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ISSUE

2007

STYLE
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Photographed by
Peter Lindbergh
PALM SPRINGS,
California,
March 2007
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336 BLAME IT ON BRAZIL Brazil’s frenetic energy infuses everything from its pulsating economy to its samba beat, to its sense of style. For a 24-page portfolio of the sizzling Rio fashion scene, photographer Mario Testino and fashion and style director Michael Roberts pull together an in-crowd carnaval, while A. A. Gill delivers the bottom line on a nation’s lust for life.

360 AMERICAN DREAMER As Walt Disney re-invented Main Street, so Ralph Lauren idealized Wasp America, stripped away its exclusivity, made it better, and sold it to the world. With the $4.3 billion business entering its fifth decade, Paul Goldberger explains the power of Lauren’s vision. Photograph by Jonas Karlsson.

364 TWO FOR THE MODE Patrick Demarchelier and Michael Roberts spotlight the models of the moment—Jamie Burke and Agyness Deyn—who are giving an indie look to luxury labels.

366 CRAZY FOR LAKE COMO The placid shores of Lake Como, long home to Italy’s aristocrats, have been a haven for the likes of Wordsworth and Winston Churchill, J.F.K. and Marlene Dietrich. (Oh, yeah, George Clooney too.) But as Janine di Giovanni discovers, an invasion of the super-rich—from American venture capitalists to Russian billionaires—is sending ripples through Como’s exclusive villas.

374 THE SPIRIT OF ’76 Ingrid Sischy spotlights Bob Colacello’s new book of photos, Out, snapped for Andy Warhol’s Interview from 1976 to 1982, when the fun was still free.

376 FROM HERMÈS TO ETERNITY In 1837, Hermès opened its doors as a Paris saddlery. Today, with its impossible-to-obtain Birkin bags and Jean Paul Gaultier–designed prêt-à-porter, the family firm has become one of the planet’s most coveted brands. Laura Jacobs hits Hermès’s headquarters as the reins are passed to a sixth generation. Photographs by Todd Eberle.

384 FINAL BLOW The May suicide of English fashion maven Isabella Blow—famous for her outrageous headwear as well as her pioneering eye—shook London society. But to those who knew her, it was no surprise. Beneath the trappings of aristocratic eccentricity, Edward Helmore learns, Blow struggled with tragedy, depression, and a talent she couldn’t sell.
DAVID YURMAN
THE PARTY CONTINUES ON vanityfair.com

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FANFAIR

197 30 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE
Tully Jensen strikes a pose for Michael Roberts in Sicily. The Cultural Divide. Elissa Schappell’s Hot Type. Matt Tynauer reserves a room at La Bandita; Edward Helmore does the math on antique calculators. My Stuff. Rashida Jones; 826 finds another home in Boston; Punch Hutton worships at 583 Park Avenue. Leslie Bennetts takes a deep breath of a classic Chanel fragrance with a twist. Matt Tymauer’s favorite design innovations. Lisa Robinson’s Ho Tracks. My Desk: Rick Rubin. Krista Smith visits artist Annie Morris. Bruce Handy reviews In the Shadow of the Moon and Toots; A. M. Homes studies Fierce People. The season’s eye-catching gems. Jessica Flint says Mais oui to Sarah Jessica Parker’s Covet; fall’s most fashionable fragrances...

COLUMNS


236 MURDOCH’S PRIVATE GAME With Rupert Murdoch’s grab for The Wall Street Journal, a media-establishment nightmare came true. But, argues Michael Wolff, the perfumery hobby for a print-loving mogul’s golden years could also teach the Murdoch-haters a thing or two. Photo illustration by Michael Elins.

244 CHEATING ON PHIL (WITH PARIS) Dominick Dunne is temporarily sidetracked from the Phil Spector murder trial by the latest Hilton hoopla, squeezing cocktails with Paris’s parents into a jam-packed schedule of courtroom theatrics. Photograph by Just Loomis.

252 ARTHUR MILLER’S MISSING ACT Author of such masterpieces as The Crucible and Death of a Salesman, Arthur Miller stood as a moral beacon for his time. But he had a dark secret, one he tried to keep until his death, in 2005. Suzanna Andrews reveals how the playwright cut his son, born with Down syndrome, from his own private drama.

266 “I’M WITH HER!” The reflected celebrity of Nicole, Paris, Lindsay, et al. is a guaranteed career booster for the boys who orbit them. Club-hopping with the likes of D.J. Steve Aoki, Pete Wentz, and Joel Madden, Nancy Jo Sales maps out L.A.’s most marketable romances. Photographs by Brett Ratner.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94  SEPTEMBER 20
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01

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GAP

THE NEW PORTRAITS
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The Haberdashery Shirt

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#12
The Tailored White Shirt
as worn by: KEN WATANABE, ACTOR AND PRODUCER
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#06

The Short Sleeved Turtleneck

as worn by: REGINA KING, ACTOR

price: $39.50
The Sweater Vest

as worn by: JOHN MAYER, MUSICIAN

price: $39.50
=05
The Perfect V Sweater

as worn by: DAVIS GUGGENHEIM, DIRECTOR AND PRODUCER
price: $39.50
The Wide Leg Trouser

as worn by: SARAH SILVERMAN, COMEDIAN AND ASPIRING SUPERMODEL

price: $49.50

CLASSICS REDEFINED
276 GIULIANI'S PRINCESS BRIDE Controversial First Ladies are nothing new, but Judi Giuliani seems prepared to raise the bar, alarming her husband's campaign staff and delighting the gossip pages with her diva demands. Judy Bachrach goes in search of the woman who would be queen.

288 THE BOYS WITH THE BUZZ Michael Roberts and Evgenia Peretz spotlight four young actors whose chat-room reviews spell big Hollywood futures.

290 THE 68TH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL BEST-DRESSED LIST Whether it's an Empire-waist gown, a 7XL zoot suit, or David and Victoria Beckham's latest his-and-hers ensembles, the 2007 edition of the annual fashion roll call decides who wore it best. Find out who's new, who's back, and who (besides Sofia Coppola and Anderson Cooper) made the Hall of Fame.

324 THE SHAPE OF THIGHS TO COME From Rubens to Mattel, Hercules to Hedi Slimane, the ideal body shape changes almost as often as the styles that cover it. So those Abercrombie abs and that Jessica Simpson rack may be on the way out, reports Amy Fine Collins.

VANITIES

329 ALEXA THE GREAT Adam Leff and Richard Rushfield on the candidates' spouses. How to hurry your adopted child through paparazzi; That Was Then & This Is Now; Howard Schatz photographs Joan Allen as an aging heiress the secretary of defense, and a hotheaded ad executive. Bruce Feirstein uncovers the true lies of celebrity journalism.

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Making Time for Art

On May 16, art lovers and downtown insiders gathered at the Victorinox Swiss Army boutique in New York City for the launch of gallery owner Paige West’s first book, The Art of Buying Art. Hosted by Victorinox Swiss Army and Vanity Fair, the cocktail party featured an exhibition of artwork by Leah Tinari, Rob Nadeau, and Joanna Swartz, as well as shopping from the Victorinox Swiss Army collection to benefit the charity Westbridge.

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House of Campari Celebrates Art

On May 18, Campari, Vanity Fair, and the MoMA Contemporaries hosted the exclusive opening party for the third annual House of Campari program in Los Angeles. The evening unveiled the Distinctive Messengers exhibition showcasing works by emerging artists, on display at the venue, as well as featuring a dazzling burlesque performance by Ivan Kane. Forty House
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THE WRITING IS ON THE WALL.

- Kenneth Cole

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NAUTICA
Three Horsemen of the Apocalypse

Arrogance, ignorance, and incompetence. Not a pretty cocktail of personality traits in the best of situations. No sirree. Not a pretty cocktail in an office-mate and not a pretty cocktail in a head of state. In fact, in a leader, it's a lethal cocktail. Our president and his administration were arrogant during the lead-up to the Iraq war in that they listened only to those who would tell them what they wanted to hear. They were ignorant in the lack of scholarship and due diligence they brought to the matter of how the invasion would be received by those being invaded. And they were incompetent at almost every level in the execution of the war and its aftermath. What the political commentator Bill Maher described last year as "fuck-up fatigue" in regard to this administration has moved to the next stage. Around our kitchen table—and I suspect yours—the current stage is outrage fatigue, a simmering frustration and anger over what this administration has done in our good name.

The president—now with one of the lowest approval ratings of any U.S. leader ever—has dangerously isolated us from the rest of the world. We have the beginnings of a new Cold War with the Russians. We are out of favor in South America, never mind the Arab world. The French and the Germans don't have much time for our opinions—although they will take our money. A majority of our English-language confederates in Britain, Canada, and Australia think the invasion was a horrible mistake. And Americans themselves are weary of the constant fearmongering, the gut feelings of impending doom, and the absence of any advance in the true war on terror—the one against al-Qaeda along the Afghanistan-Pakistan border.

This administration almost always chooses politics over what is best for the country. Balance the budget or run up vast deficits with politically motivated tax cuts? Choose politics. Watch over the nation's health or suppress medical information and research in the interest of big business and the Republican political base? Choose politics. Maintain the delicate equilibrium of our courts or stack them with right-wing jurists? Choose politics. Protect our environment or turn public lands and waterways over to Republican-base polluting interests? Choose politics.

At all levels of the Bush White House, political hackery mingles with incompetence, ignorance, and arrogance. It is a strain that runs wide and runs deep. It begins at the top, of course, with a president who is now perceived beyond our shores to be one of the most dangerous men in the world. Indeed, many Americans have a similar opinion of him. We have our secretive, power-mad vice president, who can't decide whether he is part of the executive branch of government or the legislative branch. And then there are the boobs they surround themselves with. We've got Attorney General Alberto Gonzales, who has turned the Justice Department into a right-wing backwater salted with White House cronies and assorted partisan ninnies. For his role in the politically motivated firing of eight U.S. attorneys, Gonzales should go. For his role in covering up the firings, he should go up the river. His boss ordered former White House employees called before the congressional committees investigating the matter to keep mum. The president did this by exercising his "executive privilege"—which under this administration is just a fancy term for breaking the law.

Jim Nicholson, the secretary of veterans affairs, had to step down in the wake of revelations about the scandalous treatment of our returning troops. Xavier William Proenza, whom Bush's commerce secretary appointed to head the National Hurricane Center, in Miami, was ousted just six months on the job, having alienated both superiors and underlings—a rare feat even in this administration. Over at the General Services Administration, the agency in charge of keeping other departments running smoothly, Lurie Doan, the woman the president named to the top job, was found to have violated the Hatch Act, which prohibits civil servants like her from participating in partisan politics while on the job. Investigators found that she had asked employees to attend a PowerPoint presentation by a Karl Rove deputy in which they were told how to help Republican candidates in the 2008 campaign. Congressional investigators wanted details of the meeting, but Doan said she couldn't remember any. She had been distracted, she said, "revi

 everything in Washington, it seems, is showing stress fractures. It can echo of the flu-shot shortage a few years back, the State Department doesn't have enough qualified employees to sort through the huge passport-application backlog. The Foreign Affairs Administration is so understaffed that it now checks less than 1 percent of the food that comes into this country. Thirty-five years ago, the department conducted 50,000 inspections. Last year it managed just 5,000. Across the country, there are vital shortages of teachers, cops, nurses, and, not surprisingly, military recruits. One indication of the direness of the situation is how the armed forces have bent the rules for a segment of the population that actually wants to wear a uniform: gays. Last year just 612 gays and lesbians were forced out of the armed services, compared with 742 the year before.

Accountability is spotty at best. Exhibit A: the virtual amnesty the president shamefully gave the vice president's former attack dog, Scooter Libby for lying to a federal grand jury that was looking into whether he leaked C.I.A. operative Valerie Plame's name to journalists. A few days later, the president announced that it was time to "move on"—surely one of the most grating expressions of our age. He made the statement the same week that Zheng Xiaoyu, the former top food and drug regulator in China, was executed for taking bribes and permitting the sale of tainted drugs. Now that is top-down accountability.

Competent members of the Bush circle have their own set of issues. There was the illuminating testimony of Richard H. Carmona, the former surgeon general, who left office in 2006 after his term expired. He told a congressional panel that senior people in the Bush administration forbade him to speak to the press about emergency contraception, sex education, stem cells, and mental-health issues. Reports that would hurt Republican Party piggy banks, such as Big Tobacco, were watered down. Plus, he was ordered to mention President Bush three times on every page of every speech he delivered.

Returning to the lethal cocktail of arrogance, ignorance, and incompetence, which knows no national boundaries in a document shown on Britain's Channel 4 recently, a former senior adviser to Tony Blair recounted the meeting Blair, our president's ally, had with Jacques Chirac just before the invasion of Iraq. According to the adviser, the French president, who fought in Algeria in the 1950s, worries that neither Bush nor Blair fully understood the ugly nature of war and issued the following warnings: (1) If the U.S. and U.K. invade Iraq they would not be welcomed by the Iraqi people. (2) The invasion could spark a civil war. (3) A country run by a Shiite majority should not be confused with a democracy. As he left Chirac, Blair turned to an aide, rolled his eyes, and said, "Poor old Jacques, he doesn't get it does he?" Arrogance and ignorance. The incompetence was there, too, but it really surged later.

—GRAYDON CARTE
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Mario Testino

For London-based photographer Mario Testino, being involved in a *Vanity Fair* project on South America was a true joy—as he is originally from Lima, Peru. “Being South American myself, I took it to heart to show what South America has to offer,” he says. Testino says his photos for “Blame It on Brazil,” page 336, “represent a fresh approach to South America, without constraints and with no preconceived references.” In May 2007, Testino’s adoration for Brazil, in particular, was reciprocated: he received the Tirandentes Medal of honorary citizenship from the legislative assembly of the state of Rio—a high honor recognizing individuals for their work in Brazil.

Michael Roberts

*Vanity Fair’s* fashion and style director, Michael Roberts, kept a full schedule working on the magazine’s second Style Issue, between photographing four up-and-coming actors for “Young Hollywood” (page 288) and styling the photo shoot for “Blame It on Brazil” (page 336). Of his original Rio-party concept for the shoot, Roberts says, “The fall fashion gave me the idea for the spreads—the bright colors and the return of a very obvious kind of sexiness. Such elements look best on these very good-looking Brazilians.” Once again, Roberts—who also appears inside the pages of this issue as one of 2007’s best-dressed fashion professionals (page 290)—teamed up with longtime friend and photographer Mario Testino to strike a seamless balance of fun and flash. “It’s implicit in Testino’s work that life is a party, and you don’t have to explain fashion to him. He gets it and he loves it.” Roberts also has a photography book, *Shot in Sicily* (Edition 7L), due out in September. A sneak peek appears on page 197.

Jonathan Becker

Contributing photographer-at-large Jonathan Becker has worked extensively for *Vanity Fair* in many of Italy’s most stunning locales: Venice, Capri, Naples, Rome, Milan, and Florence. Still, he was unprepared for the sight of Lake Como. “It’s drastically beautiful,” Becker says. “I was amazed at the scale of the mountains and the lake—all in shades of deep green and azure—a marvel of natural aesthetics.” Becker also found himself won over by the Comaschi, as the area’s inhabitants are known. “Most of them are noble Milanese families, and they were absolutely charming,” he says. “It’s quiet on the lake—a wonderful, old tradition of villa life. One feels Napoleon’s ghost.”

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168
On Thursday, June 7, more than 400 Chicago notables walked the red carpet at the AMC River East Theatre for "Reel Relief"—the Chicago premiere of Ocean's Thirteen. The event benefited the International Rescue Committee for Not On Our Watch, an organization founded by George Clooney, Brad Pitt, Matt Damon, Don Cheadle, and Jerry Weintroub to focus attention and resources to stop and prevent mass atrocities.

The film’s producer, Jerry Weintroub, and cast members George Clooney, Matt Damon, Bernie Mac, Ellen Barkin, and Don Cheadle were there, along with Bruce Willis, Chicago mayor Richard M. Daley, Brian Urlacher of the Chicago Bears, and film critic Richard Roeper. Plus, more than 3,000 fans turned out to watch the excitement of the arrivals.

Following the premiere, an exclusive after-party was held at the hot spot Room 21, where guests enjoyed cocktails and hors d’oeuvres, and a live performance by soul singer Leela James.

Clockwise from top left: Mayor Richard M. and Eleanor Daley with Bruce Willis; the theater; Ellen Barkin, George Clooney, Bernie Mac, Jerry Weintroub, Don Cheadle, and Matt Damon; guests sampled Cacao Reserve by Hershey’s chocolate; the stars arrived in the 2007 Buick Enclave; Finlandia vodka on display; Leela James performing; [yellow tail] wine was served; fans receiving AMC Theatre concession passes, compliments of Citi; George Clooney signing autographs.
Global warming is cool. Irony or sign of the times? Discuss.

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Reinaldo Herrera, Amy Fine Collins, Aimée Bell

Vanity Fair special correspondent Amy Fine Collins, contributing editor Reinaldo Herrera, and deputy editor Aimée Bell teamed up again this year to edit the annual International Best-Dressed List, which is now in its 68th year. It was founded by the late Eleanor Lambert, who handed the list down to the trio, and to editor Graydon Carter, in 2002. Although this year’s roster includes some flamboyant figures, conventional wisdom still applies to dressing well. “If you want to be best dressed, buy a full-length mirror!” Herrera says. But Collins, who also wrote “The Shape of Thighs to Come,” which begins on page 324, doesn’t stop there. “I’d go one step further than Reinaldo,” she says, “and propose a full-length, three-way mirror. It tells the whole truth from every angle.”

Suzanna Andrews

In her article on page 252, “Arthur Miller’s Missing Act,” contributing editor Suzanna Andrews reports on the playwright’s troubling 39-year effort to conceal the existence of his son Daniel, who was born with Down syndrome in 1966. Whether or not this hidden chapter of Miller’s life should affect our appreciation of his work, Andrews says, it certainly complicates our understanding of the man. “Here is someone who cast himself as a humanitarian and a moralist very publicly,” she says, “and that’s where the deception becomes very interesting in terms of judging him as a human being.” Today, Daniel is living a happy, independent life. “It’s a sad story,” says Andrews, “except for Danny’s part of it, which is inspiring.”

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 162

SEPTEMBER 2007
the STORE on EVERYONE’S LIPS
(the SALON on everyone’s list)
**Laura Jacobs**

“Even as a teenager, I realized there was something about Hermès that was very special and rare,” says contributing editor Laura Jacobs, who this month writes about the history of the luxury house in her piece “From Hermès to Eternity,” which begins on page 376. “I had a horse, and the object of every horsey girl was an Hermès saddle, but it was beyond the reach of all of us.” Jacobs has written about design labels ranging from Lulu Guinness and Lilly Pulitzer to Cath Kidston and Jo Malone, but Hermès, she says, is in a league of its own. “It was fascinating to look at a company that has an eye for timelessness and an edge that never looks old, but also doesn’t look too new. That’s a real balance to hit, and I think Hermès is striking that balance brilliantly.”

**A. A. Gill**

As his essay “Blame It on Brazil” (page 336) makes clear, contributing editor A. A. Gill is smitten with Brazil. But it’s not just the booming economy and bronzed buttocks (although that’s all well and good). “It’s one of the few Latin-American countries that don’t suffer from gringo envy,” Gill says. “Brazil neither despises nor wants to be like America. It’s almost completely self-sufficient in its practical needs—food, energy—but it also produces all the culture it needs.” And for all of America’s hand-wringing about Hugo Chávez’s Venezuela, Gill points out, Brazil is clearly emerging as the giant of Latin America. So have a caipirinha! Gill’s most recent book, *The Angry Island: Hunting the English*, is out now from Simon & Schuster.
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FOR 40ISH SKIN

Andie MacDowell
"Looking eyes a blink."

Because You’re Worth It™
Nancy Jo Sales

This month, contributing editor Nancy Jo Sales describes the lurid, fickle, and often obscene spectacle of Young Hollywood’s liaisons in "I’m with Her" (page 266). Sales, who wrote a seminal Paris Hilton profile for V.F. in 2000, when the reigning scene queen was just ascending her throne, describes the fame game played by those ubiquitous P.Y.T.’s and the dudes who court them. “When I was growing up, Hollywood romance seemed so sophisticated, something that grown-ups did. So glamorous. This feels as if we’re all back in high school and Jenny broke up with Johnny at the high-school dance. And then Johnny put a sex video of Jenny on YouTube.” Sales suspects that seeking infamy is a compulsion for these starlet couples; since “they have rehab for everything else, maybe one day they’ll have rehab for the addiction to fame. It’ll be called Anonymous Anonymous.”

Christopher Hitchens

Venturing deep into the Bible Belt to discuss his best-selling polemic against religion, God Is Not Great—a trip he chronicles for his column this month, beginning on page 232—contributing editor Christopher Hitchens (featured at left, being interviewed by David Frost) was quite pleased at the response he got. “I’ve long thought there are more people who are unorthodox—if not unbelievers—especially in the South, than people allow,” he says. “That’s why I wanted to do it. But it was much more of a success than I had thought it would be.” Though Hitchens concedes that religion is probably “ineradicable,” he believes a shift toward secularism may be upon us: “The tipping point may have been Terri Schiavo, when people said, This religious business has gone too far.” Hitchens is editing and writing the introductions to The Portable Atheist (Da Capo), with selections from Lucretius, Spinoza, Mark Twain, Richard Dawkins, and others, due out in November.

S. P. Nix

International Best-Dressed List research coordinator S. P. Nix is well acquainted with discerning the world’s most astutely attired. Having assisted the list’s founder, the late Eleanor Lambert, Nix continues to realize her vision in this month’s issue by helping to assemble Vanity Fair’s largest International Best-Dressed List ever. “The list has grown dramatically, both in terms of those named and those who vote,” Nix, who also compiled the captions for the list, says. “But it never would have without Miss Lambert’s standards, and it might not have achieved the success it has had she not entrusted it to our editors, who approach each B.D.L. meeting as if she were there.”

When not tracking the Best-Dressed candidates, Nix works as a V.F. copy editor.
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Thank you for the brilliant Africa issue [July]. As a recent college graduate, I can honestly tell you that I have learned more about Africa and global awareness from this one magazine edition than in my entire education. As a humanitarianism junkie I am constantly looking for ways to engage my knowledge and become involved in positive change. I applaud Vanity Fair for helping to raise awareness, for jumpstarting a worldwide campaign for Africa, and for promoting peace and prosperity in our world. V.F. is now ahead of the game and leading the way for what seems to be a new revolution; thank you for this leadership.

KATIE NEUMAN
Tempe, Arizona

HAVING RECENTLY graduated with a degree in international public health, I am quite idealistic in my goals of saving the world and ameliorating the H.I.V. epidemic in Africa. With that said, I have been skeptical of the activist bandwagon that many celebrities and corporations seem to be jumping on lately, and curious where exactly their motivations and goals lie. So I was pleasantly surprised by the Africa issue. The articles featured provided concrete, and at times controversial, reporting on real issues facing Africans and presented the actual role (and obligation) of celebrities and corporations in helping to make Africa’s future generations healthy and prosperous. Thank you for opening my eyes a little wider.

MANDIE SELIN
Baltimore, Maryland

YOUR ISSUE on Africa was quite impressive and comprehensive, but it still presents Africa as a poverty-stricken continent. Nothing could be further from the truth. Africa is the storehouse of the world’s strategic minerals, oil, gold, diamonds, and bauxite. In that regard, no African country is poor. The root of the problems is bad governance, which translates into unequal distribution of wealth, corruption, wars, lack of resources to feed hungry, an uneducated populace, and the degradation of our environment. Africa is orphaned by lack of leadership. Is it any wonder the likes of Bono and Madonna are playing the roles African leaders should be assuming? Africa’s salvation must ultimately come from within.

Oh. Congo is the home of African mu-
NOW, WITH WATERPROOF WEAR.

CHANEL
ONE HOPES YOU FEEL your social responsibilities for the year have been significantly accomplished. I am certain a lot of people worked diligently and with personal sacrifice to put this July magazine together. Too bad it just didn’t work. This was the most boring issue I can recall thumbing through in a long time.

R. J. MARTINSON
Rockton, Illinois

I WAS REALLY TOUCHED by Vanity Fair’s Africa issue. I love the fact that Africa was brought to life but not in a manner that was degrading. Being Ethiopian myself, I hear the jokes about the little African children with flies around their faces. Never does anyone address the issues and at the same time acknowledge the beauty Africa has to offer.

AMIRA SEYOUN
Palmdale, California

I AM TOTALLY DISGUSTED with the July issue. We are citizens of the United States of America, and the vast majority of Americans couldn’t care less about Africa. The U.S. has an abundance of poor, needy children and adults. And what do V.F. and the American government concern themselves with? Africa. Get real. The continent will never improve, and V.F.’s issue just adds fuel to the fire. I am not an extremist; I am an American, and I, along with a whole host of other Americans, am tired of hearing about Africa! I will not be renewing my subscription.

JAMES DIXON
Montgomery, Texas

THE CRISIS IN Africa rightfully deserve the full attention of an entire issue of Vanity Fair. However, the continent of Africa does not stand alone in its suffering. It seems that when references to human crises are made today everyone thinks of Africa, especially with the number of celebrities pushing for change there. Meanwhile, Asia is like a forgotten continent, and Southeast Asia in particular. There you will find the Hmong people of Laos living on tree sap and rain water; the refugees from Burma, who have no place to turn and who are probably the only group of people right now in the world who would welcome a U.S. intervention and the child-prostitution industry thriving in Cambodia. It would be nice—in the spirit of increasing awareness of global crises—to also include the world’s largest continent.

JAGDISH GILL
Waltham, Massachusetts

MORE FROM THE V.F. MAILBAG

I AM WRITING to thank you for your crucial Africa-themed issue. As a student intern for a nonprofit organization seeking to connect Americans and Africans, I am forever searching for ways to move our society to act and to reach out to Africa. This month, I was able to both educate and empower my peers by simply urging them to buy a magazine.

LAURA BENACK
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I’VE BEEN a subscriber to Vanity Fair for nearly 20 years, and it used to be that I couldn’t wait for each issue to arrive; I read it cover to cover. Over the last year I have been very disappointed with the content. From the Green Issue to the current Africa issue, the magazine seems to have become a platform for self-serving celebrities to tout their greatness. I miss the in-depth articles you used to publish on a variety of topics, including society and true crime. It’s what sets your magazine apart from all of the others. For the first time ever I don’t think I’ll be renewing my subscription.

DIANE EAKES
San Diego, California

I’M WRITING to express my GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT with the Vanity Fair July/August 2007 issue. In the past, I had been a subscriber for about 12 years, but after reading this issue I have decided to cancel my subscription.

THOMAS L. LAMBERT
Lyons, Colorado

YOUR ISSUE on Africa was absolutely amazing! It is so critical that information about the plight of the people in the countries of Africa get to the general public. I love how Annie Leibovitz’s photographs crossed political-party lines, because helping Africa is not a political issue. It is a human issue.

WHITNEY O’NEAL
Union, Kentucky

IT IS totally unnecessary to be so sarcastic when responding to your readers,” says Carol Weiss, of Hobe Sound, Florida. “Your Mailbag staff is certainly full of themselves. Your readers are your bread and butter—you urge them to write, so treat them with respect even if you don’t like what they say!!”

Well . . . you’re right. The sad fact is the Mailbag has sarcasm-management issues. We admit it. We’re working on it. Maybe this edition will prove to be a turning point!

Readers overwhelmingly loved the Africa issue (except, presumably, for the two square inches given over to the sarcastic, disrespectful, and—let’s face it—probably self-loathing Mailbag). It’s true that the happenstance nature of who got what cover led to several “Certainly not the George I was hoping for”—type comments (that particular one from Marybeth Kasten, in Normal, Illinois). We’ll leave it to your imagination as to whether it was Clooney they really wanted, or Bush. And you know that in this instance politics has nothing to do with it . . .

Anyway: “I picked up your Africa issue at the airport. . . . All I can say is it was the shortest plane ride that I’ve ever had. I sat engrossed and horrified and yet strangely inspired by what I read. . . . If your goal was not only to educate but also to inspire action, sleep well tonight.

You earned it” (Melissa Emery, Los Angeles). “You have published one of the greatest issues of any magazine” (Barry Kellman, New York City).

Nancy Hughes, of Philadelphia, speaks for a number of readers when she writes, “Loved the info, but how can I help?” (Check out our Africa resources page, at vanityfair.com/politics/Africa, for some ideas.) And Donna L. Kinsler, of Van Nuys, California, says, “I am overjoyed about the issue on Africa. Vanity Fair and Bono deserve a Nobel.” (For what it’s worth, the Mailbag’s money is on Bono.)


“I love this magazine and I adore Graydon Carter’s Editor’s Letter each month,” says Tracey Howard, of Las Vegas, Nevada. “particularly when he gives it to ‘the Bushies.’” (Which Editor’s Letter was that?) “The Mailbag must have missed it.” “What I don’t like is Mr. Carter’s hair. A closer haircut would make [him] look so much more, dare I say, distinguished.”

Well, what about a readers’ poll? Does the editor need to rethink the whole hair thing? The lines are open.
Diana Krall’s extensive knowledge of the jazz repertoire earns her the respect of old school aficionados, while her innovative spirit earns her the admiration of everyone else. Hence her place in jazz history among the few who not only speak the language fluently, but also rewrite it. Night after night.
THANK YOU FOR INCLUDING the leader of the Free World in your series of covers for your Africa issue. Like President Bush or not, he has made a large contribution of aid to Africa. Involving him shows that your magazine is fair and unbiased—something that is very refreshing to see in the media today.

NANCY HADLEY
Madison, Wisconsin

AS A FORMER game warden in West Africa and as the M’gula Naa (the chief of friendship and love) among the Wala people of northern Ghana, I want to congratulate you on your July issue. I have always been very positive about Africa’s long-term prospects, because of the power and energy of her people. You are the first magazine I have ever seen that has acknowledged the problems but has also identified and profiled the positive processes that are taking place there.

BOB JAMIESON
Ta Ta Creek, British Columbia

WE FEEL AS IF we’re the kids whose shirt says, MY PARENTS WENT TO EUROPE, AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS LOUSY T-SHIRT. Annie Leibovitz photographed some of the most inspirational people of our time, and all we got was a cover with George Bush and Condoleezza Rice.

JOHN BODY
Florence, Massachusetts

WITHOUT EXTREME population-control measures, Africa is doomed. You can throw all the money you wish at the continent, but a lot of it goes further than the corrupt governments. Conquering disease and poverty will only mean future hardship for those who have been saved, as populations explode and suffering becomes more extreme. Leave Africa alone and put the time, effort, and money into making our own population healthier. I hate to say this, but Africa will be saved only when its leaders decide to act from their hearts and not from their bank accounts.

WILLIAM TAYLOR
Gloucester, Massachusetts

THANK YOU for the Africa issue. Your readers may want to know that they can check out the financial health of charities to which they are considering contributing at charitynavigator.org. Charity Navigator is an independent evaluator that rates charities on their organizational efficiency and capacity.

LORRAINE MEEHAN
Hampton, New Jersey

I’M NOT a trendsetter, not really into high fashion or up on the latest celebrity gossip. Therefore, I have never really felt a need to read your magazine. (I like NPR, basic black apparel, Dansko clogs, and folk music.) I am not trying to sound snotty. I just didn’t feel I fit your demographic. But after seeing the topic of your July issue, I realized we had a lot more in common than I thought: Africa. Screw buying just this one issue. If a magazine is going to take a risk like this and devote an entire issue to topics that need to be on our minds, add me to your subscriber list. I can’t wait to see what the other issues bring.

WENDY CHAMBERLIN
Seattle, Washington

SEEING (RED)

AFTER READING “The Lazarus Effect” [by Alex Shoumatoff, July], I was shocked to learn the annual cost of an anti-retroviral treatment. With a yearly tab of nearly $10,000 in developed nations, treatment comes at no small price. However, I was even more dismayed to learn that the only reason four pharmaceutical manufacturers had been persuaded to provide ARVs for $140 a year in undeveloped countries was that selling a thousand times the amount of drugs at a hundredth of the price is still a net gain. I think this country needs to take a serious look at pharmaceutical patent law, especially in regard to the current AIDS epidemic. Why should pharmaceutical companies profit from the infirmity of others?

MEGAN CASTLER
Berkeley, California

AS A CONSUMER and a self-proclaimed shopaholic, I found “The Lazarus Effect” very interesting. As a student who is currently taking an anthropology-of-AIDS course at a prestigious public university, I found it ignorant. I learned more about Bono than about the actual AIDS problem that is overwhelming Africa. It is great to know that people who couldn’t afford treatment are now being properly treated, but there needs to be more to the story. This article seems to be another advertisement for the (Red) campaign.

JULIA SOYUROVA
Berkeley, California

AS A 35-YEAR-OLD South African woman who has been living with HIV for 17 years, I was excited to read Vanity Fair’s Africa issue. The (Red) campaign has done
LETTERS

a tremendous job of providing lifesaving medication to people living with AIDS in Africa, but treatment is only part of the solution. The increase of access to treatment in poor areas and the proliferation of clinics have not managed to erode one of the most destructive effects of AIDS: stigma. In South Africa, where women make up 58 percent of those living with H.I.V., gender discrimination often leaves them unable to negotiate condom use or disclose their status to their families and partners (who are often infected as well). Many women today still refuse to be tested, and women receiving antiretroviral treatment have been known to hide their medicines under their beds for fear of being “found out” and bearing the punishment of abuse and alienation. The (Red) campaign should be the gateway movement into a larger effort that also prioritizes prevention and positive sexuality. The more you know, the better.

PRUDENCE MABELE
Executive director, Positive Women’s Network
Johannesburg, South Africa

SACHS APPEAL

I FEAR that Jeffrey Sachs’s intervention ideas are simplistic (“Jeffrey Sachs’s $200 Billion Dream,” by Nina Munk, July). The Somali tribes described in your article, who won’t cut grass for hay, are emblematic of the deep-rooted problems in Africa, problems that $100 a person a year won’t even touch. Sachs is ignoring the overarching political problems

POSTSCRIPT

Before American journalism trended downward into the celebrity-dreck cycle of today, and at a time before the Internet when newsrooms still debated facts and fairness, there was Richard Jewell, the security guard accused of the Atlanta Olympics bombing. In February 1997, Vanity Fair writer-at-large Marie Brenner explored how Jewell became the media’s prey, as the era of the 24-hour news cycle was dawning (“American Nightmare: The Ballad of Richard Jewell”).

On July 26, 1996, in Centennial Park, Jewell spotted a suspicious backpack and emptied out the immediate area. Minutes later, the package exploded, killing one person and wounding 111 others. Jewell was applauded for his fearlessness, but praise soon turned to torment when The Atlanta Journal-Constitution printed that Jewell was an F.B.I. suspect. Media mayhem ensued: CNN, NBC, and newspapers worldwide ran with the story, while throngs of reporters hovered around their target. Then, three months later, after Jewell, with the help of real-estate lawyer Watson Bryant, had endured a trial of public opinion, the F.B.I. cleared Jewell’s name by dropping its investigation of him—which is where Brenner’s article left us hanging. What happened next?

Following the hubbub, Jewell, with flashy lawyer Lin Wood leading the charge, sued a number of media companies for libel. Most organizations settled, including CNN and NBC; however, The Atlanta Journal-Constitution held its ground. The case is still pending.

For a year after the bombing, Jewell couldn’t find work. He eventually landed outside of Atlanta in Meriwether County, where he’s currently a sheriff’s deputy. “Richard got married,” says Bryant, who is still doing transactional law. “He has no kids, but he has 10 dogs.”

In 2006, Jewell was honored at Georgia’s capitol. Vindication, however, had come a year earlier, when anti-government militant Eric Rudolph—who had outfitted 200 federal agents in a five-year, $24 million manhunt—pleaded guilty to the bombing. Rudolph received four life sentences, evading the death penalty by revealing where he had stashed 250 pounds of dynamite.

Have the media learned their lesson? Not entirely. With no standards set in place, reporters—and lawyers and bloggers too—continue to rush to judgments, as evidenced by the “Jewell syndrome” feeding frenzies surrounding JonBenet Ramsey’s parents, Kobe Bryant’s sexual-assault accuser, and Anna Nicole Smith’s former partner Howard K. Stern. Incidentally, all on this list are also clients of Wood’s.

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CONDÉ NAST ART
of Africa: violence, corruption, tribalism, lingering colonial patterns, and distortions. On the other hand, Sachs is absolutely right that these political problems have been used as excuses for decades, often by the established development agencies and their founders. (Note: I am a former administrative and budget officer for the United Nations World Food Programme.)

The media attention Africa is getting is fabulous, and this issue of *Vanity Fair* redresses a century of inattention. Now maybe if the media and stars, such as Sachs, can take the lead and shine a meaningful light on these countries, world opinion will help shame predatory African elites into behaving like responsible adults and induce them to really help their people instead of themselves.

BRUCE WHITACRE
New York, New York

NINA MUNK’S eloquent account of poverty and disease in Africa and Jeffrey Sachs’s proposal to end this through modest expenditures on health and food production leave one mystery: How did Africa get into this state? Africa was as rich as Europe in 1800 and living conditions were better than those in Asia. Now it is the poorest region of the world. The answer is that Africa has remained trapped in a Malthusian regime where precisely the measures Sachs advocates, particularly health improvements, have paradoxically reduced material living standards. Modern medicine and hygiene created unprecedented population growth. As population has pressed on fixed land resources in these rural societies, Africans have become poorer than ever. That poverty is greatest in some of the countries, such as Malawi, which escaped warfare and internal violence and consequently have the lowest amount of farmland per person. To achieve sustained growth, economies such as Uganda’s have to switch employment to manufacturing and services. Despite the astonishingly low wages of these economies—apparel workers in East Africa earn about 40 cents an hour, whereas in the U.S. and E.U. it is between $10 and $20—Africa has attracted little industry. There is no simple formula for industrialization, but that is where the focus of attempts to help Africa should be. The Sachs plan is a proposal to ameliorate the symptoms of poverty, not treat its cause.

GREGORY CLARK
Professor of Economics
University of California, Davis
Davis, California

GAY, BAD. PSYCHOPATH, GOOD.

I FIND IT SAD that Tina Brown chose to describe Gianni Versace’s killer as a “gay psychopath” [“Diana’s Final Heartbreak,” July]. Versace was not described as a gay designer, nor should he have been. His sexuality was irrelevant. As was Andrew Cunanan’s. I’m sure Brown fully understands the power of words, and using the word “gay” in such a perjorative manner only serves to subtly enforce stereotypes that I’m quite sure she does not hold.

CHRIS HODGINS
London, Ontario

CORRECTIONS: On page 34 of the July issue, we failed to make clear that Lesotho is a sovereign country. On page 191 of the July issue (“Spirit of Africa”), we misspelled Lulu Vilakati’s name.

Letters to the editor should be sent electronically with the writer’s name, address, and daytime phone number to letters@vf.com. Letters to the editor will also be accepted via fax at 212-286-4324. All requests for back issues should be sent to subscriptions@vf.com. All other queries should be sent to vfmag@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of *Vanity Fair*.
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Travel wish       When I land, I can play the piano...
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Christian Dior’s 1947 couture collection put the venerable Parisian house on the map. “The Golden Age of Couture,” at London’s V&A, celebrates his achievements, and those of his contemporaries, with an exhibition of more than 100 pieces and outfits. (9/22–1/6)

**Post-Pop**

Taschen’s Jeff Koons is a beautifully illustrated biography featuring hundreds of large-format images. Each of the 1,500 limited-edition copies is signed and numbered by Koons. (Available now, 888-TASCHEN)

Rabbit, 1986, from Jeff Koons (Taschen).

**GET GROOVY**

The Summer of Love 40th Anniversary Concert in San Francisco’s Golden Gate Park will feature musical acts from across the country, on September 2. (2blrecords.com)

**THE CULTURAL DIVIDE**

Fashion Forward

- Editors, celebrities, and socialites gather under the tents at Bryant Park to view the future of fashion at the spring ’08 runway shows in N.Y.C. (9/5–9/12)
- Left, an image from photographer Santé D’Orazio’s Gianni and Donatella (teNeues), out on September 15.

- Oscar de la Renta Resort
- Proenza Schouler

06

The entertainment community says good-bye to summer and heads north to the Toronto International Film Festival, where more than 200 films will screen. Among them are favorites from this year’s Cannes and Berlin festivals. (9/6–9/15)
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Late August 2007. Intensity unleashed.
FANFAIR

Hey, kids! Bored? In a jam? Want to impress your pals? Scholastic’s swell “How to Be the Best at Everything” handbooks *The Boys’ Book* and *The Girls’ Book* teach children skills any future world leader might need, such as how to hypnotize a chicken, build a volcano, and deal with bullies. For tips on how to subvert democracy, check in with Charlie Savage, who explains how the Bush-Cheney administration’s sneering disregard for the Constitution (let’s re-write it!) and fondness for dirty tricks (warrantless wiretapping and “presidential signing statements”) paved the way for “the return of the imperial presidency” in *Takeover* (Little, Brown).

For those focused on both the bottom line and the coastline, Paul Brown’s *Global Warning* (Daiki) predicts the ways changes in climate will transform the economic landscape of the world. Conveniently enough, and in the hopes of saving the polar ice caps from becoming so small they can float in a punch bowl, Laurie David and Cambria Gordon volunteer The Down-to-Earth Guide to Global Warming (Scholastic).


France called me stupid! America is looking at me funny! James R. Gaines recalls the gawky adolescent governments of General Washington and the Marquis de Lafayette, who were leading their countries in parallel revolutions all for Liberty and Glory (Norton).


Wait, how do you hypnotize a chicken?

CURIOUS GEORGE

Grade-A Genius George Saunders’s first nonfiction collection, The Braindead Megaphone (Riverhead), is more rooted in the cultural terra firma of reality than his surreal and absurdly funny fiction, essays such as his account of chilling in the jungle with “the Buddha boy” of Nepal, and the satirical manifesto of P.R.K.A.—“People Reluctant to Kill for an Abstraction”—still straddle the line between ridiculous and deadly serious, like a Girl Scout with a piece of spaghetti hanging out of her mouth, holding her troop hostage with an Uzi. Saunders’s bitingly clever and compassionate essays are a Mark Twain—style shot in the arm for Americans, an antidote to the dumbing-down virus plaguing our country. Well, we live in hope.

—E.S.
A year ago, sheep were still living in the 1930s farmhouse in the southern Tuscan Val d’Orcia that John Voigtmann, a former Sony BMG record executive, recently transformed into a minimum-chic hotel. **La Bandita** (the Preserve) is a hilltop outpost with bright white interiors, travertine floors, and some streaks of terra-cotta accents. The eight-room hotel—really more of a private villa with guest rooms—is located near the famous wine town of Montepulciano, and overlooks a humble farming region of great natural beauty. The day I visited, a flock of sheep greeted me at the gate; very appropriate, since one of Italy’s Pecorino-cheese capitals, Pienza—a Renaissance jewel designed by Pope Pius II—is minutes away. Voigtmann and his wife, Ondine Cohane, a travel writer, are gracious on-premises hosts, both ebullient Italophiles willing to direct you to the best trattoria, arrange a special winery visit, or tell you the right time to show up at the local monastery to hear the monks perform their Gregorian chants. Voigtmann worked with a team of architects (the London firm of Ab Rogers, Ernesto Bartolini of D.A. Studio, in Florence, and, locally, Fabrizio Bardelli) to achieve the reserved luxury of the hotel. The design team used materials made only in Italy—terra-cotta from Impruneta, in Tuscany, marble from Bagno Vignoni, in southern Tuscany, linens from Busatti, in Umbria). “The goal was to always have a Tuscan feeling, but not a dark traditional Tuscan farmhouse interior. I wanted the star to be the view, to draw your eye outside and emphasize the landscape,” says Voigtmann. Mount Amiata, a sacred Etruscan site, looms in the distance. From the terrace, you can see the weather moving in and the sheep moving, en masse, around the hills. “I fought Italian bureaucracy, international finance laws, and my own periodic panics to get it done,” says Voigtmann. A particular challenge on the town council lobbying front: the swimming pool, which, he says, will be the last one permitted in this part of Tuscany. The ability to swim with a view of a country almost unchanged since the time of Leonardo made it all worth the effort, senza dubbio.

—Matt Tyrnauer

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**IT’S ALL ADDING UP**

With Wall Street bonus season approaching again, it’s hard to imagine a more satisfying way for a private-equity manager to calculate the magnitude of this year’s wealth accumulation than by adding it all up on one of Andy Aaron’s deliberately archaic adding machines. Conceptually residing between the obacus and the supercomputer, these machines are the product of Aaron’s back-to-the-future type of obsession, a marriage of 70s-era calculator technology, L.E.D. displays, and old, old switches in still older wooden boxes. Some have a nautical vibe, some agricultural, others look like they might be magic contraptions—all are unique and ingenious. “They are about the juxtaposition of mutually exclusive ideas and the stimulation, humor, and beauty in that,” explains Aaron. “People think they’re seeing a 19th-century calculator—an impossible object. It’s that jolt of recognition when they realize that what’s going on is what I’m going for.” At a time when lightning-fast calculation is taken for granted, Aaron’s machines (available at aaronaddingmachines.com) offer deliberate purposefulness to everyday calculation.“They work,” says Aaron. “You can put them on your desk and use them to add up your billion-dollar fund. They’re not just a joke.”

—Edward Helmore
Ermenegildo Zegna

REAT MINDS THINK ALIKE
Rashida Jones, photographed at Abingdon Square Park, in the West Village, New York City.

HOME
FAVORITE ART: DONALD BAECHLER PRINT
SHEETS: JOHN ROBshaw. COFFEE-MAKER: MY LOCAL JOINT, BONSOISNEUR CAFE. BUT
I HAVE MY EYE ON A NESPRESSO MACHINE, PITS
I HAVE A PLANT, WHERE DO YOU LIVE?WEST
VILLAGE, MANHATTAN. FAVORITE NEIGHBORHOOD
RESTAURANT: FLORENT—THEY ARE ALWAYS
OPEN AND FEED ME LATE WHEN I'M DRUNK.
FAVORITE COCKTAIL: GREY GOOSE MARTINI,
DRY AND DIRTY WITH THREE OLIVES.
BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE: TEDDY BLACKBERRY 8800.
I WANT THE CURVE NOW, FAVORITE CHARITY: PEACE GAMES.

