has given back to him. That is as far as Haggis will go in providing a resolution. The mood of the movie is wounded and ambiguous—it's the very opposite of a tearjerker.

I loved the heated, overflowing talk in "Crash," most of which is wonderfully written, and I wasn't bothered by the movie's pileup of coincidences: "Crash" was a Los Angeles fable about twisted-metal automotive connection in a disconnected place—coincidence was not a mere device but what the movie was about. In "Elah," however, Haggis goes in a new direction. No one could mistake the movie for a documentary, but the picture has some of the rectitude of a good documentary—a tone of plainness without flatness. The color produced by the cinematographer, Roger Deakins, is slightly desaturated—a tinge of ghostliness hangs over the scenes—and the dialogue is sparse; much of the time, we piece together what's going on from silences, insinuations, and lies. Except for Theron's glaring tirades, Haggis keeps the rhetorical level tamped way down. There isn't, for instance, a single political speech, a single cry of betrayal. The judgment of the war is in Tommy Lee Jones's eyes, and in what Hank Deerfield does to express his disgust.

Jones's father was a Texas oil rigger, his mother a policewoman and beauty-shop owner; he became a scholarship boy at a Texas prep school and a cum-laude graduate of Harvard. He never took an acting class, and he's known to be short-tempered with other actors on the set. His clipped delivery could be taken for contempt (for acting, for commonplace sincerity), and maybe it is, but this movie about the harrowing of a proud soldier shows no trace of arrogance. "In the Valley of Elah" is a rarity: an American film that convinces you that its protagonist is genuinely a great man. ♦

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THE WINNING CAPTION

"I hear he's got one-hundred-per-cent coverage—parts and labor."
Barbra Holian, Juneau, Alaska

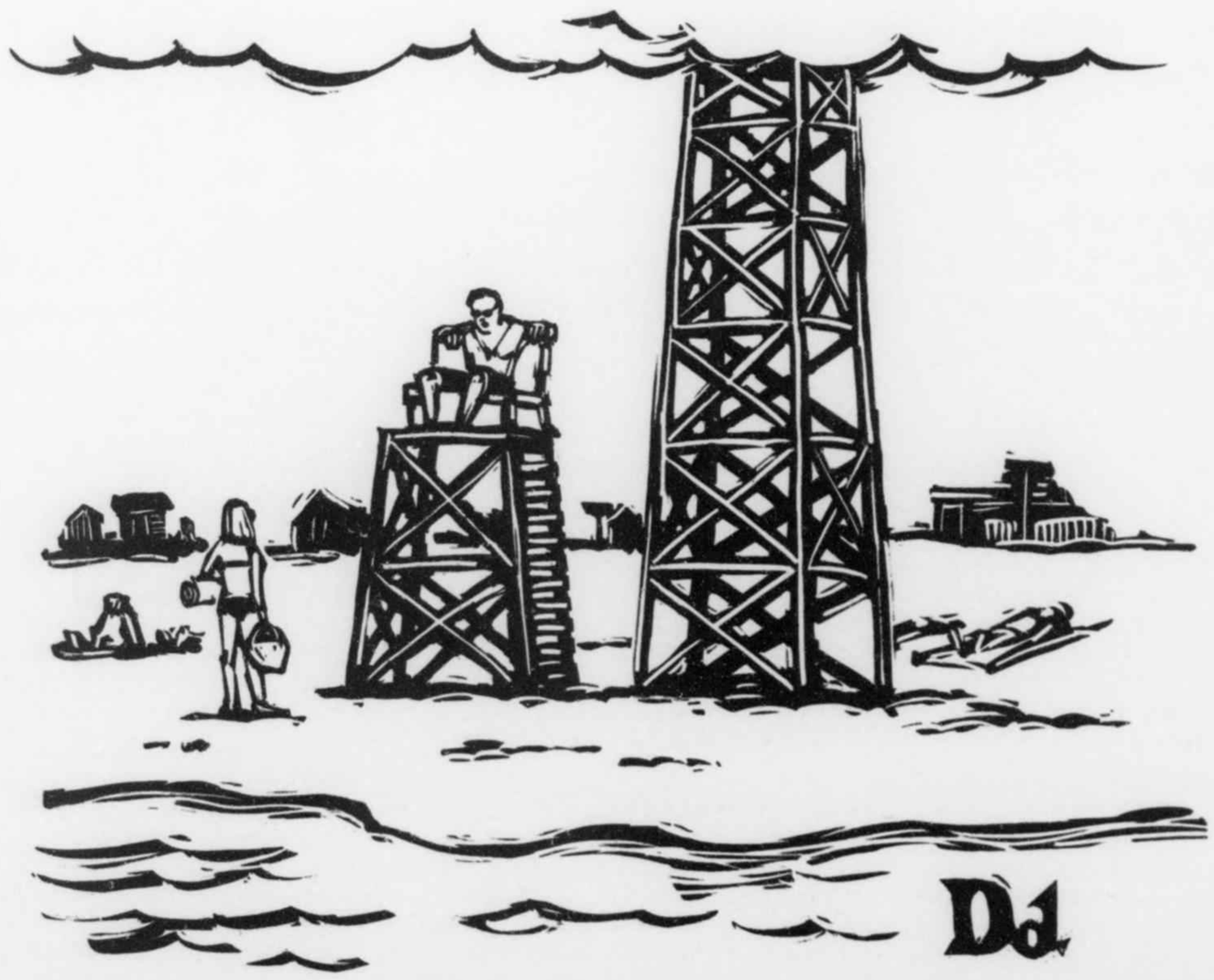
THE FINALISTS

"So this is what killed the dinosaurs."
Patricia Carrington, Bethesda, Md.

"What did you say happened to the last tenant?"
Kees Beemster Leverenz, Seattle, Wash.

"We're gonna need a bigger spear."
Peter Lorber, Thousand Oaks, Calif.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST



"Dd"

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in bad weather.

Full Truth:

quattro® is great if you drive.

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