CLOTHES
JEANS: T/G SHOP. FASHION: HANKY PANKY,
MUJI BOY-SHORT UNDERWEAR, SNEAKERS
CONVERSE, T-SHIRT LA LOOO (MY BRAND, WHICH
WILL DEBUT SPRING ’08). TOP RAG CHANEL 2.55.
EVENING BAG: WILBUR AND GUSSE, A LINE FROM
THE U.K.—SO MANY ADORABLE PRINTS. FAVOIRE
SCENTS: JADES DE YENUSTAS ON CHRISTOPHER
STREET. THE BEST CANDLES, BEAUTY PRODUCTS,
AND SCENTS. WHO INSPIRES ME—OPRAH, MY
MOM, AND MY DAD. VENTURING EXTRAVAGANCE?
FACIALS BY TOM WHILE I GET A MANI/PEDIC BY
ERICA (BOTH AT FACE PLACE, IN N.Y.C.).

BEAUTY PRODUCTS
LIPSTICK: T. LeCLERC LIP GLOSS IN GRANATINE FOR EVERYDAY. IF I WEAR LIPSTICK, NARS
VELVET MATTE PENCIL IN CRUELIA, VANILLA MAYBELLINE. SHAMPOO ME AMANTE (YOU CAN GET IT ONLY
AT KEYBEAUTY.COM), WASHING EPICUREN. HAIR PRODUCT: KERASTASE VOLUMIZER SPRAY, PERFUME
SUZANNE LANGER, MIDNIGHT ORCHID, TOOTHPASTE REMBRANDT MINT. SHAMPOO: BURT'S BEEES TEAR FREE
SHAMPOO AND WASH, NAIL POLISH COLOR: DASHING DIVA RUBY SLIPPERS, WAX: BROW WAXER AT E.T. HAIR CUT
COREY MORRIS AT JASON CROU SALON, IN N.Y.C. BODY WAXER: ANASTASIA, IN L.A.

If you’ve ever strolled Park Avenue in Manhattan, you’ve probably noticed the beautiful Christian Science church on the corner of 63rd Street—it’s the one that suddenly got everyone talking.

A year and a half ago, the entrepreneur Louis Rose, who at 35 is so true to his Upper East Side roots that he has the trademark zebra wallpaper from his favorite restaurant, Gino, hanging in his house, found out that the congregation was interested in renting out the building for special events.

“I called them and said I’d be interested in renting out the space every day of the year,” recalls Rose. After intense negotiations, Rose and his family signed a 30-year lease. They removed the pew—and turned the beautiful wood into wainscoting for the lower level—secured a liquor license, and hired John Stevenson, a wunderkind chef from the Pierre (where Rose’s father, Herb Rose, has overseen all private banquet affairs for the past 30 years) who specializes in old-school American cuisine. However, Rose says, “if someone wanted egg rolls, I’d call Michael Tong at Shun Lee…. Our adage is simple, ‘You get what you pay for.’” As for the Christian Scientists, not only do they get a percentage of the revenue from each party Rose produces, but they also still worship there throughout the week.

Designed by William Adams Delano and Chester Holmes Aldrich and built in 1923, the building is newly renovated. The grand ballroom, with its 50-foot-high ceilings, has been painted Navajo white, with gilding, and retains the original light fixtures, including the 2,500-pound chandelier. The Arcade, downstairs, feels very Anna-belle’s in London, with its more intimate design, arched windows, corked herringbone floors, and Steinway grand. It’s called simply 583 Park Avenue, and if you’re thinking of booking it, get in line. Socialite Minnie Mortimer and filmmaker Stephen Gaghan celebrated their wedding there. The C.F.D.A. honored its outgoing president, Stan Herman, there, and Oscar de la Renta’s spring 2008 collection will be shown in the ballroom this month.

—PUNCH HUTTON

A sign for 826 Boston.

Social Services
THE PARTY GOES UPTOWN

Louis Rose in his office at 583 Park Avenue, New York City; right, the building’s exterior.

READING, WRITING, AARGH!

Dave Eggers rose quickly to literary stardom with his 2001 national best seller, A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius. He portrayed that success the following year as an adoring named student, supported by a volunteer staff of more than 1,500 teachers, writers, editors, and parents, at a building known as 826 Valencia (both the workshop’s name and the street address) in San Francisco’s Mission District. Because, all cliché aside, Eggers truly aims to make learning fun, the space is fronted by a pirote shop that sells everything from plonks by the foot long lard by the pound to porrots on peg legs. Already o wild success in the neighbor hood, 826 has now spread across the country. To date, there are branches in six cities, with a seventh slated to open in Boston this month. In keeping with the tradition of quirky storefronts (superhero supplies in Brooklyn, space-travel essentials in Seattle), 826 Boston will sell crypto-zoological essentials.

—L.K.
Defy Age

Age Defying Makeup
with Botafirm
fights the fine lines
of aging, even after
you’ve taken it off

The only makeup with
a patented botanical and
hexapeptide complex to
make your skin look younger
and more radiant instantly,
while encouraging skin
rejuvenation even after
you’ve taken it off.

Available for Dry and
Normal/Combination skin

Use NEW Age Defying Face Primers
before Age Defying Makeup for the
optimal flawless finish
Essence of Time

E ver the sorceress of style, she chose haunting scents from all over the world—jasmine and lush pink May roses from the medieval Provencal town of Grasse, creamy yellow ylang-ylang blossoms from the Comoro Islands off the east coast of Africa, rum-scented tonka beans from South America, vanilla and sandalwood, and a rich melange of other ingredients—and blended them all into a sensuous fragrance that instantly captivated le tout Paris.

Created at the dawn of the Roaring 20s, Chanel No. 5 was as modern a perfume as Coco Chanel’s revolutionary clothes were the harbingers of a new era in fashion for sexy, emancipated women. Launched in 1921, Chanel No. 5 is the best-selling scent in the world as well as a groundbreaking icon of design; its sleek, androgynous packaging was exhibited at New York’s Museum of Modern Art and immortalized in a series of silk screens by Andy Warhol.

But now the House of Chanel has recalibrated its classic fragrance in a new product called No. 5 Eau Première. Retaining the essential character of the original while refreshing its appeal was a job for Chanel’s venerable master perfumer, Jacques Polge, known in the rarefied world of scent as the Nose.

“We needed to re-interpret Chanel No. 5 for the modern era,” says Christopher Sheldrake, Polge’s deputy, or—as he puts it—the second nose of Chanel.

The result of their alchemy is a youthful fragrance whose effect is heightened by the orange-flower-oil neroli and Damascene roses from Turkey and Bulgaria, which have a fresher, greener aroma than the honeyed May roses.

“No. 5 can be like one’s mother’s fragrance, and Eau Première is certainly younger,” Sheldrake explains. “No. 5 can also be an evening fragrance, but Eau Première is a fragrance you can wear all day long.”

But some things don’t change. “A woman looks for mystery in a fragrance,” Sheldrake says.

A journalist once asked Marilyn Monroe what she wore to bed, and she cooed, “Just a few drops of No. 5.” It’s the ineffable je ne sais quoi of Chanel No. 5 that has ensured its timeless appeal, and a truly beguiling mystery never grows old. —LESLIE BENNETTS

Jacques Polge, creator of No. 5 Eau Première.
ur super-charged devices to an advanced nationwide 3G network, we ve
t you the very latest in mobile technology. But now, we’re even giving
expert opinion on the best ways to use it. And since you’re reading
means one of two things: A) you’re really excited because you’re holding
of the New Social Etiquette. Or B) you’re really bummed because
ne has beaten you to our book of contemporary social wisdom. But
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Nest of Dreams

There are some buildings which capture the imagination of an age (think TWA terminal of J.F.K., Sydney Opera House, Guggenheim Bilbao), Jacques Herzog and Pierre de Meuron’s National Stadium, for the Beijing Olympics, will surely join this club. Known as “the Bird’s Nest,” the structure is made of steel elements, interwoven in such a way as to defy immediate comprehension. The tangled form is, of course, a highly complex feat of engineering. When it is finished—some predict five minutes before the opening ceremonies—in August 2008, it will seat 91,000 people.

Good Egg

The egg, one of nature’s primal shapes, is an obsession of Jim Schatz, ceramics designer, who has eggified the lamp, the hanging planter, the piggy bank, and, now, the birdhouse. The Egg Bird House, sort of a hanging fortress, keeps evil birds and thieving squirrels at bay, and supplies a touch of class for your little chickadee. jschatz.com

Design for Living

Marc Newson goes galactic . . . a record for simplicity . . .

Pro-Ject Debut III turntable, from the Conran Shop.

a chic home for your chickadee . . . an Olympic-size nest

The Eclipse lamp, from Objekto.

Turn, Turn

The Pro-Ject Debut III turntable has the air of retro, Eastern-bloc chic. The device was designed in Vienna and is manufactured by the venerable Pro-Ject precision-mechanics factory, in the Czech town of Litovel, which has created electronics for the Mitteleuropa market for more than 50 years. The Pro-Ject screams, Form follows function, with its unadorned, primary-colored base and square-edged shape. conranshop.co.uk

L’Éclipse

Objekto is a collective devoted to the development of contemporary Brazilian design and to its promotion in the European market. Its Eclipse lamp, by Mouricio Klobin, is made of a single piece of plastic that can be manipulated, Slinky-style, to adjust the level and direction of the light. (The Eclipse, despite its flowing shape, comes in a pizza box–style cor
ton.) The Objekto group bases its vision on the revolutionary style principles of Le Corbusier and Oscar Niemeyer (the godfather of Brazilian design), and you can see the Niemeyer influence in the Eclipse: a compound curve with repeating arches: rational but sensual. dwr.com

Cash Clutch

Sydle Lansing, a sculptor and art philanthropist, has designed a line of Popish accessories with graphic icons. Lansing calls the wallet the Money Bag and the clutch the Hand Bag. The symbols on the potent-leather-and-grosgrain Money Bags (dollar, pound, and euro signs) are also allusions to the bags’ function. momastore.org

Marc V

Marc Newson’s designs often look as if they have been developed for intergalactic travel. Astrium, a leading European spacecraft company, turned to him to design the interior of its space plane, expected to launch in 2011 and to take tourists 60 miles above the Earth in 2012.
unky but chic? The news that the terrific Beth Ditto, lead singer of Gossip, is planning a clothing line adds to the often unfortunate, extremely crowded field of musicians who moonlight—with varying degrees of success—as fashion designers. Luckily, so far, real fashion designers are still just listening to music.

Californians Laura and Kate Mulleavy, the sisters behind the elegant Rodarte line, are inspired these days by Redd Kross, Wire, and X, whose John Doe and Exene, says Laura, represent Los Angeles better than anyone: “They are true stray cats.” Kari Lagerfeld, reportedly an iPod fanatic, is currently listening to Rufus Wainwright, Scissor Sisters, and Patrick Wolf, and, for his last couture show, used music from the Polyphonic Spree, Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark, and Biffy Clyro. Lagerfeld has even released a double CD, Les Musiques Que J’aime, with songs from Devendra Banhart, LCD Soundsystem, Xavier Cugat, Siouxsie and the Banshees, Igor Stravinsky, and others of that ilk. Jean Paul Gaultier has recently been obsessed with Mika, Les Rita Mitsouko, and Michel Polnareff. Zac Posen’s current musical selections include Stylophone, the Virgin’s, Patti Smith’s cover album (Twelve), The Anthology of American Folk Music, and Instant Karma: The Campaign to Save Darfur. Liliana Casaball’s designs for Morgane Le Fay look the way Roxy Music’s Avalon sounds, but her favorite band! The Red Hot Chili Peppers. Lanvin’s Alber Elbaz, who never listens to music when he draws because it has too big an impact on him, likes Ofra Haza and Karen Ann. For his summer vacation in Ibiza, Matthew Williamson plans to listen to Calvin Harris and Schneider TM; other faves include Blondie, the Knife, and the Pixies. And the designer most often associated with rock ‘n’ roll, Anna Sui, has always been a fan of Nick Drake, The Cure, The Rolling Stones, and White Stripes, and is currently listening to the Raconteurs, The Good the Bad and the Queen, the Greenhornes, and Kasabian.

Kanye West, named to the 2006 International Best-Dressed List, is a dedicated follower of fashion. So it comes as no surprise that he’s teamed up with Japanese pop artist, sculptor, and the man behind those Louis Vuitton cherry bags, Takashi Murakami, for videos, graphics, artwork, and Web design for West’s new album, Graduation.

West’s trademark bear is back, this time sporting snazzy striped shades—the same ones worn by the rapper-producer Grammy winner at recent concerts. As for the actual music, there are contributions again from extraordinary producer Jon Brion as well as T-Pain and Coldplay’s Chris Martin. Watch for more new music from such fashionable acts as the Rakes—whose song about a male model, “The World Was a Mess but His Hair Was Perfect,” is on Ten New Messages—and Smokey Rolls Down Thunder Canyon, from Devendra Banhart. A live performance of Lou Reed’s originally “misunderstood” Metal Machine Music is out from avant-garde chamber-music group Zeitkratzer, with Reed on guitar. Strawberry Jam is out from Animal Collective, who undoubtedly were influenced by Meat Machine Music, and there is new work from Beirut and PJ Harvey. A Fats Domino tribute album, Goin’ Home, features Lenny Kravitz (named to this year’s Best-Dressed List), Norah Jones, and others, and will benefit the rebuilding of Domino’s home and a community center in New Orleans’ Ninth Ward. Reissues of note are Lonely Just Like Me: The Final Chapter, which continues the re-discovery of the late, great soul singer Arthur Alexander, and the magnificent Basie at Birdland, a companion to the already digitally remastered Sinatra at the Sands (with Count Basie and the orchestra)—two of the most stylish albums of all time.

When you’ve lived and loved the way Frank has, you really know what life’s about.
Johnny Cash's Communion kit, given to Rick after the singer's death by his son, John Carter Cash.

Rick found this crystal ball in an old metaphysical bookstore in London.

Rick is a fan of director-actor-magician Orson Welles.

Rick found this crystal ball in an old metaphysical bookstore in London.

Multi-Grammy winning producer and Columbia Records guru Rick Rubin holds meetings and listens to music at his "desk" in the library of his Hollywood Hills house.

Some of the 300 white roses Rick has delivered to his house every week.

1920s Masonic Elgin gold pocket watch, just one of the artifacts in Rick's vast Masonic collection.

Rick uses this old-school Radio Shock cassette recorder to play demo tapes sent by non-tech-savvy musicians.

Blue legal pad, Pentel Black Rolling Writer (the only kind of pen he uses), and his BlackBerry 8800.

Boxes of incense given to Rick by George Harrison and Leonard Cohen.

Vintage I Ching cards.

Vintage ESP cards used to test and practice ESP skills, on Rick's MacBook.

Mala beads made of lapis lazuli, a stone believed to bring wisdom to the wearer.

Photo of Rick's bride-to-be, Amanda Santos, whom he met in London three years ago.

WWW.CRystALLIZED.COM
Artist Annie Morris, 29, has two solo shows on exhibit this September—one at the Allsopp Contemporary, in London, and the other at New York City’s Jeannie Freilich Fine Art. Born and raised in London, Morris had her first brush with fame at the age of three: “I was taught nursery school by the [late] Princess of Wales.” Morris was selected, along with schoolmate Clemmie Hambro, as a possible flower girl for Diana’s wedding to Prince Charles. “She got it,” Morris tells me with disappointment in her voice. But then she quickly laughs, saying, “I got a pretty white box with Princess Diana’s wedding cake. I’ve kept it all these years—Princess Diana’s fruit cake is in my desk.” Not a bad consolation prize. Last year Morris relocated to downtown Los Angeles to prepare for her exhibitions. “The studio spaces here are excellent—much better and bigger than in London. It’s a perfect place to really work—way less distractions.”

Influenced by Paul Klee and Robert Rauschenberg, Morris studied painting at the École Nationale Supérieure des Beaux-Arts, in Paris. “I went to Paris because I always wanted to learn French. I was only going to go for a year, then... I saw the Beaux-Arts—this fantastic kind of weird, wonderful school.” She ended up staying for four years. Morris completed her education at the Slade School of Fine Art, in London. Her work comprises a series of collages, sculptures, and paintings using wooden clothespins, painted postcards, and various other materials. “At school [in France] I worked in the sculpture department, although I was painting. I’m always really attracted to different materials, not just canvas. My work is usually made up of lots of smaller pieces that come together to make one big piece. I like almost a ridiculous amount of detail.”

Her break came in 2003 when she illustrated good friend Sophie Dahl’s best-selling novella, The Man with the Dancing Eyes. Since then it has been a whirlwind. At 25, she had her first gallery show. “A book is fairly different to execute. An exhibition is like a play—it comes down and it goes back up. I showed lots of paintings with pigment, lots of birds and huge oversized women, and I had about four peg pieces. We sold everything but one painting—which I donated to my mum.”

Last year Christopher Bailey, the creative director of Burberry, commissioned Morris to make a dress entirely out of her meticulously painted clothespins. The garment, roughly 30,000 pins in all, made the cover of London’s Independent Magazine and then was displayed in the window of Colette, the high-end fashion store in Paris. She quickly became one of Britain’s most collectible young artists.

When asked whom she would most like to walk through her upcoming shows, Morris says Louise Bourgeois, the sculptor-artist. “She has this salon in New York every Sunday. She’s done it for over 30 years—I think she’s in her 90s. She doesn’t leave the house. You bring your work to her, and she gives you a mark. If she came to the gallery and gave me a 9 out of 10... that would be pretty good.”

—KrisTIN SMITH
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TEN GIANT STEPS

It has been almost 35 years since astronauts last set foot on the moon, which can make the endeavor feel as dated as a Nixon’s The One bumper sticker and, yet, maybe even more unreal and science-fictiony than it seemed back when people still knew what an LEM was (lunar-excursion module). So a not inconsiderable value of the new documentary In the Shadow of the Moon is that it reminds us that, no shit, men really did walk on the moon! Director David Sington makes wonderful use of archival footage—a Saturn V rocket lifting off in slow motion, wreathed in white smoke, looks like the world’s mightiest wedding cake; the Day-Glo orange flames from rocket thrusters and carpet bombings (seen during a brief detour to Vietnam) are a visual essay on the polar extremes of American power. Better still are the recent interviews with 10 of the 18 still-living astronauts who made the trip; famously cool customers, they tell their stories with humor and all due awe. Give the film bonus points for this sad indication of how times change: in a montage of reactions to the first moon landing, a Frenchwoman says, “I always trusted America. I knew they wouldn’t fail. I could have cried.”
—Bruce Handy

Money Matters

Fierce People is a sometimes funny, sometimes terrifying coming-of-age film that’s set in an insular über-wealthy landscape where social climbing is a blood sport. It’s directed by Griffin Dunne with a screenplay by Dirk Wittenborn, based on his novel. Finn (Anton Yelchin) is a New York City teenager who was planning on spending the summer in the rain forest studying the Ishkanani people with the anthropologist father he has never met. Instead he’s hauled off to an estate deep in the wilds of New Jersey by his working-class cokehead masseuse mother, Liz (Diane Lane). In an effort to clean up her act, Liz accepts the offer of a summer in the country from an enormously rich ex-client, Mr. Osborne (Donald Sutherland). As the outsider looking in, Finn realizes that the wealthy offer us much anthropological opportunity as the Ishkanani and begins comparing the cultures of his father’s documentary to the behaviors of the rich, juxtaposing the mores of high society with the savagery of the Ishkanani tribe. The story intensifies when Finn falls in love with Osborne’s granddaughter Maya (Kristen Stewart) and seeks acceptance in the moneyed tribe—thus threatening the No. 1 grandson. As the Osborne family unravels, their extreme and violent behavior reminds us of how seductive money and power are and how primitive even those of us with the most toys can be. But, in the end, Mr. Osborne’s favorite phrase triumphs: “Ex Malo Bonum.” Good out of Evil.

—A. M. Homes

Toots Shor, the thinking man’s big lug, was the gold-standard New York saloonkeeper, running an eponymous restaurant from 1939 to 1971, first on West 51st Street, then around the corner on West 52nd. It was the Elaine’s of its day, only bigger—because the times were bigger, or at least it seems that way now. Certainly the times were drunker, which is probably why no one makes much of a case for Toots’s food. But Shor was a natural host, a man who put other men at ease, and all the name entertainers, movie stars, politicians, judges, ballplayers, fighters, writers, and mobsters thronged his joint. Toots, an entertaining new documentary by his granddaughter Kristi Jacobson, recalls one evening when he arranged a special dinner for Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Jack Dempsey. And then, as Sinatra says in archival footage (from a lecture at Yale, no less), “When Babe Ruth walked in I damn near wet my pants.” Imagine. But really, as the film makes clear, with vivid clips and new testimony from patrons such as Walter Cronkite, Gay Talese, Mike Wallace, Frank Gifford, and Yogi Berra, that was just another night at Toots’s.

—B.H.
Façonnable

THE MODERN ELEGANCE FROM THE FRENCH RIVIERA
Fall's Golden Palette

2. Agas & Tamor pink Russian rose-cut-stone necklace with a unique clasp in 18-karat gold, $600.
3. Etro bracelet, $70.
4. Pomellato Sirene 18-karat white-gold ring in moonstone and rock stone, $8,000.
5. Dimitri Design 18-karat-gold repouseé earrings in the style of a fourth-century-B.C. Grecian bird design, $1,600.
7. De Beers Babylon talisman medallion in yellow gold, $20,000.
8. Carrera y Carrera Aqua yellow-gold ring, $1,950.
10. Chanel Paris Monte Carlo Collection ring in metal, pearly glass stone, strass, and resin, $2,250.
Mise-en-Scent

Here's a new scent in the city—Sarah Jessica Parker's Covet. Parker wanted to concoct a perfume that was more whimsical than her first fragrance, Lovely. She partnered with Coty Prestige to create a new eau de parfum, which blends floral and lemony top notes with a musky base, and spritzes out of a jewel-encrusted bottle. The accompanying body lotion and bath gel are fashioned in green-with-envy packaging.

Legendary photographer and director Jean-Paul Goude, who has devised clever advertising spots for Chanel, Louis Vuitton, and other luxury labels, jumped on board to direct Covet's commercial extravaganza.

“We wanted the ad campaign to tell the story of a woman who throws caution and reason out of the window after being tempted by this fragrance she desires,” Parker says. “It is something that she wants and needs and would stop at nothing to get.”

It was lights, camera, action for three days in Paris at the Place Vendôme, with Parker, clad in a fabulous Christian Lacroix haute couture gown, attempting a fragrance felony: eying a bottle of Covet in a boutique, she becomes entranced and shatters a glass window with her stiletto. She snatches the perfume and makes a run for it, but the cops catch her and cart her away. “Ultimately I end up behind bars, all in the name of Covet,” Parker says.

—Jessica Flint

The Couture Collection of Fall's Scent-sational New Fragrances

Gwen Stefani's L. her first fragrance for L.A.M.B., is a floral bouquet of rose and muguet with a base note of sensual musk. $70.

Missi Acqua weaves bright bergamot, blue freesia, and Tuscan iris to create a fragrance that smells like a beach holiday. $80.

Marc Jacobs's Daisy is a warm mix of violet leaves and layers of gardenia and white woods. $70.

Belles en Rykiel by Sonia Rykiel is an aromatic blend combining red currant with coffee blossoms, amber, and mahogany. $85.

Dkny Delicious Night is a seductive cocktail of chilled pomelo, blackberry martini, and night-blooming florals. $68.

Emporio Armani Diamonds is a floral fragrance based on the rose, with facets of velvety, cedar, and amber. $69.50.

Tom Ford for Men blends rare ingredients to create a strong, clean mix of lemon-leaf oil, black pepper, tobacco, and oakmoss. $78.
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VIRGO AUG. 23-SEPT. 22

If you have a grand dream of the way you would like your life to be, and you put your whole heart and soul into it, you’d sure like to have a guarantee that it’s going to come true. It’s the same way with people. If you have loved someone deeply, you obviously couldn’t give them up and walk away without shedding some tears and feeling some pain. The trouble is, when an outer planet leaves your 12th house, life isn’t likely to follow your directions. That’s when you have to put the wind to your back and bravely move on.

LIBRA SEPT. 23-OCT. 23

It appears that you’ve set out on a new course in life—one that allows you to be more spontaneous and experiment with a lifestyle that offers adventure, if not the traditional idea of security. Meanwhile, your 11th house has helped you gain enough distance, detachment, and objectivity to be there for people who can’t always be there for you. Now you know what it means not only to have a true friend but to be one.

SCORPIO OCT. 24-NOV. 21

Isn’t it strange? With Saturn in your solar midheaven, you’re both bucking the system and courting it at the same time. Try as you might to avoid playing politics, you can’t stop angling for recognition, power, and position. And because you crave validation from the ruling regime but loathe the box the leaders of that regime want to squeeze you into, you invariably get caught up in the rat race you’ve always sworn you abhor. The truth is, you are now where you’ve always wanted to be. Well, almost.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22-DEC. 21

Dealing with family business has been a major burden for you over the past several months. Sure, it’s fulfilling on a personal level, but reining in the chaos on the domestic front has tested your sanity, and it hasn’t helped that you’ve been forced to think about your 2nd house—the one that controls finances—every other minute. Despite that seemingly constant distraction, and your built-in resistance to higher education, you’ve managed to ace some demanding tests in your personal and professional life. Guess what. It’s graduation time.

CAPRICORN DEC. 22-JAN. 19

You’ve got to hand it to the mighty caterpillar. Now that your ruling planet has completed its passage through your solar 8th house, you should be feeling empathy for any creature that has to remain encased in a coffin-like shell it has already outgrown while waiting patiently for a sign that it is time to break out. Claustrophobia and a screaming case of death anxiety aside, you’ve got to be pretty damned happy that you can finally spread your wings and fly away.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20-FEB. 18

Every once in a long while, the universe puts in your path someone who has the power to alter the course of your life. It’s probably good that such connections are so rare, since the people we love the most also end up being the most annoying. But when Saturn occupies an exalted position in your solar horoscope, as it’s doing now, you can expect to come face-to-face with your shadow personality—the individual who perfectly mirrors all your desires. The irony: it’s usually the one person you can never possess.

LUTIN

NEWMAN

PISCES FEB. 19-MARCH 22

The old saw about 10 percent inspiration and 90 percent perspiration has proved to be too true, hasn’t it? Even Pisceans those masters of avoidance and distraction, have come to see that what makes greatness is attention to detail. The ruler of your 11th house in your 6th enables you to focus, achieve clarity and consistency, and hang in there until the job is done. It also helps you stay healthy and serve a greater goal with humility—let’s hope without too much screaming.

ARIES MARCH 21-APRIL 19

Maybe you are being compulsive when you throw yourself into projects and relationships with the fervor of a missionary, only to drop them when your enthusiasm flags. Yes, you’ve left a few symphonies unfinished, but you can’t help it. You live by your instincts, and your solar 8th house makes you part creative artist, part passionate lover, and, when you have to be, part used-car salesman desperate to unload a lemon.

Taurus April 20-May 21

Stop beating yourself up for being stuck in the same old place. It’s simply a case of the usual Taurean demal, hatred of change, fear of abandonment, or financial insecurity. Ever since last April, when your 9th house ruler went direct in your 4th after a five-month retrograde, you have been dealing with serious family stuff. It’s no easy task to continue nurturing someone when you know that good-byes are going to have to be said before too long, but that’s what loyalty is all about. Bless you.

GEMINI MAY 21-JUNE 21

If you have siblings, you may wish you didn’t right about now. With the planetary ruler of your 8th house transiting your 3rd, your efforts to avoid getting entangled in the web of family dynamics are likely to end in bitter feelings. Those feelings include guilt, when the relatives you’ve been avoiding get into scrapes you think you could have helped them avoid, and resentment, after they pull a Houdini just when you need them most. Either heal the splits or split yourself. Enough already.

CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22

Do you want to know why the rich keep getting richer and richer? Here’s the secret and the paradox: they choose to act as if they were poor, mainly because if they acted the way poor people think rich people live, they’d be broke in no time. That doesn’t mean you should be cheap and selfish. But as you should have learned from all the planetary activity in your solar 2nd house, thrift and prudence are far better keys to prosperity than a lot of hysterical worry and pointless nail-biting.

Leo July 23-Aug. 22

Congratulations! You made it. There were a few shaky moments when you doubted yourself and became convinced that you couldn’t handle the hassle, but you handled it all right. The transit of Saturn may well be a time of self-realization, as astronomers never tire of pointing out, but it’s also a total bitch. Take this opportunity to reflect on how mature you’ve become over the past two years, then go out and treat yourself to a delicious meal. When the check comes, just say, “Screw the money. I deserve it.”
Dear Ketel One Drinker
If aliens ever land here, chances are, you'll be one of the people they want to talk to.
God Bless Me, It’s a Best-Seller!

The author’s book tour—for God Is Not Great—takes a few miraculous turns, including the P.R. boost from Jerry Falwell’s demise, a chance encounter with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and surprising support for an attack on religion.

One of America’s most seminal books is William James’s The Varieties of Religious Experience, in which he argues that the subjective experience of the divine can be understood only by the believer. I have just been finding out how true this is. You hear all the time that America is an intensely religious nation, but what you don’t hear is that there are almost as many religions as there are believers. Moreover, many ostensible believers are quite unsure of what they actually believe. And, to put it mildly, the different faiths don’t think that highly of one another. The emerging picture is not at all monolithic.

People seem to be lying to the opinion polls, as well. They claim to go to church in much larger numbers than they actually do (there aren’t enough churches in the country to hold the hordes who boast of attending), and they sometimes seem to believe more in Satan and in the Virgin Birth than in the theory of evolution. But every single time that the teaching of “intelligent design” has actually been proposed in conservative districts; it has been defeated overwhelmingly by both courts and school boards. A fascinating new book, 40 Days and 40 Nights, describes this happening in detail in the small town of Dover, Pennsylvania. Its author, Matthew Chapman, is the great-great-grandson of Charles Darwin, which helps make Dover the modern version of the Scopes “Monkey Trial,” in Dayton, Tennessee, in 1925, with the difference that this time the decision went the other way. A Republican-appointed judge described the school board’s creationist effort as “breathtaking insanity.”

Could there be a change in the Zeitgeist coming on? I think it’s possible. A 2001 study found that those without religious affiliation are the fastest-growing minority in the United States. A generation ago the words “American atheist” conjured the image of the slightly cultish and loopy Madalyn Murray O’Hair. But in the last two years there have been five atheist best-sellers, one each from Professors Richard Dawkins and Daniel Dennett and two from the neuroscientist Sam Harris. As the author of the fifth of these books, I asked my publishers to arrange my book tour as a series of challenges to the spokesmen of the faithful, and to send me as far as possible to the South. The following is an account of some of the less expected moments of the trip.

April 22, Little Rock, Arkansas: I leave the Vanity Fair party, given at my apartment after the White House Correspondents’ Dinner, at 4:30 a.m. to catch the red-eye from Washington to the Arkansas Book Fair. My last memory of the D.C. bash is of Justice Antonin Scalia debating some of the sharper points of Catholic doctrine with California attorney general Jerry Brown. I decide against wearing my black-tie evening attire for the day-trip. On the road from the Little Rock airport is an enormous black-and-yellow billboard bearing the single word JESUS. This is just how people like to imagine Dixie. My book isn’t even technically published, yet there’s an overflow Sunday crowd. I start by mentioning the sign. I know the name, I say, and I have used the expression. But on its own the word “Jesus” seems to say both too much and (somehow) too little. This gets more of a laugh than I might have predicted. At the end of the event I discover something that I am going to keep on discovering: half the people attending had thought that they were the only atheists in town.

May 1, New York City: An evening at the Union League Club, sponsored by the conservative David Horowitz. A full house of upscale right-wingers who at least agree with me on the single issue of fighting Islamic jihadism. A generally receptive and friendly audience as I am interviewed by the publisher Peter Collier. He’s just closed the meeting when a man in a clerical collar puts up his hand. In a magnanimous mood, I say, Fair enough—let’s extend the event for a man of the cloth. This turns out to be Father George Rutler of the Church of Our Saviour, who announces that he’s on the committee of the club and will make sure that I am never invited there again. There’s some shock at this inhospitable attitude, but I think: Gosh, Holy Mother Church used to threaten people with eternal damnation. Now it’s exclusion from the Union League Club. What a comedown. In a brisk exchange near the elevator, the good father assures me that I shall die a Catholic. Why do people think this is such a good point?

May 3, New York City: To the Lou Dobbs show, on CNN—Mr. Middle America at prime time. Mr. Dobbs displays a satirical paragraph from my book, about the number of virgin births that all religions have always claimed. He tells me off-screen that he quit Sun-
FROM KENNETH BRANAGH,
THE DIRECTOR OF "HENRY V," "HAMLET" AND "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING"

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S
AS YOU LIKE IT

ROMANCE OR SOMETHING LIKE IT

REMIERES TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 9PM HBO
HITCHENS
day school as a very small boy, and that he’s raised all his children without religion. He lets me bang on a lot. At the end, he refers to my new American citizenship, the oath of which I swore at the Jefferson Memorial on April 13 (Mr. Jefferson’s birthday, and mine). I get to try out my latest slogan, echoing what Jeff- son said about the “wall of separation” between church and state: “Mr. Jefferson—build that wall!” Mr. Dobbs leans over and, on-camera, pins an American flag to my lapel. Patriotism and secularism in the same breath, on middle-class TV. It can be done. As I leave, Dobbs says wryly that he’ll now have to deal with all the e-mails. I promise him that they will be in his favor and ask to have them forwarded. The mailbag eventually breaks about 70-30 in support, though one woman does say that she’ll never tune in to CNN again.

May 7, New York City: To the New York Public Library to debate Al Sharpton, a man who proves every day that you can get away with anything in this country if you can shove the word “Reverend” in front of your name. To a question about Mormonism and Mitt Romney, I reply that it’s high

end, when I am asked if I know the anti-Christian works of Friedrich Nietzsche. I say that I have my differences with Nietzsche, but that I know his stuff. Am I aware, inquires the questioner, that when he was writing that very stuff he was suffering from terminal syphilitic decay? Slightly baffled, I reply that I have heard as much but don’t know it to be true. Do I think, comes the next question, that there is a similar explanation for my own work? Should have seen that coming. My response is that I obviously can’t be the best judge but that it’s very compassionate of him to ask.

In the evening to debate with Marvin Olasky at the L.B.J. Library. Olasky is the man who coined the term “compassionate conservatism” and helped evolve Bush’s “faith-based initiative.” He’s a convert from both Judaism and Communism. He tells the audience that his record as a married man improved after he became a Christian. I’m ready to believe it. He also mentions many nice people who do good things because of their faith. I reply that I am ready to believe that too, as long as it’s admitted that many people behave worse because of their reli-

tion. My challenge: name an ethical statement or action, made or performed by a person of faith, that could not have been made or performed by a nonbeliever. I have since asked this question at every stop and haven’t had a reply yet.

Olasky’s book on presidential morality (which sadly was written before this president took office) says that George Washing-

ton won the Revolutionary War because he forbade drinking and swearing in the ranks of his army, whereas the British forces were awash in immorality. I argue that the war was won largely by the French, who were not strangers to wine or oaths, and that the American troops at Valley Forge were much inspired by Thomas Paine, who may not have cursed all that much but who never left the brandy bottle alone and who thought that Christianity was a joke. Moreover, the Brits—indicted by Olasky for their indulgence in adultery and even buggery—did manage to hold on to Canada, India, much of the Caribbean, and much of Africa in spite of divine disapproval. “God on Our Side” is one of the oldest and weakest arguments in human history.

May 14, Austin, Texas: A phone-in with WPTF (“We Protect the Family”), a con-
servative talk-radio station in North Caro-

lina. The questions are very civil until the

my appearance on their show yesterday that I was going to hell. This doesn’t prevent huge crowd from showing up, which I turn means that Quail Ridge Books has move the event into a neighboring Umtia-

nian church. (The rector whispers to me, “I ought not to say this, but the church has never been this full before.”) My opponent tonight is the very courteous Dr. Adam English, from the religion department at Campbell University. He’s another Bat-

tist, but when I ask if he believes Calvin teaching about hell and predestination, he doesn’t love the question. Southern hospita-

tality is rightly famous, and he may think would be rude to condemn a visitor to hell.

Then again, he can easily tell that the audience is not with him. Many southerners are annoyed by the presumption that they are all snake handlers and shout-and-holler artists, and the most critical questions all go to Dr. English, who has unwisely told the local paper that he’ll win the argument because God is on his team. Again I notice two things: the religious types are unready to de-
bate and are surprised at how many people are impatient with them, or even scornful.

HALF THE PEOPLE ATTENDING HAD THOUGHT THAT THEY WERE THE ONLY ATHEISTS IN TOWN.

Jerry Falwell—another man who man-

aged to get away with murder by getting himself called “Reverend”—dies without being bodily “raptured” into the heavens. Indeed, his heavy carcass is found on the floor of his Virginia office. The cable shows start to call and I have a book to sell: maybe someone up there does love me after all.

May 16, Atlanta: My publishers had at first told me that I couldn’t find a debater in this great city, but the Margaret Mitchell House now asks if I can do not just one session with an opponent but two sessions back-to-back, in order to accommodate excess demand. The museum and library are magnificent and show a picture of the young Martin Luther King Jr. in the little-boys’ choir at the opening night of Gone with the Wind. I consider myself free of superstition, but I have to confess that I still find that quite arresting. The defender of the faith on this occasion is Timothy Jackson, a professor of Christian ethics at Emory University, and he cheerfully agrees to do the “second house.” He’s by far the best yet, and obviously enjoys the argument, but is clearly surprised by the roars of applause that greet any of my attacks on Falwell. (One sees the same pinched and flabby look on the faces of Sean Han-

nity and the other TV hosts who want me
to say at least a compassionate word about this departed fraud. At one point, Hannity wheedled Ralph Reed as a mourner, as if unaware that ostentatious grief from the friends of Jack Abramoff is exactly what the Christian right might have wanted to avoid at this moment of bereavement.)

The motto of the Confederacy was Deo Vindice, or “God on Our Side.” Atlanta was burned to ashes by people who thought that the deity took the other view. I basically implore the audience to get over it, and to consider the strong possibility that heaven opening in Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion, and the occupants walking the streets. Doesn’t it rather cheapen the idea of resurrection? He replies that as a Christian he does believe it, though as a historian he has his doubts. I realize that I am limited here: I can usually think my- self into an opponent’s position, but this is something I can’t imagine myself saying, let alone thinking.

June 7, Seattle: A host on the local Fox radio station says he’s appalled that I can’t take no side at all in human affairs. I know that this is still a minority position, but it’s quite easy to defend and very difficult to disprove, as I think the devout Dr. Jackson might agree.

May 17, Coral Gables, Florida: I owe an apology. It is absolutely not true, as urban legend has it, that Orthodox Jews conduct sexual congress through a hole in the sheet. I should never have mentioned this slander, even in passing, in my book. (It won’t appear in the reprint.) At the Temple Judea, a Reform synagogue that seats a thousand people, I make this concession in an exchange with Nathan Katz. But when I go on to attack the Jewish prayer that thanks god for not making you a woman or a Gentile, I get quite a bit of applause. As well as featuring Katz, the panel of my critics contains a Muslim woman scholar, a Buddhist nun, and a charismatic Catholic. What if these people were to walk into a bar at the same time? Surely the barman would ask if it was some kind of joke.

The Second Presbyterian Church in New York puts up a sign in big letters, reading, CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS DOESN’T KNOW WHAT HE’S TALKING ABOUT. These are the people whose early dominance of America was described by Jefferson as witchcraft and inquisition. As against that, my book is climbing the best-seller list and is outselling the Pope’s volume on Jesus Christ.

June 5, Los Angeles: A three-hour debate with the Reverend Mark Roberts, senior pastor of Irvine Presbyterian Church, in Orange County, on Hugh Hewitt’s conservative Christian chat show. Very nice of Mr. Hewitt. The Rev doesn’t accuse me of not knowing what I’m talking about: indeed, he’s very civil about the book. At one point I ask him if he believes the story in Saint Matthew’s Gospel about the graves

An open question all the time: what else do people imagine they are believing? And hasn’t it come to something when I have to tell Catholics what their church teaches?

June 10, Washington, D.C.: It’s been weeks on the road, and after a grueling swing through Canada I am finally home. I tell the wife and daughter that’s it: no more god talk for a bit—let’s get lunch at the fashionable Café Milano, in Georgetown. Signor Franco leads us to a nice table outside and I sit down—right next to the Archbish-
Behind the howls of outrage that greeted Rupert Murdoch’s bid for The Wall Street Journal were two assumptions: Murdoch is evil, Murdoch is unstoppable. Yet the man who terrorized a generation of journalists may be the last mogul standing who truly loves print.
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Muñoz’s son-in-law, Matthew Freud, expresses some wonder and, perhaps, worry about the Dow Jones move.

scorn, contempt, and investigation, that any other C.E.O.—all of them have avoided perhaps more than death itself.

Muñoz, on the other hand, seems to uniquely appreciate that a wounded-bear media is not necessarily dangerous. In fact, he’s got some Pavlovian mastery of it—he knows how to get the media to react in a way that makes him look, however vile (a “rotten old bastard,” in the description of Slate’s ever fulminating media critic, Jack Shafer), unstoppable.

It’s an unlikely accident that he’s gotten more press—been the subject of controversy far more often and for far longer—than any other modern executive (than, perhaps, any other executive in history, save for William Randolph Hearst and Henry Ford).

To be talked about like this, for your name to become so much a part of this incredible wall of sound, is the way to go from outsider to insider, from marginal player to the center of attention, from schlackmeister to powerful figure.

Except that’s already happened, this particular reality inversion. Mission accomplished. Muñoz long ago outplayed the Establishment to become the Establishment. He runs a $70 billion company. He’s held more power over more time than any other contemporary figure.

In other words, his bid for Dow Jones requires yet another reality adjustment: How can you stop behaving like a steward of a major public company, with all the usual branding, regulatory, public-relations, and shareholder issues, and, instead, suddenly wake up and just go for broke? And for what? A newspaper? A newspaper?

At News Corp., no one, to say the least, opposes Rupert. As a C.E.O. he’s an entirely sui generis figure—not a replaceable manager, not even an iconic entrepreneur, but more like a giver of life. For most of News Corp.’s history, Muñoz himself was the only power—the company was his instrument. And yet, quite naturally, as Muñoz grows older, and the company ever larger, it has become a more ordinary corporate enterprise. And, within it, it was suddenly possible to detect if not objections then questions about what in bloody hell Rupert was doing. What was the point—inviting all this bad press, this negativity and opprobrium? Why risk it? And for a declining business—and to pay almost twice the market value for a declining business? Was this really the best use of News Corp.’s time and capital?

Peter Chernin, the company’s president and C.O.O., a larger and larger figure within the company (and not, as a Muñoz insider recently explained to me, necessarily “a believer” in all things Muñoz), stayed remote from the deal, in fact was concerned primarily with a much larger transaction—a potential deal with Yahoo involving MySpace, which News Corp. owns, for as much as $10 billion. Nor was Roger Ailes, the powerful executive who runs Fox News, and who will direct the new cable business channel for which, presumably, Muñoz was buying the Journal, much involved. Even James Muñoz, Rupert’s 34-year-old son, who runs SkyTV in the U.K. (in this dynasty-fixated family, his brother, Lachlan, 36, and sister, Elisabeth, 39, while still deeply engaged in family business matters, had themselves both quit their jobs in their father’s company—to his chagrin), was getting a little testy about all the bad press.

This was Rupert’s deal. He was running it with a small group in New York (in the middle of the negotiations a pipe burst on the News Corp. executive floor, causing lots of water damage and a terrible smell, and giving the operation a sense of can-do pluckiness). Approaching his ninth decade, he was still a newspaperman. And, however contrary to every media trend (even his U.K. papers, once great cash cows, were shrinking), he wanted another newspaper—the most famous he’d ever bought. What’s more, even having prevailed against almost everybody who’d ever opposed him, he was, apparently, still spoiling for a fight, and had turned to the last group (somehow unaware that the war was over and that Rupert had won) who, truly, murderously, hated him. Lived to hate him.

This recalcitrant group included the Bancroft family, whose identity was bound up in their historic association, if not actual close contact, with the Journal. It included the Sulzberger family, who control The New York Times, and who clearly saw Muñoz’s move against Dow Jones as threatening to its own position. And, most of all, it centered on a certain sort of journalist who continued to see Muñoz as the news world’s most rapacious predator, a view largely unchanged since the 1980s (that special age of predators), and his takeover of the Journal as an ultimate assault on the norms of authority and legitimacy.

It really isn’t possible to overstate the visceral revulsion to Muñoz among this ever dwindling set of select American journalists. It’s a moral position (he’s a bounder—he’ll say anything to get what he wants); it’s a class position (he’s made his money servicing down-market audiences—that’s his business model); and it’s an aesthetic one (he’s a vulgarian—his notion of look and feel is naturally trashy). It’s also a rank-and-file one—to the degree that journalists at The Wall Street Journal, the Times, The New Yorker, Slate, and the Columbia Journalism Review, sincere holders at the nation’s journalism schools, and the biographer Tina Brown, that paragon of journalistic virtue (who jumped in to say that Muñoz’s owning the Journal would be “a horror show”), are rank-and-file. It’s an Everyman-journalist bond, hating Muñoz. (Journalism’s real rank and file had long ago lost its voice inside of newspaper-chain conglomerates like Gannett.)

For them, Muñoz is a manipulator of men, markets, and governments. He represents an inversion of the natural order. Indeed, the journalists most unhappy about the prospect of Muñoz taking over are, generally, unhappy themselves. Unhappy because their jobs are insecure (The Wall Street Journal has had waves of layoffs, influence waning, workload increasing, and paychecks shrinking—unhappy always knowing that they have to worry about Muñoz’s taking over (this has long been the ultimate, worst-case scenario at the Journal). The people, on the other hand, who work for Muñoz are, for the most part, quite happy, possibly among the hap-
4 for fall

1. Metro pants, turtleneck cable sweater
2. Whitney shirt, single pocket tie blouse, nine-hole jacket, basket weave scarf
3. Iconic khaki, tunic v-neck sweater vest, mandarin cargo shirt, basket weave beret
4. Convertible sleeve dress

These looks featured now at dockers trunk shows nationwide.

DOCKERS
SAN FRANCISCO
“A hint of menace,” says a Murdoch confidant, “isn’t necessarily a bad thing.”

Investing millions (hundreds of millions), he changed the New York Post, a dull, liberal-ish tabloid, into a racy, right-wing (more or less) one. It carries out his political will, but, also, says what you want, it’s a must and entertaining read for many of the journalists now actively opposing him. He wretchedly wrested New York magazine from its founder, Clay Felker, but, other than hiring a new editor (in one of the few successful protests of this sort, most of the original staff quit—though not too successfully, because Rupert just hired a new staff), largely left it alone. He tolerated and didn’t much touch The Village Voice, which he owned for almost 10 years and hated for most of that time. He did change The Times of London—making it less clubby, less elite, more...
functional—but it’s also grown from a daily circulation of 100,000 to 800,000. (It still loses money, and Murdoch still continues to invest.) As for HarperCollins (combining Harper & Row in the U.S. and William Collins & Sons in the U.K.), it’s largely indistinguishable from the other major book publishers; likewise, the Fox movie studio has committed no exceptional gauderies. He’s created a slightly more downmarket fourth network at Fox, which, at the same time, has made its share of highbrow-lowbrow contributions—The Simpsons, most of all. Which leaves Fox News as its central affront to high-end sensibilities.

If you must have a new owner, he is, in many ways, a less risky one, a less mysterious one, even a less menacing one, than most others. Certainly, less than that inveterate rationalizer G.E., which, with the Financial Times, was briefly a contender for Dow Jones. Or, for god’s sake, Ron Burkle, the grocery-store owner, who made an underfinanced offer. Or… Sam Zell, the real-estate developer who just bought the Tribune Company, owner of the Los Angeles Times. Or private equity. Or those geniuses over at Time Warner, who’ve done such great things with CNN. Also, Murdoch’s the only media conglomerator who has any interest whatsoever in print.

So why the being-and-nothingness, end-of-our-very-way-of-life commotion? The party line as articulated by The New York Times’s media commentator, David Carr, is that Murdoch “has demonstrated a habit over time of using his media properties to advance the business interests of his organization.” (Since his business interests are, in fact, media, rather than, say, armaments or supermarkets, it’s not clear why this is so bad—or at least why it’s bad for people in the media.) And, too, that he will have newsroom influence in some more or less insidious way which is somehow different from the way that G.E. influences NBC, or Disney ABC, or Arthur Sulzberger The New York Times.

No, it’s got to be something else. It’s fear—a fear focused on one man rather than a disembodied bureaucracy, like G.E. or Time Warner. Murdoch is a different kind of bugaboo than your faceless, corporate bugaboo, because we know him. And because he’s proud of being a bugaboo. And because, in an industry where there’s no prescription for success, he has, by his relentless maneuvering, singular longevity, and try-anything-at-least-once strategy, come to seem, net-net, more successful more often than anybody else, meaning he seems like the only person who understands it all, meaning he must be practicing some dark arts.

He’s made himself the terror of insecure people and there are few people more insecure than media people. If you’ve got doubts about yourself, you doubt yourself more in the face of Rupert. He’s a pantywaist-killer. And he just keeps going, decade after decade. Hence, if Rupert wants your company, you give it to him. And it’s not just journalists he’s terrified; he’s cowed his shareholders too—they’re letting him pay double the Journal’s value so he can own it, after all. We may not like him, but we believe he’s inevitable. Which is some incredible personal-branding job.

And then there is Dow Jones. You can’t be any more insecure or pantywaist than they are over there. They screwed the pooch. Even beyond the fact that Dow Jones has missed every opportunity to participate in the most lucrative parts of the fast-growing business-information market, the Journal itself has seemed, more and more, out of it. This may have to do with its counterintuitive decision to be a paid-only Internet presence, meaning Journal stories don’t come up when you search something on Google—hence it’s fallen way out of the information loop. Or it may have to do with the evident condition that it doesn’t understand its own subject. The pre-eminent business authority is bad at business—that’s a difficult position. Having lost its centrality in the business—that’s a difficult position. Having lost its centrality in the market, its advertisers, no longer awed by the importance of the paper, have gotten restless and looked for cheaper, more efficient avenues.

Now, the point journalists everywhere are making is that The Wall Street Journal should be free to keep up its considered and critical view of business. To investigate. To report. To do what journalists do. Except that’s only a part of the reason people read the Journal—perhaps the smaller part. Journal readers sure enough want insiderism more than outsidersim. They want a knowledgeable reflection of the prevailing business winds. (Dean Starkman, writing for the Columbia Journalism Review, went so far as to argue that the Journal’s mission is to be a watchdog of the capital markets instead of, in fact, their handmaiden, the paper’s historic role.) To the degree The Wall Street Journal is supposed to reflect the business establishment—and that is, surely, what the paper is supposed to do—it could, in Murdoch, hardly have a better owner. It’s to this point, if you will, of trying to give readers what they want, where the big Murdoch changes will occur.

The word they use at News Corp. to express the view and attitude or position they are most against is “preciousness.” Likewise, a word that’s used by antagonists to characterize the people at News Corp. is “mediocrities.” That is, only mediocrities (retainers, hangers-on, hacks) will do Murdoch’s bidding.

This is part of the rub. Journalism at the Wall Street Journal level is an Ivy League profession (or it’s people who would have liked to have gone to the Ivy League), with a set of conceits about process and legitimacy and respectability; journalism on the Murdoch level is a rougher trade, faster, more direct, less “precious” (and graduating from a crappier college isn’t a problem). That’ll be The Murdoch Journal, a certain leveling, the loss of a few points of I.Q., a quickened pace, a higher sense of drama, less accurate, perhaps, but less tedious too, and, likely, a keener instinct for following the money.

It is, finally, easier to explain how he got here, how his own tabloid talents let him create the irresistible story of the Murdoch juggernaut, which let him dominate the media and the media world, than why he’d want to be here, now, at the Journal. The unique thing, after all, about Murdoch as a newspaperman is that he is, truly, the only one of his kind to understand that, to survive, he had to get beyond newspapers, way beyond.

But this too—buying the Journal—may be, I suspect, part of the same story. The juggernaut may actually be ending—or Murdoch is getting off. News Corp. and Murdoch are, perhaps, preparing to separate, the former going on in an orderly, rational corporate fashion, the latter not retiring to Florida and the golf course but, naturally, slowing down, smelling the flowers, and needing something to do in the afternoon.

So now he can indulge his lifelong passion, keeping tabs on who’s winning, who’s losing, who’s screwing whom and how in business (as a little cream on top, he can slap The New York Times around).

I think The Wall Street Journal is a nice, sentimental, and, in some sense, well-deserved present to himself. Which doesn’t mean that he won’t, shortly, get bored and be on to something else.
She’s a fan.
Cheating on Phil 
(with Paris)

Covering Phil Spector’s murder trial, with its roller-coaster testimony and cross-examination, is the author’s top priority. But when the Paris Hilton story explodes all around him, it’s hard to resist a detour—and an invitation to the Hilton estate.

I’ve been up to Phil Spector’s castle in Alhambra a few times. Just to gawk and have my picture taken there for this magazine. I’m fascinated by it. Inside the front gate 88 stone steps lead to the entrance. He liked visitors to walk up these steps, as Lana Clarkson did on the last night of her life, with Phil, who was allegedly very drunk. She had met him that night at the House of Blues, where she was a hostess, and had agreed to go home with him. It’s not like a Disneyland castle. You can’t see much of it from either the front or back entrance gates to the estate, but it looks like a real castle, of the kind that Mad King Ludwig of Bavaria might have built. It’s very lonely-looking. It must be spooky at night, when the wind is blowing through all the tall trees that block it from the road. I kept wondering what Phil and Rachelle, his 26-year-old wife, whom he married last September and who likes to be called Chelle, talk about at dinner in that solitary castle, where Lana Clarkson died of a gunshot through the mouth. The bergère chair with white damask upholstery, in which Lana Spector’s body was found slumped, with her long legs stretched out in front of her, is one of a pair of French chairs placed in the foyer, with a French chest next to the carved wooden banister of the staircase. A holster matching the Colt Cobra .38 revolver that killed Clarkson was in the drawer of the chest. The revolver itself was next to her left foot, as if she had dropped it, although she happened to have been right-handed. Spector’s chauffeur, Adriano De Souza, who was waiting in the driveway to drive Lana home that night, has already testified that Spector was carrying a .38-caliber gun when he came outside and said the five words that have been at the center of this trial: “I think I killed somebody.”

Forensic scientist Lynne Denise Herold of the Los Angeles County Sheriff’s Department said on the stand that the blood on Lana’s face had been wiped off, possibly with a wetted diaper that was found by the police in a downstairs lavatory. Spector’s hands were clean when he was arrested, and as there were no blood traces in the drain of the sink, it was suggested by the prosecution that he could have washed his hands in the burgundy-colored toilet bowl. Later, when I came out of the men’s room, Rachelle Spector, who was waiting for her husband, asked me jokingly, “Did you wash your hands in the toilet?” A pair of false eyelashes were found on top of the toilet, an oddity that has not yet been explained.

I never did get inside the castle. I never got past the front or back gates, as a matter of fact. I even stood in front of the security camera a few times and waved, hoping that Phil might be watching and invite me in and show me around the castle. It didn’t happen, but I did get friendly with one of his guards, when he came down from the castle and very nicely...
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NEIMAN MARCUS       SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
asked me to leave, which I did. As I had accidentally set off an alarm when I leaned against the gates. The guard and I now call each other “Horace” and “Dominick.” His company is called Big Time Protection.

The wall around the estate has huge cracks in it, as if from an earthquake. The place has begun to look a little run-down, but I suppose Spector must think, What’s the point of keeping it up when the future is so uncertain and the legal bills are so enormous? At a couple of parties I’ve been to since I got to L.A. to cover this trial, high-up folks in the music industry wonder if Spector can afford the assault his legal fees are making on his fortune. High-priced lawyers get their money up front, so he has already laid out several million bucks, for prominent lawyers such as Robert Shapiro and Leslie Abramson, both of whom he has since dumped. It is known that just before the trial Spector took out two loans on his castle in Altamhara and a third loan on a town house he owns a short distance away. The total amount came to $1,271,000. He’s got a lot of people on his team he has to pay. Not to mention the upcoming civil trial, which will follow the criminal trial. The lawyer who will bring the lawsuit against Spector, Roderick Lindblom, sits next to Lana Clarkson’s mother, Donna, every day in court. They are quite friendly. The media have been instructed by Lindblom not to speak to Donna Clarkson. No one has.

I received a very nice note from Phil, which was handed to me in the courtroom, thanking me for lending him the book from Ahmet Ertegun’s memorial service at Lincoln Center last April. It was Ahmet Ertegun, the Sultan of Rock, who introduced Phil and me back in the late 80s. “Dear Dominick,” he wrote. “Thanks so much for letting me peruse Ahmet’s Memorial Book. I’m so sorry I could not personally attend the Memorial. It’s so difficult for me to picture a world without Ahmet not in it. I did so enjoy reading the words about our dear friend: and the pictures were a treasure. Thanks for thinking of me, Love, Phillip.” His stationary is bordered with the musical notes of one of his songs, like sheet music, with his corrections on it. It was signed with a very elaborate signature, which, it took me a long time to figure out, is just “Phillip.”

Although my dedication to the Phil Spector trial is total, I must confess to a momentary unfaithfulness when I became involved in the Paris Hilton drama that seemed to captivate the world for a couple of weeks. I happen to know and like Paris’s parents, Rick and Kathy Hilton. They send out a family photograph each Christmas, of the six of them sitting in a paneled library with chintz-covered chairs. Paris is not prominently featured in the photograph. She’s just one of the four Hilton kids, along with her sister, Nicky, and her rarely photographed brother, Conrad and Barron, named after their great-grandfather and grandfather. I’ve met Paris only once. It was at Barry Diller and Diane von Furstenberg’s annual picnic the day before the Academy Awards in 2006. Paris was with Stavros Niarchos, of the Greek shipping family, who was her boyfriend at the time. I told her she and I had gone to the same strict, Catholic boarding school, Canterbury, in New Milford, Connecticut, about a hundred years apart. She said, “Oh, I only lasted about three months there.” She was funny and friendly.

Little did I know that Paris’s bachelorette house is just up behind the famous Chateau Marmont, the hotel where I have been staying these past two months during the Spector trial. One morning I was awakened before six by helicopters hovering above and the echo of loud voices coming through my open window, which I realized were the voices of photographers, cameramen, pre-dawn fans, cops, and angry neighbors bitching about Paris’s special treatment. Sheriff Lee Baca, a controversial figure in Los Angeles, had let Paris out of jail during the night, after she’d served only 3 days of her 45-day sentence. I couldn’t resist going up to take a look on my way to court, which turned out to be a mistake. I ended up on local television, with about 50 microphones in my face, calling the early release from prison “rich-kid justice.” “Do you think the judge was making an example out of her?” someone asked me along the way. Yes, I do think the judge made an example out of Paris, but I also think that Paris was crying out to be made an example of. It was time for her to change her act.

I must admit that I was taken aback a bit when I watched on the local news and saw that Kathy Hilton was the most notable and photographed guest at the ceremony for Barbara Walters when she received her star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame, on Hollywood Boulevard, a hallowed tradition of the entertainment community. Watching her, you’d never have thought that her famous daughter was in jail and on the front pages of newspapers around the world. I found it curious that she would be there. Then I was invited to a cocktail party the Hiltons gave in honor of Barbara. As their Bel Air house is undergoing extensive renovations, they gave their party at the magnificent estate of Barron Hilton, Rick Hilton’s father. Long known as the old Paley estate, it’s one of the great old Los Angeles mansions, with big rooms and wide halls and a Georgian exterior.

It was the day before Father’s Day, and Paris’s Father’s Day card to Rick was placed on a chair for all to see. It was elaborately homemade, about three feet high and two feet wide. Large pasted-on rhinestones edged the four sides of the card, making a frame. Inside were family photographs, mostly of Paris and Rick over the years, each one bordered with smaller rhinestones. “Love, Paris” was printed in blue in the lower right-hand corner. I think we were meant to believe that Paris had made the card and pasted on all those rhinestones. But I can’t imagine where she found the time or the rhinestones to do all that in the Century Regional Detention Facility.

There were 30 or 40 people at the party, a mixed bag of prominent Angelinos who didn’t seem to know one another. I talked to Dan Tana, who owns the restaurant of the same name, where Phil Spector had dinner on the night Lana Clarkson died. Everyone I talked to wanted to hear about Phil Spector. It was less awkward than discussing the plight of the hosts’ daughter. It was a strange time to give a party. After an hour or so, the Hiltons showed a short documentary of Barbara Walters’s career, and after Rick introduced her, Barbara spoke briefly. Barbara, looking very chic in New York black in a roomful of ladies in pastel, was going...
Paris had suddenly become tarnished goods nobody wanted.

interviews. CBS said they had no interest. When the Hiltons went back to Barbara Walters through ABC, they were met with a figurative version of the middle finger. From the hottest catch of the week, Paris had suddenly become tarnished goods nobody wanted. Finally, an interview was worked out with Larry King for the full hour. No money changed hands.

As for the interview, which got very good ratings for Larry, I found it extremely lackluster. The word around town is that friends of Larry's say he was disappointed with the interview. As far as I was concerned, it was an eight-minute interview stretched out to an hour. From her dress to her makeup to her monotone answers, she was bland. She said the same thing over and over, how the jail experience is going to change her life. I also don't believe Paris told the truth when she said she had never taken drugs. There are an awful lot of people out there ready to contradict her on that one. It would have been so much smarter to acknowledge it and then say, "That's all in the past." I also didn't believe her when she said she had only had one drink when she was arrested for drunk driving. The biggest omission of the interview was the nonmention of Paris's famous pornographic video, which was seen around the world for free on the Internet. It was the moment of her life that sealed her fame and entrapped her. Half the men in America have seen Paris with a penis in her mouth. Can you imagine what the inmates at the detention facility must have screamed at her about that movie? If she lives to 90 and becomes a Carmelite nun, that dirty movie is going to follow her right into the convent.

"Phil's saliva was on Lana's left breast, but there was no saliva on Phil's penis."

"But he had two different DNAs on his scrotum."

"Who was the second?"

"Dunno."

—Conversation at Beverly Hills outdoor dinner party.

New York defense attorney Bruce Cutler, who was the number-one lawyer defending Phil Spector when the trial started, having succeeded Robert Shapiro and Leslie Abramson in that lofty capacity, is deeply out of favor on the defense team these days. He doesn't even go up to the bench for the sidebar. He doesn't get invited to the lunch meetings. Peter Hong, who is covering the trial for the Los Angeles Times, and I often have lunch with Bruce up in Peter's office in the Criminal Courts Building. I don't usually hang out with defense attorneys, being strongly pro-prosecution, but I really do enjoy Bruce's company. He is an interesting guy. Naturally, he's unhappy about being ignored, but he doesn't bitch about the other members of the team. He's a pro. For the past week or two, he has been out in Westlake Village, outside of Los Angeles, shooting a television series called Jury Duty, in which he plays a judge. He says he'll be back for the closing arguments, which he calls the "summing-up," as if he is going to give it, but a jury needs a face it knows for the summing-up.

In all the murder trials I've covered, the defendants never look at the photographs of the victims. The Menendez brothers never looked at their dead parents. Nor did O. J. Simpson look at the nearly beheaded Nicole. Spector, however, avidly looks at the many photographs of Lana's dead body as they are flashed on the big screen in the courtroom.

The defense opened its case with a $400-an-hour forensic expert on gunshot wounds who held the jury in the palm of his hand as he deicated every point that the prosecution had made about the death of Lana Clarkson. The defense claims that Lana Clarkson committed suicide in Phil Spector's castle, and this testimony set it up perfectly. The expert witness's name was Dr. Vincent J. M. DiMaio. He was a bit full of himself, a showman, who felt very comfortable in the witness-box and made all his pronouncements directly to the jury. He decried the theory that a beautiful woman would not shoot herself in the face. He said that 76 percent of women's suicides by gunshot are guns to the head. He said that most suicides don't leave notes. The jury listened avidly. Personally, I thought he went too far when he called Lana drunk at the time of her death and a failure in life, implying that these were reasons she
The anticipation is building.

Architectural Digest "Architecture Days" returns this fall with stops in San Francisco, Toronto and New York.

Each city’s weeklong celebration of great architecture and design will offer rare access to private spaces and new projects, lectures by top architects, expert-led neighborhood tours and much more.

For more information, visit www.ArchitectureDays.com.

Airfare and hotel packages are available from AirCanada.com and Fairmont Hotels.
had been suicidal. I hate the blame-the-victim defense. Dr. DiMaio's last words on the stand on his first day of testimony were "When you stick to the objective, scientific evidence, it's a suicide."

For the first time since the trial began, I doubted the certainty of the verdict I have always believed would come at the end of this trial. I went out to the corridor to send an e-mail to a friend who follows the trial avidly, "I began to have doubts today as to the outcome," I wrote. "DiMaio devastated me with the power of his paid-for suicide version of Lana's death. For several of the jurors, I'm sure, that version will register as truth."

Shortly thereafter, the door of the courtroom opened and out came Rachelle Spector and Horace, the bodyguard. They were in ebullient spirits as they half ran down the corridor. When they saw me seated on a bench making a call, they stopped. Rachelle, who's very pretty, smiled happily and gestured theatrically as she said, "Well, the truth is finally coming out," referring to Dr. DiMaio's statement as positive fact that Lana Clarkson had committed suicide.

Long trials are not riveting every day. Some of the scientific evidence gets boring hour after hour, but every now and then something out of the ordinary happens. Phil Spector had five children. He and his second wife, Ronnie Spector, adopted a baby boy named Donte. Two years later, they adopted twin six-year-olds, Louis and Gary. Just a few months after that, Ronnie left, and according to Louis Spector, the adoption papers were never signed by her. Phil had another set of twins, Nicole and Phillip Jr., with longtime girlfriend Janis Zavala. Phillip died when he was nine, which was a great tragedy in Phil's life. Nicole has visited the courtroom at least once. She is more or less the same age as Rachelle.

The other day, Louis appeared in the corridor outside the courtroom. Spector is estranged from both his twin sons. Louis Spector was accompanied by a woman I assumed to be his wife. "One 12 years ago." "But he never spoke one word to me that night," replied Louis. I thought he had tears in his eyes, but he denied that later at lunch in the courthouse commissary. He told us that one of the guards had said his father would speak to him more if he did not talk to the media. He said he was autistic but functioning in life. He paints and writes. He says that he was raised mostly by one of his father's bodyguards, and that he and his twin brother, Gary, were sometimes locked in their rooms. He is in the process of writing a book about his own life, but publishers are interested only in his father. "I'll be glad when Dr. DiMaio finishes and Alan Jackson starts the cross-examination," he said.

Never underestimate the power of a great prosecutor. Deputy District Attorney Alan Jackson, who is the undisputed star of the trial, began his cross-examination of the very self-satisfied forensic expert Dr. DiMaio the next morning and delivered him into the same state of testy, angry response as he had the formidable Dr. Henry Lee, arguably the world's greatest forensic scientist, when he cross-examined him out of the presence of the jury regarding a missing piece of crime-scene evidence, allegedly a false fingernail, that Dr. Lee has been accused of withholding from the prosecution. Jackson kicked the slats out from under Dr. DiMaio's testimony. As far as I was concerned, Dr. DiMaio was toast.

On Saturday morning my friend Beth Karas, who is the on-air reporter on the Spector trial for Court TV, and I went to Venice, California, to check out Lana Clarkson's cottage on the Grand Canal. In e-mails submitted as evidence at the trial, Lana several times mentioned her cottage, which she rented for $1,200 a month. It's a tiny shack—450 square feet, very small quarters for the nearly six-foot-tall Lana—with a front porch, built in 1905. It was so flimsy, it looked as if a strong wind would blow it away, but it had a nice feeling to it. Lana's landlady, Julie Jungwirth, and her husband, Jim, met us there to give us the tour of the three rooms and to talk about Lana, whom she obviously adored, both as a person and as a tenant.

"She was never more than a few weeks late with the rent," said Mrs. Jungwirth. "Did you know she was doing her income tax before she went to work at the House of Blues that night? The papers were on her desk." I didn't know that. Nor did I know that she had just purchased "8 or 10 pairs of shoes" for her new job at the House of Blues. (Lyne Harrod testified that the shoes Lana was wearing the night she died had barely worn soles.) She had also fixed up the place at her own expense. Both Julie and Jim smiled as they described how her bedroom was painted, with red walls and black doors. She also apparently had many photographs on her walls of Marilyn Monroe.

The cottage has now been repainted all white inside and is currently being used as an office by the contractors the Jungwirths hired to build a large condominium next door. Lana's house has no value in itself, but the land on which it stands has become very valuable, and the cottage will be torn down when the condominium is complete. "She was the most up person I ever met," said Julie Jungwirth. "Everyone here loved her. She was a jolly, happy person. I never saw her not smiling. She wrote poetry. She played music." Mrs. Jungwirth paused before she quietly continued. "Lana was pretty strong, you know. She would have fought that night."
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Arthur Miller’s Missing Act

For all the public drama of Arthur Miller’s career—his celebrated plays (including Death of a Salesman and The Crucible), his marriage to Marilyn Monroe, his social activism—one character was absent: the Down-syndrome child he deleted from his life

By Suzanna Andrews
Things to do while you're alive:

- Tour MoMA with a personal guide
- Go to the Olympic Games
- Go scuba diving in Belize
- Write a screenplay
- Drive on the autobahn
- Ride the Orient Express
- Visit an uninhabited island
- Swim in all five oceans
- Take your parents on a vacation
- Heli-ski in British Columbia
- Bungee jump
- Read and finish *Moby-Dick*
- Experience Mongolia's Naadam Festival
- Visit the Taj Mahal
- Celebrate Mardi Gras in New Orleans
- See Iguazu Falls
- Defy gravity
- Ski first tracks at Deer Valley
- Play Pinehurst No. 2
- Go to the Super Bowl

Whatever's on your list of things to do in life, do it better with Visa Signature. Benefits like early access to artists such as Elvis Costello at the House of Blues can take you places regular rewards cards can't: the front row.

knew that Miller had a fourth child. Those who did nothing, out of respect for his wishes, because, for nearly four decades, Miller had never publicly acknowledged the existence of Daniel.

He did not mention him once in the scores of speeches and press interviews he gave over the years. He also never referred to him in his 1987 memoir, Timebends. In 2002, Daniel was left out of the New York Times obituary for Miller’s wife, the photographer Inge Morath, who was Daniel’s mother. A brief account of his birth appeared in a 2003 biography of Miller by the theater critic Martin Gottfried. But even then Miller maintained his silence. At his death, the only major American newspaper to mention Daniel in its obituary was the Los Angeles Times, which said, “Miller had another son, Daniel, who was diagnosed with Down syndrome shortly after his birth in 1962. It is not known whether he survives his father.” Citing the Gottfried biography, the paper reported that Daniel had been put in an institution, where Miller “apparently never visited him.”

Miller’s friends say they never understood exactly what happened with Daniel, but the few details they heard were disturbing. Miller had not only erased his son from the public record; he had also cut him out of his private life, in-stitutionalizing him at birth, refusing to see him or speak about him, virtually abandoning him. The whole matter was “absolutely appalling,” says one of Miller’s friends, and yet everyone probably would have kept silent had it not been for the rumor that began to spread earlier this year, passing from Roxbury to New York City and back. Although no one was sure of the facts, the story was that Miller had died without leaving a will. Officials had gone looking for Miller’s heirs, and they had found Daniel. Then, the rumors went. the state of Connecticut had made Arthur Miller’s estate pay Daniel a full quarter of his father’s assets, an amount that was believed to be in the millions of dollars.

For some of Miller’s friends, the possibility that Daniel had been given his fair share brought a measure of relief that, finally, a wrong had been righted. Attention had been paid. The feeling was shared by the social workers and disability-rights advocates who have known and cared for Daniel over the years as it became clear that he had indeed gotten a share of the Miller estate. “An extraordinary man,” “very beloved by a lot of people,” Daniel Miller, they say, is a “guy who’s made a difference in a lot of lives.” They also say he is someone who, considering the challenges of his life, has in his own way achieved as much as his father did. The way Arthur Miller treated him baffles some people and angers others. But the question asked by friends of the father and of the son is the same: How could a man who, in the words of one close friend of Miller’s, “had such a great world reputation for morality and pursuing justice do something like this?”

What none of them considered was the possibility that Arthur Miller had left a will and that, six weeks before he died, he was the one who, against common legal advice, made Daniel a full and direct heir—an equal to his three other children.

The Power of Denial

In all the public references to Daniel, which appear to be based on Martin Gottfried’s biography, his birth is said to have taken place in 1962. As friends remember it, however, he was born in November 1966. Arthur Miller had just turned 51, and he had already written his two best-known plays, Death of a Salesman, which won the Pulitzer Prize in 1949, and The Crucible, which was produced in 1953. Although he did not know it, his best work was behind him. In 1966 he was dealing with the fall-out from his most controversial play, After the Fall, a thinly disguised account of his troubled marriage to Marilyn Monroe. Produced in 1964, two years after Monroe’s suicide, and greeted with some disgust by critics and the public, it was widely viewed as an attempt by Miller to cash in on her fame. The public outcry had left Miller angry and wounded, and professing not to understand how anyone could have thought that the play was based on Monroe. “There is no better key to Arthur’s personality,” says a woman who was a close friend of Miller’s wife, than “his refusal to acknowledge that people who knew After the Fall, and who loved Marilyn, would be offended. Like all of us, he had powerful powers of denial.”

Monroe and Miller had divorced in 1961. A year later. Miller married his third wife, Inge Morath. She was an Austrian-born photojournalist who had studied with Henri Cartier-Bresson and had worked for Magnum, the international photo agency. She met Miller in 1960, on the set of the film The Misfits. Miller had written the screenplay for Monroe, whose erratic behavior almost kept the film from being made. Morath’s photographs of Monroe, fragile and well into her struggle with alcohol and barbiturates, would be among the most emotionally in-

**“ARTHUR WAS TERRIBLY SHAKEN,” HE SAID, “I'M GOING TO HAVE TO PUT THE BABY AWAY.”**
LISTEN CAREFULLY AS NOTES OF DARK CHERRY, DRIED FIG
AND WELL-AGED RED WINE GRACIOUSLY INTRODUCE THEMSELVES.
Daniel was born four years later, in a New York City hospital. The Broadway producer Robert Whitehead, who died in 2002, would tell Martin Gottfried that Miller called him on the day of the birth. Miller was “overjoyed.” Whitehead said, and confirmed that he and Inge were planning to name the boy “Eugene”—possibly after Eugene O’Neill, whose play _Long Day’s Journey into Night_, which had won the Pulitzer in 1957, had aved Miller. The next day, however, Miller called raise Daniel at home. Another friend remembers that “it was a decision that had Rebecca at the center.”

Within days, the child was gone, placed in a home for infants in New York City. When he was about two or three, one friend recalls, Inge tried to bring him home, but Arthur would not have it. Daniel was about four when he was placed at the Southbury Training School. Then one of two Connect- ict institutions for the mentally retarded. Southbury was just a 10-minute drive from Roxbury, along shaded country roads. “Inge told me that she went to see him almost every Sunday, and that [Arthur] never wanted to see him,” recalls the writer Francine du Plessix Gray. Once he was placed in Southbury, many friends heard nothing more about Daniel. “After a certain period,” one friend says, “he was not mentioned at all.”

**Life in the Wards**

Marcie Roth remembers seeing Daniel for the first time when he was about “eight or nine.” Now the direc- tor of the National Spinal Cord Injury Association, Roth worked at Southbury during the 1970s. “Danny was a neat, neat kid,” she says. “a very friendly, happy guy.” Although there were close to 300 children at Southbury at the time, everyone, she says, knew Danny Miller. This was partly because they knew who his father was and partly because Dan- iel “was among the more able of the young children with Down syndrome,” Roth says. But mainly it was because of Daniel’s personal- ity. “He had a great spirit about him,” she says. This was no small achievement, because, according to Roth, “Southbury Training School was not a place you would want your dog to live.”

When it opened, in 1940, Southbury was considered one of the best institutions of its kind. Set on 1,600 acres in the rolling hills of central Connecticut, it was mag- nificent to behold, with porticoed, neo-Georgian red-brick buildings surrounded by endless lawns. It had a school and job- training programs, and its residents were housed in “cottages”—with their own liv- ing areas and kitchens. Well into the 1950s, Southbury was so highly regarded that wealthy families in New York City would buy country homes in Connecticut to photograph war. “Arthur always thought of her as a heroic creature, and she was,” says Joan Copeland. “Everything had to be perfect that she touched, and did. And it was perfect, if she involved herself in it.”

Arthur and Inge’s first child, Rebecca, was born in September 1962, seven months after they were married. From the first, her parents “absolutely doted on her,” friends recall. She was, says one, “the precious ob- ject. She was stunningly beautiful. Arthur and Inge were not really beautiful people, but they produced this exquisite daughter.”

Wherever Arthur and Inge went, they took Rebecca on their trips around the world and to dinner parties hosted by Roxbury friends such as the artist Alexander Calder and the novelist William Styron and his wife, Rose. After Rebecca arrived, it seemed to some friends that Jane and Robert, Miller’s children from his first marriage, to Mary Slattery, “were almost never in the picture.” Miller loved his older children, his sister says, “but Rebecca was special.”

Whitehead again and told him the baby “isn’t right.” The doctors had diagnosed the infant with Down syndrome. Born with an extra 21st chromosome, children with Down syndrome are often recognized by their upward-slanted eyes and flattened facial features. They suffer from hypotonia—de- creased muscle tone—and mild to moderate retardation. Many are born with heart prob- lems, and in 1966 they were not expected to live past the age of 20.

“Arthur was terribly shaken—he used the term ‘mongoloid,’” Whitehead recalled. He said, “I’m going to have to put the baby away.” A friend of Inge’s recalls visiting her at home, in Roxbury, about a week later. “I was sitting at the bottom of the bed, and Inge was propped up, and my memory is that she was holding the baby and she was very, very unhappy,” she says. “Inge wanted to keep the baby, but Arthur wasn’t going to let her keep him.” Inge, this friend recalls, “said that Arthur felt it would be very hard for Rebecca, and for the household, to
LIFT HERE TO DISCOVER THE FRAGRANCE
There were facilities in the wards for buildings off the street. The most disabled children were left lying on mats on the floor, sometimes covered with nothing but a sheet. "In the wards you had people screaming, banging their heads against the wall, and taking their clothes off," says David Shaw, a leading Connecticut disability lawyer. "It was awful."

Toni Richardson, the former Connecticut commissioner for mental retardation, who worked at Southbury during the 1970s, recalls that in those days restraints were still used on children who were considered "rambunctious": the strips of cloth used to tie them to chairs or door handles were called "belly bands": there was also something that "looked like a straitjacket, except that it was made of cotton."

The number of children admitted to Southbury began to taper off in the mid-70s. With federal legislation mandating public education for children regardless of disability, there were more educational opportunities outside institutions such as Southbury. There was also a growing realization among medical and psychiatric experts that children needed to be raised at home. But for those children who remained at Southbury, life did not get easier. Some children never had any visitors. Their parents put them in Southbury and never saw them again. Other parents, like Inge Morath, were dedicated visitors. "They came like clockwork, every visiting Sunday," says Richardson, who wonders how many of them were fully aware of the conditions in which their children were living. "If you were a parent who had left your child in that situation, would you ever want to admit that Southbury was like that? How could you live with yourself? You had to tell yourself it was all right." Inge, however, appears to have seen things more clearly. After a Sunday visit to Southbury, du Plessis Gray recalls, Inge said, "'You know, I go in there and it's like a Hieronymus Bosch painting.' That was the image she gave."

In After the Fall, the character based on Inge has a recurring dream. "I dreamed," she says. "I had a child and even in the dream I saw it was my life, and it was an idiot, and I ran away. But it always crept onto my lap again, clutched at my clothes." Miller wrote those lines several years before Daniel's birth, and Joan Copeland says, "That's the first thing I thought of when I found out about Daniel." She believes the dream speech may have been a reference to their cousin Carl Barnett, who also had Down syndrome. Barnett, who was a few years older than Arthur, was the son of his maternal uncle, Harry. At a time when babies with Down syndrome were almost always institutionalized, Barnett was raised at home, and the Miller children saw him often. In Timebends, Miller referred to Barnett as "a helpless mongoloid" whose mother was given to "mocking his fluffy speech to his face" and "flying at him in a rage."

Miller's memories of Carl Barnett may have influenced his decision to institutionalize his son, but he also would have had the support of doctors, who in 1966 were still advising parents to put their children away. "Babies with Down syndrome are absolutely the most adorable children," says Rich Godbout, a social worker who knew Daniel for 10 years. "I can't imagine giving up a child like that, but it happened." Still, by 1966, large numbers of parents of Down-syndrome children were ignoring their doctors' advice and keeping their children at home. It wasn't easy. Even the most intellectually able Down-syndrome child requires a tremendous amount of care and reinforcement. But there are huge rewards, too, which Arthur Miller seemed not to see. As Joan Copeland remembers it, her cousin Carl was anything but a burden to his family. They "adored him and they spoiled him," especially his two younger sisters, who took care of him throughout his life. "Never, for a minute, did anyone in that family ever think they could live without Carl," says Copeland. There were many things Carl couldn't do, she recalls, but "he wasn't helpless." Although doctors told his parents he probably wouldn't live past the age of 7, he lived to be 66.

"I think Arthur saw, in the Barnett family, how it just played into everything," his sister says, "how the presence of this broth-

**September 2007**

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**Arthur Was Detached. It Was as Though He Thought If He Didn't Speak About It, It Would Go Away.**

(continued on page 259)
er” affected everyone. He also saw the sacrifices that Copeland made in caring for her own son, who was born with cerebral palsy. “I think when he saw the adjustments that had to be made in [our] lives because of [our] child, he didn’t want to have anything to do with that,” she says. Miller, says one friend, may have been afraid—“ashamed” is the word another uses—of the genetic problems in his family. Some believe Miller may have feared losing Inge’s attention to a needy child; others suggest that he simply didn’t want anything to interfere with his work. All agree that the issue of Daniel was extremely painful for him, and that he did not deal well with emotions. His plays were often acutely psychological—tackling the complicated relationships between fathers and sons, the corrosive effects of guilt and fear, and the price of self-deception—but in his personal life he could be shockingly devoid of emotional understanding. He was not cold, however. Although few people knew it, Miller did visit Daniel at Southbury on rare occasions. That he never acknowledged him as a son, though, is something friends find almost impossible to comprehend or accept. The author Donald Connelly, who worked with Miller on the Peter Reilly wrongful-conviction case in the 1970s, says, “I speak with great affection for Arthur, and with admiration for all the good things he did in his life,” but whatever led him to institutionalize Daniel “doesn’t for the safety of their children. As bad as the conditions were in many state institutions, they offered parents the assurance that their children would be taken care of for life. Determined to get Daniel out of Southbury, his social worker called Bowen and asked her to put together a report for Miller.

Bowen recalls the first time she met Daniel: “He was just a delight, eager, happy, outgoing—in those days even more so than now, because of his isolation.” He showed her his room, which he shared with 20 other people, and his dresser, which was nearly empty, because everyone wore communal clothing. “I remember very clearly trying to respond with happiness, but it was very hard, because there was nothing there,” she says. “He really had nothing. His sole pos-

**“SOUTHBURY TRAINING SCHOOL WAS NOT A PLACE YOU WOULD WANT YOUR DOG TO LIVE,” SAYS ROTH.**

session was this little tiny transistor radio with earplugs. It was something you’d pick up at a five-and-dime. And he was so proud to have it. You couldn’t help but think, *This is Arthur Miller’s son? How could this be?*” Bowen wrote up her report, and then the staff met with Daniel’s parents. The result stunned everyone. “I was told that the meeting went beautifully,” says Bowen. “Miller didn’t say much but ultimately did not object.” Daniel was free to go, and “for that he owes his father a great thank-you,” she says. “There are so many people left at Southbury whose parents won’t let them go. So he couldn’t connect with his child emotionally, for whatever reasons, but he didn’t hold him back. He let him go.”

In 1985, the U.S. Department of Justice sued Connecticut over the poor conditions at Southbury. The following year it ordered the state to close Southbury to new admissions. By then, Daniel was living in a group home with five housemates, and making huge strides. He had a lot to learn—how to live on his own, how to use public transportation, how to shop for groceries.

Experts say it is difficult to measure how much Daniel had been held back by years of living in an institution. Early-intervention programs, nurturing families, and special-education classes—all of which Daniel missed out on—have contributed to a 15-point rise in the I.Q. scores of Down-syndrome children in the last 30 years, says Stephen Greenspan, a professor of psychiatry and former president of the Academy on Mental Retardation. Today, many higher-functioning Down-syndrome children can read and write; some graduate from high school and even college. Chris Burke, the actor with Down syndrome, who played Corky on the television show *Life Goes On*, lives in his own apartment in New York and commutes to work. Daniel, by contrast, had to learn basic reading skills. He had to work on his speech, and people say it is still difficult to understand him unless you know him.

Even so, Daniel didn’t seem to be scarred by his years at Southbury, according to one of his social workers. He had none of the odd behavioral tics or bouts of severe depression that afflict many people who have been raised in institutions. “He was amazingly well adjusted,” the social worker says.

Daniel was still in a group home when his father’s memoir, *Timebends*, was published, in 1987. In his account of 1966,
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Miller wrote that he felt “uplifted by what was clearly a new life being born around me”—referring not to the birth of his son that year but to the expansion of PEN. There are hints in Timebends that Miller was struggling with his guilt about Daniel. He wrote at length about his own father’s abandonment by his parents, and said that Marilyn Monroe, who was raised in a foster home, taught him to spot an orphan in a crowded room, to recognize in his or her eyes “the bottomless loneliness that no parented person can really know.” He repeatedly addressed the subject of denial. “Man is what man is,” he wrote, “nature’s denial machine.” There were those who read his memoir and sensed that he was trying to tell the truth, without saying it out loud. It was “as if he wanted to be outed,” says one friend.

A Public Encounter

By the mid-90s, Daniel was doing so well that he was enrolled in a state-financed “supported-living program” that enabled him to stay in an apartment with a roommate. He still had someone looking in on him once a day, helping him to pay bills and sometimes to cook, but otherwise he was on his own. He had a bank account and a job, first at a local gym and then at a supermarket. He went to parties and concerts, and he loved to go out dancing. He was also a “natural athlete,” says one social worker. He learned to ski, and competed in the Special Olympics, in that sport as well as in cycling, track, and bowling. “Everyone loved Danny,” says Rich Godbout, who ran the supported-living program. “His greatest joy was helping people. He would insist. If someone needed help moving, Danny was always the first guy to volunteer to help.” Daniel also joined Starlight and People First, two “self-advocacy” groups that promote the rights of disabled people to govern their own lives. “He wouldn’t miss a meeting,” says Godbout. In 1993, Daniel attended a ceremony to celebrate the closing of the Mansfield Training School, Southbury’s sister institution. Three years later, Southbury came under a federal contempt order, and the question of whether it should be closed became the subject of a fiery political debate that continues today. Jean Bowen, an adviser to People First, remembers hearing Daniel speak out at meetings about his desire to see the institution shut down.

In September 1995, Daniel and Arthur Miller met for the first time in public, at a conference on false confessions in Hartford, Connecticut. Miller had come to the Aetna conference center to deliver a speech on behalf of Richard Lapointe, a man with a mild intellectual disability who had been convicted, based on a confession that many people believed was coerced, of murdering his wife’s grandmother. Daniel was there with a large group from People First. Miller, several participants recall, seemed stunned when Danny ran over and embraced him, but recovered quickly. “He gave Danny a big hug,” says one man. “He was very nice.” They had their picture taken together, and then Miller left. “Danny was thrilled,” Bowen recalls. The following year, Rebecca Miller marred Daniel Day-Lewis, whom she had met on the set of the movie adaptation of The Crucible. Day-Lewis, says Francine du Plessix Gray, “was the most compassionate about Daniel. He always visited him, with Inge and Rebecca.” Some say he was “appalled” at Miller’s attitude toward his son, and it is possible that Day-Lewis influenced Miller to make his first appearance, sometime in the late 1990s, at one of Daniel’s annual “overall plan of service” reviews. The meeting was held in Daniel’s apartment and lasted about two hours, Godbout recalls. As Arthur and Inge listened, the social workers who worked with Daniel discussed his progress—his job, his self-advocacy work, his huge network of friends. Miller “was just blown away,” Godbout recalls. “He was absolutely amazed at Danny being able to live out on his own. He said it over and over again: ‘I would never have dreamed this for my son. If you would have told me when he first started out that he would get to this point, I would never have believed it.’ And you could see his sense of pride. Danny was right there, and he was just beaming.”

Miller never went to another meeting, and he apparently did not visit Daniel again at his apartment. But every now and then a social worker would drive Daniel to New York City to see his parents.

It was around this time, one close friend says, that Miller told a guest at a dinner party that he had a son with Down syndrome. The guest was a total stranger, “someone Arthur would never see again,” but his friends were amazed all the same. Miller had still not spoken about Daniel in public or to any of them, but he seemed to be wrestling with things. He began to ask his sister about her son, wanting to know if he could read and write. The questions “astonished” her, because Miller should have known the answers. Her son had worked in the mailroom of a company for 17 years by then. But it gave Copeland an opening to ask about Daniel, whom she had never met. “I asked him, ‘Does he know you?’ And he said, ‘Well, he knows I’m a person, and he knows my name, but he doesn’t understand what it means to be a son.’”

By then, one social worker says, Daniel did not really think of Arthur and Inge as his parents. The people who played that role in his life were an older couple who had met Daniel after his release from Southbury. “They were the ones you called when Danny needed anything,” says the social worker. “Money, anything—and you’d get it. We always assumed it came from the Millers, but they weren’t the ones you talked to.” Daniel spent holidays with the couple. Inge would visit, sometimes with Rebecca, and then return home to Roxbury to celebrate with friends and the rest of the Miller family. On Christmas of 2001, after years of noticing that Inge would disappear for several hours on weekends, Copeland finally asked where she was going. “To see Danny,” Inge said. “Would you like to come?” “I said, ‘Oh, yes, I would love to,’” says Copeland. “So I did see him, and I was very, very impressed.” Five weeks later, on January 30, 2002, Inge died of cancer at the age of 78. When Miller spoke to The New York Times for her obituary, he appears to have confirmed that she had only one child, Rebecca. When Daniel did not appear at the
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funeral, friends assumed that Miller's attitude toward his son had not changed.

A Dramatic Gesture

By the spring of 2004, Miller's own health was beginning to fail. He was 88 and lived in the Roxbury farmhouse with his girlfriend, Agnes Barley, a 33-year-old artist he'd met shortly after Inge's death. Miller was also putting the final touches on *Finishing the Picture*, a play based on the making of *The Misfits*. In April, a Roxbury neighbor named Joan Stacks, who knew nothing about Daniel, phoned Miller to ask if he would speak at a fundraiser for the Western Connecticut Association for Human Rights—the disability-rights organization that had helped get Daniel released from Southbury. Miller agreed without hesitating. It's impossible to know if he was considering breaking his silence about Daniel, because in October his office called to cancel. He was battling cancer and pneumonia. Toward the end of the year, he and Barley moved into his sister's apartment, off Central Park. The papers reported that he was receiving hospice care.

Arthur Miller signed his last will on December 30, naming as executors his children Rebecca Miller Day-Lewis, Jane Miller Doyle, and Robert Miller. Daniel was not mentioned in the will, but he was named in separate trust documents that Miller signed that day, which are sealed from public view. In those, according to a letter from Rebecca Miller, Arthur bequeathed “everything left over after taxes and special bequests to his four children. This includes Danny, whose share is the end of his life remain a mystery. Did he ignore his lawyers' advice? In choosing not to establish a special-needs trust, did he want to free Daniel from the limits of government funding, to provide more for him than he would get from public assistance? The only person in a position to answer these questions is Miller's daughter Rebecca, but she refused numerous requests to be interviewed. In response to a lengthy list of questions about her father's decision to institutionalize his son, his relationship with Daniel, and his 39-year effort to keep his son's existence a secret, Rebecca Miller, who also has never spoken publicly about Daniel and would not permit him to be interviewed, wrote: "The only person who can truly answer your questions is my father, and he is dead."

It would be easy to judge Arthur Miller harshly, and some do. For them, he was a hypocrite, a weak and narcissistic man who used the press and the power of his celebrity to perpetuate a cruel lie. But Miller's behavior also raises more complicated questions about the relationship between his life and his art. A writer, used to being in control of narratives, Miller excised a central character who didn't fit the plot of his life as he wanted it to be. Whether he was motivated by shame, selfishness, or fear—or, more likely, all three—Miller's failure to tackle the truth created a hole in the heart of his story. What that cost him as a writer is hard to say now, but he never wrote anything approaching greatness after Daniel's birth. One wonders if, in his relationship with Daniel, Miller was sitting on his greatest unwritten play.

Today, Daniel Miller lives with the elderly couple who have long taken care of him, in a sprawling addition to their home that was built especially for him. He continues to receive daily visits from a state social worker, whom he's known for years. Although his father left him enough money to provide for everything he needs, Daniel has kept his job, which he loves and "is very proud of," according to Rebecca, who visits him with her family on holidays and during the summers. "Danny is very much part of our family," she said, and "leads a very active, happy life, surrounded by people who love him."

"WHAT A LOSS FOR ARTHUR MILLER THAT HE COULDN'T SEE HOW EXTRAORDINARY HIS SON IS."

Some wonder why Arthur Miller, with all his wealth, waited until death to share it with his son. Had he done so sooner, Daniel could have afforded private care and a good education. But those who know Daniel say that this is not how he would feel. "He doesn't have a bitter bone in his body," says Bowen. The important part of the story, she says, is that Danny transcended his father's failures: "He's made a life for himself; he is deeply valued and very, very loved. What a loss for Arthur Miller that he couldn't see how extraordinary his son is." It was a loss that Arthur Miller may have understood better than he let on. "A character," he wrote in *Timebends*, "is defined by the kinds of challenges he cannot walk away from. And by those he has walked away from that cause him remorse."
“I’m with Her!”

For a happening guy with a clothing line or a music career, hooking up with a starlet like Paris, Nicole, or Lindsay takes fame to a whole new level. On L.A.’s club scene, the author meets the boys who love the girls who love the spotlight

By Nancy Jo Sales

Lindsay dances, perched on a banquette, a hand held behind her head, eyes cast down as if in awe of her own amazing, undulating, ultra-famous 20-year-old bod. “Taint-ed lo-ove!” Soft Cell blares across the dance floor of L.A.’s Club LAX as Lindsay grinds her behind cheekily into the crotch of another dancing club girl, singing along, “O-oh!”

It’s April, midway through a heady spring of partying, before a video hits showing her allegedly doing coke in an L.A.-nightclub bathroom; before Georgia Rule doesn’t rule the box office; before she’s busted for D.U.I. and the L.A.P.D. says it found coke in her wrecked car, and she once again enters rehab.

But tonight, if L.A. nightlife were Yellowstone National Park, then Lindsay’s banquette dance would be Old Faithful, almost as reliable, and no less wondrous to behold. She’s got a halter top on, low-slung pants, no bra—the type of outfit Newsweek frets is spawning a “generation of prosti-tots,” because all the girls love Lindsay, their Little Miss Sunshine.

There’s Samantha Ronson, the tomboy D.J., bouncing excitedly next to her on the banquette; they’re B.F.F.’s (Best Friends Forever), as the gossip columns say, when
they’re not claiming the two are secretly lovers, as they will in the next news cycle.

But who’s that bunch of boys hanging around Lindsay’s booth? They’re the sort of boys who look like they might be on a reality show or a CWTV sitcom, or in some band. They’re wearing those fake vintage rock T-shirts and jaunty little porkpie hats favored by white homeboys who call each other “Bro.” They have those intricate forearm tattoos and that spiky Mark McGrath hair (circa 1999), which they frequently touch while thumbing their wireless devices. Call them Lords of the Fly.

They all look as if they might be famous—if only they were dating somebody like Lindsay. “We’re all rich fucks, living off our parents’ money,” one of them tells me blithely. They all watch Lindsay, trying not to appear too eager.

A 1 Gore may have been onto something in his new best-seller, The Assault on Reason, when he diagnosed America’s fascination with the antics of a group of B.F.F.’s, and sometimes frenemies, “Britney and KFed, and Lindsay and Paris to enjoy insta-fame on a dizzying level; it’s like winning the tabloid lottery.

It is to be chased by paparazzi, hounded by reporters, to have your mother in Sheboygan called and asked if she hears wedding bells. It’s to be granted access to the hottest parties and hot spots and hotels, as well as the company of other young and fetching fab females who may even start eying you with covetous curiosity or perhaps plans for revenge on their fellow starlets.

It’s to become a player in the very public staging of Mean Girls, which seems to ensue nightly out in L.A.’s clubland.

“The nightclub culture of L.A. are like soap operas,” Nicole wrote in her 2005 roman à clef, The Truth About Diamonds, which comes with 16 pages of color photos of Nicole. “There’s always some bizarre drama that plays out every night, and everyone in the cast—I mean, everyone—is great looking, stoned and/or drunk. It’s like a traveling freak show that stars the youngest and hottest in Hollywood. It’s about fun, and sex, and pseudo-danger.”

As the world reeds with real dangers—Global warming! Terrorism! War!—many

In the game of Hollywood hookups, you can link just about everybody except Kevin Bacon.

and Nicole,” as nothing less than a “serial obsession.” Paris was the most Googled person on the planet in 2006, while Gore himself didn’t break the Top 10.

Not a week, not even a day seems to go by without an onslaught of news about this chaotic crew which does indeed test the bounds of reason. In just the last few months, Paris was in, and then out, and then in, and out of jail again for driving with a suspended license while on probation for D.U.I.: Britney shaved her head, beat a paparazzo’s car with an umbrella, developed overnight abs of steel while appearing everywhere in disastrous wigs, and re-exposed various body parts. Nicole denied she was in rehab for anorexia again and that she was pregnant, despite the overjoyed whispering of “insiders”; and then there were Lindsay’s problems. A media maelstrom obediently followed.

None of this can possibly be lost on the young men who venture into the Paris-Nicole-Lindsay-Britney vortex as potential beaus. To date, bed, or wed—however briefly—any one of these young women (or their sister ilk, Jessica-Ashelee-Mandy-Kimberly-Mary-Kate-and-Ashley, et al) is have turned to Paris and Lindsay and Nicole and Britney to take their minds off it all. It’s a big responsibility for such slight young women, but, sadly, they have not disappointed.

T his party in April at Club LAX is called Banana Split, and Lindsay is its cherry—the biggest star in the room and hence the object of some speculation, even among the type ofarty party kids who get their gossip from Nylon in lieu of The National Enquirer.

“You think that’s really water in there?” a flat-eyed club girl asks me, watching Lindsay drink clear liquid from a plastic bottle.

The suspicious waif is repeating tabloidian claims that Lindsay has been sneaking spirits—something Lindsay has denied.

She got out of an L.A. rehab called Wonderland in January; in May she’ll enter Promises in Malibu.

Her father got out of a New York prison called the Collins Correctional Facility in March (he did 22 months for attempted assault and D.U.I.). Her mother has recently been seen posing in a fashion magazine, declaring, “If you can button it and clip it when you’re in your 40s, you’re going out!”

And now Lindsay’s coming over to me, looking a bit edgy.

“Who are you writing for, honey?” she demands, smoky-voiced, spotting my notepad.

She’s va-va-voom beautiful, but looks like she could use a night off.

I tell her, and ask why she cares.

“I’m sorry,” she then says sweetly, shaking her long dyed-platinum locks. “It’s just people can be so mean. See, I’m not working right now, so I’m just having fun for the next two weeks until I start working again, and things can get so misconstrued and people can be such liars—”

But all I can do is wonder why anything could be bothering her now—the tabloids say she’s keeping company with Jude Law.

A month later she’ll be seen on a Bahamian vacation with Calum Best, the balding British former fashion model and rather busy Lord of the Fly. Best, 26, has been “linked” to several English starlets as well as the MAW (model-actress-whatever) Kimberly Stewart, 27, daughter of Rod.

But the gossip press has also linked Lindsay to Bruce Willis, Johnny Knoxville, Colin Farrell, Joaquin Phoenix, Benicio del Toro, even Rush Hour 3 director Brett Ratner. “I mean, I would be dead if I’d slept with that many people!” she once protested.

S he did date Harry Morton. “Who had ever heard of Pink Taco before Harry Morton met Lindsay?” asks a nightlife publicist. The Mexican-restaurant-chain owner and Hard Rock-empire heir got some serious mole-selling mileage out of the union. Post-Lindsay, his business was featured all over the tabloids and in an episode of Entourage. Not that that’s why he boyfried her.

Before Morton, Lindsay dated Stavros Niarchos, the floppy-haired Greek shipping heir best known for also dating the anorexia-surviving Olsen twin (Mary-Kate) and Paris, who was in his car the night he was stopped by cops in L.A. for driving erratically, and delivered his signature line, “Baby, I’m fucking scaring myself!”

Lindsay might have taken up with Stavros to make Paris mad. Paris had him first. But this was post—Firecrotch—and the gloves were off. Infamously, oily heir Brandon Davis—a perpetually sweaty and bloated-looking Lord, unaffectionately known as “Greasy Bear,” and made famous by dating Paris and O.C. starlet Mischa Barton—spewed vulgar remarks about Lindsay’s fiery natural coloring as Paris looked on, giggling and recording it all on her cell phone.

“Paris has done horrible things to Lindsay,” says a young woman who sometimes rolls with their posse. “And still Lindsay will call her, saying, ‘I want to be friends again.’ Even after Firecrotch. She never had a high-school experience, and for her, this is it. And Paris is the leader of this tiny
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A clique of people who hang out together and do coke and hate each other. It’s just like Mean Girls—except with paparazzi.

In a November 2006 video available on YouTube, Lindsay can be seen saying, “Paris is a cunt,” to the crush of photographers who are always following these girls around. But then someone in her entourage snaps, “She’s kidding,” and mutters something to Lindsay, who blanches and rushes, “I never said that. Paris is my friend. I love her. I’ve known her since I was 15 years old,” in the same dulcet monotone as the soldiers brainwashed to praise Raymond Shaw in The Manchurian Candidate.

It was that same month that Paris allegedly walloped Lindsay. “[Paris] hit me last night, for no reason, apparently, at my friend’s house,” Lindsay says while brandishing a bruised elbow in another YouTube video. “I didn’t know she’d be there, and she hit me. She hit me with a drink and poured it all over me and it hurts and it’s not O.K.”

All this drama would seem enough to make anyone feel unstable, but alas, the Lords of the Fly probably can’t be counted on for much support, as they themselves have been known to wax unsporting. Before Stavros, Lindsay dated Wilmer Valderrama, the That ’70s Show sidekick and befuddlingly successful swordsman who went on Howard Stern and spoke in graphic detail about his exploits with former girlfriends Mandy Moore, Jennifer Love Hewitt, and Lindsay.

“Her breasts were real,” he declared. That ’70s Show was canceled last year. Valderrama’s next big project is the CHiPs movie (release date, 2009, or whenever). But in March he could be seen at New York’s Unik nightclub serenading Lindsay with Matchbox 20’s “Back 2 Good”: “I don’t know how to get it back to good.”


What ever happened to a boyfriend, to paraphrase Liz Phair, the kind of boy who won’t cheat on you with another Disney star? That’s what happened with Lindsay’s first boyfriend, Aaron Carter (towheaded teen flavor of the month, circa 2002), who she dated at the same time as her then arch-rival, Hilary Duff.

Which led to a major feud.

But then in March, according to People, the former Disney darlings buried the hatchet at Teddy’s, the L.A. nightclub where everything important seems to happen. “They dashed to the bathroom for a gossip session when Duff’s ex Joel Madden arrived with Nicole Richie…”

Ah, Nicole. In the round-robin “Kevin Bacon game” of Young Hollywood hookups (where you can link up just about everybody except Bacon, who has been with wife Kyra Sedgwick since 1988), we’re back at Club LAX, which is co-owned by Nicole’s former fiancé, DJ AM.

There he is, bopping away in the DJ booth, spinning “Super Freak” while surrounded by a bevy of dancing hipster blondes. AM, né Adam Goldstein, is an ac-
To date, bed, or wed any one of these young women is to enjoy insta-fame on a dizzying level.

He, Cisco, I saw your balls on Perez!” comes the throaty voice of Courtney Love across the crowded bar at the Chateau Marmont.

Cisco Adler nods, waves, laughs. “My balls are more famous than I am, how crazy is that?” he calls.

For those who have better things to do than With what people are saying about his package on the Internet. any lesser man would have caved and moved back to Maui—that’s where he grew up, before landing in Malibu at 20 and starting a southern-rock band called Whitestar, “the most famous band you’ve never heard of,” Cisco says. It’s also the unofficial band of Young Hollywood High. (Its struggle to move from virtual to actual fame is the subject of an upcoming VH1 reality show, The Rock Life—which just might actually make it famous.)

But despite having an avid following among his many famous friends, Cisco’s snapshot wasn’t winding up in the tabloids until he started dating Stewart, in 2003, and Barton, in 2005.

“I was sort of planning on meeting her,” he says of Mischa. “I’d seen her around and it happened, why not?” Yes, why not? Contrary to the conventional wisdom in Celebrity Blogland, rogueish Cisco is sorta sexy, with a bad-boy rock ‘n’ roll voice and a dirty little mustache.

So he has no problem picking up women—the ones he’s been in relationships with just happen to be famous, or the progeny of fame. “I’m not some serial star-dater,” he protests. “Mischa’s the most beautiful girl on the planet. Sometimes I would wake up and see her on the pillow next to me and be like, Oooh, there she is…”

“I wasn’t us that broke us up, it was all the other shit.”

The other shit: when they got together, Cisco’s ex Stewart (who’s perhaps best known for wiping out on a Harley-Davidson on a red carpet, alongside Paris, who laughed, and for having had a tattoo proclaiming DADDY’S LITTLE GIRL LOVES CISCO Re-done to read DADDY’S LITTLE GIRL LOVES DISCO) became an object of sympathy among her old school chums, namely Paris and Nicole.

To complicate matters further, the dynamic divas were also still B.F.F.’s with Mischa’s ex Brandon Davis (who had gone on to date Nicky Hilton, who went on to date elfin Entourage star Kevin Connolly, who reportedly punched Davis in the nose at a party for addressing him as “Whore”).

Last March, the Paris-Nicole-Kim-Mischa feud apparently began taking such a toll on sensitive Mischa’s mood that Cisco complained to a celebrity wire service that Paris should “but out and get a job. Has Paris nothing better to do than party and row with people?”

But now, a year later, Cisco says, “Look, they’re young, these girls, and they’re thrown this bucket of shit, and it makes them act kind of weird. If they were all locked in a room together they’d come out the best of friends.”

“Really?” I ask.

“Well maybe,” he says. “If they lived…”

It isn’t easy being a boyfriend of one of
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these much-sought-after starlets, Cisco says. “There’s no privacy. We were literally running away from paparazzi. They would camp outside my house.” When he’d finally had enough, he ended it, he says. “My dog died of pet-food poisoning. I broke up with my girlfriend, and this picture of my balls turns up on the Internet—that was the cherry on top.” Or maybe cherries.

He wistfully admits he misses Mischa. “I used to be a horrible cheater; in this last relationship I didn’t cheat once. I changed. Sometimes I used to cheat and go back and make love with my girlfriend on the same day! I used to get off on that. I used to think I was so dope.

“My dad was a womanizer,” he says. “So I always thought I had to be a womanizer. My dad’s a player, my dad’s one of the world’s greatest pimps ever. He’s cool, he’s brilliant.” Lou Adler, who produced Sam Cooke, the Mamas and the Papas, and Carole King, also produced seven sons with four women (including Britt Ekland); he’s also a good friend of fellow bad boy Jack Nicholson.

But now Cisco’s reminding me of something a publicist I know said: “The younger generation in Hollywood craves validation from their parents. They feel like they’ll never be as cool as them—and you know what? They won’t.”

“I’ve got a little Rod Stewart in my voice, don’t you think?” Cisco asks.

“What has held back my band is that people are more interested in my father or my girlfriends than my band!” he laments. (Whitestarr’s first album, Luv Machine, which is naughty fun, sold around 10,000 copies.)

“It’s a double-edged sword,” said my publicist friend. “People don’t notice these guys until they date these famous girls—and then they resent being noticed for the girls. It’s the Star Is Born syndrome.” Or at least the starlet.

Later at Hyde, the lush lounge du jour, Cisco says, “L.A. nightlife is a very small world.”

At the front of the club, a glamorous-looking Nicole simpers as her boyfriend, Good Charlotte lead singer Joel Madden, D.J.’s.

“I suck tonight!” Joel can be heard complaining to real D.J. Steve Aoki.

Meanwhile, Lindsay’s sitting at a banquet alone (or with club owner Brett Bolehouse), looking apprehensive and seemingly keeping her distance from Nicole.

Obvious, Cisco and some buddies are doing tequila shots at the stylish bar at the back of the club—site of the Homeric, October 2006 battle between Paris and Shanna Moakler, the estranged wife of +44 drummer Travis Barker, who had been photographed with Paris in what the tabloids call a “liplock.”

Paris said Shanna hit her; Shanna said Paris’s ex Stavros “Baby, I’m Fucking Stealing Myself” Niarchos poured a drink on her. Police reports were filed by both blondes.

“If I find a girl, I’m out. I make no apologies,” Cisco is saying.

Within minutes, he’s making eye contact with a Mischa-like model type he starts referring to as “The Jumper”—either because she’s wearing one, or because he’s planning on jumping her.

“It’s on,” he says lightly, although they haven’t even spoken yet.

Moments later, one of his boys is informing him, “These girls want to run a train!” (i.e., have an orgy).


With all the shallow hookups going on in Hollywood, no wonder some young couples want to have a real relationship—one built on something besides a publicity advantage.

Take Joel and Nicole.

NICOLE AND JOEL: IT’S A BOY AND A WEDDING! NICOLE AND JOEL: KEEPING THINGS HOT! tabloids have claimed. “Nicole Richie and her beau, Joel Madden [sic] smooth the night away in Las Vegas!” aww’d PerezHilton.com (where apparently, any friend of Paris’s is a friend of Perez’s.

Well, it isn’t their fault that since they started dating last December, the twosome have appeared almost every week in almost every tabloid, teen mag, gossip column, and celebrity blog.

There was even a video of them frolicking on a beach in Cabo San Lucas. (Frolicking-on-the-beach shots of couples seem to be a trend, ever since Brad and Angelina’s in the summer of 2005.) Joel, clad in black, and looking rather uncomfortable, stood on a rock simulating kung fu moves. One creative blogger set it to the tune “Kung Fu Fighting.”

But some people are so cynical as to be skeptical about how these stories get generated. “These girls love being in the paper,” says the young lady who sometimes twinkle in their constellation. “I think they’re addicted to it the same way people are addicted to drugs. They call the tabloids on themselves. The high-school yearbook gets printed every week and the most popular kid is the one with the most pictures.”

Which would mean that Nicole was on the verge of becoming prom queen—until June, when Paris eclipsed her coverage-wise with her incarceration drama. But now, with her possible pregnancy, Nicole may be poised to snatch back the crown.

WILL NICOLE RICHIE’S TINY MAYBE-FETUS PREVENT JAIL TIME? asked Gawker.com, referring to Nicole’s own troubles with the law. In December 2006, she was arrested for D.U.I. after steering her Mercedes the wrong way onto an exit ramp of the 134 in L.A. (She’s due in court this month.) She admitted to having used marijuana and Vicodin before the incident, “for period pain.” She listed Joel as her “emergency contact.” Awwww…

He seems good for her, the tabloids say; she looks good. And he takes a good picture—the camera loves Joel Madden, who photographs edgy. “I like really pale. I like really skinny,” Nicole has said. “I like people that look kind of homeless.” Madden’s pop-punk band has sold millions of records. He’s been on the cover of Rolling Stone. So he’s not some scammer; and, judging from this passage in her book, Nicole has known boys who fit that bill:

“Boyfriend? Hardly. I think it was obvious to everyone that Chip just wanted anything Chloe could rub off on him. If he got a little sex out of her, even better. He never said it, but girls know this stuff.”

A girl who’s smart enough to know that “stuff” might also know what could “rub off” on her, too. Nicole said on The Tyra Banks Show that her real dream is to be a singer, like her pop, Lionel Richie. Now she’s working on an album—she’s already released a song, “Dandelion”—and Joel has been helping her in the studio.

Hey, maybe Al Gore should rethink this Assault on Reason thing; maybe these crazy celebrity love stories should really run in the business section. After all, being famous is a business, and publicity pays off.

Maybe Joel could be Puffy to Nicole’s J.Lo; he seems to know what he’s doing. Good Charlotte has a huge fan base among the sort of angst-ridden young adolescents who shop at Hot Topic, the punk-clothing chain store where you can always find black
lipstick. Despite being scorched by critics (The New York Times called the band’s recent album, Good Morning Revival, “mystifyingly inept”), Good Charlotte has been heartily embraced by the corporate world; they even played the 2003 “NFL Kickoff Concert” on the D.C. Mall.

And for Nicole, this is promotion time: the fifth season of The Simple Life premiered in May; she’s launching a line of jewelry and accessories, and her own perfume and sunglasses. So it’s not a bad thing to be seen on the arm of a cute guy—especially one who just went on an international tour (with Nicole by his side).

“I don’t think Nicole would date anyone just for publicity,” says the young lady who knows her. “She’s very romantic. She hates to be alone. When she’s with a boyfriend, she’s with him. She clings to her boyfriends.”

“Then I hold on,” say the lyrics to “Dandelion,” “hold on hold on hold on hold on / And I tell myself hold on hold on hold on hold on yeah hold on…”

I’m surprised to see Nicole when she walks into Glammy, dark, and cavernous Teddy’s with Joel, one night in April, when he and I have an appointment. She wasn’t supposed to come, but it’s nice that she did.

She looks incredible. She looks... like Paris. It’s a dazzling sort of magic trick, the way Nicole, 25, has transformed herself into this chic gamine—tonight in a little black dress and five-inch heels.

“What’s up, bitch?” I say, adopting her Simple Life lingo.

“What’s up, bitch,” she says flatly. She immediately orders French fries. The rumors of her eating disorder are dispelled. Joel orders a burger and a drink. He’s the quintessential Lord, dressed in his usual black, his arms laced with tattoos, his hair studiously spiky. He’s 28.

We talk about L.A. nightlife and what’s hot. “It’s all about the freshest kids,” says Joel, enthusiastic. “The 19-year-old dude at like, Cinespace—another Steve Aoki/Dim Mak hangout—who has the freshest sneakers he made himself, some crazy scarf he made, and you’re like, That kid’s fresh! That’s what it’s all about right now.”

Nicole listens, grinning her inscrutable frown-grin. I ask her if she liked Good Charlotte before meeting Joel. (They say they met “through a friend.”)


Joel throws a heavy arm around her. She frowns-grins. I ask if it’s true they’re engaged. Joel says, “No, no, no.” Nicole shakes her head.

Nobody says anything for a long minute.

Now some of their friends have arrived: Benji Madden, Joel’s identical twin and Good Charlotte’s lead guitarist; he’s dressed almost exactly like Joel, and with his fiancee, the blonde Australian pop singer Sophie Monk.

Nicole perks up and shows Sophie her new handbag (it’s big and gold and looks expensive). Sophie ahhs.

Some other unknown girls and a guy come, too.

“He’s the most amazing hairstylist,” says Joel, who’s originally from Maryland. “He does my hair.”

Now the adjacent booth has become filled with Lindsay and Samantha (Ronson) and an assortment of the Lords of the Fly. Again Lindsay seems to be keeping her distance.

—It was just last week, after all, that the tabloids claimed she had her makeup session with Hilary Duff—Joel’s ex and Nicole’s current nemesis. On her new album, Dignity, Duff has a song entitled “Gypsy Woman,” which allegedly takes a swipe at Nicole, whose nickname is apparently Gypsy: “Talks with a grin cause she’s got no shame! Enjoyed the fame, bringin’ down the family name.”

Oh no Duff dih-int. Well, maybe Nicole will respond on her album...

“If someone’s dope, if someone’s fresh—it doesn’t matter who he is,” Joel’s explaining to me what makes someone cool. “You
I ask him if it's true he dated Lindsay Lohan. Again he laughs. "A lot more— and a lot less— happened with Lindsay than people think." So be it.

He says his new partner is a girl and she is famous, but he won't say who she is because "I've seen what media exposure can do to relationships.

Like make both people really, really famous. "Ashlee and Pete: Hooked on each other," said the Star in May. "Ashlee supports her man, said Us Weekly. The same month, when the surgically altered starlet showed up in New York for the opening of Wentz's East Village bar, Angels and Kings. "Ashley [sic] Simpson was pouting in a corner," Jay McNerney, who also showed up, along with Jay-Z, reported in his House & Garden column.

But InTouch says, Pete and Ashlee: happy together. As they should be. They're both getting mega-press, which helps Ashlee too: she's working on a new album. Geffen Records chairman Ron Fair called the project "very tricky" because of the "prejudices" against her.

"It gives her some musical cred to be with him," says a record-industry publicist.

part of his M.O.—his emo M.O., if you will.

He's wearing a shirt with a picture of Andy Warhol and dollar signs all over it. To some miffed fans, Fall Out Boy has become known as "Sell Out Boy."

"They keep telling me I'm a mogul," Wentz tells me.

"Are you a mogul?", I ask.

"That's what they keep telling me," he says.

His publicist at Island—Def Jam already told me, "He's a mogul," concerned that Pete not be equated with other young men who are not moguls. (Wentz has a boutique clothing line with Donna Karan called Clandestine, part of his Clandestine Industries.)

He keeps checking his wireless device, which is white and kind of girly-looking.

I ask him if it's true he's dating Ashlee Simpson. He laughs and says, "No. But I am dating someone. Say it's a dude."

"I don't think anybody's all one thing sexually," he says. "I don't think anybody's sexuality is fixed." He's wearing a lot of eyeliner, his trademark look. "I keep giving interviews where I lead people to think I'm bi," he says. "So be it."

"And it expands the band's tween market. for him to be with her. So it works out well for both of them."

Could Wentz—or anyone—really be that calculating? But he seems so sensitive: he tells me he tried to kill himself, in February of 2005, before Fall Out Boy made it big. "You did?," I say. "Wow." He just shrugs. It's all over the Internet. He's mentioned it before.

When we say good-bye, he drives off to the airport to meet Ashlee, as I later find out from the gossip rags. There's a picture of them at LAX, before they board a plane to New York, smiling giddily and looking just crazy about each other.

Once upon a time, there was a young man named Kevin Federline, who hailed from Fresno, California. Dangerously good-looking—or perhaps just dangerous-looking—he made it as a backup dancer for Justin Timberlake and Michael Jackson. But his dream was to be a rapper.

Then in 2004 he met Britney Spears—lest we forget, the eighth-best-selling female recording artist in U.S. history—and he promptly married her, leaving his baby-mama, actress Shar Jackson, who was not a star but just a starlet, as well as pregnant with their second child.

"My moms used to call me 'the Womanizer' when I was younger," says Kevin Federline.
that scarf makes you feel like poetry in motion, do your glasses?
Giuliani's Princess Bride

Judith Giuliani always dreamed big, which got her out of small-town Pennsylvania, through two marriages, and into the arms of Rudy Giuliani. But, as her husband runs for president, people are asking, “Who does she think she is?”

By Judy Bachrach

It was the first anniversary of 9/11 at Ground Zero, an occasion when the names of the dead were read aloud. The first reader was to be Rudy Giuliani, New York’s mayor at the time of the disaster, whose actions during those terrible days would prove a political boon.

An army of policemen flanked him—an excessive number, spectators thought, since, due to the hundreds of dignitaries gathered, security outside was extremely tight.

Inside the tent were Secretary of State Colin Powell, New York governor George Pataki, Richard Grasso, who was then head of the New York Stock Exchange, and New York mayor Michael Bloomberg. Senator Hillary Clinton stood in the aisle—until she was unceremoniously pushed by a phalanx of four burly cops entering the tent, these guarding Judith Nathan, Giuliani’s girlfriend. No apologies were offered, one observer noted.

“The nerve of that woman!” Hillary exploded, reciting that her own daughter’s Secret Service tail evaporated soon after Bill Clinton left office. Why should an ex-mayor’s girlfriend get such royal treatment? “Who does she think she is?” Hillary said to an observer, who later recounted the story.

An interesting question. Who does Judith Stish Ross Nathan Giuliani think she is? These days, even with her husband, a freshly minted multi-millionaire, far ahead of the competition in the Republican presidential polls, no one, least of all Judith, 52, seems to have a clue. In a way, this is understandable. There have been so many different Judths. As her second husband, Bruce Nathan, has told friends, “She is in an ever changing mode upward.”

Three decades ago, Judi Ann Stish, as she was known in Hazleton, Pennsylvania, left her parents’ home, a gray two-story house fronted by potted geraniums and a ribbon of flagstone. Fifteen years ago, while working for $1,200 a month as a part-time receptionist, she was living on borrowed money and the hospitality of...
Taste Paradise.
friends—and threatening her estranged second husband with prosecution over a $3,500 rug. "Judi started from scratch, so of course she grabs every opportunity that comes into her life," Manos Zacharioudakis, her onetime live-in companion, tells me. "Of course she was attracted to Giuliani."

Today she and Giuliani, when they are not boarding private Gulfstream IV jets to Europe or trying to woo voters, shuttle between a $4 million Hamptons house and a $5 million nine-room Upper East Side apartment near Madison Avenue, its dining room walnut-paneled and crammed with crystal, china, and linen from Scully & Scully. Her annual salary has also improved: $125,000, evidently for helping to write some of the speeches Giuliani likes to give (for which he received $11.7 million between January 2006 and March 2007).

A dramatic transformation has occurred, one she does not care to discuss, despite repeated requests by Vanity Fair. She had always been known as "Judi." "Judi is what she was born. I don't think we called her Judith ever," says her father, Donald Stish, 78, seated on his porch one sultry June day in the shade of a gray metal awning. He is a calm, thick-set man who marvels at his daughter's make-over. After her second divorce, she upgraded herself to "Judith" with such vehemence that, one former Giuliani aide confides, "at City Hall we were prohibited from calling her Judi. She would bawl us out if we did."

For years she appeared, in the public record, to have had only one failed marriage, but as it turned out she'd had two. It seemed that

This comes as a surprise to at least one of Judith's acquaintances. Asked if he knew Judith was writing speeches, one former Giuliani aide replied, "Holy cow! God forbid!"

The details of Judith's life have also undergone some refurbishing. Her monogrammed hand-stitched napkins embraced by thick silver napkin rings are on display, along with the new cigar room designed for her husband, and a mantelpiece adorned with white porcelain figurines of Winston Churchill, the statesman with whom Giuliani likes to invite comparison. She struck an odalisque pose in Hamptonstyle magazine, and appeared robed in a floor-length burgundy gown by Carolina Herrera on the cover of Avenue magazine, whose editorial director, Pamela Gross, accompanies her frequently, especially when TV cameras are present. ("Never get between Pamela, Judith, and a camera," advises one observer.) Judith sits in the front rows of fashion shows, her hair freshly styled by a full-time assistant lured from Frédéric Fekkai, and, when asked to pose, thrusts out an obliging hip for the cameras. Although she informed WWD, "I have no room for shopping in my life," she buys Dolce & Gabbana.

Within Giuliani's camp the picture of who Judith is not much clearer. "When I see her, she's only interested in my jewelry, where I buy my dresses," says a friend of the former mayor's. "Does anyone really know Judith Giuliani? Let's be honest: no one does."

The Giuliani people certainly wish to keep it that way. "I'm hearing bad reports about you. Bad reports. You interviewed Mrs. Giuliani's father, in Hazleton!" Mike McKeon, the campaign spokesman, barks at me within four hours of the encounter. "We're not allowed to talk to the press." Judith's mother, Joan, says nervously when she discovers me interviewing her husband. She is a short, brisk woman in black trousers—she shares with Judith a small, purposeful mouth—who expresses despair over her husband's candor and wants me to shred my notes on the carpeted porch.

Bits of the real Judith are scattered all over the country: in the South, East, and West. They must be carefully pieced together.

When Judi met Rudy, he was mayor of New York and married to the actress Donna Hanover, who is the mother of his children, Andrew, now 21, and Caroline, 18. At the time, the family was liv-
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ing in Gracie Mansion. In retrospect, it is odd it took Hanover so long to catch on. By then she had endured at least one very public embarrassment as a result of her husband’s roving eye. In the late 90s, Cristyne Lategano, the mayor’s press secretary, had been widely assumed, despite Lategano’s heated denials, to hold a special place in his heart. By March 1999, however, Hanover was breathing easier, even as Lategano grew anxious. According to knowledgeable sources, Lategano was well aware there was a change in her friend the mayor, a sudden mysterious chill.

It was around this time that Judith Nathan met Giuliani at Club Macanudo, the pullout bed in the living room.” Zacharioudakis tells me, adding that he didn’t mind the cramped quarters. He found Judi to be “a beautiful, sensual, erotic creature.” She was no pushover, he adds. “She will fight teeth and claws in order for her dignity not to be abused.”

Still, after four years, he says, “you get bored, the passion is not the same.” Moreover, “she wanted to get married.” He did not.

With that revelation, their relationship fell apart, inducing in Judi some bitterness, he recalls, “because she had invested some years in this.” When he came home at night, she would leave. It was on one of these forays that she met Giuliani—not that Zacharioudakis knew this at the time. In retrospect, however, he understands her fascination. “Giuliani was the No. 1 man in New York!” he says. And Judi was thrilled.

The mayor began to spend his weekends—accompanied, as the New York Post reported, by a detail of detectives, which may have cost taxpayers $3,000 a try—on weekends, where Judith owned a condominium. Since he had until then always accounted for his weekends, says the incisive Giuliani biographer Wayne Barrett, “his press office started telling reporters, ‘He’s teaching Andrew how to play golf.’ Now, Andrew’s old enough to understand—he has to be aware that his father used him as a beard!”

At the annual Saint Patrick’s Day Parade, in 2000, Judith marched right behind the mayor. She was by his side when he went to the hospital for prostate tests a month later and then learned he had cancer. When he decided to leave Hanover, in May, he made a public announcement—“Judit Nathan is a very, very fine person” were his words, “and I’m going to need her more now than maybe I did before.” That was how his wife of 16 years discovered her marriage was over.

Donna consulted a divorce lawyer, the Daily News revealed later that month, and learned she could potentially bar Judith from Gracie Mansion as “poisonous to the home environment.” Giuliani canceled his Senate run.

From then on, the couple seemed to grow even closer. “The cancer really got to Rudy because of his own feelings about mortality. He is very, very afraid of death,” says a friend. “As his career went downhill, he was being publicly flogged about Donna. Judi was totally loyal. She reflected the essence of what he considered important. Loyalty.” Giuliani’s divorce lawyer, Raoul Felder, tells me that Judi and Rudy “used to go early in the morning for treatment” to Mount Sinai Hospital. One evening there was a public stroll with Judith for the benefit of the media.

An aide from that time recalls that Judith wasn’t disliked—at first—nor did she come as a surprise. “We had been through this all before. When they first come around, they’re nice. Until they realize the power they have over him.”

Who was this new girlfriend, worried staffers wondered. Their suspicions aroused, they began checking into her background.

Giuliani invited Judith everywhere: to Yankees games in the summer of ’99, to Cuker’s restaurant, to the millennium celebration in Times Square, and to Town Hall meetings. This lack of restraint was not unusual for him: “Rudy has no willpower when it comes to relationships. This is why it’s such an issue,” says a Giuliani friend.

By 1999 he had acquired only the thinnest veneer of discretion—even though at the time he was seriously planning a Senate run against Hillary Clinton. “I was told Judith was Kate Anson’s best friend and that’s why she was going to all these big events… Everyone was told that,” reports one top aide from that era. Anson was and still is Giuliani’s loyal scheduler.

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people,” says an old friend. “They ate dinner every night at five p.m. Salad was not something they knew much about. Hoagies and potatoes and corn they knew about.”

Their only son, Donald, born with his umbilical cord around his neck, was always frail, according to two family friends. Three years ago, the father says with simple gravity, “while Donnie was praying, he just fell over slowly and passed away. It was like someone was holding him up until he dropped.”

Judith, the second child, was the family star, as far as her parents were concerned. “They were just enamored with this daughter of theirs who left,” says an old friend.

“If you had told me back when we were in high school that one day Judi would move to New York and marry a presidential candidate. I wouldn’t have been in the least surprised,” says Gemma Matteo, a former classmate of Judi’s, now a special education teacher in Hazleton. In an era of blue jeans and rebellion, Judi was a fresh-faced, meticulously groomed enigma—quiet, self possessed, biding her time. “Very prim and proper, not a hair out of place,” according to Holly Ciotola, another former classmate. “She was always in a dark blazer, white collared shirt, and dark skirt.”

In 1974 she graduated from St. Luke’s School of Nursing, in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. As a registered nurse, young Judi spent only a few months at Sacred Heart Hospital, in Allentown, Pennsylvania. She would never care for patients after that. She had other plans. At 19 she married Jeffrey Ross, a U.S. Surgical salesman six years her senior.

In short order both Rosses were working in Charlotte, North Carolina, for U.S. Surgical (now part of Tyco Healthcare), which eventually grew into a billion-dollar enterprise marketing surgical staplers. Judi was excellent at her work, and earned $40,000 a year by the late 70s. But problems arose when animal-rights groups began investigating the way the company sold its products—problems recently pointed out by the New York press. U.S. Surgical used dogs in demonstrations to doctors and hospitals as part of its marketing plan.

“Every salesperson at U.S. Surgical was trained for six weeks with dogs at Lincoln Hospital in the Bronx, and that was really brutal,” explains a former employee. “They spent days and days with dogs, taking out the spleen or stomach or the lobe of a lung. Then if the dog started moaning or fidgeted, whoever was closest would push more sedative into him from the syringe. It was horrible. Then the dog would be killed with potassium chloride.”

After training, the salespeople marketed the staplers to doctors, and, once again, in many cases large dogs were used, as they had organs comparable in size to those possessed by humans. “After the stapling, sometimes they’d put a big clamp above and below the staple lines of the dog, and fill [the area] with lots of fluid,” the ex-employee says. “It would fill up like a balloon, and the salesperson would say to the doctor, ‘See—it doesn’t leak!’ That’s how they marketed and sold the product.” (Some years ago, former C.E.O. Leon Hirsch defended the company’s practice of using dogs, claiming that there was no proper substitute.)

WABC radio host Ron Kuby, a lawyer and severe Giuliani critic, marvels at the campaign’s sublime lack of preparation for the storm of fury that greeted the dog issue, in April. “Think of all the hacks and politicos who sit down and they say to Judi, ‘O.K.,’ we’ve gone through your background, husband, friends, etc...” he muses. “Is there any other thing in your background, some crazy little thing, that might catch someone’s attention? It’s at that point you should raise your hand and say, ‘Oh, you mean when I was killing puppies?’”

But for some reason the campaign entered the ring gloveless. “I wouldn’t dignify it with a comment” was Giuliani’s reply when asked about the use of dogs.

The details of the night they met have been hidden and altered.

Bruce Nathan, dark, handsome, and 28, was earning a modest salary in 1979 selling wallpaper in the South when he met Judi Ross, by then separated from her first husband. Five days after the Rosses were divorced, Bruce and Judi wed, and she moved into his small house, in Charlotte, North Carolina.

Two years later the couple left for Atlanta, where, in 1985, they adopted Whitney. They settled into a more spacious house with a portico of black-and-white marble. Judi joined the Junior League. But it was clear to her intimates that none of this was enough.

“Judi’s goal was always to go to New York. Why do you think? Because it’s the capital of the world!” says a friend from that era. The Nathans moved to New York in 1987, the year the stock market plunged, and along with it, Bruce’s prospects of selling a lot of wallpaper on the East Coast.

It was growing obvious to Judi that, to quote one of Bruce’s friends, “his was not a bottomless pit of money.” The couple had rented what is described by an old friend as “a teeny-weeny apartment on the Upper East Side.”

“They never could afford a big co-op on Park Avenue and she wanted it,” says another friend. “I think Bruce wasn’t doing well enough for her, and she was ambitious.”

Pretty soon these friends heard the same stories that would eventually find their way into court papers: Bruce would claim that his wife called him “a kike; when I couldn’t afford something; a rich little kike,...Jew boy.” Certainly he felt they had entirely different ambitions. “Unlike my wife, I was not a social climber,” he would later observe. “My wife’s ‘main goal’ in life was being involved...”
reproductions. In the cupboards were a few trinkets from Lalique and six Baccarat glasses. About the only item of value was the $3,500 Aubusson rug Judi would later fight for.

Outwardly, Judi appeared happy enough, says Marilyn Stein, a friend who still lives in the neighborhood. On the other hand, Stein notes, “I always got the feeling that for her the move was temporary.”

Certainly Judi was eager to increase the couple’s income. Her husband had had to take a 10 percent cut in his $80,000 a year salary. In the last months of her brief California sojourn, Judi signed on as a saleswoman for DynaMed Surgical, which makes ophthalmologic products. “Very, very loving,” Stein says, “to Outwardly. neighborhood. move and work the An Bakke’s notes, says “VANITY a also in vain. ‘My kid was just gone,’ he tells friends these days.

There is no doubt that Judi Nathan faced tough times when she moved back to New York more than a decade ago. She and Whitney initially had to live with friends. Her first job there, as a dental receptionist, was not substantial enough to defray her legal fees, which came to just under $28,000; it was her parents, by then retired in Hazleton, who lent her much of the money, after taking out a second mortgage on their house. Whitney went to the exclusive Spence School, in Manhattan, on a partial scholarship.

Even the $1,600 a month in alimony payments and the resumption of her work as a hospital sales rep, this time for Bristol-Myers Squibb, didn’t wholly lighten Judi’s load. “She didn’t have an easy life bringing up a child in New York as a single mother,” says Felder, Giuliani’s divorce lawyer, whom she hired when Bruce sued for custody of their daughter, six years ago.

Whitney, whom Judith described to the judge as “this precious little paper doll,” was, her mother announced, fighting anorexia, in bad trouble, and associating with the wrong kids. “Failing, school, missing classes,” Felder added. Inside the courtroom, Bruce couldn’t believe his ears as his former wife offered up every one of Whitney’s adolescent issues for inspection. “Her mother publicly came out with this stuff about her own child! You want to screw up a kid? There’s a good way!” a family confident recalls. The teenage Whitney, adds this friend, was “confused, furious, and upset” by her mother’s decision to air her problems. There was also fear that the court’s judges would be swayed by Giuliani’s clout. “We’re talking about an extremely powerful man here,” Bruce worried aloud.

“My wife drinks often,” Bruce had maintained for years. “She is a manipulator and pathological liar and exaggerator.” It was all fuel for the tabloids. Everything in Judi’s life was.

“The newspapers talked about her $3,000 pocketbooks and all this stuff. None of this was true,” says Felder. “No, she was a very prudent shopper who would go to the store and buy hundred-dollar copies of whatever.” The lawyer recalls his client “switching outfits very carefully. She’d wear the dark pearls, not real ones, with the white blouse. She didn’t have money.”

And when she met Giuliani, Felder adds, he didn’t have much money, either, “because Rudy was living on a county’s salary”—$195,000 a year—and had no inherited wealth, and was supporting his family very, very well.” Giuliani’s final settlement with Hanover obliged him to pay her $6.8 million. Prior to that arrangement, her lawyer told the press, she had seriously considered a trial, along with subpoenas to both Judith and Lategano.

The entire divorce battle was played out badly in the press. When Hanover sued to prevent Judith from entering Gracie Mansion, and also refused to move out with her children, Felder announced one bright Mother’s Day that New York’s resolute First Lady “will have to be dragged from the chain of the chandeliers in Gracie Mansion by the next mayor… She doesn’t care what happens to the children. She cares about getting her name in the paper and embarrassing the mayor and getting more movie roles.”

“Yes, the children were upset,” recalls a close confidant of the Giuliani kids, who is not referring simply to the unraveling of their parents’ marriage. Far worse “was an application for Dad to allow Mrs. Nathan into Gracie Mansion. That kind of thing was very disconcerting to everyone.”

In the midst of all this family strife came 9/11: the deaths, the turmoil, the necessary absences and preoccupations of the Giuliani children’s father.

Judith tried valiantly to fill this vacuum. “When Andrew had a football game in New Jersey, say, and Rudy would have to appear on ABC, it would be Judith who’d be the one pushing to make sure the schedule was set up so he could go to Andrew’s game, and I know this for a fact,” says one former aide who in other respects can be critical of Judith. “Caroline—she wouldn’t want her to miss dinner with her father, so Judith made sure his schedule would accommodate that dinner.” A pause. “She could be a bitch to everybody else but not to his kids.”

There were other efforts at reaching out. Soon after the Twin Towers fell, Judith volunteered at the Family Assistance Center, on Pier 94. When Paul O’Neill of the Yankees came by, Judith got the star right fielder to sign a ball, which she then...
**THE**

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**THE SKIRT-CHASING EVIL TYRANT**

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The position of "Mrs. Giuliani" has not historically been a secure post.

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that Judith was in a snit after discovering she and Rudy were at separate tables.

She has become used to getting her way. An organizer of a recent fashion shoot received a call from one of Rudy’s business associates warning her to address his wife as Judith. According to this source, Judith became so smitten with the dress she was modeling “that she simply didn’t want to take it off. She didn’t offer to pay. She made it very clear she wanted it for free. You know how it is when someone stalks.” Instead, says this source, Judith kept repeating a kind of mantra: “I’m a sample size, I’m a sample size.”

The fashion insider sighs. “But the problem was the dress was a sample, and the designer’s only sample. But she was very persistent. We had almost a metaphorical tugging of the dress away!” And not just that dress. “There were a number of items she tried on. There was greed in the air. We finally brokered a deal with the designer to give her some sort of discount for the dress.”

Around the office of Giuliani Partners, it is said, Sunny Mindel, Giuliani’s communications director, spoke of the need for providing an entire plane seat for Judith’s “Baby Louis”—a reference to her Louis Vuitton handbag, which sits in solitary splendor on her travels.

If Giuliani’s third wife became less popular as time went on, it was in part due to the feeling that she had a private list of Rudy loyalists she wanted fired. “The atmosphere is slippery, but not always venomous,” says one. “You just realize there’s an agenda here: she’s worming her way in so she can push you out.” Papir, for instance, was fired five years ago after word got around that he had called Judith a “princess” behind her back. But there are others, two sources say, of whom she patently disapproves. “Kate Anson, his scheduler, and this was the person who was so nice to her—everyone likes her!” says one Giuliani friend, holding up fingers to enumerate those of whom Judith disapproves. “Matt Mahoney [now deputy senior political adviser]—he loves Rudy. And Tony Carbonetti too, that’s the other person Judith hates.... He would never be confrontational. His job is Rudy.”

A shrug. “Anyone supportive of him, close to him—Judith wants them fired. A lot of the senior staff... She just gets furiously jealous and treats them like shit!”

And her ire is apparently not confined to staff. “Listen. She can be very, very abrasive. At him!” says a close friend. There have been blowups, say those who have witnessed them, and obtuse demands. Some years ago on a plane to Japan, Judith became so angry at her husband, says a close Giuliani friend, that Rudy, who “couldn’t take it anymore,” moved to the back of the aircraft, switching places with an advance man.

In a massive Baden-Baden hotel suite five years ago, an observer tells me, a loud quarrel erupted when Judith pointedly denied one of her husband’s requests. She refused to remove her toiletries case from a bedroom reserved for a policeman, claiming it would be bothersome, since the case was already unpacked. In Mexico, I am told, at a time when security was very tight and armored S.U.V.’s were deemed necessary, she asked her husband to leave the car to retrieve a bag of health bars she had mislaid.

There are also, of late, large expenses: a Palm Beach house Rudy bought for the elder Stishes, and other lavish purchases by Judith. Around New York, reporters are hearing that she recently spent $40,000 in a week. “Driving him crazy” is the phrase used.

There have been public missteps as well. In April, for example, she spoke before fellow Republicans of her unrivaled ability “to pick up the phone as Judith Giuliani” to get charitable contributions, at which point the tabloids made a meal of what they perceived to be her vainglory. However, it was clearly a phrase that came from Judith’s heart: a tribute less to herself than to the clout of her husband, to whom she is indebted for whatever power she holds, for however long she holds it.

The position of “Mrs. Giuliani” has not historically been a secure post. Although the candidate has lately been warned by advisers to avoid any hint of scandal, there is a sense that perhaps he’s not listening. “Does a leopard change its spots?” says one close friend. Recently, Starr Shephard, a Texan who informs me she used to be on the “U.S. world team of rhythmic twirling gymnastics,” emerged in The National Enquirer, which ran a story suggesting she might be a Giuliani love interest. “I am not having an affair with Rudy Giuliani. I do not need a political power stick,” the 36-year-old redhead says when I call her. “I believe in his vision and his voice even if I do not believe in his family.”

“What do you mean by that?” I wonder.

“Oh, you know, you hear things about his family,” she replies.

“God Bless America for his power,” Shephard writes on MySpace. Beneath a photo of herself and Rudy there is a promise that he will “advance our one nation under God.”

Naturally, Judith is on her guard. “And who are you?” she inquired of an attractive and prominent Republican woman who embraced her husband during a chance encounter in a New York restaurant. The wom-

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**In the ladies’ room, observers got a glimpse of the real Judith.**

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SEPTEMBER 2007

[Image: "BLUE DIVA Judith and Rudy Giuliani at the opening night of the Metropolitan Opera in New York, September 25, 2006."]

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Spotlight

CHARLIE COX

Cox is currently in Stardust, with Michelle Pfeiffer and Claire Danes.

CHANNING TATUM

Tatum will star with Charlize Theron in Battle in Seattle and with Ryan Phillippe in Stop Loss.

ZAC EFRON

Efron can be seen with John Travolta in this summer’s Hairspray.

THE BOYS WITH THE BUZZ

ou haven’t heard of them yet, but if scores of hysterical teenage girls in chat rooms are a gauge of the future, you’re looking at the next Brad, Heath, Jake, and Ewan. A former Bruce Weber model and still a singer for the rock band Tribe, Steven Strait will star in Roland Emmerich’s 10,000 B.C., a chest-boring spectacle about prehistoric man. Channing Tatum (also a former Bruce Weber model) impressed viewers and critics in the indie hit A Guide to Recognizing Your Saints. He’ll soon be seen in Stop Loss, Kimberly Peirce’s first film since Boys Don’t Cry (1999), as part of a hot-young-actor cast that includes Ryan Phillippe. Before that, catch Tatum in Battle in Seattle, with Charlize Theron. London-born Charlie Cox was rigorously trained as an actor at Sherborne School, in Dorset, England, paving the way for a pair of high-profile costume dramas: The Merchant of Venice, with Al Pacino, and Cosonovo, with Heath Ledger. The young hero is currently starring in Stardust, with Michelle Pfeiffer, Claire Danes, and Robert De Niro. Zac Efron, whose musical-theater background and dreamboat positive energy helped make the television show High School Musical something of a cult phenomenon among teens, is now part of this summer’s feel-good camp extravaganza, Hairspray.

—EVGENIA PERETZ

STEVEN STRAIT

Strat will battle saber-toothed tigers in next year’s 10,000 B.C.
Morning stretch

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H.R.H. Princess Alexandra of Greece

Because discretion is the better part of glamour. 

MARRIED NAME: Mrs. Nicolas Mirzayanitz.

RESIDENCE: New York City. 

OCCUPATION: Certified child-life specialist.

FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007: Carolina Herrera car coat-cut cocktail dress in red.

FAVORITE SHOES: Louis Vuitton orange leather knee-high boots.

WATCH: Van Cleef & Arpels. 

FRAGRANCE: Prada. 

STYLE ICON: Margaret II, Queen of Denmark, and Penelope Cruz in Volver. 

...in a Giorgio Armani coat backstage after his show in Paris.

Because she’s true blue.

RESIDENCE: Rome. AGE: 42.

FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007: “The Giorgio Armani ensemble I wore to a family reunion earlier this year, combining a pleated silk skirt with a jacket cinched at the waist and an oversize belt.”

FAVORITE BALL GOWN OF 2007: “A couture dress designed by Giorgio Armani, from his Privé collection: a block strapless gown that I wore to Valentino’s 45th-anniversary ball, in Rome.” 

WATCH: Gold Royal Oak, by Audemars Piguet.

SUNGLASSES: “It would have to be my black Emporio Armani (Red) sunglasses. So stylish and part of a great initiative in helping the Global Fund in the fight against AIDS in Africa.” 

FRAGRANCE: “Some things have to remain a secret!”

STYLE ICON: “My Swedish grandmother, who passed away last year.”
Tilda Swinton

Because she's got the pallor and the glory.


FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007: Bronze Haider Ackermann gangster suit, worn to the Ocean's Thirteen premiere in Cannes.

FAVORITE BALL GOWN OF 2007: Yves Saint Laurent navy dress, at the Venice Film Festival.

FAVORITE SHOES: See-through Lanvin mules.


FRAGRANCE: Bluebell, by Penhaligon's. STYLE ICON: "My grandmother—dressed by Patau in the 20s."

On the red carpet at Cannes in a Jil Sander suit.

In Cannes wearing Yves Saint Laurent.

Ivanka Trump

Because she's the evolution of the species.


FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007: Maschino nude cocktail dress.

FAVORITE HANDBAGS: Chanel expandable bag and Nancy Gonzalez alligator bag.

FAVORITE SHOES: "Black crocodile Manolo Blahnik pump, Christian Louboutin round-toe nude pump, and Lanvin ballet flat."

SUNGLASSES: Burberry gold-metal-frame glasses and Ray-Ban aviators.

FRAGRANCE: Michael Kors. STYLE ICONS: Grace Kelly, Brigitte Bardot, Carolina Herrera, Katharine Hepburn, and Daphne Guinness.

Arriving at the premiere of Ocean's Thirteen in a Haider Ackermann suit.

On the town in a vintage coat and Hollywood shoes.

2007 BEST-DRESSED WOMEN

Renée Zellweger

Because she's a role model.


FAVORITE BALL GOWN OF 2007: Carolina Herrera blue strapless gown with block daisy embroidery, worn to the Costume Institute ball.

FAVORITE HANDBAGS: Croc Kelly and oversize Nancy Gonzalez croc tote.

FAVORITE SHOES: Christian Louboutin.

SUNGLASSES: Chanel, Ray-Ban aviators. STYLE ICON: Carolina Herrera.

In a vintage Christian Dior at the Golden Globes.

In Carolina Herrera for the Miss Potter premiere.

In Cannes premiering The Da Vinci Code, she wore a vintage cocktail dress and Jimmy Choo shoes at Vanity Fair's Tribeca Film Festival party.

In vintage Christian Dior at the Golden Globes.
Michelle Obama

Because she measures up.

**OCCUPATION:** Vice president of community and external affairs, University of Chicago Hospitals.

**RESIDENCE:** Chicago.

**AGE:** 43.

**FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007:** Sonia Rykiel black jacket and pants with Noir white ruffle-front tuxedo blouse and Azzedine Alaia black patent-leather belt, worn to Ebony’s Outstanding Women in Marketing Awards Luncheon, in New York City, in May.

**SIGNATURE JEWELRY:** Classic long pearls, layered.

**FAVORITE CHOICE:** Mario Pinto, Chicago.

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Marjorie Gubelmann

Because she’s the youngest of the grandes dames.

**OCCUPATION:** Founder, Vie Luxe Home Fragrances.

**RESIDENCES:** New York City, Palm Beach, and Southampton.

**AGE:** 38.

**FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007:** Carolina Herrera blue chiffon cocktail dress. **FAVORITE BALL GOWN OF 2007:** Carolina Herrera black and white chiffon cocktail dress. **FAVORITE HANDBAG:** Hermès Birkin has been my standard equipment since 1998.

**FAVORITE SHOES:** Christian Louboutin patent-leather open-toe pump in black or red.

**WATCH:** Cartier yellow-gold Tank on bracelet.

**SUNGLASSES:** Michael Kors aviators in gold.

**FRAGRANCE:** Narciso Rodriguez. **STYLE ICON:** Auntie Mame.
**Count Manfredi della Gherardesca**

Because we can Count on him.

**OCCUPATION:** Art adviser and exhibition curator.

**RESIDENCES:** London, Tuscany, and Mustique.

**FAVORITE FASHION PURCHASE THIS YEAR:** "A set of Indian Mughal enamel buttons for my Nehru jacket."

**TAILOR:** "Morganti, in my hometown, Castagneto Carducci."

**FAVORITE SHOES:** George Cleverley, London.

**WATCH:** Audemars Piguet Royal Oak.

**SUNGLASSES:** Roy-Ban aviators.

**STYLE ICONS:** The Duke of Beaufort, Gabriele D'Annunzio, and Robert de Montesquiou.

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**Richard E. Grant**

Because he's a Brit with wit.

**OCCUPATION:** Actor.

**RESIDENCE:** London and Richmond, England.

**AGE:** 50.

**FAVORITE PURCHASE THIS YEAR:** BlackBerry.

**TAILOR:** Richard James.

**FAVORITE SHOES:** John Lobb.

**WATCH:** Ebel.

**SUNGLASSES:** Diesel.

**STYLE ICON:** Cory Grant.

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**Jonathan Becker**

Because he's our sharp shooter.

**OCCUPATION:** Photographer.

**RESIDENCE:** New York City.

**FAVORITE FASHION PURCHASE THIS YEAR:** "Chinese jackets from Shanghai and Beijing."

**TAILORS:** Longstaff and Sons of Buenos Aires and Anderson & Sheppard of London.

**FAVORITE SHOES:** Tricker's of London.

**WATCH:** "The small stainless Rolex my mother gave me at my 21st birthday—always use it."

**SUNGLASSES:** "Standard old horn-rims inset with brown Persol lenses."

**STYLE ICONS:** J. V. Reed, Henry Koehler, Reinoldo Herrero, Gay Tolese, and Graydon Carter.

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**Tiki Barber**

Because he's a style Giant.

**OCCUPATION:** Broadcaster, NBC; former New York Giants running back.

**RESIDENCE:** New York City. **AGE:** 32.

**TAILOR:** Ermenegildo Zegna.

**FAVORITE SHOES:** Bruno Magli.

**WATCH:** Audemars Piguet Royal Oak, rubber.

**SUNGLASSES:** Mosley Tribes aviators.

**STYLE ICON:** "I think, with my wife's guidance, I have my own style."

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**On the Today show in an Ermenegildo Zegna suit.**

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**At a party for the English National Ballet at St. Martins Lane Hotel, in London.**
Nicolas Sarkozy

Lenny Kravitz

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2007 BEST-DRESSED

MEN

Hidetoshi Nakata
Because we get our kicks from Nakata.
OCCUPATION: "At the moment, world traveler," former soccer star.
FAVORITE FASHION PURCHASE THIS YEAR: Yves Saint Laurent's newsboy cap.
TAILOR: "No one particular tailor." FAVORITE SHOES: Martin Margiela's soft-skin suede beige boots.
STYLE ICON: The street is where I find what I consider my icons and style inspiration: real people.

Luis and Rafael Medina
Because they reign in Spain.
RESIDENCE: Madrid.
LUIS'S TAILOR: Derby, Bilbao. RAFAEL'S FAVORITE SHOES: Tod's or Berluti.

Lapo Elkann
Because he's a portrait of a laddie.
FAVORITE FASHION PURCHASE THIS YEAR: Brazilian bring-me-luck bracelets.
STYLE ICON: "The street is where I find what I consider my icons and style inspiration: real people."
and to think
I'll BEGAN
with a SHADE of lipstick
Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie

Because they’re on a magic (red) carpet ride.

RESIDENCE: “All over the world.”

HIS OCCUPATION: Actor and film producer.

HER OCCUPATION: Actress and U.N. goodwill ambassador.

HIS AGE: 43. HER AGE: 32.

HIS WATCH: Tag Heuer. HER WATCH: “Don’t wear a watch.”

HER FRAGRANCE: “Always Manolo.” HER FRAGRANCE: “All of the JAR fragrances.”

HER FAVORITE BALL GOWN OF 2007: “My Stefano Pilati for Yves Saint Laurent wedding dress!” HER WATCH: Chanel J12, in white.


HER STYLE ICONS: Ingrid Bergman and Françoise Hardy.

Frédéric Fekkai and Shirin von Wulffen

Because they rise and shine.

RESIDENCE: New York City. HIS OCCUPATION: President, Frédéric Fekkai. HER OCCUPATION: Director of communications, Tom Ford North America.

HIS FAVORITE FASHION PURCHASE THIS YEAR: “My Charvet cherry velvet tuxedo.” HIS TAILOR: Tom Ford.

HIS FAVORITE SHOES: Salvatore Ferragamo.

HIS WATCH: IWC. HIS SUNGLASSES: Selima Optique. HIS STYLE ICON: Cary Grant. HER FAVORITE BALL GOWN OF 2007: “My Stefano Pilati for Yves Saint Laurent wedding dress!”

HER WATCH: Verdura gold-chain-bracelet watch.

HER SUNGLASSES: Ray-Ban aviators.

HER STYLE ICONS: “Slim Keith, along with Millicent Rogers, Lauren Hutton, and Talitha Getty.”
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Viscount and Viscountess Linley

Because they’re a carpenter and a lady.

RESIDENCE: London.

DAVID’S OCCUPATION: Chairman, Linley, and chairman, Christie’s.

SERENA’S OCCUPATION: Sculptor.

HIS TAILOR: George Cleverley.

HIS WATCH: Girard-Perregaux.

HIS SUNGLASSES: Persol.

HER STYLE ICON: Sergio Loro Piana.

HER FAVORITE BALL GOWN OF 2007: Cc-Célerne Walker.

HER FAVORITE HANDBAG: Tanner Krolle.

HER FAVORITE SHOES: Monolo Blahnik.

HER WATCH: Cartier.

HER SUNGLASSES: Oliver Peoples.

HER FRAGRANCE: Ce Soir ou Jamais, by Annick Goutal.

HER STYLE ICON: Carolina Herrera.

2007 BEST-DRESSED COUPLES

Damon Dash and Rachel Roy

Because they’re conquering the kingdom.

HIS RESIDENCES: New York City and Los Angeles.

HER RESIDENCE: New York City.

HIS OCCUPATION: C.F.O., Damon Dash Enterprises.

HER OCCUPATION: Designer.

HIS FAVORITE SHOES: Pro-Keds.

HIS WATCH: Tissot.

HIS STYLE ICON: “Anyone from the Rat Pack.”

HER FAVORITE SHOES: Roger Vivier strap with curved heel.

HER WATCH: Gold classic Rolex.

HER SUNGLASSES: Roger Vivier.

HER FRAGRANCE: Royal Bain de Caron.

HER STYLE ICONS: Jean Shrimpton, Marlene Dietrich, and Mme. Mathieu Saint-Laurent.

Isabel and Ruben wearing her designs to a DIFFA benefit in New York.

Ruben and Isabel To

Because they’re Manhattan’s Läts.

RESIDENCE: New York City.

HIS OCCUPATION: Artist and cartoonist.

HER OCCUPATION: Fashion designer.

HIS FAVORITE SHOES: Ala bucke shoe.

HER HANDBAG: Hermès.

HER STYLE ICON: “Sammy Davis Jr. and Tom Wolfe.”

HER FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007: “My Anne Klein leather stadium coat with matching flight suit.”

HER FAVORITE HANDBAG: “My Anne Klein black box handbag in inc leather.”

HER FAVORITE SHOES: Miu Miu silver flannel classic heels.

HER WATCHES: Hermès and hers.

HER STYLE ICON: “Maria Felix in the summer and Maria Callas in the fall and winter.”
Ashton Kutcher and Demi Moore

Because she's more than half and he's half of Moore.

**THEIR RESIDENCES:**
Los Angeles, New York City, and Hailey, Idaho.

**HIS OCCUPATION:** Actor.

**HER OCCUPATION:** Actress. His age: 29

**HER AGE:** 44

**HIS FAVORITE FASHION PURCHASE THIS YEAR:**
"It was a gift for my ladies. Vintage Valentine's Day jackets. It's always better to give."

**HER FAVORITE FASHION PURCHASE THIS YEAR:**
Azzedine Alaïa dress, worn to the SAG Awards.

**HER FAVORITE BALL GOWN OF 2007:**
Vintage white Azzedine Alaïa dress, worn to the Academy Awards.

**HER FAVORITE HANDBAG:** Ostrich Kelly bag, bought at auction.

**HER FAVORITE SHOES:** Christian Louboutin.

**HER FAVORITE FRAGRANCE:** Miller Harris.

**HER STYLE ICON:** Audrey Hepburn.

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David and Victoria Beckham

Because the whole is greater than the sum of the parts.

**RESIDENCE:** Los Angeles.

**HIS OCCUPATION:** Creative director, dVb.

**HER OCCUPATION:** Designer.

**HIS AGE:** 32

**HER AGE:** 33

**HIS TAILOR:** Malcolm Plewes.

**HER TAILOR:** Jeffries.

**HER RESIDENCE:** London, London, London.

**HER FAVORITE BALL GOWN OF 2007:**
Lanvin black-tie dress in Alberta Ferretti at the SAG awards.

**HER FAVORITE HANDBAG:** Ostrich Galbée.

**HER FAVORITE SHOES:** Christian Louboutin.

**HER FAVORITE FRAGRANCE:** Miller Harris.

**HER STYLE ICON:** Audrey Hepburn.
Jefferson Hack

Because he’s “Another” best-dressed fashion professional.

OCCUPATION: Editorial director, Dazed Group, and cofounder of Dazed & Confused magazine and Another Magazine

RESIDENCES: London and Antwerp.

AGE: 36. FAVORITE FASHION PURCHASE THIS YEAR: Vintage 70s herringbone pin-striped Yves Saint Laurent three-piece suit from Resurrection in Los Angeles.


SUNGLASSES: Dior Homme. STYLE ICONS: Lucien Freud and David Bowie.

Katherine Ross

Because she’s a pro.

OCCUPATION: Senior vice president of communications, LVMH North America.

RESIDENCES: Los Angeles and New York City.

FAVORITE ENSEMBLES OF 2007: “Some of my favorite looks were from Fendi’s spring collection, including a great blue jacket with white skirt, and a black dress with a panel in the back and front.”

FAVORITE HANDBAG OF 2007: “This spring I splurged on a Louis Vuitton Polka Dots Fleurs Tinkerbell bag.”

FAVORITE SHOES: “A Dior black sandal and Azzedine Alaia flats.” WATCH: “Cartier, inscribed MAKE TIME FOR KATHERINE.”


Stefano Pilati

Because he’s a clothes force.

OCCUPATION: Fashion designer, Yves Saint Laurent.

RESIDENCE: Paris.

AGE: 41. FAVORITE FASHION PURCHASE THIS YEAR: “A set of baroque pearls that I turned into studs and cuff links.”

TAILOR: “Myself.”


Tory Burch

Because every picture tells a story.

OCCUPATION: Fashion designer.


FAVORITE HANDBAG: Kara Ross clutch.

FAVORITE SHOES: Christian Louboutin pump. WATCH: Gold Rolex Submariner.

SUNGLASSES: Tom Ford. FRAGRANCE: Paupée, by Rochas.

STYLE ICONS: “My mother, Reva Robinson, and my father, Buddy.”
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Michael Roberts

Because he cuts a fine figure.

**OCCUPATION:** Vanity Fair’s fashion and style director, artist

**RESIDENCE:** Paris

**FAVORITE FASHION PURCHASE THIS YEAR:** "Novy-blue cotton suit by Brooks Brothers, worn to my book party and exhibition, held by Giorgio Armani, in Milan." **TAILOR:** Doscu, in São Paulo

**FAVORITE SHOES:** "Burgundy and olive saddle shoes made specially by Manolo Blahnik." **WATCH:** Swiss Army

**SUNGLASSES:** Ray-Ban Wayfarer

**FRAGRANCE:** MiSSOni Aequo.

Amy Astley

Because youthfulness doesn’t have to mean trashiness.

**OCCUPATION:** Editor in chief, Teen Vogue

**RESIDENCES:** New York City and Orient, New York. **AGE:** 40

**FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007:** "Oscar de la Renta’s red coffee-bean-motif dress from his pre-fall collection, to the C.F.D.A. Awards." **FAVORITE HANDBAG:** Roger Vivier’s beaded Casino Royale bag. **FAVORITE SHOES:** Manolo Blahnik. **WATCH:** Hermes Cape Cod.

**SUNGLASSES:** Ray-Ban aviators.

**FRAGRANCE:** En Passant, from Editions Frédéric Malle. **STYLE ICONS:** "Anna Wintour, Sofia Coppola, Miuccia Prada, Agyness Deyn, Lily Allen, Phoebe Philo, Annette de la Renta, Doris Weibowy, and Amy Winehouse, to name a few!"

Hedi Slimane

Because he suits us.

**OCCUPATION:** Fashion designer

**RESIDENCE:** Paris. **AGE:** 39

**FAVORITE FASHION PURCHASE THIS YEAR:** "Some vintage T-shirts, with stripes." **TAILOR:** "Only my own designs so far. That might change." **FAVORITE SHOES:** Converse. **WATCH:** "A Rolex Air-King from the late 60s." **SUNGLASSES:** "Black frames from the 50s."

Ellen Von Unwerth

Because she’s a Missoni in action.

**OCCUPATION:** Actress, and ambassador for Missoni fragrance and fashion.

**RESIDENCES:** New York City and Montonate, Italy. **AGE:** 24

**FAVORITE ENSEMBLES OF 2007:** "Missoni silk kimono blouse and trousers I wore to the Missoni-store opening in Madrid, and a Missoni long skirt and blouse I wore to the Julian Schnabel dinner in Milan." **FAVORITE HANDBAG:** Valextra’s Boston bag in red. **FAVORITE SHOES:** Giambattista Valli white ostrich. **WATCH:** "Sixties very tiny Jaeger-LeCoultre in yellow gold." **SUNGLASSES:** Ray-Ban Wayfarer in fou de tortoise.

**FRAGRANCE:** Missoni Acqua. **STYLE ICON:** Empress Joséphine of France.
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Mint Leaves

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2oz. PAMA Pomegranate Liqueur
1oz. Super Premium Vodka
1/4oz. Orange Flavored Liqueur

Combine all ingredients into mixing glass. Add ice and shake vigorously. Strain into martini glass. Garnish with a lemon wheel.

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**Alba Clemente**

**OCCUPATION:** "Artist’s wife, mother of four, and performer in my spare time."

**RESIDENCES:** New York City and the Amalfi coast.

**FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007:** "An ivory knotted-silk dress by Giambattista Valli, with pearl earrings from John Reinhard designed by my husband, for Brice Marden’s opening at the MoMA."

**FAVORITE BALL GOWN OF 2007:** "A Moschino indigo gown, specially made for my performance at Carnegie Hall with Pink Martini."

**WATCH:** IWC Pilot.

**SUNGLASSES:** "I feel naked without sunglasses. My favorite right now is a pair of honey-colored Bottega Venets."

**FRAGRANCE:** Zagorsk, by Comme des Garçons.

**STYLE ICON:** Camilla McGrath, the definition of a ‘true lady’ in every possible sense.”

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**Anderson Cooper**

**OCCUPATION:** Anchor, Anderson Cooper 360°

**RESIDENCE:** New York City

**AGE:** 40

**FAVORITE PURCHASE THIS YEAR:** Flak jacket

**TAILOR:** Ralph Lauren Black Label

**FAVORITE SHOES:** Arctic boots

**WATCH:** Rolex GMT-Master

**SUNGLASSES:** "I never wear them."

**STYLE ICON:** Gordon Parks.

---

**Jemima Khan**

**OCCUPATION:** "Fashion designer and charity worker."

**RESIDENCE:** London

**AGE:** 32

**FAVORITE ENSEMBLES OF 2007:** Vintage Hervé Léger, worn to the London premiere of Music and Lyrics.

**FAVORITE HANDBAG:** "A mother-of-pearl bag by Celestina."

**FAVORITE SHOES:** Christian Louboutin.

**WATCH:** Panerai man’s watch.

**SUNGLASSES:** "I feel naked without sunglasses. My favorite right now is a pair of honey-colored Bottega Venets."

**FRAGRANCE:** Cuir de Russie, by Chanel.

**STYLE ICON:** Gordon Parks.

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**2007 BEST-DRESSED HALL OF FAME**

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**In a printed coat at the Consulate General of India.**

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**In on A rare white gown with silver straps.**

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**In Ralph Lauren Black Label at the Gordon Parks Foundation Awards.**
2007 BEST-DRESSED
HALL OF FAME

Sofia Coppola
OCCUPATION: Filmmaker
RESIDENCES: New York City and Paris
AGE: 36
WATCH: Cartier.
SUNGLASSES: Ray-Ban.
FRAGRANCE: fleurs d’Oranger, by Serge Lutens. STYLE ICON: Tina Chow.

Anna Piaggi
OCCUPATION: Fashion journalist
RESIDENCE: Milan
FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007: “Caban by John Galliano in black wool and blue-shaded plaid with a small riding hat in blue satin and veil by Stephen Jones.”
FAVORITE SHOES: Marie Antoinette-inspired pale-blue satin pumps, by Manolo Blahnik.
WATCH: Black-and-white graphic wristwatches designed by George J. Sowden for Neos.
FRAGRANCE: Chanel No. 5.
STYLE ICON: Karl Lagerfeld.

In a John Galliano velvet coat
Dior mink scarf, and
Stephen Jones hat

Mariana Rust Connor
Wearing a Nina Ricci evening dress and a Maja Dubal necklace.

In Marc Jacobs for the party after his New York show.

OCCUPATION: Writer, Vogue contributing editor
RESIDENCE: New York City
AGE: 42
FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007: “Versace with a vintage Indian sari and earrings from Fred Leighton, for the Metropolitan Museum gala.”
FAVORITE BALL GOWN OF 2007: “Angel Sanchez navy silk, for the Frick Collection’s Young Fellows Ball.”
FAVORITE HANDBAGS: “A brown satchel from Marni. Also, a black vintage alligator Jane Brak I got at a Christie’s house sale.”
FAVORITE SHOES: “Black Marc Jacobs jelly flat. Also, a basic brown pump from Charles Nolan. And a black square-toed Blahnik with a decorative brass buckle.”
SUNGLASSES: Marni.
STYLE ICONS: “Both of my grandmothers, Mary Franklin Rust and Ruth Pruyn Field.”

Heading to an appearance on The Daily Show in Armani.

In Oscar de la Renta at the Museum of the City of New York.

OCCUPATION: Actor, director, writer, producer
RESIDENCES: Los Angeles and Lake Como, Italy
AGE: 46
NOTABLE ENSEMBLE OF 2007: Armani Prive two-button Executive-model suit, with a white, open-collar, button-down shirt, worn to the Armani Prive collection private showing in Beverly Hills, in February.
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Lisa Eisner

Because she’s a vixen in vintage.  
**OCCUPATION:** Publisher and photographer.  
**RESIDENCE:** Los Angeles.  
**AGE:** 50  
**FAVORITE ENSEMBLES OF 2007:** “I’m sure it involved a lot of accessories and probably some feathers.” **FAVORITE BALL GOWN OF 2007:** “The Norman Norell sequined ‘mermaid’ dress I wore to the Vanity Fair Oscar party.” **FAVORITE SHOES:** “I never met a moccasin I didn’t like. Beaded, fringed, tall, short—I love them all.” **WATCH:** “Vintage Bulgari gold wraparound snake watch.” **SUNGLASSES:** “Vintage Porsche Design Correra sunglasses with pink-purple graduated lenses, or my Cartier gold aviators.” **STYLE ICONS:** “Tina Chow, of course. Iris Apfel, of course. Louise Nevelson, Jerry Hall, any Native American in powwow regalia. Or anyone who does their own thing—and doesn’t hire a stylist to make them look good.”

Carlyne Cerf de Dudzeele

Because Cerf’s up.  
**OCCUPATION:** Fashion editor and photographer.  
**RESIDENCE:** New York City.  
**FAVORITE HANDBAG:** Painted Chanel couture classic bag or a gold Louis Vuitton Keepall bag.  
**FAVORITE SHOES:** “Manolo Blahnik gold mule.” **WATCH:** Rolex gold Daytona or platinum President with pave diamonds.  
**SUNGLASSES:** Louis Vuitton in tortoise with “LV” logo in gold.  
**FRAGRANCE:** L’Heure Bleue, from Guerlain.  
**STYLE ICON:** “Countess Anne-Marie Errembault de Dudzeele, my mother.”

Peter Beard

Because he’s game.  
**OCCUPATION:** Photographer.  
**RESIDENCES:** New York City; Montauk, New York; and Hog Ranch, Kenya.  
**AGE:** 69  
**FAVORITE FASHION PURCHASES THIS YEAR:** Shanghai Tang jackets, Lacoste short-sleeved shirts, and sarongs.  
**TAILOR:** Italian suit-maker Max Girombelli is one of many favorites.  
**FAVORITE SHOES:** Afghan sandals from Peshawar or those made by a cobbler in Nairobi.  
**WATCH:** Neve wears one.  
**SUNGLASSES:** Persol and Oliver Peoples.  
**FUN FACT:** His grandfather Pierre Lorillard IV invented the tuxedo.
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The Shape of Thighs to Come

Those ripped six-pack abs? Over, guys. Ditto the bowling-ball breasts and jutting derrières women have been acquiring. Fashion has declared them cliché, and if history is any guide, clothes make the mannequin

By Amy Fine Collins

At the gala opening of the Metropolitan Museum of Art's New Greek and Roman Galleries, last spring, the cynosure in the skylit atrium was neither a society starlet in borrowed couture nor one of her 2,000-year-old marmoreal counterparts. Those creamy Venuses and saturnine Muses were too fleshy for this fashionable group's tastes. Rather, the scene-stealer of the evening was the strapping, bearded first-century-A.D. Hercules—a "bear" in current gay parlance—his Nemean lionskin knotted proudly at his sternum.

"Can someone get me a date with that man?" one guest asked repeatedly.

I'm fairly certain that four decades ago (or maybe four minutes ago?) this brawny Hercules would have appeared embarrassingly overdeveloped—a hare's sac of walnuts. Victor Mature on a bad day. Compare him, for the sake of argument, to another archetypal male effigy, the crew-cut Ken of my girlhood, circa 1964. At that moment, the torso of Barbie's consort was molded more along the lines of a worm than a hero. The pinup boy of my adolescence, Jim Morrison, was scrummiest still, a cadaverous martyred Christ. Even the considerably less androgynous beefcakes of my mother's and grandmother's generations—Clark Gable, Cary Grant, John Wayne, Ronald Reagan, Montgomery Clift, Kirk Douglas—had no distinct cuts in their physiques, unless you count the clefts in their chins. And their waistlines sat somewhere in the vicinity of their diaphragms, not—as an Akon video or a 2007 underwear ad might suggest today—at the latitude of their pelvises.

The turn-of-the-21st-century downshift of the waistline (it's begun to creep back up again, but uncertainly)—and the concomitant fixation on "core" abdominal-muscle definition—was a phenomenon brought to you by trendsetters high and low: Tom Ford, Britney Spears, and the beltless fellows in the cellblock. Historically, styles in bodies have followed the lead of fashions in clothing and just as quickly become passé. Rubens's pillowy ladies shimmer and swell like the voluminous satins of their era; the belly of van Eyck's prelapsarian Eve bulges in the same manner as the elegant gowns of 1430; the elevated breasts, rigid back, and wasp waist of Goya's Nude Maya echo the modish outlines of the sitter's discarded corset; and the sleek, low-slung bottoms and breasts of Howard Chandler Christy's nymphs at the Café des Artistes seem to have just fallen out of clinging, bias-cut Vionnets from the 30s. Accurate or not, period costumes in film are rarely convincing, because the bodies beneath them are archanomisms.

The android-y aesthetic of the pumped-up he-man with washboard abs (think 50 Cent)—which percolated into mainstream consciousness from gay and black subcultures—has even infiltrated the design of sneakers, and of automobiles, once dominated by female anatomical references. (The jutting, red-tipped taillights of a 1958 Chrysler Imperial Le Baron could make a grown man blush.)

These are not examples of meaningless and coincidental pseudo-erotic resemble. The idea of fitness, being taut, athletic, pinched, does imbue car design today," says Joe Richardson, national brand P.R. manager for Mercedes-Benz USA, who cites as an example the 2007 S-Class sedan's "muscular shoulders." Likewise, the upswept, compact tails on vehicles from Nissan Maximas to BMW R1200 motorcycles reflect, in his opinion, the recent veneration of pneumatic, high-set backsides, a predilection that has led, says New York plastic surgeon Dr. Gerald Imber, to an increased demand for silicone butt implants (a procedure he won't perform). And the V-8 engine tucked into the 2004 Maserati Coupe Cambiocorsa, to my eyes at least, resembles nothing so much as the powerful, ripped six-pack of the bearded Hercules, back at the Metropolitan Museum.

Surprisingly, at least for contemporary viewers, this Hercules (who once adorned a Roman bath) is not colloquially scaled everywhere. In ancient Greece and Rome, men and women preferred "the dainty penis," says John R. Clarke, professor of art history at the University of Texas at Austin and author of Roman Sex. A large penis was considered "grotesque and comical," more suitable for freakish figures such as Satyrs than for gods, athletes, or heroes. A hunky man, dramatist Aristophanes wrote in 423 B.C.,
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had “a shining breast, a bright skin, big shoulders, a minute tongue, a big rump, and a small prick.”

Predictably, just as the popular image of masculinity has hit a steroid-and-testosterone-fueled extreme, fashion designers have gone back to the drawing board and come up with a corrective antithesis. “The gym body has almost become a cliché,” observes Ralph Pucci, whose firm, Pucci International, manufactures display mannequins for upmarket retailers. Agrees Simon Doonan, creative director of Barneys New York, “Sample sizes for men have never been so tiny. Male models have never been so concave. They’re on low-carb diets, and they don’t work out anymore—they jog. It’s a look coming out of Paris, from Hedi Slimane. I’m not sure whether to call it the male Chastity Belt or the male Brigitte Bardot!”

The schism between elite fashion sensibilities and vernacular tastes is even wider when women are concerned. While fashion models, notoriously, are mutating into ever more attenuated, long-necked, sharp-contoured, and small-headed creatures (gaunt proportions last seen in the sculptures of Alberto Giacometti or maybe the jamb statues of the Chartres Cathedral), stacked Russ Meyer–type fetish bimbos are running through the mass media (The Girls Next Door, The Real Housewives of Orange County, the Pussycat Dolls, or any girlfriend of Quagmire, the pervert on Family Guy). At the Metropolitan Museum Costume Institute’s gala last May, Jessica Simpson looked almost as out of context as Stella Tennant would have at the Playboy Mansion. The flip side of anorexic chic is not, in my opinion, morbid obesity, but inflatable-sex-doll-style self-mortification, via knives, needles, treadmills, hair extensions, fake tans, fake teeth, fake nails, and full Brazilians. It’s a cyber-age variation on Munchausen syndrome that makes old-fashioned tights-tit-tongue and garden-variety female masochism seem wholesome by comparison.

“I find it incomprehensible that, after the feminism of Kate Millett and Betty Friedman, women would turn themselves into an army of Stepford porch chicks with shop-bought hooters,” says Simon Doonan. Observes psychoanalyst Dr. Janice S. Lieberman, a specialist in narcissistic body-awareness disorders, “Instead of working at a job, these women work on their bodies, almost as a moral imperative. It’s a backlash against feminism, a symptom of accelerated upward mobility, a consequence of inadequate nurturing, and a way of having control in otherwise scary times.”

Ariel Levy, author of Female Chauvinist Pigs, says, “One image of women—promoted by fashion—is impossibly complex, coded, and conceptual, and the other is in-your-face crass, anti-intellectual, pop as it can be, accessible as the Internet porn on which it’s based, and absolute science fiction.”

The fashion, as far as breasts go, is less about size than shape. Jane Russell’s 40s Oatmeal bosom—cantilevered into twin projectile missiles by Howard Hughes’s aeronautically engineered brassiere—still reads as real. The perfect big tits on 50s Vargas cheesecake, the flawless little ones on René Gruau’s 70s Lido girls, and the ideal pair on Peggy Moffit in Rudi Gernreich’s 1964 toplines bathing suit, dip and tilt anatomically—an organic teardrop silhouette difficult to replicate in the operating room. Today’s standard-issue synthetic breasts have the subtlety of bowling balls, and underpinnings are devised to squeeze them together, not “lift” and separate” them as the old Playtex TV ads once promised. “You lie on your back, and they look like water wings,” Dr. Imber explains. “It’s a look that originated when saline implants were still prevalent, and the bag was typically placed under the pectoral muscle rather than layered between the muscle and the breast.”

The spherical Hollywood boob has been absorbed by fine art (Lisa Yuskavage’s nudes), assimilated into fiberglass mannequins (Ralph Pucci’s “Goddess” line), taken up by Marvel Comics (see the latest figure of Mary Jane, Spider-Man’s girlfriend)—and, naturally, adopted by Barbie herself. Maybe it’s past time for another remake of One Touch of Venus, the 1948 film in which Ava Gardner played a window dresser’s dummy come to life.

Around the same moment that Universal released this Pygmalion-inspired fantasy, Christian Dior—who had just introduced his cinched and buttressed New Look—declared, “Without foundations there can be no fashion.” Sixty years later, women can insert their stays, boning, trusses, and padding directly into their own mortal flesh.

The current species of clinically modified breasts and derrieres will, inevitably, go out of style—as surely as did the snub noses of 1960s rhinoplasty and last fall’s Balenciaga platform heels. Disposing of them will be a process a little more complicated than snipping shoulder pads out of an 80s Alaïa suit jacket or burning a 40s Playtex Living Girdle, a contraption that compressed the posterior into an uncleaned mono-buttock. Heterosexual women are not the only self-mutilators at risk of becoming fashion victims. Also in line for obsolescence are the guys, who, in search of a virile sort of hermaphroditism, have undergone Tom of Finland–like pec implants. (“No sex without pecs.”) “Envy of the opposite sex is powerful,” notes Dr. Lieberman.

Meanwhile, fashion is on the move again, and so is body-part fixation. “In a split second it’s on to the next thing,” says Pucci, whose current best-selling female mannequins are “thin, flat-chested, narrow-hipped, and long-legged, with good collarbones.” Simultaneously, Style.com has named legs, and The New York Times clavicles, the latest erogenous zones. “The bony parts are replacing the sexual areas,” says Dr. Lieberman. “If sex is no longer forbidden or mysterious, what kind of charge is there in exposing your pelvis or crack?” At Manhattan black-tie parties, women are giving up their plunging, trailing, siren gowns for abbreviated, child-like dresses, either with a raised waist or no waist at all. “You can attribute those baby-doll looks—and all the dresses over skinny jeans or leggings—to the fashion and celebrity icons who over the last year have been pregnant,” suggests Stacy Bendet, designer for the avant-garde label Alice & Olivia.

And that’s just about as far from a toned midriff and artificially enlarged knockers as you can get—for now. If anatomy is destiny, as Freud proposed, then it is human nature to try to reshape both.
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All Is VANITIES... Nothing Is Fair

Alexa Davalos

AGE: 25. PROVENANCE: Paris (though she's part American, on her mother's side). FROM ONE KIND OF ACTION TO ANOTHER: Best known till now as Vin Diesel's sidekick in The Chronicles of Riddick, Davalos is part of the ensemble cast (with, among others, Morgan Freeman, Selma Blair, Fred Ward, and Greg Kinnear) of The Feast of Love, Robert Benton's new film, out this month, based on Charles Baxter's acclaimed 2001 novel about the multiple ways that people experience love and sex. YES, THIS ENTAILED HER BEING NAKED A LOT. "It was incredibly daunting, doing all that nudity," Davalos says. "It was something that made me

CONTINUED on page 330
Alexa Davalos continued from page 329 question whether or not I could pursue the film. Having been raised in Europe with European film, that's something that never really made me blink an eye until I was in the U.S. It's raw. People sit together in bed naked. It happens, you know.”

Davalos takes her surname from her maternal grandfather, actor Richard Davalos, who appeared alongside James Dean in East of Eden—and whose face, in a blurry still from that film, adorns the cover of the Smiths’ final album, “Strangeways, Here We Come.” AND DAVALOS HAS JUST LANDED HER FIRST MAJOR LEAD... Opposite Daniel Craig in Edward Zwick’s Defiance, based on the true story of a star-crossed couple in Nazi-occupied Poland who helped create a forest sanctuary for Jewish refugees. Look for it next year.

—KrisT SMITH

Candidates’ Spouses

INTELLIGENCE REPORT

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—RICHARD RUSHFIELD AND ADAM LEFF
Human after all
Celebrity Step-by-Step

This Month: HOW TO HURRY YOUR NEWLY ADOPTED BABY THROUGH AN AIRPORT PAPARAZZI GAUNTLET

1. Place infant in front-mounted carrier of Snugli or BabyBjorn variety.
2. Gently shield infant’s face with hand and slightly oversize knit cap.
3. Keep eyes downcast so as not to come off as photo-op seeking.
4. Enlist heavyset men to escort you to waiting limo.

1. You’re an heiress whose much younger husband is having an affair with a still-younger woman, at the mirror contemplating a facelift.
2. You’re the first woman to be secretary of defense, having your first in-person encounter with the head of the Joint Chiefs, who, the day before, told CNN that you’re “a really cute gal.”
3. You’re the ferocious head of a major ad agency, berating a V.P. who’s failed to land the Cialis account, and you’re screaming, “You’re so limp, you oughta be the poster boy for that stuff!”
FRENCH KISS THE COOK.
Blame It
Caipirinhas at Midnight

Gisele Bündchen (in Armani Privé) is escorted to the party by model Evandro Soldati (in a Keiko bathing suit), with models Romulo Pires and Thyago Alves (in Tom Ford tuxedos).

With its trillion-dollar economy, stupendous resources, and habit of throwing a world-class party at the drop of a *buriti*, Brazil is the 21st-century giant no one worries about and everybody loves.

In Rio, photographer MARIO TESTINO and *Vanity Fair* style director MICHAEL ROBERTS create a sensation with the fashion-setters of South America’s sexiest city, while A. A. GILL gets to the bottom of the country’s charisma.
there are many ways of bisecting the world, of making binary distinctions between north and south, haves/have-nots, wheat/rice, Baywatch/Al Jazeera, shirt in/short out. But what is most interesting, most telling, is the division between the breast world and bottom world. The United States is right at the cleavage of the breast world. Breast Is Best. It is the wholesome American bosom, perky with promise. Breasts point at you from billboards, glossy pages, shopwindows, and while you’re running for rush-hour taxis. The breast world encompasses North America, most of Europe (though the Swiss are nonaligned), reaching the permanent tundras of Siberia and the glittering Bosphorus. The Turks go for stomach. Who knows what tickles the mojo of the hijab’ed and burka’d Middle East and Central Asia. Fancy eyes, probably. The bottom world is most of the Southern Hemisphere and includes much of Africa, as well as the subcontinent of India and those parts of the Far East that stated a preference—as far as we can tell, the Inuit are bottom folk.

And then there’s Latin America, booty country from the Rio Grande to Tierra del Fuego. The bottom world meets the breast world at the gringo border. Derrière mecca, Rearsville central, the vibrating, syncopating, sashaying, working-it, heaving seat of bottoms is Brazil. Rio: proudly, majestically, the butt of the world. The rapt adoration of bottoms by Brazilians is astonishing. It’s the defining characteristic of Brazilian society. It makes life slightly different. If your main feature is worn in front, if it’s your chest, then you have to make eye contact with the men who are sizing you up. But if the object of attraction is behind you, you can only imagine how it’s being received. Men turn and admire quite openly. Brazilian women are all optimists. It gives them a peculiar swagger. Brazilian women’s independence comes directly from their bottoms.

Brazil is everyone’s second team. We all love Brazil. All the associations with Brazil are good, warm, and sexy. Samba and Ipanema, blitos and beautiful soccer, carnaval, rain forest, and biofuel. Brazilians have the most sought-after stolen passport in the world because it could belong to anyone. We all look Brazilian. They have the biggest population of Japanese outside Prada. There are tons of blond, blue-eyed Germans having beer festivals. There’s every shade of indigenous Indian and West African. This is the melting pot. It’s not a country without racism or snobbery, but it’s malleable, more homogeneous than hierarchic, or, as they say, Um pê na ocainha. Everyone has one foot in the kitchen.

While we all look at the cunning power of China, with its ravenous, belching industrial revolution that consumes the world and pukes it back out cheaper and tackier; and India, with its 22nd-century I.T., 19th-century infrastructure, and 3rd-century philosophy; and Russia, with its black mister’s heart and lachrymose marzipan soul, and a society of pitiless cruelty and exploitation, no one seems to pay much at-
Belle of the Ball

Camilla Belle—actress,
face of Vera Wang's Princess,
Ivy League freshman—
makes an entrance
in Prada and Miu Miu.
The Young and the Restless

Fashion consultant Julio Rêgo (in Giorgio Armani black-tie) beckons model Pedro Bahia (in a Roberto Cavalli swimsuit), actor Thiago Marinho (in Dolce & Gabbana swim trunks), and model Camilla Finn (in Chanel) to the party. Opposite, photographer Antonio Pedro (in Ralph Lauren) and model Rody Cezar (in DKNY) flank soap-opera star Thais Botelho, who wears an Emporio Armani prom dress.
Winning Streak

Models Camilla Finn (in D&G) and Pedro Bahia (in Dolce & Gabanna) lounge in the foreground with teen actress Thais Botelho (in Jenny Packham) and model Pierre Battelli (in Martin Margiela).

Elsewhere at the party, Julio Rêgo, actress Betty Lago (in a Gucci 40's-look dress), model Dalma Callado (in an Hermès gold lame gown), cosmetic surgeon Dr. Carlos Fernando Gonçalves de Almeida (in a Brooks Brothers white tux), socialite Andrea Dejfal (in a Roberto Cavalli goddess gown), and many others observe a streaker.
WE ALL LOVE BRAZIL. ALL THE ASSOCIATIONS WITH BRAZIL ARE GOOD, WARM, AND SEXY.
Soap Dishes
Telenovela stars Tais Araújo (in Valentino) and Camila Pitanga (in Zac Posen) create a splash. Opposite, telenovela heartthrobs Caá Reymond (in Dior Homme), Reynaldo Gianecchini (in Versace), and Marcio Garcia (in Canali) surround Playboy pinup Luiza Brunet (in Dolce & Gabbana and a Carnival headdress) and her daughter model Yasania Brunet (in Dolce & Gabbana).
Jay It Again, Samba

Jeto Veloso, South American rockstar, wears a white Prada suit as he serenades pinup Adriana Lima (in yellow Emanuel Ungaro). Seated, from left: model Carlos Mere (in Moschino), model via Oliveira (in Christian Dior), model Rogerio Fonseca (in a Dasha "homme tux"), two male models, Victoria's Secret poster girl Alessandra Ambrosio (seated, in a Dolce & Gabbana), model Anitella (in a Sonia Rykiel dress and a Louis Vuitton beret), for Jonathan Hangensen (in Brioni), five male models, dress Camilla Belle (in a red Moa dress), and jujitsu champion Jury Bitetti (in a Canali suit).
Sex symbol Ferní Lima emerges from a skinny-dip to don Dolce & Gabbana Couture. Opposite, hot Amita Lima bares her chest in an Alexander McQueen ensemble on the shoulders of a fashion week model. Martial-arts instructor Maurício ‘Shogun’ (wearing Canali) tops his pants and his own T-shirt.
BRAZILIANS HAVE THE ABILITY TO MAKE A PARTY OUT OF NOTHING, AND THEN MAKE IT THE MOST EXCITING NIGHT YOU'VE EVER HAD.
At right, singer Bebel Gilberto (seated, in a yellow Jasmine di Milo cocktail mini) harmonizes with pop star Marisa Monte (in a psychedelic Pucci muumuu). Above, left, girls-about-town Charlotte Dellal (in green Moschino Cheap and Chic with orange Georges Vionand gloves), Alice Dellal (in Bottega Veneta with pink Dior body armor), and Tatiana Santo Domingo (in a pink Luisa Beccaria dress) are surrounded by fellow fans of the musicians.
Models flock to the hot new trend: sparkling cocktail minis. Flávia Oliveira in Giorgio Armani; Izabel Goulart in Vivienne Westwood; Marcelle Bittencourt in Marchesa; Fabiana Semprebon in Isaac Mizrahi; Raica Oliveira in Giorgio Armani; and Alessandra Ambrosio in Versace.
Arty Party

Model Igor Rangel (in a Domenico Vacca tux), gallerist Marcia Fortes (in Pucci), MTV Brasil VJ, Fernanda Tavares (seated, in a yellow Miu Miu dress), artist Ernesto Neto (in Corneliani), model Evandro Soldati (in a Dolce & Gabbana bathing suit; string courtesy of Neto), model Jens Peter (seated, in a Corneliani dinner jacket and Salvatore Ferragamo pants), model Paulo Zulu (in Gucci), gallerist Alessandra D’Aloia (in Bill Blass), model Sergio Mello (seated, in a Giorgio Armani tux), model Rodrigo Hilbert (in Brooks Brothers), model Ana Beatriz Barros (in a red Louis Vuitton waxed-great-hair coat; artwork by Beatriz Milhazes), artist Beatriz Milhazes (in Donna Karan), artist Adriana Varejão (in Gucci), collector Jan Olesen (in Louis Vuitton), and model Gabriel Mattar (seated, in a Prada suit).
Fashion Rocks
The Funk Boys—Anderson Cardoso Dos Santos, Thiago da Silva Costa, and Marcos Flores—get down for fashionistas, including designer Lenny Niemeyer (in an Adrienne Landau feathered coat), designer Oskar Metsavaht (in Dior Homme), designer Carlos Miele (in D'), model Isabeli Fontana (in a Roberto Cavalli silvery mermaid gown), designer Pedro Lourenço (in Dior Homme), model Flávia Oliveira (in Azzaro), model Leandro Ghidini (in Martin Margiela), actress Luiza Mariani (in black Azzedine Alaïa), designer Isabela Capeto (seated, in a Diane von Furstenberg beaded dress), model Marcelle Bittar (behind Capeto, in Calvin Klein) with Calvin Klein designer Francisco Costa (in Calvin Klein), stylist Ana Monteiro de Carvalho (seated, in Emporio Armani), stylist Felipe Velesa (in a Dolce & Gabbana mask and Alexander McQueen jacket), and supermodel Isabel Goulart (in backless Balmain and Dolce & Gabbana gilded snakeskin boots).
The Party's Over
Supermodel Isabell Fontana (in a fuchsia Christopher Kane cocktail dress and emerald patent-leather Manolo Blahnik sandals) is carried home by tuxedo-clad models (clockwise from bottom left) Felipe Café in Valentino, Leandro Ghidini and John Moraes in Burberry, Paulo Ferreira in Dolce & Gabbana, Rodrigo Frota in Hermès, João Vellutini in Prada, Felipe Hulse in Dior Homme, Raphael Sander in Dolce & Gabbana, and Daniel Esdras in Calvin Klein.
MR. PERFECT

Dreamer

Not since Walt Disney has one man persuaded so many to buy into his personal fantasy. Ralph Lauren’s vision of Wasp perfection—the silver cocktail shaker without the drunken bickering, the shingled beach house without the shoreline erosion—is a $4.3 billion global business and an exquisitely detailed expression of the American Dream, free from cynicism or edge. As Lauren enters decade five as a design superpower, PAUL GOLDBERGER explores his re-creation of a world that never was
T

here is no irony to Ralph Lauren. That may be the most important thing to know about him. As Lauren enters his fifth decade in business, it is increasingly clear that he makes those beautiful clothes and perfect leather chairs and voluptuous quilts not to comment on the culture but to wallow in it. The man who has built a $4.3 billion company by replicating preppy fashions, Art Deco sophistication, and Adirondack ease isn’t motivated by skepticism, and, no, he isn’t driven by nostalgia either. Lauren isn’t trying to live in the past. He’s trying to get the past to live in the present, which takes a lot more chutzpah, because to make it work you have to get other people to sign on to your fantasies. No one—one, no one since Walt Disney—has done a better job of that than Ralph Lauren.

Fashion is one of the more cynical businesses in a cynical world, which makes Lauren’s long career all the more astonishing, given that he operates with the sincerity of a character in a Frank Capra movie. Lauren takes it all very, very seriously—the clothes, the furniture, the houses, the whole aura of picture-perfect Wasp life that he has developed, piece by piece, over 40 years. He figured out a long time ago that Americans, for all they may talk about diversity, don’t want too much of it in their physical surroundings. They are happy to watch The Sopranos, but they want their houses to look like Leave It to Beaver. Lauren based his business on the recognition that the ideal that people carry in their heads of what life is supposed to look like hasn’t changed nearly as much as the world itself has changed. He realized that you don’t have to be a Republican to enjoy dressing like one.

Lauren’s take on American life isn’t self-consciously retro. It’s not self-conscious at all, which is part of its appeal. Lauren wants to serve you America straight up. The only twist is that his version tastes better than the real thing, because he has taken out everything that would make it sour. Real Wasp life, after all, can be messy. People get drunk, they fight, they let their houses get dingy and their clothes fray. In Lauren’s world, the silver martini shaker beehives, but nobody gets soused. The house has a patina, but never a hole in the carpet. The clothes are classic, not tired. When you enter one of Ralph Lauren’s stores, or even when you look at one of his magazine ads, you see the world as better than it is. But you do not see a different world. Almost every other designer’s stock-in-trade is that special frisson of the new. Not so with Lauren. If he has shocked you, he has failed. When people describe things as “very Ralph Lauren,” they have in mind a world of old money and relaxed style that impresses not just because it is so beautiful but because it seems at once so familiar and so effortless.

And that world is complete in itself. If you look at the windows of Lauren’s stores on Madison Avenue on Manhattan’s Upper East Side, you don’t see just clothes. You see exquisitely wrought tableau of upper-class life, stage sets made up of meticulously arranged photographs and chairs and antiques. The furnishings are so dazzling that you could almost miss the mannequins done up in the latest Lauren fashions. I suspect it’s not an accident that the clothes aren’t front and center. By the time you notice them, the message of the window has already registered: This is how life is supposed to be. And you know, whether or not you are willing to admit it, that you like it. These aren’t just things to wear. They are elements in a bigger operation, an attempt to re-arrange the world so it looks . . . well, the way Ralph Lauren always thought it ought to look.

Everybody knows that Ralph Lauren grew up in the Bronx, that his name was once Lifshitz, and that he was motivated by a nose pressed against the glass for a culture he most definitely hadn’t inherited. What makes Lauren different from every other Jew with Wasp fantasies is how completely he saw Waspdom in visual terms and how determined he was to design every bit of it, down to the last detail, and then make a living selling his fantasies to others, starting with ties and then moving on to men’s wear, women’s wear, accessories, perfumes, household objects, and furniture. The things that seem to have inspired him most—the movie-star aura of Fred Astaire and Cary Grant, Cedric Gibbons’s classic set designs for MGM, and Slim Aarons’s lavish photographs of the rich at leisure—all suggest an environment in which everything is of a piece. I think Lauren was entranced by the notion that every last detail, from the clothes to the rooms to the cars to the views, and even the people themselves, could be orchestrated to look consistent and perfect. I used to wonder what every other designer’s sheets and comforters are sold at Bloomingdale’s out of racks on an open floor, while Lauren’s are in their own separate area with paneled walls. Or why the Armani, Zegna, and Canali sections on the men’s clothing floor at Saks Fifth Avenue all have crisp, modern fixtures, while the Polo Ralph Lauren sections looks and feels like an English club. It’s because Lauren’s product promises more than just the rush of pleasure that luxurious objects provide. When you buy them, you get to enter Ralph Lauren’s movies.

You get a tiny slice of that whole environment from which it comes: whether it is the perfect shingled summer house by the sea, the ski lodge, the western ranch, or the streamlined penthouse. Everywhere you go, body loves that stuff, and whether you think of it as your birthright or as something you aspire to hardly matters.

The drive to create a total environment reaches its apex, surely, in Lauren’s own stores, where there are no competing labels to offer distraction. Their success is astonishing: in New York, the original Polo Ralph Lauren store, at 72nd and Madison, has now mutated into a whole colony of Ralph Lauren shops that fill the entire block between 71st and 72nd Streets—one for babies and small children, one for casualwear, and another for athletic wear. The only thing left on the block that hasn’t been Laurenized is St. James’s Church. I suspect he would have taken that over, too, but for the fact that it is one of the citadels of New York Waspdom, and he probably quite enjoyed having it in the middle of his private village.

The same kind of expansion has occurred 100 miles to the east in East Hampton, long home to the Polo Country Store, which looks exactly like the relaxed country store of everyone’s dream.

Ralph Lauren realized that you don’t
only that store carried $1,000 jackets. The casual perfection is, of course, the farthest thing from casual. The other day I saw a clerk adjusting piles of shirts and sweaters so that they would seem new about in just the right way on the distressed wood shelving. His hand was a photocopy of the display that he was using as an instruction sheet. Earlier this year, an even more studied children’s store opened next door, in an almost completely reconstructed old stone house. Inside is a double-height atrium with a spectacular glass ceiling. There is talk that new stores will soon be taking over early buildings, including an old barn a few doors down that is one of the most historic structures on the town’s main street. On Chicago’s North Michigan Avenue, where Lauren evidently could find no existing building of suitable size—big enough to be a convincing stage set, small enough not to be mistaken for a banal department store—the Polo Ralph Lauren store, replete with mahogany paneling, was carved into the base of the new Peninsula hotel. Limestone façade was plunked onto the exterior, so it would look from the sidewalk like a separate building.

L auren, with his ability to envision a whole world in idealized form and then persuade others to buy into it, casts the net of design far wider than almost any fashion designer in history. In a sense, Lauren’s sales pitches are like the come-ons of a great politician, which is why I have begun to wonder whether Lauren may have more in common with figures such as Ronald Reagan and Teddy Roosevelt than with any other designer. Like them, he has built his success on a belief that the world is pretty good as it is, but that he can make it better still; if we need to do is to trust him and follow along. Lauren offers the one thing politicians promise and can almost never deliver, which is consistency. The reason we don’t trust the vision of most politicians is that their actions are so often at odds with their words. Ralph Lauren doesn’t use words. (I was not surprised when he declined an interview request for this article. He is shy and avoids talking about his work, as he fears that by saying too much he might break the spell.) Lauren thinks in images and speaks through his designs, and the only way he could break a campaign promise would be by designing something that violated that air of relaxed, self-conscious perfection. As surely as Reagan believed in his policies, Lauren believes in his vision. Both have to be a Republican to enjoy dressing like one.

Men have possessed a nearly magical ability to transform the conventional into something uplifting and optimistic. The elaborate book that Rizzoli is bringing out to mark Lauren’s 40th anniversary, a slipcased volume that will sell for $135, presents Lauren and his family as the ultimate expression of the Polo Ralph Lauren ideal. It’s the coffee-table equivalent of a politicians memoir-as-testament book.

When Lauren began to get very rich, he began to live very well, but it is revealing that his idea of living well is, like his designs, based largely on what the culture has already validated. He has an elegant apartment in one of the best Fifth Avenue buildings, a sprawling weekend estate in Bedford, New York, an oceanfront place in Montauk, Long Island, a ranch in Colorado, and the villa at Round Hill, Jamaica, that just happens to have been owned by Babe and William Paley. There is nothing unorthodox about any of his addresses, either in design or locale, and nothing controversial about his rich-man’s hobby. Lauren collects old cars, which gives him a way to indulge in his fondness for beautiful objects while at the same time avoiding the realm of the untested—something that he could never do if he were a collector of, say, contemporary art.

Most designers who have changed the course of history—whether Frank Lloyd Wright or Coco Chanel—have done it by breaking, often radically, with what came before. Lauren may be the first designer who has transformed the world by not doing anything new at all. He isn’t interested in edge as much as he is in convincing us how wonderful the world would be if it had less edge. He doesn’t push the envelope; he remakes it in perfect vellum paper. It’s worth remembering that in the late 60s and early 70s, when Lauren was getting up to speed, fashion was almost all edge—the times were defined by the flashiness of Rudy Gernreich and early Yves St. Laurent, and there was a certain brittleness to even the best designs. Lauren turned away from that, and was one of the first to think in terms of making things feel easy and natural. His work aspired not to an uncertain future but to a very familiar past.

By now, Lauren’s versions of common American designs—the canvas overnight bag, the striped dress shirt, the navy blazer—have come to feel not like imitations but like things unto themselves, the benchmarks against which other things, including the originals that inspired them, are measured. Lauren didn’t invent the idea of polo as a symbol of upper-class life, and he wasn’t even the first designer to market his own version of the pullover shirt that is named for the game. But who remembers that now? There are any number of polo shirts, but there is only one Polo shirt, and it is his. Lauren’s designs have outpowered their sources, in much the same way that Walt Disney’s idealized version of Main Street is now the platonic image of a small town, looming larger in many people’s minds than any real small town ever could.

There is always the temptation to dismiss Lauren as an expert marketer whose talent lies in convincing people that tweaking the classics constitutes creativity. Can you be considered an artist if your art consists not of making new things but of remaking old ones so that they are more appealing, and often better, than the originals? So what if Ralph Lauren is to Karl Lagerfeld as the architect Robert A. M. Stern is to Rem Koolhaas? It’s more interesting to ask what actually constitutes authenticity in our time. A Robert Stern knockoff of a Shingle Style villa in East Hampton, with precise climate control and every available technological gizmo, is a lot more pleasing to live in than the drafty, creaky, 100-year-old original that inspired it. And Manhattan’s Rhinelander Mansion, a handsome French Renaissance limestone-clad villa from 1898, never looked as good as it has since 1983, when the architect Naomi Leff renovated it into Lauren’s flagship store. The grand, mahogany-paneled central staircase, the impeccable carved plaster ceilings, the ancestral portraits, the Oriental rugs—this is everyone’s dream of genteel New York living, but almost all of it is make-believe, added or re-created after the house was bought by Lauren. When Gertrude Rhinelander Waldo lived there, it was probably musty, stuffy, and dark. And in the years before Lauren took it over, the mansion, like so many old buildings, had been pushed and pulled in every direction by unsympathetic alterations. Which is more genuine—a real house in decreted condition,
or a considered remake that corrects every flaw? Stern, who mines architectural history in much the same way that Lauren plundered the rest of material culture, would probably say that a building is authentic if it uses the best techniques of its time to fulfill its purpose. And part of its purpose is to make its occupants feel comfortable. Wrapping modern innards in traditional garb is one way of doing that. Lauren's business is to wrap our own innards in traditional garb, and he presumably believes that this makes you no less a person of your time than if you clothed yourself entirely in Issey Miyake.

If Lauren's vision of America was invented out of whole cloth—no pun intended—that hardly matters. Today, his ode to American style are American style to the rest of the world. Polo Ralph Lauren is the one American brand that has a significant international presence, on a par with Prada, Gucci, Chanel, and Louis Vuitton. The only American name that comes close to Lauren as a global luxury icon is Tiffany, and it doesn't make clothes. Ralph Lauren makes pretty much everything, and you can buy his products as easily on New Bond Street, in London, and in the Ginza, in Tokyo, as in Chicago and Dallas. Lauren's stores in Jidda, Riyadh, Kuwait City, Dubai, and Tel Aviv—not to mention Munich, Athens, and Shanghai—are the best advertisements for America that you could ask for. Ralph Lauren should get an award from the State Department, since he has done more for this country's image than the Voice of America. When you walk into the Polo Ralph Lauren shop on Place de la Madeleine, in Paris, you don't think of the United States as the country that invaded Iraq. You think of it as the country that made it possible for everyone to be rich, or at least to have some of the trappings of the good life.

And that, in the end, is the essence of Lauren: luxury for all. If America is based on the idea that everyone should have an equal opportunity to get rich, Lauren's idea is that everybody should have an equal opportunity to look and feel rich, however much money they have. Is this elitism masquerading as democracy, or democracy masquerading as elitism? It is tantalizingly in between. The real rich wear Polo Ralph Lauren, and so does the upper middle class, and they often buy their Lauren duds at super-luxurious, stand-alone Polo Ralph Lauren shops. But, unlike most other luxury brands, Lauren's company also sells its goods at discount stores such as Kohl's and J. C. Penney, as well as at a large network of its own factory-outlet stores. Yet instead of being dragged downmarket, the company seems to bring these other places upmarket. The association of Lauren's name with luxury is so solid that nothing this side of Wal-Mart seems able to shake it. Maybe that's because there is nothing snobbish about Lauren's designs, for all they mimic the accoutrements of the rich. His genius is in selling the image of the upper classes to the masses without diluting its appeal to the people who made it in the first place. He has made aristocracy feel entirely democratic. What could be more American than that?

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TWO FOR THE MODE

He looks a bit girlie with his long, flowing piratical locks, Johnny Depp pout, and ring through his nose. She seems a bit of a lad with her spiky, peroxided shag-carpet hair, punk-princess persona, and Beatles-y accent. Not much about either of them immediately screams "top model," but that's what they are—Models du jour. Icons discerningly chosen by headline fashion labels (in his case Calvin Klein; in hers, Giorgio Armani, among others) to promote each company's particular brand of upmarket chic. So what does British singer-songwriter Jamie Burke, 22, lead vocalist and guitarist with the group Bloody Social, tell us about Calvin Klein? That the billboard days of the Calvin-Klein-underwear-touting Über-hunk are numbered? Or that vast numbers of graying Calvin Klein advertising executives still daydream about being tight-trousered indie rock stars?

Meanwhile, new discovery Agyness Deyn (née Hollins), 21, fully equipped with a rock-singer boyfriend and fresh from selling fish-and-chips in a North England town, is conveying something equally alternative to Giorgio Armani's well-heeled international clientele. But what? That girls who can pass for pogo-dancing rock chicks are the new rhinestone-encrusted fashion plate? Or that Giorgio Armani's team has recently been listening to far too much Siouxsie and the Banshees?

—MICHAEL ROBERTS
THIS YEAR'S MODELS

In Paris, Jamie Burke and Agyness Deyn embrace their newfound success.
SOME ENCHANTED SHORE

Villa del Balbianello, on Lake Como. Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones and Casino Royale were both shot here. Opposite, George Clooney, who owns a villa on Lake Como, enjoying a stroll in the lakeside town of Argegno.
Lake Como was the province of a few noble families, visited by royalty, world leaders, and the cream of Old Hollywood. Then, in 2002, George Clooney and the tranquil Italian retreat were rarely in the spotlight, and now reports have everyone from Bill Gates to Rupert Murdoch and Tom Cruise vacationing among its few magnificent Gold coast villas. As BlackBerry-wielding Russian tycoons wave balled sums at the lake's aristocratic homeowners, NINE DI GIOVANNI asks ifomo's days are numbered
Shortly after losing his prime-ministership in the July 1945 elections, Winston Churchill, stunned by the defeat and feeling a strain in his home life, left for an extended painting holiday on the shores of Lake Como. As summer waned, he flew to Italy with his entourage—his wife, daughter, physician, valet, secretary, and detective—in a Dakota belonging to Field Marshal Harold Alexander, the first Earl Alexander of Tunis. The party stayed as Alexander’s guests at Villa Le Rose, in the tiny village of Moltrasio, a home Churchill described as a “small palace . . . the last word in modern millionairism.”

That first morning, surrounded by local children, he sat quietly staring out at the lake and painting. His daughter Sarah described his work: “A luminous lake and boats, backed by a beetling crag, with a miniature toy village caught in the sunlight at its foot.” Lord Moran, Churchill’s doctor, wrote that the former prime minister was so entranced by the lake that “he sat solidly for five hours, brush in hand, only pausing from time to time to lift his sombrero and mop his brow.”

Churchill wasn’t the only World War II leader to find peace, of a sort, at Lake Como, 25 miles north of Milan, in Lombardy, near the Swiss border. Nearly five months earlier, on April 28, 1945, Benito Mussolini, the Italian Fascist, had died in Mezzegra, a tiny village 20 miles along the lake from the Villa Le Rose. The exact details of his death are not known, though it is widely thought that he and his mistress, Clara Petacci, were murdered by Italian partisans. (The bodies were later hung on meat hooks in a square in Milan.) Was Churchill’s trip to the same area merely a historical coincidence? There have long been rumors that Churchill traveled to Como that summer not simply to paint but to retrieve secret letters in which he had supposedly tried to persuade Mussolini to make a separate peace with the Allies, subverting the Allies’ stated demand for an unconditional surrender of all the Axis countries. A recent Italian documentary even claims that Mussolini was shot by two British secret-service agents acting on Churchill’s orders.

But whatever the “real” reason for Churchill’s 1945 trip to Como, he found a retreat that seemed far removed from the brutal war that had broken Europe. “An air of complete tranquillity and good humour pervades these beautiful lakes and valleys, which are unervasged by war,” Churchill wrote. “There is not a sign to be seen in the countryside, the dwellings or the demeanour or appearance of the inhabitants which would suggest that any violent events have been happening in the world.”

That dreamy sense of unreality is exactly the reason that Como, a narrow, 30-mile-long lake that looks like an inverted Y, has always been a retreat for artists, writers, aristocrats, and, now, the very newly rich. Stendhal was inspired to set part of The Charterhouse of Parma on Como’s shores. Verdi composed La Traviata here, Liszt Après une Lecture de Dante, Bellini Norma. Wordsworth, Shelley, Puccini, and Rossini all found inspiration at Como. Leonardo da Vinci used the streams and waterfalls as the setting for Madonna of the Rocks. John F. Kennedy stayed here, as did Napoleon. Hitchcock made his first film, The Pleasure Garden, on the grounds of the Villa d’Este, the lake’s premier hotel, in 1925.

Como is grounded by the weight of history, from the grand villas which string out along the lake like a rope of pearls to the noble families which go back to the Renaissance, to the ghosts of European aristocrats and Old Hollywood. It is that combination of glamour and exclusivity which is now drawing in moneved Russians, American venture capitalists, billionaire publishers, Internet and airline moguls, and the latest generation of Hollywood stars.

“New money always wants to be with old money,” commented one long-term Comasco I spoke to.

According to Francesco Ugoni, who runs Bene Habitate, the most exclusive real-estate agency in Como (with branches in Moscow and Saint-Moritz), his agency gets five or six new foreign clients a week during the peak season trying to buy villas. “Como is now in the 20 top places in the world to live, thanks to George Clooney,” Ugoni smiles. “Clooney did not invent hot water, but he’s made a new name for Lake Como.” Clooney bought his 18th-century pale-cream green-shuttered Villa Oleandra from the Heinz family in 2002 for
Verdi, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Puccini all found inspiration at Como. John F. Kennedy stayed here, as did Napoleon.
Villa La Cassinella, rumored home of Richard Branson.

Michele Canepa with his dogs at Villa Il Balbiano.

Prince Gallarati Scotti at Villa Melzi d'Eril.

Silvio Berlusconi, flanked by bodyguards, arriving in Cernobbio.

Gianni Agnelli at Villa d'Este in 1987.

One of Winston Churchill's Como paintings.

Aerial view of Como.
having a pool built in full view of the lake, which angers many locals who feel that it should be built in a more discreet location on the grounds.

Driving prices even more than Western industrialists and Hollywood stars are newly rich Russians, who, Ugioni says, arrive with suitcases full of cash. “They think it’s great,” Ugioni says. “But this is not the Wild West where you go to the saloon and lay dollars on the bar to do business.”

“They started buying properties without asking how much they were,” says Enzo Pifferi, a photographer and publisher who has photographed nearly all the villas along the lake and has also documented Como’s famous silk industry. “They had no limits. They bought what they liked.”

You can hardly blame them. Como is a spectacular place, with the glacier lake running beneath the Italian Alps, ringed by small towns and villages and the city of Como. The air is clean. The people are friendly. The food is extraordinary. It’s less than one hour from Milan.

A map of Lake Como published in the Italian newspaper La Repubblica showed purported recent acquisitions by, among others, Branson, American private-equity investor Jim Cantwell, and the Kazakh oil magnate Nurlan Kapparov. Silvio Berlusconi, the former Italian prime minister, has been searching for a property for months—for his daughter, it is said. La Repubblica also reported that Tom Cruise owns property in Como and that Bill Gates is actively hunting for a villa.

Before Clooney’s purchase, Lake Como was a somewhat forgotten destination. Now Comaschi complain about how noisy it is on weekends when the newly rich race their speedboats. “There was a time,” says one, “when all you heard on the lake was the sound of sailboats, or tennis balls bouncing on clay courts.” Now there are also absurd traffic jams of S.U.V.’s and pileups of expensive sports cars in the small villages and on the narrow road that links them.

But while all of the recent real-estate activity is ultimately good for the local economy, which is dependent to a large degree on tourism, the noble families who have lived here for generations are not necessarily thrilled with the changes. And they have ways of putting on the brakes. For one thing, to prevent drastic alterations to the villas, the area has very strict building requirements. Even if Billionaire X could get a parcel of lakeside property, he would have to go before a committee that must
“Clooney did not invent hot water, but he’s made a new name for Lake Como.”
examine and approve all new projects. If they did O.K. his plans, another office would have to second them. "It's impossible even to alter a window," says one villa owner.

There is also an Alice Through the Looking Glass dimension to buying property on Lake Como. First, even though there are more than a hundred villas in the region, there are a limited number around the lake, perhaps a few dozen truly magnificent properties, many of which are never for sale. Homes are usually passed down through the generations, according to Robert Eves, an investor from Marin County, California, who spent six years finding his home in Como, Villa Calla.

"A man and his family live in the home that was formerly and is perhaps still occupied by his parents," Eves says, speaking generally. "Why would one sell his or her home when it is assumed that it will later become the home of the next generation of children?"

Much like other wealthy enclaves in Italy, there are no multiple-listing services in Como, and no Web sites on which sellers can post listings or potential buyers enter housing requirements. There are no for sale signs. "This is the antithesis of American 'shotgun' marketing," says Eves. "Here it's all a big secret and it's a wonder that anything ever sells." So people are forever guessing what might be on the market. Villa Fontanelle, owned by the Versace family, for instance, "is always for sale and always not for sale," says Ugoni.

The route to buy is discreet, says Eves. If someone wants to sell his home, he casually mentions it to a friend or favored agent, who agrees to keep it secret until the most propitious moment. Then the agent casually mentions the availability of the property to another agent, or to people who have expressed interest in buying. Then a call is discreetly placed. Then a "visit" arranged.

Then there is the matter of price. How much, for instance, would Villa Fontanelle sell for? Ugoni shrugs. "A pen costs one euro, but when it's a famous pen, everyone wants it." Villa Passalacqua, reportedly owned by Cantwell, which is not technically for sale but would go for the right price, could fetch around $87 million.

Another reason for high prices is that there is only one part of the lake where everyone wants to buy: the "Riva Romantica," or Gold Coast of Como, a five-mile stretch on the western side between the towns of Cernobbio and Laglio, which gets the sun in the morning—"The gold in the mouth," says Ugoni. So the same gang...
Almost two centuries ago, a royal coronation might be delayed until the arrival of its exquisitely stitched Hermès carriage fittings, just as today even the richest women must wait for an exquisitely stitched Hermès Birkin bag. With the family-run French company passing to a sixth generation, LAURA JACOBS chronicles its rise to global pre-eminence, where a modern aesthetic meets the humble tools—awls, mallets, needles, knives, and stones—of unsurpassed tradition.
ORANGE CRUSH
Atop 24 Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré a statue, affectionately known as "L'Artificier," waves Hermès scarves; opposite, Hermès gift boxes in signature orange stacked at 24 Faubourg.

s to Eternity

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TODD EBERLE
LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ, QUALITÉ

Artisans and their creations at the Hermès leather workshop in Pantin. Bottom, Birkin bags in brown and beige leather and other bags in progress await final touches in Pantin. Opposite, architect Rena Dumas in her Paris office.

"The world is divided into two types of people: those who know how to use tools, and those who do not."

"We are an industrial company with 12 divisions, which design makes, and retails its products. We aren't a holding company.

"We will continue to make things the way the grandfathers did."

For 28 years, from 1978 to 2006, the most quotable voice in the world of retail—pragmatic, poetic—came from Jean-Louis Dumas, the head of a company that in every other way speaks with its hands. It is an old company with a Protestant spine and a Parisian perfectionism—where nothing is ever as it seems. Dumas was one of the oldest family-owned-and-controlled companies in France. Its name alone prompts sighs of desire among those in the know, and those in the know run the gamut from French housewives to fashionistas to queen (both kinds), from social climber to Olympian equestrian to C.E.O. The name itself is a sigh, a flight, and its proper pronunciation must often be taught. "Air-mez"—as in the messenger god with winged sandals. Mischievous, witty, ingenious Hermès.

"We don't have a policy of image, we have a policy of product."

Dumas, fifth generation of the Hermès family, was eminently quotable because he expressed clear concepts that made sense in any language. Though Hermès is grouped with other luxury brands, it has an ineffable higher, apart, and not only because it is more costly. Dumas himself pooh-poohed the term "luxury," disliking its arrogance, a hint of decadence. He preferred the word "refinement," and intrinsic to that refinement is what Hermès won’t do. It does not boast, does not use celebrities in advertising, does not license its name, does not let imperfect work leave the atelier (imperfect work is destroyed), does not get its head turned by trends. What it does do—Dumas "policy of product"—is create necessary objects made from the most beautiful materials on earth, each so intelligently designed and deeply well made it transcends fashion (which is good because the pieces last for generations). When Diane Johnson, in her best-seller of 1997, L. Divorce, describes a gift box from Hermès “set alluringly on the desk, like a cake on an altar,” she catches that special blend of the sense and the soul inherent in an object from Hermès.

"Time is our greatest weapon."

Inside that gift box is an Hermès handbag, a Kelly, the company classic renamed in 1956 for the actress Grace Kelly, who used one to shield her pregnancy from a paparazzo’s lens. In Johnson’s novel the Kelly is symbolic of an Old World transaction—the taking of a mistress. But under Dumas's brilliant leadership, Hermès became a brave-new-world company, growing global in a sustained, sav·vy, relatively debt-free ascent that was prepared for in the 80s, rocketed in the 90s, and continued to climb after 2000 even as other luxury brands slipped. Young women in Japan, China, and Russia now buy their own Kellys. Paris is no longer the only destination for those who
Hermès is not so much a design identity as it is a culture, rarefied world with its own values and ways of working.
Hermès Frères
Sellier
20-24 Faubourg St.-Honoré, Paris

Formule "Club" 1987-1988
Applications aux savons de toilette et de la parfumerie

Vintner's Friend

HERMÈS

HERMÈS
HORSE SENSE

(1) The Hermès silk-scarf factory in Lyon.  
(2) The Hermès shop at 24 Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré in 1880. (3) Records of saddle orders dating back to the early 1900s at Hermès headquarters.  
(4) The rooftop of 24 Faubourg.  
(5) A page from a 1920s Hermès catalogue, featuring the “Hermès Fastener.”  
(6) Order book from the late 1800s at 24 Faubourg.  
(7) Students at the Academy of Equestrian Arts, in Versailles, outside of Paris, ride horses saddled by Hermès.  
(9) A 1996 silkscreen design for an Hermès scarf.  
(10) A 1929 magazine ad for Hermès car accessories.  
(11) Prince Rainier of Monaco escorts his fiancée, Grace Kelly, wielding her namesake Hermès Kelly bag, Philadelphia, January 1956.
EVERYBODY IN LEATHER:

(1) Curator Méniel de Brazemaille stands among the treasures at the private Hermès Museum. (2) Saddle master Laurent Goblet and one of his craftsmen flank their handiwork. (3) Artistic directors Pascale Mussard and Pierre-Alexis Dumas at 24 Faubourg. (4) Shoe and accessory designer Pierre Hardy at the Pantin workshop. (5) Hermès women's ready-to-wear designer Jean Paul Gaultier. (6) Leila Menchari, who has done Hermès shop windows for 40 years.
It began with Thierry Hermès, the sixth child of an innkeeper. He was born a French citizen in the German town of Krefeld, land that in 1801 was part of Napoleon’s empire. Having lost all of his family to disease and war, Hermès went to Paris an orphan, proved gifted in leatherwork, and opened a shop in 1837, the same year Charles Lewis Tiffany opened his doors in New York. Today the two companies have the most distinctive color signatures in retail—Hermès orange and Tiffany robin’s-egg blue—but there the similarity ends. Where Tiffany began in stationery and costume jewelry, Hermès specialized in horse harnesses required by society traps, calèches, and carriages. The dynamics of animal power and grace, movement and travel, energy controlled and the outdoors enjoyed, are deep in the lifeline of Hermès. It was a business built on the strength of a stitch that can only be done by hand, the saddle stitch, which has two needles working two waxed linen threads in tensile opposition. It is a handsome, graphic stitch, and done properly it will never come loose.

The clients of Thierry Hermès were rich; the Parisian beau monde and European royalty, including the emperor Napoléon III and his empress, Eugénie. But Thierry’s true client—the wings on his sandals—was the horse, whose hauteur in this era was unrivaled. It was an equipment that the Hermès allure took form, born of a linear integrity, a tailored masculinity, its richness lying in the leather and in hardware honestly, elegantly designed. When Thierry’s son, Émile-Charles, succeeded him, the family business moved to 24 Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré, where it has been a limestone landmark—the home of Hermès—ever since. In that same year of 1880, saddlery was added, a custom business that required measurements from both horse and rider. Added as well in the 19th century, another Hermès institution: the wait. Because handstitched perfection cannot be rushed, royal coronations were sometimes delayed until Hermès fittings for the carriage and the guard had arrived. In this century, the wait list for items such as the hot-and-heavy Birkin, a handbag created in 1984 for the actress Jane Birkin, can stretch to five years. One Birkin takes 18 to 25 hours to make, and the Paris workrooms produce only five or so each week; these supply Hermès stores worldwide.

In the third generation of Hermès, when Émile-Charles’s sons, Adolphe and Émile-Maurice, succeeded him, lightning struck. Hermès Frères, as it was then called, was peerless in its field, adding Czar Nicholas II of Russia to its client list, along with royalties and riders from around the world. Nevertheless, the century had turned and the centrality of the horse was diminishing. Elder brother Adolphe, shy and fearful of this epochal change, thought there was no future for Hermès in the age of the motor. Émile-Maurice, adventurous and inspired, thought otherwise.

“My grandfather,” says Jérôme Guerrand, the chairman of the Hermès supervisory board and a cousin of Jean-Louis Dumas’s, “during the war was sent as an officer to the States, and he met [Henry] Ford. At that time it was the best example for factories in the world. And in Canada he found a kind of zipper for the [canvas] roof of the cars. He thought it was something he could use in France—to make other things.”

Perhaps only a man named for the Greek god of swiftness would perceive the future in this quicksilver device. Émile—Continued on page 19.
SURREAL APPEAL

Isabella Blow, English fashion icon, whose death in May at the age of 48 was as dramatic as the life she lived, photographed in 2005, and, opposite, in 2002.
In the end, it seemed, Isabella Blow loved fashion more than the fashion world loved her back. By 2006 the woman who'd discovered major talents such as Alexander McQueen, launched countless new looks, and turned hats into a spectator sport was being marginalized by an industry that couldn't compute her value. Three months after Blow's suicide, friends, mentors, and colleagues tell EDWARD HELMORE why the wildly eccentric British aristocrat became an icon, and then a casualty.
soon after three p.m. on Tuesday, May 15, six bay horses, each with a plumage of black ostrich feathers, trotted toward Gloucester Cathedral drawing a Victorian funeral carriage, its cargo bedecked with white gardenias and surmounted by a black galleon hat. When the horses fell into step they looked as if they were dancing, even flying, some said. As the carriage entered the courtyard, led by a footman with a silver-topped cane, a black cape, and an undertaker’s top hat, the effect was of consummate gravitas and theatricality, the perfect dramatic exit for English fashion icon Isabella Blow.

The previous Monday her husband, Detmar Blow, had sent out a text message to all their friends: *Issie died peacefully last night. I am heartbroken. DETMAR.* A bank holiday in Britain, a slow news day, ensured that Isabella, a beloved English eccentric known for her outrageous hats, and who had been at the vanguard of British fashion for a quarter of a century, would be on the front pages the following morning. In New York, it was the day of the Metropolitan Museum of Art’s Costume Institute gala, fashion’s premier night out, when the perfectly primped and preened, exquisitely deplated international fashionistas come together for a party thrown by Blow’s mentor, Vogue editor Anna Wintour.

News of Blow’s death at 48 was shocking, but it was no surprise: it was well known she had been depressed. Her husband told the press his wife had died of cancer, but, in truth, she’d taken her own life. “It’s a small detail,” says milliner Philip Treacy, one of Blow’s many fashion discoveries. “There was nothing tragic about Isabella. She was the life of the party.”

A few days earlier, in London, Isabella Blow had sat for her last portrait—for a *Vanity Fair* portfolio by photographer Tim Walker and stylist Sarajane Hoare, on English eccentrics. She was fragile, but the photo shoot lifted her spirits. She laughed with her dirty laugh and was full of ideas for the image—a castle turret, armor by designer Alexander McQueen, the sacrifice of a pair of rare-breed sheep from her home to supply a decoration of blood.

“A funeral, done really well, is just like a wedding,” she said ominously.

It would soon become clear what she meant. Blow’s funeral was at least as dramatic as her wedding had been. 18 years earlier, in the same spectacular Gothic setting. Her pages then were pallbearers now. Then, as now, she wore a hat by Philip Treacy. Detmar wore the same ceremonial Sri Lankan suit for both occasions. Then, as now, Blow had choreographed an event as glamorous and outrageous as the identity that she had forged for herself.

But at the service, Blow’s wide circle of friends wondered she was driven to her undoing by the shadow of her own creation or if this was ordained in her own life. She was drawn to extremes and spent her life on a roller coaster of intensity. In death, the question was the same: How had it come to this?

That Isabella Delves Broughton, a slight and bushy English country girl born with blue blood in her veins, had even ventured into the fashion world was unlikely enough. That she became an iconic globe-trotting fixture of it was the stuff of fantasy.

For more than 20 years, she kept herself on creative high, her persona preceding her like the bow wave of a ship. People saw her as eccentric, but she disliked the term. “He humor and eye were eccentric, but her brain really wasn’t,” says Nicky Haslam, the British society decorator. “Most eccentrics are a pose, and it’s a frightful bore. Like Diana Vreeland, Issie could think in a surreal way.”

Nevertheless, her eccentric public image was one she spent her life cultivating with her daring choices in clothing, particularly hats. Dressing without a hat, Blow explained, was like not being dressed at all. “It’s meant to be a sensual, erotic display. You’re there to get a new husband, a new boyfriend, whatever. And you can get it. It’s a sensual thing. It’s the old-fashioned cock-and-hen story, the mating dance. Men love hats. They love it because it’s something they have to take off in order to fuck you. Anyone can wear a hat.”

“Fashion is about emotion,” she once said, standing outside a fashion show in Paris in the rain. “It’s about love.”

Women, she continued, “love clothes because they mean something to them—the day you met the man you love, the day you got married, what you did before you made love to somebody. It’s psychological and tied to the spirit of a woman.”

Once she had an idea, her enthusiasm knew few limits. “I’d say, ‘Maybe I’ll do a collection based on Catherine of Russia,’ and she’d say, ‘Ooh, yes. Go for it,’” recalls designer Manolo Blahnik. “Once we had a project doing shoes from animals in the sea. We made an octopus shoe, which was incredibly difficult. Then she wanted a shoe like a carnivorous plant. . . . She would bring in extraordinary books about Surrealists, animals, dresses of queens . . .

Blow could spot talent at a distance, and would push and encourage and promote until they were household names. Along with Treacy, she discovered the models Sophie Dahl, Honor Fraser, and Stella Tennant, designer Hussein Chalayan, and, perhaps most famously, McQueen, whom she found in the early 90s at the Royal College of Art.

Where many fashionistas dress head to toe in the latest labels out of vanity, Blow could hardly care less. She wore clothes for dramatic effect. At fashion shows, she would often be the only one in a sea of serious, black-clad women to cheer on the outfits she liked, effortlessly balancing Treacy’s latest design on her head. She was interested only in originality, says her friend...
“Her humor and eye were eccentric,” says Nicky Haslam, “but her brain really wasn’t.”

MOURING GLORY

Blow, photographed in 1996 for Vogue. “A funeral, done really well, is just like a wedding,” she said days before her suicide. Opposite, illustration of Blow by Hilary Knight.
A LIFE LESS ORDINARY

“Most people in fashion get excited about being connected to people who have already made it,” says Ronnie Newhouse. “Issie got excited by discovering people.”
Ronnie Newhouse, wife of Condé Nast International chairman Jonathan Newhouse and an art director. “Most people in fashion get excited about being connected to people who have already made it. Iissie got excited by discovering people. They could be from anywhere and usually were.”

She helped bring British fashion to the forefront by infusing it with elements of the island’s history and mythology—whether it was King Arthur, the Bloomsbury set, or the Bright Young Things of the 1920s—and was a central figure in the British cultural renaissance of the 90s. (Blow would help produce Vanity Fair’s 1997 portfolio “London Swings! Again!” In it, she posed alongside Alexander McQueen for a memorable portrait by David LaChapelle.)

Early in her career, at Tatler—which, like Vanity Fair and Vogue, is owned by Condé Nast—she was perfectly placed to usher in a new look for the British aristocracy: because she was from it, she didn’t have to take it seriously. She joined the society magazine as a fashion assistant during a creative high point there, and helped to distinguish it with wit and subversion. Shaking up conventions, aware of correct behavior but not enslaved to it.

“It was the emergence of the upper classes as sexy,” says the designer Antony Price. “Nobody had seen them as before. She repackaged them. Up to that point they’d been a joke.”

No one recognized that more than Blow, who proudly traced her heritage back to the Battle of Poitiers, in 1356, where Edward, the Black Prince, routed the French army and captured King John of France. During the battle the Black Prince was almost taken prisoner. One of the scouts who rescued him, John de Delves of Cheshire, had a title bestowed upon him, along with a family motto, “Haud muto factum” (Nothing happens by being mute), and the right to enemulate his castle. Blow “was proud of her chivalric past,” says barrister Orlando Fraser, a cousin of hers. “She had a medieval heart—bold, haughty. She had an earthy sense of humor and she loved to shock.”

Though inspired by her aristocratic lineage, Blow was also burdened by the strange legacy of her family. Her grandfather Sir Henry John “Jock” Delves Broughton, a gambler and bon vivant, had inherited Daddington Hall, a large 18th century house, and an estate in Staffordshire, in 1914. He received 34,000 acres of good land and considerable investments that, in all, provided him with an income of £80,000 a year, a vast sum. But Broughton was beset by fears of running out of money and began selling off the land. He made poor investments and gambled wildly. He lived, his friend Lord Carnarvon said, “high, wide, and handsome.”

In 1940, Broughton took his young second wife, Diana, to Kenya’s Happy Valley, locus of a society of licentious expat British aristocrats. Within the year, Diana had begun a public affair with Josslyn Hay, 22nd Earl of Erroll, a specialist in seducing rich married women. Broughton was as jealous a man as Diana was promiscuous, so when Erroll was found in his car on a country road outside Nairobi, killed by a single bullet in his head, Broughton was the natural suspect and was soon charged with the murder. The themes of spectacle, sex, and death were now firmly etched into the template of the family.

Broughton was acquitted, but he returned to Daddington Hall, with his reputation ruined. In December 1942, he checked into the Adelphi Hotel, in Liverpool, gave instructions he should not be disturbed, and overdosed on morphine. James Fox’s 1992 book (and its 1987 film adaptation), White Mischief, was about the scandal.

By the time Isabella was born, in 1958, the family was living across the lake from Daddington Hall. As Blow later said, she lived with beauty at a distance.

“It was very macabre. Their cottage overlooked the big empty house. It looked black,” says publisher David Macmillan. “It had that touch of faded glory—very grand furniture from an enormous house stuffed into a small one. The unique English look of trading down.”

At the age of four, Blow witnessed the drowning of her young brother, the family’s only son and heir, in shallow water in the lake. “I can remember everything about it,” Blow said. “The smell of the honeysuckle, and him stretched out on the lawn. My mother went upstairs to put her lip stick on. That might have something to do with my obsession with lipstick.”

The family was devastated by the loss. Blow’s parents, Sir Evelyn and Lady Helen, seemed to lose interest in their three daughters. Isabella, Julia, and Lavinia, and they were soon dispatched to an all-girl boarding school. When Isabella was 14, her mother shook her daughters’ hands and walked out on them. “The repercussions of her brother’s death were enormous,” says author and university friend Liza Campbell. “Here she was, the oldest child but a girl and therefore quite useless. It’s a hangover from the medieval times she loved.”

Sir Evelyn remarried. On his honeymoon in the Caribbean his new wife, Rona, 25 years his junior, became concerned about an unsightly varicose veins. Upon returning to England, he underwent surgery to have them removed but in the process got gangrene and lost one leg above the knee.

Blow was sent to secretarial school in Oxford. “It was a little hedonistic,” recalls Adam Boulton, political editor of Rupert Murdoch’s Sky News, who was an Oxford undergraduate at the time. “There was always a lot of drinking going on. Isabella always wore cocktail dresses. She’d come into the drawing room, wiggle her hips, and lift her skirt. It was her thing. The only issue was whether she was wearing underwear or not.”

From Oxford, Blow headed to London. She took odd jobs, eventually finding a position as a salesgirl at Medina, a boutique in Knightsbridge, where friends would come to borrow clothes for weekend parties. A career in fashion started to make sense. “She went into fashion because she liked dressing up,” says Macmillan. “She liked being another person, for the day, for the moment, for the event of it.”

In 1979, Blow went to America to study art at Columbia University and then to Midland, Texas, where her first husband, Nick Taylor, an Englishman, planned to make it in the oil business. He didn’t. While in Texas, Blow took a trip to New York, where she was introduced to Anna Wintour, then creative director at Vogue. Wintour offered her a position as her assistant. “She appeared in the corridor wearing a black lace mantilla, looking like a cross between a woman in an El Greco painting and Alice Cooper,” says screenwriter Evgenia Citkowitz, then also a Vogue assistant. “She washed her desk with Perrier. She was completely baroque compared to her co-workers—they looked like androids in the uniform of chic.”

Blow became a part-time Factory girl in the orbit of Andy...
Blow, in what would be her final portrait, photographed for Vanity Fair on April 30, 2007, at the Battersea Arts Centre, in London, one week before her death. Opposite, illustration by Hilary Knight.

“She was just struggling within herself,” says Anna Wintour, “but even in that situation her spirit and ability to laugh were undiminished.”
Warhol. 'Issie was seeing Jean-Michel Basquiat, or at least he was sitting in her office a lot of the time,' recalls Wintour. America gave Blow the opportunity for re-invention, but there was an undertow of self-doubt. ‘One always wondered how she really felt about herself that she had to camouflage herself in these extraordinary outfits,’ says Wintour. ‘That was there from the word go, but it got more extreme as she got older.’

She returned to London in 1986 for the job at Tatler, already separated from Taylor; they would soon divorce. In 1989, Isabella Broughton met 24-year-old Detmar Blow. Sixteen days later they were engaged. Detmar, six years her junior, had an estate 100 miles west of London. In theory, he was wealthy; in practice, he was not.

After their fairy-tale wedding, Isabella put her energy into renovating the cottages on the estate to rent to friends from London. The happy newlyweds lived at Hilles, a large Arts and Crafts house that was filled with tapestries, suits of armor, pikes, and other medieval flotsam. ‘They were like two children set loose in a big house,’ says her friend (and the author’s sister) Lucy Birley, ‘but they were both desperately insecure about money and fueled each other’s fears.’

They created a salon, entertaining writers, artists, intellectuals, and minor royalty. But as in so much of her life, the fantasy could be hard to support. ‘She transformed herself into this extraordinary creature,’ says interior decorator Camilla Guinness, ‘but there was always the sense that she was only just keeping her head above water.’

And her marital home was not truly her own. Helga, Detmar’s mother, gave the young couple use of Hilles under the provision they would vacate if she wished to visit. Isabella felt she was a caretaker in her own home, a situation exaggerated by sibling rivalry. Behind the bohemian façade, it became like a daytime soap opera: Detmar and Isabella at Hilles; her sister, Selina, and her husband, Charles Levinson, a doctor, in a smaller house; Amaury, Detmar’s younger brother, roaming the hills in a shawl with two Irish wolfhounds for company; and Helga, pulling the strings from her home on an island off Sri Lanka.

To Isabella’s enduring sorrow, she and Detmar were unable to have children. The Levinsons had more success: they produced one son and a daughter and were encouraged by Helga to see themselves as the rightful occupants of Hilles.

To resolve the dilemma, Isabella offered to make a way for Detmar to find a woman who could bear him a son. In 2004 the couple separated. Detmar began an affair with Stephanie Theobald, the social editor of Tatler rival Harper’s Bazaar and a lesbian. Isabella’s choice of a lover was a disaster, a Venetian from an old family of glassblowers. It ended badly in a financial dispute. Her friends cannot bring themselves to mention his name. ‘He’s not worth the space,’ says European fashion P.R. woman Karla Otto. Detmar and Isabella’s separation lasted for 18 months. Friends say this episode marked the start of her decline into serious depression.

Still, her legend only grew in the world of fashion. She committed herself to her visions absolutely. Sometimes the event itself surpassed the vision. Musician Bryan Ferry recalls a shoot in Blow’s apartment: ‘Issie had blown the whole budget on a cocktail shaker and ice bucket. She had also hired an 80-year-old man in a white tuxedo who used to do the bar at Claridge’s. She spent all her money on extravagant things like that. As I walked in she said, ‘Darling, would you like a cocktail?’ It was four in the afternoon and the poor man had been standing there all day. It was sheer Evelyn Waugh.’

To her old friends, her behavior had not changed with time but had only become exaggerated. ‘She was a great one for ups the stakes,’ says David Ogilvy, a singer and music producer. ‘She’d always be very funny about the situations she got herself into.’ Indeed, she placed unique strains on the institutions of fashion. In one incident, at Tatler, she was sent up to Vogue to look at some photos. ‘She was banned from going up there for three months,’ recalls stylist Joe McKenna, ‘when a member of the staff walked in to see her beat over a light box with no knockers on underneath her skirt.’

Isabella Delves Broughton was now Issie Blow, a personality—much sought after for her opinions, endorsements, and keen eye for emerging talent. She was a fashion star. Her outfits more extreme, Treacy’s headdresses more imaginative and extravagant. But her essential dilemma was not resolved. Blow still worried about money. She felt unappreciated, unrecognized by the business; if the creative parts of the fashion world had embraced her style and wit, they were getting harder for the workday mainstream to accept. She had successfully established the Style section of the London Sunday Times and had been a fashion editor at British Vogue only to find herself cast away from both. She was retained as a consultant by Swarovski, the Swiss crystal maker. She convinced her designer friends to use the crystals; Swarovski was re-invented. But they, too, let her go.

‘She was brilliant at finding new things and could always find new ways of looking at things,’ says photographer Mario Testino, a friend from their early days in New York, ‘but it was hard for her to define her job and it was hard to find ways to pay her. So you find a designer, or you find the model, but how do you invoice for that?’

‘Issie wouldn’t just sell you the specific skill of someone but their entire life. Like slave trader! And she did it in an extremely sophisticated, lewed, and seductive way,’ says Malcolm McLaren, architect of punk rock, the 70s. ‘She was like someone constantly search of an idea. But the idea was her, as nobody ever managed to put the mirror up in front of her and say, ‘Issie, it’s all about you. You are the artist, but you’re not telling anyone, so you never get the compensation recognition.’

Blow was still haunted by what happened with her most famous discovery, Alexander McQueen. In 1997, Blow happened to lunch having train ride with Tom Ford, then head at Giucci, who mentioned that he was looking to make acquisitions to expand the Gucci group. Blow always claimed that she suggested he buy McQueen’s label. They entered into negotiations, and a multi-million-dollar price was agreed upon. The happy party’s off on a now legendary train ride to Paris to sign the documents. When they got there, Blow found there was no mention of her—and there was no role for her in the new company. ‘Issie’s name was never on the contract,” lawyer involved in the negotiations said. Fashion was showing Blow its coldest face. She was devastated, and some blamed McQueen. ‘In a sense, what makes designers successful is their ruthlessness,’ offers one well-known fashion insider.

Equally likely, the executives making the deal saw Blow as an unnecessary bottom-line expense. Whatever the truth—McQueen declined to speak for this article—Blow put aside her hurt and the pair remained cautious friends. (McQueen, along with others, would pick up some of her private hospital bills in the year before her death.)

‘She couldn’t separate the fact that you can do something for money and it doesn’t have to be any good and that no one will know you did it. You just get paid for it,’ says Vogue writer and Bergdorf Blondes author Plum Sykes. ‘She couldn’t do some thing unless she loved it, and she couldn’t bear things that weren’t beautiful or interesting.” And fashion, for all its emphasis on creativity, is a business.

As Blow’s world darkened, so did her sense of humor. She began regularly wearing a Victorian mourning ring, and expressed her desire to be buried in Treacy’s Phesant hat. She told The New Yorker that, upon her death, her heart was to be taken from her body, placed in a heart-shaped box, and given to Detmar. In 2002, on one of her last trips to New York, she was flown in by Swarovski on the enticement of “the two Cs”: the Concorde and the Carlyle hotel. She came in her Spanish-widow look. “My husband recently died and I’ve been left incredibly wealthy,” she told The New York Observer.
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Blow was always prone to mood swings, they were becoming more pronounced. The fear of ending up penniless became a fixation. While her love of clothes and design never failed, her interest in the fashion business waned. “What if happening is they’ve destroyed the spirit. It’s globalization, Americanization. Now it’s just ‘Write the check,'” told reporters in Paris. She hadn’t given completely, though. She began to look road for opportunities. Adventure ran, she said, in her veins—her paternal grandmother, Lady Vera, who sailed the world in high-channel ferry, had no major influence the young Isabella and remained, 40 years after her death, a heroine to Blow. She began work on producing a series of books called Arabian Beauty, focusing on fashion in the Middle East, with Sheikh Majed al-bah, nephew of the Emir of Kuwait, who runs high-end clothing stores in Kuwait and a flower India, too, would soon present an opportunity for renewal.

Blow also flirted with the idea of becoming a fashion reporter for Al Jazeera. “Dar, it’s too exciting,” she told friends. “I’m potentially going to be the Elsa Klensch of Qaed!” “I told her she must be crazy,” says Tracy. “And you can’t go round saying ‘You mean Al Jazeera, not al-Qaed!’

At the Milan shows in February 2006, Blow told her old boss Anna Wintour at she intended to kill herself. She then begin telling all her close friends. Talk of suicide was offered conversationally, and was difficult separate from her wit and sense of humor. Blow abandoned Milan and returned to London. “She was just struggling within her,” says Wintour, “but even in that situation her spirit and ability to laugh were undischarged.” Wintour, Birley, and Newhouse ranged for her to enter a residential treatment center outside London. She went, but it halfway into the six-week course.

Two weeks later, while her husband was at a dinner for designer Vivienne Westwood, Tracy happened to drop by Blow’s London apartment—only to find her in a deep state, having overdosed on sleeping pills. With that first attempt to take her own fate, Detmar placed Isabella under the care of the medical authorities.

Blow began a course of electroshock treatment, the controversial procedure that is once again gaining popularity as a way to manage bipolar depression. She told friends she felt as if she were losing her mind. The periods of relative normality grew shorter. It’s like when you get a sore throat and you now that you’re going to get flu” was how she described the onset of depression. “You now it is coming, but you can’t do anything about it.”

In April 2006, events took a turn for the worse. Blow was traveling accompanied to a treatment facility in West London when her taxi was stopped in heavy traffic on the A40 motorway. She got out, walked up a pedestrian overpass, clambered over the railing, and dropped 30 feet onto the road below. She broke both ankles. The seriousness of the incident would come to signal the start of a steeper phase in her decline. Friends say she began to withdraw from her old circle. Tatler began looking for a new fashion director. Designers stopped lending her clothes.

“After all her disappointments, the depression fit naturally into place. She could have all the ideas in the world, but she knew she could no longer deliver,” says Robie Uniake, an old friend. She began thinking not of how she would kill herself but how she wouldn’t. “Her certainty was absolute. I thought, there’s no way to get through to this person. She’s already on the other side.”

Her ankle injuries did not, however, prevent her from setting off for Indian Fashion Week in August 2006, as a guest of the Indian Fashion Council. Her friend Tikka Singh, adviser for LVMH on the subcontinent, had arranged for Blow’s visit and hoped to collaborate with her on a new handbag. Condé Nast in London began to receive unusual calls: Blow, who was staying in a suite at the Imperial in Delhi, was running up a large bill and planning a trip to the Himalayas. Singh wanted to know who was picking up the check. Not us, said Condé Nast.

In a further complication, Blow was mistaken by the Indian fashion press as being an official Condé Nast representative. Since there was great excitement over the launch of Vogue India, Blow was identified as a kind of envoy for Vogue, sent by management to research potential candidates for the editorship.

“She’d become like a whirling dervish,” says Nicholas Coleridge, managing director of Condé Nast in London. “She started giving interviews to the press. There was an article on the front page of the Hindustan Times with a big picture of Issie in a huge hat and the headline MADD HATTER BLOW ARRIVES IN INDIA TO APPOINT VOGUE INDIA EDITOR.” Before it went any further, Singh put her on a plane home.

For three weeks she’d be on a high from the shock therapy, then she’d start to come down, go back to the hospital, then the cycle would start again. Friends felt Detmar might have been able to deal with the situation in part because of a previous experience; Jonathan Blow, his father, had committed suicide when Detmar was 14 by drinking the weed killer Parquat, a poison that causes the internal organs to slowly shut down; it is the method of suicide favored, oddly, by lovesick Hindus of Tobago.

In the fall of 2006, Isabella decided to take flowers to her father’s grave at Dodington and, mirroring her grandfather’s suicide, checked into a nearby hotel. This time she took the precaution of calling Treacy to let him know she would be overdosing with pills—her “Marilyn Monroes,” as she called them. Treacy called Isabella’s Tatler colleague Kate Bernard, who found out she’d booked a car on the magazine’s account, and traced her to the hotel, where her plan was thwarted. Other attempts took even more bizarre turns. One of Blow’s heroes, and a fellow manic-depressive, Virginia Woolf, drowned herself in 1941 by filling her pockets with stones and walking into the River Ouse near her home in Sussex. Blow went to the river, but it was dry after the summer drought.

On another expedition, she went back to the lake at Dodington, where her brother had drowned four decades earlier. She entered the water but found herself too buoyant to succeed. At one point she asked a veterinarian for tranquilizers for a horse that had broken a leg. That scheme failed when the vet wanted to see the horse first. She considered jumping off a bridge over the Thames in London, but upon learning that there were nets to catch jumpers decided that it would be too indecent to become entangled.

Earlier this year, during a weekend at Hilles, Blow borrowed her husband’s car late one night. Friends feared her disappearance signaled another attempt—and it did. She rammed the car into the back of a Tesco’s supermarket truck. The car was totaled, but Isabella was saved by her air bag and emerged from the wreckage unscathed. “I always hated Tesco’s,” she told Detmar.

Blow returned to India earlier this year with the actor Rupert Everett on a trip sponsored by ICI Dulux, the European chemicals giant, to select new colors and help promote the company’s textiles for saris. But her gloom didn’t lift. She walked out of fashion shows early. “One thing’s for sure,” she said. “I won’t die of boredom.”

Blow went back to Delhi to look into manufacturing for the handbag she wanted to produce, and then to Goa to stay with Karla Otto. There was another overdose, on the beach, and yet another rescue. “It was just a question of time before she would finally succeed,” Otto says.

When she came back from India she underwent more shock therapy, resulting in a spectacular high. “She rang me quite late one night,” recalls Lucy Birley. “I thought she might have taken acid or something. She said she was buying a castle in Kerala and she would have a farm of white peacocks. We were going to lie on the balcony and she would wear a necklace with emeralds the size of bird eggs. It was like being plugged into a surreal film, extraordinary and dislocated from reality.”

In March of this year, Blow was to fly to
Isabella Blow

Kuwait to begin work on the first Arabian Beauty book. “She felt the U.K. was not really home for her anymore,” says Sheikh Majed al-Sabah, the financier of the project. “She was hoping that if any major magazine was going to come to the Middle East, she’d have strong contacts and knowledge.”

Blow was the creative director and stylist. She invested her energy and dedication, getting designers excited about making something special and different. Photographers, too, were inspired by Blow’s vivid imagination and committed themselves to the production.

“This will be my comeback,” she told friends.

But as the date for the trip drew close, the £10,000 that Isabella was expecting as an advance to cover the costs of the preparations had not come, nor had the plane tickets for Blow, her assistant, and the photography team. Finally, £5,000 was wired to London, along with two tickets to Kuwait. The sheikh had dropped Blow’s team and selected a Portuguese commercial photographer. He had also decided to use clothes stocked in his stores, Villa Moda. Blow set off for the Middle East anyway.

“You need me more than I need you,” the sheikh allegedly told her, and gave her 20 minutes of his time before flying off to Milan. Blow was devastated. With her vision in ruins, she took an overdose on the shoot and was hospitalized.

“Isie insisted on specific outfits from specific designers. She insisted on a Hussein Chalayan dress that unfolds and nothing can be worn underneath. I cannot put our women in such dresses—dresses with total transparency,” the sheikh says. “And she didn’t have any special feelings for the brands I wanted to push. She looked at it from a conceptual point of view. I look at it from a realistic point of view.”

Back in England, the disappointment of the Kuwait trip pushed the fragile Blow to a new low. A few days later she had surgery to have an ovarian cyst removed. (In some cases anesthesia can trigger depression.) Another round of shock therapy didn’t kick in the way it had before. “It hasn’t worked,” she told Treacy.

On April 30, her sister Lavinia, who lives nearby, drove her three hours to London for the Vanity Fair photo shoot. Two days later, Isabella sent a letter of wishes, a kind of will, to her long-suffering accountant. She told a friend that she had an “idea.” Many had heard of Blow’s ideas before and knew they harbored ill. Back in the kitchen at Hilles that Friday, she mentioned the same thing over the phone to Kate Bernard, but a visitor came in before she had time to elaborate. She promised to call back but did not.

The following morning, Saturday, May 5, Lavinia went out for groceries and returned to find Isabella curled up on the bathroom floor. She’d been sick, the blue in her vomit suggesting something more toxic than sleeping pills. In the car to the hospital she confessed she had drunk weed killer in the field below the house. “She was worried she hadn’t drunk enough,” Lavinia says, but then, in a statement that is harder to interpret, Isabella tried to reassure her. “Don’t worry,” she said, “because I’ve sicked it all up.”

The doctors in Gloucester said they couldn’t be sure how much of the poison she had ingested until tests came back from Birmingham. For most of that day and in the next, Detmar, Lavinia and Julia, Philip Treacy and his partner, Stefan, clung to the hope that she had taken less than a fat dose. But the next day, Sunday, doctors at the hospital confirmed the worst: Isabella was dying. They could not say how long it would take, perhaps as long as three weeks, but the process under way could not be reversed. Philip and Stefan sat with her through most of Sunday. They laughed about Issie’s having forgiven a hospital gown for an itchy and uncomfortable silver lamé shirt. “Since when did I ever care about comfort when it comes to fashion,” Blow reminded them.

“She wasn’t depressed,” recalls Treacy. “Even as she was dying, she was making everyone laugh.” But she told him with resolve, “I can’t bear to look at my feet anymore.” She didn’t mean the injuries to her feet from her jump the previous year. She meant that she couldn’t bear her depression—looking at her feet while lying in hospital beds.

Close friends made arrangements to visit her; she made plans with Detmar. Everyone went back to Hilles for the night, planning to return the next morning, but Blow was weaker than they knew: she had taken several times the lethal dose.

Isabella Blow passed away peacefully in her sleep a few minutes after five in the morning on May 7. Several days later, friends say, Alexander McQueen asked a medium to contact his friend. “Isabella is with her grandmother. She is happy, and wishes everyone would not be so sad,” the medium told McQueen. Sometime later the medium called back with a new message from Isabella. “And by the way,” she had said, “my mother is not to have any of my hats or shoes.”

VANITY FAIR • www.vanityfair.com

SEPTEMBER 2001

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the golden age of the horse, which spanned many centuries and even more cultures.

Bejeweled saddles for Eastern warriors and Russian leather for Western kings, stirrups forged in Peru, bridles from Africa and India. In this room there are phaetons and victorias made as tiny as toys, or scaled as salesman's models. A galloping horse on tricycle wheels, its horsehair face worn bald by too many kisses, belonged to Napoléon III's son, the Prince Imperial. (General George Patton's signature is in the museum guest book.) And a royal carriage on a table, created from paper ships rolled between finger and thumb—the art of paperole—is a masterpiece probably made by a nun. (Andy Warhol also visited the museum.) The severe black wool sidesaddle suit—or amazone—of Julie Hermès, Émile-Maurice's wife, recently served as inspiration for the Miss Julie-esque costuming of Madonna's Confessions tour. And if the collection's parasol made of pheasant feathers hadn't been so fragile, it would have taken part in Sofia Coppola's Marie Antoinette. Coppola did have use of an 18th-century hunting knife and a ray-skin spyglass called an indiscreète, which were accompanied to the set by Ménéhould de Bazelare, the museum's curator since 1986.

"Ali Baba's cavern," "Gepetto's workshop"—these ways de Bazelare describes the collection. "In this room, the childhood spirit of Hermès is gathered. Not to be a prisoner of the past, not at all. Every time an artist, a designer for Hermès, comes here, they are excited. They feel energy from the craftsmanship."

So while the collection has a Proustian power, it is more important in the way it acts as a bank of visual motifs from which Hermès designers may draw imagery, inspiration, for future projects.

"We cannot do an ugly gadget," says de Bazelare, "because we would be ashamed if we compared it to this."

The collection as conscience?
"Yes," she says. "Jiminy Cricket for Pinocchio."

Émile-Maurice Hermès had four daughters, one of whom died young. When the other three married, their husbands' surnames—Dumas, Guerrand, Puech—became synonymous with the fourth generation of Hermès. Thus began a branching out in the family tree, a phase in Hermès history when more members of the family began working for the firm. When Émile-Maurice died, in 1951, having added such classics to the company repertoire as the Hermès silk scarf, in 1937 (it grew out of Hermès racing silks), and the Collier de Chien, in the 40s (the cultish dog-collar bracelet, a waiting-list item today), son-in-law Robert Dumas took the helm, working in close collaboration with his brother-in-law Jean-René Guerrand.

Presiding over a postwar era in which the Hermès presence in France was consolidated, Robert Dumas put the stress on new design. Artistic and more introverted than his father-in-law, Dumas turned his hand to belts and bags. He brought the Hermès tie to its sine qua non status as the power tie. And his focus on the Hermès scarf—"my first love," he called it—resulted in company scarves so recognizably Hermès that flagship stores fly them from their rooftops. Thirty-six by 36 inches of the finest Chinese silk; engraved with an accuracy of one micrometer; screened with as many as 36 color frames; brought to completion over two and a half years; with 12 new designs a year (plus classics brought back); these virtuosic fantasies on culture, nature, and art are pure joie de vivre, something
Hermès

better than a status symbol. To receive one's first Hermès scarf—it's not about coming up in the world but about embracing it.

Nine of the company's 10 best-selling scarves, including 1957's Brides de Gala (Gala Bridles, the all-time best-seller) and 1963's Astrologie (favorite of fashion designers), were made on Robert Dumas's watch. In fact, in the imagery of these two scarves—the ceremonial gravity of leather bridles and the overhead soaring of the spheres—we see the reverberating dynamic of Hermès: earth and air. It was this very dynamic that Jean-Louis Dumas would articulate when in 1978, upon his father Robert's death, the family made him head of the company.

When Jean-Louis, one of 17 cousins who constitute the family's fifth generation, took the reins, in 1978, Hermès was still lofty and a bit sleepy, especially in the leatherworking atelier above the store, where, as Forbes reported, there wasn't enough work to keep the needles busy. Financial consultants suggested that the company close the atelier and hire outsiders to do the work—tantamount to cutting the heart out of Hermès. Dumas knew better. Equipped with degrees in both law and economics, keenly well read and well versed in the arts, a globe-trotting traveler who relished exotic chimes and yet, having worked at Bloomingdale's for a year in the 60s, loved America as well, he looked up over the horizon, much as his grandfather Émile-Maurice once had, and saw a global Hermès, scarves snapping across the continents.

It began with a jolt. In 1979, Dumas launched an advertising campaign, put up in Paris overnight, that pictured hip young Parisians wearing Hermès scarves with jeans—a look so radically high-low the whole house of Hermès protested, an uproar that lasted days. "The idea is always the same at Hermès," Dumas would say in his lighthearted way, "to make tradition live by shaking it up." He'd recognized that retail had changed and if Hermès was to survive without compromise it had to reposition its products, make them relevant to more walks of life. Dumas expanded the Hermès profile by investing, usually at 35 percent, in companies that shared the Hermès ethic of No Compromise—companies like Leica optics and Jean Paul Gaultier's couture. He expanded the Hermès product line by buying entire companies that he believed (the London bootmaker John Lobb) and it made sense within the context of Hermès's Art of Living department: Puiforcat silver, Saint-Louis crystal. (The company now has 14 divisions.) And he expanded the Hermès global presence with a steady increase in the number of boutiques and stand-alone stores, making few mistakes in a well-researched strategy of growth.

From 1982 to 1989, sales grew from $82 million to $446.4 million. And if you bought shares of Hermès in March of 1994, when 19 percent of the company was publicly floated (a way to allow family members to sell some shares without upsetting company structure), you'd be a happy camper. From December 1993 to December 2006, the cac 40 Index shows a rather flat line with a shallow rise around 1999, while the Hermès international share price climbs like Everest.

As a Lehman Brothers analyst said of Hermès in 2000, "It's the only stock in its sector to be in its eighth-straight year of double-digit growth." Sales in 2006 reached an all-time high of $1.9 billion.

It wasn't empire building per se, because Hermès could never be mass—and never wanted to be. It was more like ambassadorships. Dumas's vision, which he called "multilocal," saw Hermès stores outside of France operating with a great deal of independence but being Hermès, yes, but with a posture that was proper to each new environment. It would be a dialogue, a dance, Hermès taking the pulse of the place, building relationships with new artists it admired, and often leading the local Zeitgeist, not only through avant-garde, curated windows (also done locally, while following the lead of Leila Menchari, the acclaimed designer of Hermès's surreal Paris window), but also through heavy sponsorship...
events, art exhibitions, and mini film festivals. "Multi-local" inspired, as well, the way the windows stores were conceived, whether worked to existing, often landmark buildings or constructed from scratch, as in Dosan Park Seoul, and in the Ginza district of Tokyo. When it comes to the evolving aesthetic of Hermès, almost incalculable is the influence of René Dumas, the wife of Jean-Louis. Born and raised in Greece, knowing she wanted to work with space ever since she was a girl, René met Jean-Louis in 1959 when she was studying architecture in Paris. The principal of a company she founded in 1970, René Dumas Architecture Intérieure (R.D.A.I.), she has designed the interiors of more than 150 Hermès stores. Her style—subtle, taut, extremely subtle, and highly refined—might be described as abstract modernism, but with a sensation of sinuous play and kinetic daring.

R.D.A.I.'s first job for Hermès was to sign the interior of an addition to 24 Faubourg, made possible by the purchase of the building at 26. René said she could not do a replica of 24—she was interested only in doing something modern. "They gave me a very interesting answer, which guided me," René says. "They said, 'O.K., but we want a client who enters 24 and goes to 26 not have a feeling of change, that he goes from the old store to the new store. We don't want a 24 Faubourg to become something old.'"

From 24 Faubourg, René took "a code of secrets," as she calls it: limestone, cherrywood, mosaics, leather, and light. Her firm's notion design for the company's facility in China, where the leather workshops moved in 1992 to meet the huge increase in demand, all windows, air, awash in light. It's a crystal palace born of a prism.

Design of Hermès objects, always subtle, has increasingly partaken of this more abstract and architectural approach. The men's wear of Véronique Nichanian, who came on in 1998; the women's shoes and jewelry of Pierre Hardy, who joined the house in 1990; and the ready-to-wear of the esoteric Martin Margiela, engaged in 1997, much to the surprise of the fashion world: these three, all minimalists with an extravagant edge, brought a powerful coherence to Hermès design, a disciplined rigor and sly wit. Indeed, one might say that the Hermès allure is today more dressage than equippage, concentrated yet cool. In fact, the saddles used by the Academy of Equestrian Arts, located in Versailles, are provided by Hermès.

The first years of the new millennium saw Dumas making his last hires, and they were important ones. In 2003, when the press-phobic Margiela decided not to renew his contract with Hermès, wanting to devote himself to his own line. Dumas again surprised the industry, this time by hiring Jean Paul Gaultier—bad-boy couturier, costumer of Madonna, and out-there showman. And Gaultier, who'd turned down many offers to design for other houses, surprised himself by wanting the job. Dumas had asked him for suggestions about who could take Margiela's place. "I threw out a few names," Gaultier recalls. "but finally when I got home, I said to myself, 'Me. I would love to do it.' It's a house that allows for great creative freedom with no limits."

The press frettet over the choice: Could Gaultier rein in his wildness? He could. Gaultier understood the Hermès ethic of "au point"—"just at the right point"—and his collections for Hermès, always in the most sumptuous materials, have ridden that fine line between respect and irreverence. "My mother used to wear Calèche, and through the scent, Hermès was in my childhood memory. That's why I play with the Hermès codes, giving them a twist."

And in the fragrance department: despite the classic Calèche, introduced in 1961, and other successes through the decades—Équipage; Amazonte; 24, Faubourg;—this was the one Hermès division that underperformed through much of the 90s. In Jean-Claude Ellena, hired in 2004, the company found its nose. Sophisticated, cerebral, with a poet's sense of the mystery of his subject, Ellena creates fragrances that are like organic architecture. His line of Hermessences—lighter, more ethereal mixes—have the feeling of musical airs or inventions, the buoyant play of Hermès.

Come 2005, Dumas began to loosen the reins and relinquish responsibilities. It was during this time of quiet transition that Hermès suffered the loudest, and possibly worst, publicity in its history. What has been called a controversy and a "Crash moment," but is better termed a misunderstanding, unfolded on June 14, when Oprah Winfrey and friends arrived at 24 Faubourg at 6:45 p.m. and were told the store was closed. It was true, Hermès closes at 6:30 p.m. But on this particular evening, because the staff was preparing for a fashion show, the store still looked open. "The doors were not locked," Winfrey later said on her television show. "There was much discussion among the staff about whether or not to let me in. That's what was embarrassing." Newspapers and the Internet whipped it up. Hate mail poured into Hermès. The family was mortified. Dumas himself, had he been in better health, would have taken a flight to meet Winfrey, to explain that Hermès never closes its doors to anyone. In his place, Robert Chavez, the president and C.E.O. of Hermès U.S.A., appeared on Winfrey's show to say how sorry
Hermès

to the company was. She accepted the apology.

“What is the future of Hermès?” Dumas once answered this question with a single word: “Idea.” In early 2006, when Dumas announced he’d be retiring, Hermès was faced with that future: Who would fill the shoes of Jean-Louis Dumas? As it turned out, three people. With the unanimous approval of the Hermès board, Dumas named company veteran Patrick Thomas the new C.E.O. and designated as co-artistic directors his son, Pierre-Alexis Dumas, and his niece, Pascale Mussard. Thomas spoke for all when he said, “This is a family company with a long-term vision. There will be no revolution.” And yet, when leadership moves from one generation to the next, there is always a leap, if only of faith.

“One very important feeling for me,” says Pierre-Alexis Dumas. “is the feeling of humility. That came about very early, that I never took Hermès for granted. It was a house, our house, and a highly respected institution.”

By age 10 Dumas was asking to learn the saddle stitch. “It’s not really about the stitch,” he says. “It’s about being aware of the sense of touch, being able to stitch with your eyes closed, being able to represent yourself and the object you’re making in space, being able to listen to what your hands tell you. These are fundamental acts which built our civilization. When I was able to control my hands, I was so proud.”

Dumas graduated with a degree in visual arts from Brown University, where fellow students sometimes confused Hermès with Aramis, a hot American fragrance in the 80s. “I was shocked,” he recalls. “But this brand is full of paradoxes. It’s been around for 170 years, and yet it’s a very young brand, because its geographical expansion happened in the last 20 years.”

Mussard, like Dumas, doesn’t “have any memory without Hermès.” Descended from the Guerrand line of the Hermès family, she remembers that “the key of my parents’ apartment was the same key as all the offices and the safe of Hermès. My uncles could come every day, at any hour.” After school Mussard would go to the Hermès upstairs atelier to watch the leather workers or to play on the terrace. After studying law and obtaining a degree in business, she began at Hermès as a fabric buyer in 1978, when her uncle Jean-Louis took over.

“I knew that my heart was with Hermès, but I always thought I was not good enough.” (Company policy: a family member never gets the job over a more qualified outsider.) “When Jean-Louis asked me to join, I was astonished. He said to me, ‘You know every corner at Hermès, you know every person.’” Though Mussard is shy, her uncle promoted her into advertising and P.R. Be natural, he told her; say what you want to. “He helped a lot of people to bloom,” she says.

And in critiquing a window she’d dressed, one she was proud of, Dumas taught Mussard an important lesson in Hermès allure. “He said, ‘It’s not a good window—everything is too Hermès. You are like a good pupil, and a window is not about that. You have to make a reaction. You have to surprise. You have to astonish yourself. Be always on a wire, a thread.’”

Pierre-Alexis Dumas reiterates this ideal. “My father was always anxious. He had stage fright, convinced that when everything was prepared, at the greatest events, it will not work. And it was always a success, I understand today that that attitude is a wise one; you just say everything is O.K., you’re not taking risks. The brand is going to be affected that. Slowly it’s going to become banal.”

Dumas is in charge of all the silk, textile accessories, and ready-to-wear, and Mussard oversees leather, jewelry, and non-textile accessories. “Pierre is very abstract,” she says. “He loves paintings, he wants to be a painter; he loves things flat. I love three dimensions, love objects. And so we are very complementary.” And they are aesthetically in sync. Like Dumas’s mother, Mussard’s father, the late Pierre Siegrist, was an architect. Having both grown up with modernist values, Dumas and Mussard share a love of clean shapes with strong energy. They want the company to grow slim and fit, its touch light but not to light.

“We’ve known each other for a long time says Mussard. “We understand right away it’s Hermès or not. If we like it or not. If we’ve gone too far away.”

“We’ve got to remain true to ourselves,” says Dumas, “but we’ve got to change constantly. And it’s that tension which is at the heart of Hermès.”

And something else. Something Mussard was searching for, a key, when she came into the company. “It’s from Jean-Louis’s father, Robert Dumas,” she explains. “I asked him: What is it about Hermès? If you can say one thing, what is it? And he said to me, ‘Hermès is different because we are making a product that we can repair.’ It’s so simple. And it’s not so simple. Think that you can repair something because you know how to repair it and why it’s been damaged. You have the hands. Think that you can repair it because you want to keep it. And think that you can repair it because you want to give it to someone else. I think it’s right. It’s what Hermès is about.”
Lake Como

Construction on the Liberty-style Villa Il Dolce Pisani began in 1897 and was completed in 1910. The villa sits high on a hilltop looking out onto the lake. Carlo Dossi, a writer, built the portico as a place to entertain his friends and inscribed many of their names, in poems and epitaphs, on the white marble columns inside the courtyard.

His granddaughter, Giosetta Reverdini Pisani Dossi, has poignant memories of growing up in the villa. She remembers the war years in Como: her mother packing away the precious leather-bound books from the library in wooden crates, food coming from the neighboring farms, bombs dropping in the spring of 1944, all the windows in the villa shattering. She also remembers an after-war party: peeking through the big doors of the ballroom and seeing her mother in a long gown, a hundred people dancing and eating. But those were different times. "My mother had five servants," she says. "Now I have only one servant. The stairs are hard for me to climb. We used to have deliveries to the house. Now we go to the supermarket."

When did life change? There were stirrings in the late 1980s. "Villa d'Este started doing promotions, bringing actresses like Bette Davis or soap stars," Pifferi recalls. That these were noteworthy events says something, perhaps, about the sleepy Como of that era.

Some recall the first wave of arrivistes in the early 1990s, when the fashion crowd—Gianni Versace—as children had been. Ermenegildo Zegna, Versace, Dior, and many others were reportedly now ensconced in a private chapel on the grounds of the family's 18th-century Villa Fontanelle. "Versace opened the gates," says Enzo Pifferi. "Before that, it had only been the old, moneyed Milanese families.

Versace, who had acquired his crumbling villa in 1977, introduced Elton John and Madonna to the lake. Later came Michael Douglas and Catherine Zeta-Jones. They told their friends. Designers such as Bill Blass, Donna Karan, Ralph Lauren, Calvin Klein, and Oscar de la Renta began vacationing in Como. In 2000, Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones was filmed in part at the Villa del Balbianello, which juts out dramatically into the lake. (More recently, Casino Royale was shot there as well.) Jennifer Lopez came on her honeymoon in 2001 with her second husband, Cris Judd. Britney Spears visited; Tori Spelling honeymooned. But the biggest change was Clooney's 2002 purchase of Villa Oleandra, in the tiny village of Laglio. According to Robert Eves, "The prices, especially around the Gold Coast, shot up."

Tom Cruise asked to close down the Villa d'Este for his wedding to Katie Holmes, in 2006 (request refused). Then came Ange-
Lake Como

Jolie and Brad Pitt, visiting Clooney; the couple reportedly expressed an interest in getting married at Como. This rumor sparked such a media uproar that Reuters and other news agencies sent reporters.

And now come the Russians and the billionaires with lots of cash and nowhere to buy.

"It took me six years to find my property," says Robert Eves. He eventually bought Villa Calla, as he renamed it, but the process was arduous, more courtship than real-estate transaction. Eves had met the owner of the villa through Francesco Ugioni in 2000. The owner had no interest in selling. Eves continued searching. He estimates that he looked at maybe 30 villas.

"The first villas I toured were not like the typical offering in America," he says. "One villa on the lakeshore had not been occupied in 70 years. It had no electricity, heating, or water systems remaining." Another, a Liberty-style villa, on a hill overlooking the lake, had been vacant for 20 years; thieves had removed all the windows, the carved wood paneling, even the flooring.

In the meantime, Eves had continued to meet with the Villa Calla family, and over the years they grew to be friends. "The future availability of the home was not even discussed," Eves recalls. Then, one evening, "the owner of the villa announced at a dinner that he decided to sell his beautiful home to his friend Robert Eves," Eves says. "I was proud and honored." But still there was no mention of price. Another year went by and finally a price—he declines to say what—was agreed upon. "I told George Clooney at dinner one night that he cost me well over a million dollars" extra, says Eves, who met the actor in Milan after the "courtship.) In January 2006 the deal was at last concluded.

But Eves's story is exceptional. Partly it was his patience, but also his respect and love for Como, which won over the owner. Other old families refuse to sell, no matter how much money is laid on the table.

A thena Besana Ciani lives alone in Cer- nobbio, in the beautifully fading Villa Besana, which once housed her husband's family. Among their number were explorers, members of Parliament, patriots who fought with Garibaldi—the family history is long. Besana Ciani herself resembles a character from an Edith Wharton novel, with her rope of pearls, her refined manners, her Queen's English accent. (Wharton loved Besana and featured it in her 1904 book, Italian Villas and Their Gardens.) She serves pre-lunch aperitifs, tiny salted pastries, and cold white wine on her shaded veranda overlooking the long, green garden leading to the lake. She talks about the past.

"There was an air of joy in the house. My daughter and seven nephews played in the garden," she says in a melancholic voice. She recalls life in Como from the time she was a little girl. But now, she says, she is worried about how the young generation of Comaschi, such as her medical graduate daughter, who lives in England, are leaving for other countries.

Inside, the villa—built in the 17th century—it tiled and cool. Besana Ciani points out precious objects: the portraits of Enrico Besana, who traversed America and New Zealand on horseback in the 1800s; his maps; his exquisite traveling bar with crystal decanters, tiny golden liqueur glasses; a porcelain collection from China. She tells stories of how her husband's ancestor Baron Ugone Ciani bought the Villa d'Este in 1839 during the Austrian occupation (the period of the Risorgimento, which culminated in the 1870 unification of Italy). The legend that the baron used the Villa d'Este as the center of the anti-Austrian movement and sent fireworks into the sky with the colors of the Italian flag. "These men were patriots of Italy and Lake Como, great men," she says. "But now the modern patriots of the lake are rich people who want to destroy it. If they buy my villa, they will divide it up into apartments."

She has had countless offers to sell—from Russians and others—but always refused. "My house is like an old lady who speaks to me of all the people who loved her," she says quietly.

There are many people around the lake who have the same sense of history as Besana Ciani. But huge sums of money are hard to resist, and she ticks off on her fingers the noble families who were forced to sell or rent. "It's very difficult to fight against money," she admits. "I am sorry not to be an optimist. My life is here. My childhood was here. But it has changed. It once was so intimate."

Lake Como has always been a magnet for the elite. Nineteen hundred years ago, the orator and writer Pliny the Younger, who was born in Como, wrote to his friend Romanus, "I have several villas upon the borders of this lake, but there are two particularly in which I take most delight... One of them stands upon a rock, and over looks the lake; the other actually touches it. The first... I call my tragic; the other... my comic villa.... The former does not feel the force of the waves; the latter breaks them..."
om that you see the fishing-vessels; from
as you may fish yourself."

If you close your eyes to the construc-
tion of the new swimming pool being built too
too to the water’s edge at the mysterious
illa La Cassinella (does Branson own it or
not?), you can imagine Pliny’s Lake Como.

The Romans arrived here in the second
century B.C., and the cove near Bellagio,
here the lake forks, was turned into an
important military and trading point. In the
1st century, the wealthy families from Mi-


B.C. and other parts of Italy began to build
illas to escape the city’s stifling summer
heat. The Visconti arrived as early as the
4th century. (Their descendant Luchino
Visconti, the film director, once lived at Vil-


Erba.) After the Viscontis came the Sforzas. Their Como guests were


neutral. At the December 1493 wedding of
Bianca Maria Sforza to Emperor Maxi-


milian, one attendee, Leonardo da Vinci,
as apparently disappointed by the lake in
inter. “These trips should be made in
the month of May,” he wrote in a message left
shuddering after the ceremony.

it was in the 1700s that Lombardy came
under Austrian rule. This was the begin-
ning of Como’s economic expansion and the
omination of the silk industry. Silkworms
had been imported to Como, and for a time
the region produced the most beautiful silk
in the world. Como prospered. At the begin-
ing of the Industrial Revolution, the new
moneyed families in Lombardy began build-


ing ever more elaborate villas. Some of these


families still have them.

English lords and Russian princes arrived
in the 1800s. The villas, through the coming
centuries, housed tremendous parties full of


royalty and heads of state—Kaiser Wil-


Franz Joseph I, the King of Albania, the
Queen of Spain, Sweden, and Romania, the
Grand Duchess Catherine of Russia, Lady
Chamberlain, the Sheikh of Kuwait, and
Franklin Delano Roosevelt. King Farouk of
Egypt spent his honeymoon in 1951 at the
Grand Hotel in Bellagio.

You can spend your entire time in Como
on a Riva speedboat zooming around
the lake. But you only get a true sense of
the weight of history and the importance of
preserving it when you enter the villas. On
an overcast late-spring morning, I take a
boat—most people travel across the lake by
boat—to see Prince Fulco Gallarati Scotti
at Villa Melzi d’Eril, one of the most illustrious
villas on the lake. Before we reach the land-
ing, I spot the neoclassical and imperial villa
through the cypress trees that partially hide
it from the lake. The house was built from
1808 to 1810 for Francesco Melzi d’Eril, an
ancestor of the prince’s and a vice president
of the short-lived Italian Republic when it
was constituted under Napoleon’s rule.

The prince pulls a heavy key from his
vest and leads me inside the dark quiet. His
grandfather Duke Tommaso Gallarati Scotti,
a diplomat, entertained Churchill here in
the 1950s. Another ancestor, the first Duke
of Melzi, is thought to have been one of da
Vinci’s lovers. The rooms are dusty and smell
of leather. There are two portraits of Napo-
leon, one in which he holds a map with his
hands all over Italy. There are bronze tables
by Manfredini. There is a locked cupboard
from which the prince pulls an ornate blue
cashmere coat with gold trim that at one time
belonged to Francesco Melzi d’Eril. There is
a heavy guest book with aristocratic signa-
tures going back hundreds of years. From a


window, you can see Villa Carlotta, across
the lake, once owned by the Sommariva fam-
ily, rivals of the Melzis.

“Families competed. Alliances were made,”
the prince says. “Deals were brokered.”

But now the noble families are “extin-
guish ing.” He adds. “Before, Como was
Italian.”

Like other residents, he says he has been
offered large sums of money to sell the villa,
but has always refused. He has also refused
to rent it for parties or weddings. “If you
open something up commercially,” he says,
“you lose your property. This villa is price-
less. You cannot put monetary value on it.”

He has, however, opened the gardens—with
their Egyptian sculptures and exotic flowers—to
the public. That is as far as he will
see modern life reach into his field, and
requests by V.I.P’s for private viewings have
been refused.

“New money does not understand the
history or the culture of these villas,” he


says, walking with me through the tiny vil-


lage of Loppia, most of which is still owned
by his family, to the dock where our boat is
waiting.

On the way home from Villa Melzi, Ser-
chio, the boatman, points out Villa Olean-
dra. It’s the first place Lyudmila Putin, the
Russian president’s wife, asked to be taken
when she visited Como two summers ago,
or so a local will tell me later: “She did not
ask, ‘Where is the cathedral?’ She asked,
‘Where is the house of George Clooney?’ So
she took a boat and went to see the house
of George Clooney.”

There is indeed plenty of stargazing at
Lake Como, but part of the reason that
celebrities love the area is that locals tend to
protect them. At Gatto Nero, the most-sta-
Lake Como

ry restaurant in the area, the owner, Fausto Fontana, guards clients such as Britney Spears, Daniel Craig, and Kylie Minogue like a mama lion, and says the privacy of everyone, tourists or celebrities, is respected. But when boats slow so that tourists can gape at Clooney's property or Branson's supposed home or other landmark villas, there is little the homeowners can do. The lake is public property.

Clooney, to his great credit, is beloved by locals. Recently he joined a campaign to stop construction of a large parking complex and floating bridge in Laglio near his villa, convening a meeting of local activists at Villa Oleandra. "I don't want my presence here to be a pain to the other citizens," he told the newspaper Corriere della Sera, "but if you ask me, these proposals are in every probability just to exploit the fact that I live here." The actor even said he'd sell the villa and move if the bulldozers arrived. (The mayor of the village eventually decided to scrap the plans and told Us Weekly, "To Mr. Clooney we gave the honorary citizenship. We are all proud of his choice to live here on Lake Como.")

The locals see Clooney as un bravo ragazzo, a good guy. He tries to speak Italian. He plays basketball with the children. He rides his bicycle down the winding roads without his bodyguards. In return, the locals, who understand the value he has added by putting the little village of Laglio on the map, protect him. Some locals have been known to point tourists who ask for George Clooney's villa in the wrong direction, says one Comasco.

Como's social hub is Villa d'Este. It was built in 1568 by a prince and was later a royal residence of a future Queen of England, Caroline of Brunswick, before becoming, in 1873, one of the most famous hotels in the world. Located in the town of Cernobbio, on the southern end of the Gold Coast, it is a magical place. The scented gardens stretch out, a blending of Baroque and Romantic landscaping. There is a pool, which floats out onto the lake, where Arnold Schwarzenegger and Bruce Springsteen have played with their children.

Many of the rooms are full of antiques and priceless paintings, and the guests have included King Leopold, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Rita Hayworth, Clark Gable, and Vladimir Nabokov. There are wonderful stories, such as how Marlene Dietrich visited in 1949 but would appear on the lake only incognito, in a big hat. Elton John had his personal chef take cooking classes here, and Hitchcock used to come and question the hotel's chef about which cooking machines he used. The restaurant is famous for its risotto, but Gianni Agnelli's favorite dish was simply the bean salad with tomatoes.

The hotel is now partly owned by the Droulers, a French family who arrived in Como in the 1930s to work in the linen industry. The eldest son, Jean-Marc Droulers, the current C.E.O. and president of the hotel, is often credited with spicing up the image of Villa d'Este in the 1980s. Today, while the old legions of American and French tourists are still coming, sitting on the terrace drinking champagne are a new breed of guests: Russians baring into cell phones or picking away at BlackBerries.

They don't smile, they don't say "Buon giorno" in the elevators, the way polite guests do. In the evening, tall, slender women wearing four-inch gold heels and dressed in leopard-print Cavalli dresses prowl the hallways on their way to dinner. At breakfast, burly men signal waiters by snapping their fingers or commanding them in tones one would use with a dog. They wear their dressing gowns and smoke cigars in the lobby.

"Russians are tough," says one employee who can't be named. "Because they arrived at money so quickly, they never learned manners or culture. They look at a menu and scan it for what is the most expensive. To them, that is class. They have no idea of what good taste is."

At Navedana, a restaurant in the city of Como favored by Hollywood people, the proprietor, Giuliano Casartelli, whose family has run the restaurant for generations and has seen it all, tells me about a Russian millionaire who arrived the night before me with a beautiful young woman. He phoned ahead to order a tableful of expensive, rare flowers. Then he drank two bottles of Cristal. Then he had the flowers sent to Moscow by private jet the next day.

Gauche extravagance is one thing. Some Russians arouse darker suspicions, as they do in other parts of Europe they have colonized, such as the Riviera. "Every single time X arrives," says the Villa d'Este employee, referencing a Russian steel magnate, "the Italian secret service arrive immediately after and question everyone about his movements."

"Frankly, I check the Russians out before they come," says one businessman in the area, who sometimes hosts visitors and relies on an Italian visa agency for intelligence. "It's not hard to do. You make a few phone calls and you know who you are having as a guest."

Though local gossip has it that some Comaschi homeowners refuse to sell to Russians, one real-estate agent says, "I think that, even if someone tells you this, if a Russian arrives and offers the asked price, everyone will say. Yes, thanks." Many Russians prefer to pay in cash, this agent adds, even who prices are in the millions, though, he says, an Italian anti-Mafia law makes it illegal to a cept more than 12,500 euros in cash.

Robert Eves says another way of protecting the villas is to buy them not for investment but for preservation. "I am putting in villa a trust for the benefit of my children with strict rules that they cannot sell it or rent it. For it is for their children and the children's children," he writes in an e-mail. "A villa on the west shore of Lake Como an extraordinary asset, and it should be protected and carried through the generation in the traditional Italian way."

So what will happen to Como?

I first came to the northern lakes from London as a young student, more than two decades ago, and then returned about 10 years ago with my Italian-born father. It was a strange, Thomas Mann-like voyage. My father was terminally ill but did not yet know it. He would be dead within a year, and was the last time he would see Italy.

It was he who told me the history of the area, of Mussolini's grimy end, of Churchill paintings, and of the nearby northern iron in World War I, where my great-uncle as grandfather fought in trenches (and my great-uncle died). He told me about the silk industry and the invaders from the nort who came to conquer Italy in 218 B.C.

My father took me to the train station when I was returning to London. We had tea first. In the café, an odd man with a comic-book Iron Curtain accent an imitation-crocodile shoes was sitting with sexy young woman. They began to chat with us. They were visitors from Russia on a hot day. But the girl kept winking at my elderly father, and the man kept offering me a lift to Milan. It was rather odd, and eventually they left.

"Russians in the Italian lakes, how strange," my father remarked. Then he added, "Did you see his shoes? Never trust a man with cheap shoes."

Visiting this spring, I kept thinking that the Russians are certainly present in the lakes now. But they don't wear cheap shoe anymore.

The day I left Como, it was drizzling slightly. From the elaborate terrace of Villa Il Dosso Pisani, in the mountains above the lake, I took a final look at the grand villa curving toward the water and the unspoiled parcels of hilltop land. I could see small boats and smell jasmine. Everything looked probably the way Churchill painted it, more than 60 years ago. But I wonder what it will look like in 15 years and remember what longfellow once wrote of Lake Como: "ask myself, Is this a dream? / Will it vanish into air?"
ART AFICIONADOS Lord Jacob Rothschild, center, introduces Jean Pigozzi to Georgina Cohen at Ivor Braka's London home on May 29, 2007.

HIGH ART, PAGE 606
Toasting Jean Pigozzi and his latest collection, an exhibition at the Tate Modern, photographed by Dafydd Jones and James King.

FÉTE-À-PORTE, PAGE 607
The Council of Fashion Designers of America honors Natalie Massenet, photographed by Erin Baiano.

THE WRITTEN WORD, PAGE 607
Raising a glass to comedian and author David Steinberg, photographed by Hannah Thomson.
FAIRGROUND

SEPTEMBER 2007

[London]

ART OF THE PARTY

What

Dinner at Ivor Braka's in celebration of a gallery at the Tate Modern dedicated to works from the Jean Pigozi collection of Kinshasa painters.

Who

Louis and Gabrielle Bacon, Guy and Andrea Dellal, H.R.H. Prince Kyriak of Bulgaria, Dame Vivien Duffield, Eric Fellner, Amanda Eliasch, and others.
Net-a-Porter's Natalie Massenet is the guest of honor at a luncheon hosted by the C.F.D.A. at the new Diane von Furstenberg Studio in Manhattan's West Village.

Stan Herman, Ruth La Ferla, John Bartlett, Fern Mallis, Gilles Mendel, Catherine Malandrino, Brundusa Niro, Behnaz Sarafpour, and others.

Friends gather at the home of Kathy and Tom Freston to celebrate David Steinberg's The Book of David.

Sir Howard Stringer, Bill Roedy, Regis and Joy Philbin, Matthew Perry, David Rosenthal and Carolyn Reidy, Rip Torn, Jean Daumanian, Mary Ellen Mark, Susie Essman, and others.
FASHION
COVER: GISELE BÜNDCHEN'S dress by ROBERTO CAVALLI. All Roberto Cavalli clothing from Roberto Cavalli boutiques nationwide. For Roberto cavalli.com; for ADRIENNE LANDAU jacket, go to adrienedlandau.com; BRUNO FRISONI shoes from Jamie, Nashville, or call 615-290-4118; gloves by LA CRIAS. For all La Crisla gloves, go to wegloveyou.com. DE BERS products from selected De Bors shoes, or go to debers.com. EBEL watch from ebel.com, or call 800-920-3152. CARTIER bracelet from Cartier boutiques nationwide, or go to cartier.com; DEVI KROELL clutch from Devi Kroell, East Hampton, or go to devikroell.com. RASHIDA JONES styled by Christine Hahn, for MU MU dress, call 888-977-1900. LOUIS ROSE styled by Lisa Von Weise. PAGE 270: ANNIE MORRIS'S AZZEDINE ALAIA dress from selected Barneys New York stores; for SERGIO ROSSI shoes, go to sergiorossi.com; Dave Thomas for luxexpress.com. PAGE 22A: For AGAS & TAMAR necklaces, go to agasandtamar.com. For AR备RTA Earrings, call 214-871-3625. CARRERA Y CARRERA ring, go to carreracarrera.com. For CATHY WATERMAN ring, call 212-826-8900. For CHANEL ring, call 800-550-0005. For DE BEERS medallion, go to debeers.com. For DIMITR DESIGN earrings, call 904-303-1200. For ETRO bracelet, call 212-317-9064. For MIKISH NEW YORK cuff, call 212-734-3500. For NANCY CHAPMAN earrings, call 888-525-7787. For POMELATO ring, go to pomelato.com. For SHAMBALLA ring, go to shamballajewels.com. For VERDURA earrings, go to verdura.com. PAGE 216: Styled by Susanna Pinto for T.C.M. GIORGIO ARMANI jacket and tie from Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide, or go to giorgiokwara.com. PAGE 264 AND 271: Deda Cohen for celestineagency.com. PAGE 280: CHARLIE COX’S suit and shirt by DOLCE & GABBANA. All Dolce & Gabbana clothing from Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide, or go to dolcegabbanaphila.com; MICHAEL TAPIA tie from Jeffrey New York, N.Y. PAGE 288: ZAC EFRON’S BAND OF OUTSIDERS shirt from bandofoutsiders.com; DOLCE & GABBANA tie; PRADA pants. All Prada clothing from Prada boutiques, or call 888-977-1900; DOYLE & DOYLE ring from doylestyle.com; PAGE7 watch from selected Piaget stores, or go to piaget.com. STEVEN STRAIT’S JOHN VARVATOS jacket from John Varvatos stores nationwide; Band of Outsiders shirt from bandofoutsiders.com; BOTTEGA VENETA tie from Bottega Veneta boutiques nationwide, or go to bottegaveneta.com. CHANNING TATUM’S suit by Dior Homme. All Dior Homme clothing from Dior Homme, N.Y.C., or go to dior.com; THOMAS PINK shirt. For all Thomas Pink clothing, go to thomaspink.com. GIORGIO Armani tie from selected Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide; J. PRESS tie bar from J. Press, N.Y.C. TAYLOR & CO. ring from Tiffany & Co., or go to tiffany.com; JAEGER LE COULTRE watch, go to jaege-lecoultre.com. PAGE 327: ALEXA DAVLAO’S CHLOÉ boots from Chloe, N.Y.C. For MANOLO BLAHNIK shoes, call 212-582-3007; NANCY KOLTES towel from Nancy Koltes at Home, N.Y.C. PAGE 316-317: For Gisele Bündchen’s AMANI PRIVÉ shawl and shoes, call 212-209-4110; for TIFFANY & CO. necklace, call 800-526-0649; DAVID YURMAN ring from David Yurman, N.Y.C.; For JAMES DE GIVENCHY for TAFFIN ring, right, call 212-421-6222; LA CRASIA glos; THIAGO ALVES and ROMULO PIRE’s TOM FORD tuxedos from Tom Ford, N.Y.C., or call 212-359-0300; Z EGNA shirts from Ermenegildo Zegna boutiques, or call 888-880-3462; THOMAS PINK bow tie. For Alves and EVANDRO SOLATI’S Dolce & Gabbana masks, go to dolcegabbanaphila.com; MARGARET’S KEI swimsuit from Kei, N.Y.C., or e-mail keikoswim@aol.com. PAGE 397: CAMILLA BELLE’S belt and shoes by Prada, hair and makeup by Stell McCartney, weave by；Helen David, from Mia Mus boutiques; MICHAEL KORS clutch from Henri Bendel, H.; STERLING & BARTER Earrings and Earrings from H. Sten, N.Y.C., or go to stern.net; GEORGES MORAND gloves. All Georges Morand gloves from Saks Fifth Avenue and Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; PAGE 310: Champagne Golden Ring from DOLCE & GABBANA; belt, from FENDI; GIORGIO ARMANI from Giorgio Armani boutiques; PEDRO BAHIA’S bathing suit by ROBERTO CAVALLI. CAMILLA FINCH’S CHANEL dress from Chanel boutiques nationwide, or call 800-350-0005; for ELIZABETH HURLEY bikinis, go to elizabethhurley.com; HÉRÈS hat from Hermès stores nationwide, or go to hermes.com; D° belt from Traffic, L.A.; CARTIER necklace, on hat, from Cartier boutiques nationwide; for ROBERTO COIN earrings, go to robertocoin.com; for CARLOS SOUZA necklace, go to mostwanteddesign.com; JENNY PACKHAM bracelet, go to jennypackham.com; THIAGO MARINHO’S shirt by DORO HOMME; DOLCE & GABBANA bathing suit, shoes by ADIDAS, ABERCROMBIE & FITCH hat from Abercrombie & Fitch stores nationwide, or go to abercrombie.com. PAGE 34: From left to right: ANTONIO PEDRO’S RALPH LAUREN suit and shirt from Ralph Lauren stores nationwide, or go to polo.com; THIERRY BOTRELLO’S EMPORIO ARMANI dress from Emporio Armani boutiques nationwide, or call 212-370-0800; M & J SAVITT earrings from M & J Savitt, N.Y.C. ROY CEZAR’S DKNY suit from selected DKNY stores; NEIL BARRETT shirt from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; THOMAS PINK bow tie. PAGE 342-343: CARLOS FERNANDO GOMES DE ALMEIDAS (13) BROOKS BROTHERS jacket from Brooks Brothers stores nationwide, or go to brooksbrothers.com; YVES SAINT LAURENT pants from Yves Saint Laurent stores nationwide, or call 212-980-29; ROLDOLFO ASSUNÇÃO’S (15) shirt from BALENCIAGA; N.Y.C.; PEDRO BAHIA’S (14) DOLCE & GABBANA jacket from DOLCE & GABBANA boutiques nationwide; THIERRY BALETTES (9) MARTIN MARGIELA suit from Maison Martin Margiela, N.Y.C.; ELIE TAHARI COLLECTION shirt from Elie Tahari Boutiques, or call 212-334-4411; Prada shoes; WAYAN BARROS’S (10) VALENTINO suit from Valentino boutiques nationwide; shirt by DOLCE & GABBANA tie; for THIERRY BOTELO’S (6) JENNY PACKHAM dress, go to jennypackham.com; for BRIAN ATWOOD sandals, go to brianatwood.com; DALMA CALLADO’S (11) HERMÉS belt and dress from Hermès stores nationwide; ANDREA DELLAS’s (14) dress by ROBERTO CAVALL; earrings by KENNETH JAY LANE; TOM BINI’S cuffs, on left, from Jeffrey New York, N.Y.C.; M & J SAVITT earrings and bracelet, on right, from M+J Savitt, N.Y.C.; CAMILLA FINCH’S (2) dress from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; STELLA MCCARTNEY shoes from Stella McCartney, N.Y.C. and L.A., or go to stellamccartney.com; CARLOS FREIRE’S (3) BETTY LAGO’S (5) DOLCE & GABBANA dress from selected Gucci stores nationwide; TAYLOR LEMOS’S (8) suit by Dolce & Gabbana; SAULO MELO’S (7) clothing by Prada; JULIO RIGO’S (1) clothing by GIORGIO ARMANI from Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide; CAROLINE RIBEIRO’S (12) HAT; STERLING SADLER’S (16) suit, from DOLCE & GABBANA; DORO HOMME suit and shirt; JIL SANDER shoes from Jil Sander boutique, N.Y.C.; PAGE 344: From left to right: CAUÁ REYNOLD’S (5) suit by DOLCE & GABBANA; NEIL BARRETT shirt from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; REYNALDO GIANECCHIN’S VERSACE suit and shirt from VERSACE; DOLCE & GABBANA; CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN shoes from Christian Louboutin, N.Y.C.; headdress by HENRIQUE FILHO; GEORGES MORAND gloves. For YASMIN BRUNET’s Dolce & Gabbana corset and belt, go to dolcegabbanaphila.com; LUCIANO PADUVOS shoes from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; mask, worn as a headdress, by SALOMO HENRIGUES. For MARCIO GARCIA’S CANALI suit, go to canali.com; THOMAS PINK shirt; THEORY tie from Theory, N.Y.C. PAGE 345: From left to right: for RENATO RANGE’S (D) bathing suit, go to dguardev.com; TAFI SARRIO’S (D) VALENTINO dress from Valentino boutiques nationwide; TOMAS MAJES hikin from Tomas Maier, N.Y.C.; DOLCE & GABBANA; N.Y.C.; H. STERN earrings from H. Sten, N.Y.C.; for CAROLINA AMATO gloves, go to carolinaamato.com; CAMILA PITANGA’S ZAC POSEN dress from Bloomingsdale’s, N.Y.C.; H. STERN earrings and bracelet from H. Sten, N.Y.C.; GEORGES MORAND gloves. For TAYLOR LEMOS’S ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA shirt from selected Ermenegildo Zegna boutiques; for KEIKO bathing suit, call 212-226-6031; ABERCROMBIE & FITCH hat from Abercrombie & Fitch Stores nationwide; CHANEL pants from Chanel boutiques nationwide; FLORIANO BRAGA’S (3) suit, call 800-FENDINY.
RUA’S CANALI pants, go to culm.com | PAGE 30 | GUSTAVO AYEVEDO’s | RALPH LAUREN PURPLE LABEL suit and shirt from Ralph Lauren stores nationwide; RALPH BRIANT’S | tuxedo by DORIS HOMME. DANIEL BROWN’S | (18) jacket and shirt by PRADA; BROOKS BROTHERS how tie from Brooks Brothers stores nationwide; ALICE DELLAS’ (6) BOTTEGA VENETA top and shorts from Bottega Veneta boutiques for DI’s sandals and shoulder guards, go to giuseppezaniotti.com; CHARLOTTE DELLAS’ (4) MOSCHINO CHEAP and CHIC dress from Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; GEORGES MORAND gloves; for BADGELEY MISCHKA necklace, go to badgleymischka.com; for ARA VARTANIAN ring, go to ara.com.br; DANIEL FIEL’S (16) MARCIO RODRIGUES suit and shirt from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. MARCELLO GALINDO’S (13) suit and tie by DOLCE & GABANNA; LEANDRO GHIDINI’S (8) Prada jacket, suit, and pants from selected Prada boutiques. THEORY tie from Theory, NYC. For BEBEL GILBERTO’S (22) JASMINE DI MILIO dress, go to janeczok.com; CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN shoes from Christian Louboutin, N.Y.C. KODAIR’S (20) jacket by Dior Homme; BRIONI shirt and tie from Brioni stores nationwide; for MARCIO GAUDGE LEY’S (15) FENDI suit, call 800-4ENDY. VERSACE sale from Versace boutiques nationwide; MATTEOS MELLO’S (25) suit by Prada; Versace shirt from Versace boutiques worldwide; MARIA MONTE’S (19) EMILIO PUCCI dress from Emilio Pucci, NYC. ALAN PIERRE’S (11) suit and shirt by Prada; MARNI dress from Marni, N.Y.C. DIEGO RAMON’S (14) suit by Dolce & Gabbana; Dior Homme shirt. RENATO RANGEL’S (15) suit and shirt by Dior Homme; GABRIEL BARRANI tie from Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide; JOÃO RENATO’S (10) ETO jacket from selected Eto stores nationwide; Brioni shirt from Brioni stores nationwide; DANIELLE WALLACE tie from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C. GIUSELMA RHEINS’ (24) Bottega Veneta dress from Bottega Veneta boutiques nationwide; La Crasi gloves, earrings by Kenneth Jay Lane; for Aara Vartanian ring, go to ara.com.br. For TATIANA SANTO DOMINGO’S (7) LUISA BECCARIA dress, go to luisabeccaria.com; for Badgley Mischka jewelry, go to badgleymischka.com; for CASSIN slrugs, call 212-564-0946. ALAN SCARPETTI’S (9) D suit from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C. Prada shirt and tie; BERNARDO SEGRETOS’ (12) suit by Dolce & Gabbana; Prada shirt; MICHAEL TAPIA tie from Jeffrey New York, N.Y.C. Evandro Soldati’s (1) ALEXANDER MCQUEEN jacket from Alexander McQueen, Dior Homme sweater; GABRIEL WARD’S (2) Brioni jacket from Brioni stores nationwide; Dior Homme shirt; Thomas Pink bow tie; WEDER WILHELM’S (21) ISSEY MIYAKE tuxedo from Issey Miyake, N.Y.C; Prada shirt, Michael Tapias tie from Jeffrey New York, N.Y.C. MATTEOS YOHAMA’S (5) shirt by ROBERTO CAVALLI PAGES 35-36. Left to right: FLAVIA OLIVEIRA’S GIANFRANCO FERRE dress from Gianfranco Ferré, N.Y.C; CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN shoes from Christian Louboutin, N.Y.C; LA CRASIA gloves; IZABEL GOULART’S BALMAIN dress from interni, N.Y.C.; and Ron Herman, I.A. Christian Lauren store from Christian Louboutin, N.Y.C.; MARY HORTON dress from Mary Norton, N.Y.C.; go to marynorton.com; MARCELLE BITTAR’S MARCHESA dress from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; for BRIAN ATWOOD shoes, go to brianatwood.com; FABIANA SEMPREBÔ’s ISAAC MIZRAHI dress from Bergdorf Goodman, go to isaacmizrahi.com; for ZAC POSEN shoes, go to zacposen.com; for RAICA OLIVEIRA’S CASSIN jacket, go to cassincollections.com; GIORGIO ARMANI dress from Giorgio Armani boutiques; for PIERRE HARDY shoes, go to pierrehardy.com; for CAROLINA AMATO gloves, go to carolinaamato.com; For ALESSANDRA AMBROSIO’S special-order VERSACE dress, go to versace.com; GIUSEPPE ZANOTTI Design shoes from Giuseppe Zanotti Design boutiques. All jewelry by H. STERN from H. Stern, N.Y.C. PAGES 54-55. Clockwise from top left: IORRANGELS DOMENICO VACCA jacket, from Domenico Vacca, N.Y.C.; go to domenicoavca.com; PRADA art; THOMAS PINK how; MARCIA FORTE’S EMILIO PUCCI dress from Emilio Pucci, N.Y.C. ERNESTO NETO’S CORNELLIAN suit from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; DORIS HOMME shirt. Evandro Soldati’s bathing suit by Dolce & Gabbana; PAULO ZULU’S GUCCI suit from Gucci stores nationwide; Thomas Pink shirt; COSTUME NATIONAL tie from Costume National, N.Y.C. and L.A.; ALESSANDRA D’ALIA’S BILL BLASS suit from Saks Fifth Avenue and Bergdorf Goodman stores nationwide. RODRIGO HIBBERT’S BROOKS BROTHERS jacket and pants from Brooks Brothers stores nationwide; Thomas Pink shirt; HUGO BOUTIQUE from HUGO BOUTIQUE; VERSACE COUTURE dress from Versace boutiques nationwide; N.irlon, Saks Fifth Avenue. For ANA BEATRIZ BARRO’S LOUIS VUITTON coat, go to louisvuitton.com; GEORGES MORAND gloves; ROBERTO CAVALLI sandals. BEATRIZ MILHAZÊS DONNA KARAN COLLECTION dress from Donna Karan Collection stores nationwide; for ARA VARTANIAN earrings, go to ara.com.br. For JAN QOLEN’S LOUIS VUITTON jacket, go to louisvuitton.com; Prada shirt; MICHAEL TAPIA tie from Jeffrey New York, N.Y.C. ADRIANA VAREJO’S GUCCI dress from selected Gucci stores, or go to gucci.com; CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN shoes from Christian Louboutin, N.Y.C; GABRIEL MATTAR’S Prada suit; RALPH LAUREN PURPLE LABEL shirt from Ralph Lauren stores nationwide. For SERGIO MELO’S GIORGIO ARMANI jacket and pants from selected Giorgio Armani boutiques; for CANALI shirt, go to canali.com, it Brooks Brothers how tie from Brooks Brothers stores nationwide; for CESARE FACCIOTTI shoes, go to cesarefacciotti.com. JENS PETER’S CORNELLIAN jacket from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; CHARET suit from Bergdorf Goodman and Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.; SALVATORE FERRAGAMO pants from Salvatore Ferragamo, N.Y.C.; Brooks Brothers bow tie from Brooks Brothers stores nationwide; CHAUCER’s shoes from Church’s, N.Y.C. FERNANDA TAVARES’S MIU MIU dress from selected Miu Miu boutiques; Roberto Cavalli shoes, for Badgley Mischka earrings and bracelet, go to badgleymischka.com; Dior
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SONNY ROLLINS

Before reaching 21, Sonny Rollins played with Thelonious Monk—a sign of the saxophone colossus he would become. For more than 50 years, the jazzman has enriched the world of music with his progressive improvisational style. This month, he turns 77 and performs at the 50th anniversaries of the Monterey Jazz Festival and his first concert at Carnegie Hall. Here, Rollins reflects on his plumber, good food, and inner consciousness.

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Perfect happiness is something which doesn’t exist in this life. The goal is to never be too happy or never be too sad.

What is your greatest fear?
Not getting close enough to my aspirations.

What is your greatest achievement?
Listening to my inner consciousness and summoning the strength and determination to act on it.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
A more evolved, intelligent being.

What is your most treasured possession?
When I lost so many prized possessions on 9/11, I learned a lesson: possessions are not “where it’s at.”

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Being in the belly of the beast in a straitjacket.

Where would you like to live?
Wherever I can be left alone.

What is your favorite occupation?
Music, or whatever contributes to the edification of others.

What do you consider your greatest extravagance?
Overindulgence in good food.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Probably thriftiness.

On what occasion do you lie?
When I’m absolutely forced to by one of life’s stupid entanglements.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
Probably “You dig?”

What is your greatest regret?
Not saying some things to departed associates.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
Of course my late wife, Lucille.

Which talent would you most like to have?
The one that I have.

What is your current state of mind?
Peaceful but active.
DOLCE & GABBANA
the one
SONNY ROLLINS

Before reaching 21, Sonny Rollins played with Thelonious Monk—a sign of the saxophone colossus he would become.

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DOLCE & GABBANA
the one
NICOLE KIDMAN BARES ALL
ABOUT TOM, KEITH, REHAB, MARRIAGE, AND THE BABY SHE STILL LONGS FOR
PHOTOS BY PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

COOKED INTELLIGENCE AND ANOTHER BOTCHED WAR
Exclusive Excerpt from DAVID HALBERSTAM’S FINAL BOOK
GUCCI
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Broadway in Las Vegas

The Paris Las Vegas casino just announced that Tony Danza and James Borstelmann will join the new 90-minute Las Vegas production of the Mel Brooks musical comedy The Producers. Both performers came to Las Vegas from the musical’s Broadway cast, continuing their tenure with the most critically acclaimed show in Broadway history. For more details, visit harrahslasvegas.com.

Tony Danza and James Borstelmann in The Producers.

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Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee

To celebrate the Emmy-nominated epic movie Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, HBO and Vanity Fair hosted a cocktail reception at the Autry National Center, in Los Angeles, on May 24. The evening, which drew more than 125 guests, featured an interior design and exhibition of photographs of the film’s cast by Stephen Berkman, who was on hand to mingle with guests and talk about his inspiration for the artwork.
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CLINIQUE
Nicole Kidman is finally sailing with the wind. At her home above Sydney Harbor, as she films Baz Luhrmann’s epic Australia, the star of next month’s Margin at the Wedding tells Krista Smith about co-parenting with Tom Cruise, supporting her husband, Keith Urban, through rehab, and her hope for a baby. Photographs by Patrick Demarchelier.

Faced with a hostile Congress, plummeting polls, and fleeing loyalists, George W. Bush seems even more trapped in the White House, and increasingly dependent on, gulp, Dick Cheney. Talking to insiders, Todd Purdum probes the president’s fortress mentality. Illustration by Edward Sorel.

In April 2003, the hastily created, American-led Coalition Provisional Authority in Iraq began receiving planeloads of cash, $12 billion by June 2004. To date, $9 billion is unaccounted for. Donald L. Barlett and James B. Steele uncover evidence of a feeding frenzy that emptied the safe in Baghdad as the Pentagon shrugged.

Jonathan Becker and Leslie Bennetts spotlight Zsa Zsa Gabor and her ninth husband, Prince Frederick von Anhalt, who want to squelch the rumors about the state of their union.

Since he spun off from The Daily Show in 2005, Stephen Colbert has zinged the cultural establishment with his faux-news hit, The Colbert Report, rarely breaking out of egomaniacal character. With the release of his new book, Colbert drops the deadpan for Seth Mnookin. Photographs by Mark Seliger.

The one-upmanship between Blackstone’s Stephen Schwarzman and K.K.R.’s Henry Kravis, heads of the top two private-equity firms, has Park Avenue and Palm Beach abuzz. As Wall Street tremors shake their hugely profitable pedestals, Michael Shnraverson examines a rivalry between new money and newer money.

Michael Roberts and Evgenia Peretz spotlight Ziyi Zhang, who has made her first U.S.-style thriller, The Horsemen.

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354 GOING AFTER GORE When he ran for president, Al Gore took a bashing from the media, often for things he never said (see: inventing the Internet). For the first time the now lionized Gore and his family open up, to Evgenia Peretz, about a bias that may have tipped the scales.

358 WILD ABOUT AMY Norman Jean Roy and Krista Smith spotlight Amy Adams, the flamin' who's enchanting Hollywood with four new movies.

362 MACARTHUR'S GRAND DELUSION Surrounded by yes-men, an arrogant commander launches a disastrous offensive based on rigged intelligence. Sound familiar? In an excerpt from his final book, The Coldest Winter, the late David Halberstam recounts the human folly and brutal price of General MacArthur's Korean War strategy.

FANFAIR

159 31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE Harry Gesner modernizes Malibu. The Cultural Divide. Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. Lisa Eisner gets tied up at Kiki de Montparnasse: A. M. Homes spotlights Louise Bourgeois My Stuff—Anya Hindmarch; Night-Table Reading; Punch Hutton steps up to the plate to Save 2nd Base. Victoria Mather wakes up with the giraffes. A new generation of comedians takes the stage. Krista Smith rides the Harry Gesner wave. Graham Fuller goes Into the Wild; A. M. Homes joins The Jane Austen Book Club; Bruce Handy reviews Michael Clayton. Olivia Strand samples Frédéric Fekkai's new products; Maria Ricapito on Givenchy's classic scents. Hot Looks. The latest design innovations.

COLUMNS

198 ON THE LIMITS OF SELF-IMPROVEMENT, PART I If God doesn't strike him first, Christopher Hitchens may be doomed by his cherished vices. At 58, the smoke-wreathed, scotch-fueled author takes his first step on the road to rehabilitation, at a high-end spa. Photographs by Art Streiber.

206 THE SIMPLE LIFE; WHITE HOUSE EDITION The scuffles with the press, the Awol twins, the "Awkward Moments on the Tarmac"—it's a wonder no one has pitched the White House as reality TV. James Wolcott explores the potential ratings bonanza of the Prez Channel.

214 IS THIS THE END OF NEWS? As print and broadcast journalism ready their own obituaries, one hope remains for narrative news: the Internet. With Newser.com, Michael Wolff hopes the right algorithm will keep his industry alive.

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226 PHIL SPECTOR'S CHEAP SHOTS Dominick Dunne has more inside dope on the Phil Spector murder trial, including the defense's attempt to blame the victim, director Michael Bay's online rebuttal, and a Hollywood madam's clash with the judge.

230 AMERICAN BEAGLE By the mid-1960s, Charles Schulz was struggling to keep "Peanuts" fresh. In an excerpt from his new biography of Schulz, David Michaelis describes how Snoopy saved the day, embodying a generation's dreams and dilemmas.

244 SPICE GIRL François Halard and Laura Jacobs spotlight Rachael Ray, as her latest cookbook sizzles off the press.

246 LAZY-ASS NATION What would Ben Franklin have said about such laborsaving inventions as the robotic vacuum cleaner or the self-parking car? (Probably "Huzzah!") Jim Windolf marvels at the country's can-do-but-why-bother ethics. Photographs by Art Streiber.

SPECIAL SECTION

259 THE NEW ESTABLISHMENT—THE VANITY FAIR 100 Guess which newly endowed media baron once again tops V.F.'s annual list of the world's most powerful people. Plus: a mogul's view of the world, the insider's Rolodex, and the Next Establishment—30 moguls in the making.

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No, He Is Not the Paris Hilton of U.S. Presidents

I

s it possible that for the past seven
years we’ve gotten President George
W. Bush wrong? Is it possible that
that effortless stupidity and inexplicable arrogance that have become his hallmark are all just an act? Like Be-
orat—only dumber? Is it possible that Bush figured he could accomplish more for the commonweal if he didn’t come off as just
another responsible, competent world
leader? Perhaps he believed that if he as-
sumed the guise of a strutting, bumbling,
dim-witted ass, everyone would give him
a wide berth, much the way drivers slow
down when they see a car swerving madly up ahead. Genius, right?
Think about it. Perhaps Bush was Row’s brain! Perhaps the vice
president actually does report to the president. Perhaps Bush doesn’t
go to bed at 9:30, but instead, like Castro, works through the night
in some candlelit aerie in the West Wing. His Promethean intellect
humming away as he dots the i’s and crosses the r’s of his devilishly
clever master plan. Maybe he’s not the incurious, isolated simpleton
the press makes him out to be. (See Todd Purdum’s “Inside Bush’s
Bunker,” on page 332.) Perhaps the president has been playing
chess while the rest of us have been playing checkers.

Stay with me here. Let’s say he “bungled” the Katrina evacua-
tion and recovery on such an epic scale not because he was
incompetent—nobody could be that incompetent—but rather as
a tough-love gesture to force the good people of Louisiana and
Mississippi to stand on their own two feet. Let’s say he trampled
on 30 years of legislative safeguards for our air, land, and water
not to pay off the polluting interests that put him in office, but
rather as a means of galvanizing America’s environmental move-
ment. Let’s say the quotidin ineptitude across myriad govern-
ment departments—not enough flu vaccine, passport and visa
backlogs, and so forth—is not a hands-on way of demonstrating
the administration’s “starve the beast” theory, that we would be
better off with less government, but an attempt to teach the
convenience-obsessed American public the virtue of patience.

Pure genius, I tell you. Bush makes
the dollar weaker so Americans can’t
afford to take vacations abroad. Result: they
see more of their own country. By vetoing
stem-cell research and making it even
more expensive for his fellow
American to get decent health care, the
president is in truth asking us to read
his lips. Message: Get healthier, Am-
nerica! And by consistently making such a
fool of himself, he has selflessly given
us someone to laugh at during these
troubling times, the way screwball com-
edies did during the Great Depres-
sion. (See James Wokoc’s “The Simple Life—White House
Edition,” on page 206.)

The ineptitude is on such an Olympic scale that you really
have to marvel at the man’s dedication and execution. Take
the billions in cash that went missing in Iraq—someone certainly
did. Following the 2003 invasion, the Coalition Provisional Au-
thority received $12 billion in cash from the New York Federal
Reserve—that’s 363 tons of money. What happened to it? Well,
some was passed out to Iraqi ministries and functionaries in or-
der to prime the Iraqi economy. But as Donald L. Barlett and
James B. Steele report this month in “Billions over Baghdad,”
on page 336, more than $9 billion in cash simply vanished.
How could this happen? As with so many other aspects of this
war, the job of auditing the disbursement and accounting of the
money was outsourced. You would think a job like this would go
to one of those giant Washington firms like SAIC or Hallibur-
ton. Nope, not this one. In a commendable nod to the little guy,
the Pentagon awarded the contract to NorthStar, a company so
small, Barlett and Steele discovered, that its mailing address is a
post-office box in Nassau. Plus, its only “office” is a split-level
home in La Jolla, California, that houses several legally register-
ted companies—none accustomed to handling billions of dol-
ars in cash in a war zone, to be sure. One has the stated purpose
of selling “furniture, home furnishings, and flooring.” Don’t tell
me the Bush administration isn’t pro small business.

Perhaps the reason for our crushing deficits is not so that the
super-rich can get super-richer by paying less in taxes. (See
Michael Shnayerson’s “Talk of the Town,” on page 346.) Per-
haps instead it’s a macro lesson for the rest of us in the value
of personal thrift. Perhaps Bush really is saying on us to protect our
privacy. Perhaps he has taken away our civil liberties only in order
to get us to appreciate them, much the way we notice hot water
only when the boiler breaks down. Perhaps the war in Iraq—which
pretty much the whole shortsighted world has likened to jamming
your hand into the middle of a hornet’s nest—was, in fact, the re-
sult of a necessary deal hammered out with al-Qaeda in the after-
math of 9/11: Look, we give you a recruitment poster for gener-
ations of future terrorists; you leave America alone—or at least until I’m
out of office. The fact is, nobody, but nobody, could have been so
consistently ignorant, stubborn, and just plain stupid over a seven-

year period, unless there was something else going on behind the
scenes. Or could they have been?

—GRAYDON CARTER
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David Halberstam’s last book, *The Coldest Winter* (Hyperion), excerpted on page 362, is about the tragic consequences when arrogance and ignorance prevail in the character of a leader, as evidenced most sharply in decisions regarding war. It is a theme that Halberstam, a longtime *Vanity Fair* contributing editor, who was killed in a car accident in April, famously explored in *The Best and the Brightest*, his classic account of the hubris that led the Kennedy administration into Vietnam. Thirty-five years later, *The Coldest Winter* revisits an earlier American conflict, one less prominent in the nation’s memory but holding a similarly cautionary lesson: the Korean War. “It’s easy to see the parallels between MacArthur and Korea on the one hand and Cheney and Iraq on the other,” says *V.F.* deputy editor Doug Stumpf, who edited several Halberstam books before working with him at the magazine.

“We see how history repeats itself—in this case, how cooked intelligence, distorted by a megalomania in charge, can lead to the deaths of thousands of American soldiers.” *The Coldest Winter* is out now.

**Donald L. Barlett and James B. Steele**

Pulitzer Prize–winning contributing editors Barlett and Steele return this month with an investigation into the disappearance of a staggering $9 billion in cash, meant for the stabilization of Iraq. Barlett, a former counter-intelligence official, says, “It just doesn’t track. Nobody’s ever going to know where this money went. But it is possible to determine how it happened, and that’s what this article is.” Barlett and Steele describe how the banknotes were sent to Iraq in shrink-wrapped bricks and sometimes disbursed in wheelbarrows and out of the trunks of cars—seemingly to anyone who wanted some. The company hired as an accountant had a post-office box in the Bahamas. Steele adds that reporting this story would have been impossible without the Internet: “Only because of the volume of material on the Web were we able to track it down.” The duo’s most recent story for *V.F.* was a portrait of the Washington super-contractor SAIC.

**Todd S. Purdum**

“The biggest mystery about George W. Bush is how a person with such political skills, personal charm, and seductive talent could become a pariah in Washington and the world,” says national editor Todd Purdum, whose article “Inside Bush’s Bunker” begins on page 332. “In Washington, Bush has become a party of one, alienating not only the Democrats but also large swaths of his own party. One of the questions we set out to look into is whether there is something about the White House that made him that way.” Purdum, who spent 23 years at *The New York Times* prior to joining *Vanity Fair* last year, has profiled Dick Cheney, Karl Rove, and John McCain for the magazine.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 125
David Michaelis

“America tends to embrace a single towering figure who changes the way we look at a medium,” says author David Michaelis. “Charles Schulz was clearly the one for comics.” At age eight, Michaelis was introduced to Schulz’s “Peanuts” by an unlikely source: his schoolmaster at St. Albans, in Washington, D.C. “He was an intense disciplinarian, right out of Dickens,” Michaelis recalls. “His one soft spot was for ‘Peanuts,’ and his desk had a secret drawer filled to the brim with early ‘Peanuts’ books. The prize for a score of 99 or above on a test was to sit at his desk, read ‘Peanuts,’ and eat a Callard & Bowser toffee.” In an excerpt from Schulz and Peanuts: A Biography (out this month from HarperCollins), beginning on page 230, Michaelis explores the evolution of Schulz’s most beguiling character, Snoopy.

Norman Jean Roy

Norman Jean Roy has photographed such actresses as Naomi Watts, Sandra Bullock, and Hilary Swank for Vanity Fair, but he says he couldn’t ask for a better subject than Amy Adams. “She was kind, gracious, beautiful, and easy to photograph,” says Roy. At the suggestion of stylist and VF contributing editor Sarajane Hoare, Roy opted for an airy, white-on-white look for his shots of Adams. “We wanted to evoke the spirit of Old Hollywood,” Roy says, “taking inspiration from the film The Philadelphia Story”—the 1940 classic starring Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Jimmy Stewart. As Roy notes, “With Amy’s timeless face, it was easy to evoke the spirit and beauty of Hepburn. She is a gem.”

Peter Newcomb and Heather Halberstadt

In 1994, Vanity Fair unveiled its New Establishment, a list of a new professional order coming from the fields of entertainment, information, and technology. Last year, the list expanded to 100 names and was dubbed the Vanity Fair 100. Now, 30 newcomers—the Next Establishment—make their debut in this month’s issue. “We’re looking for the next Murdoch, Prada, and Spielberg. Up-and-comers who, if they play their cards right, might end up on the 100 someday,” says senior editor Heather Halberstadt, who, along with senior articles editor Peter Newcomb, compiles this annual feature. In the spring the two (seen here in editor Graydon Carter’s office tweaking the rankings) traveled to Los Angeles and San Francisco to meet with a dozen of the contenders. Back in New York, the pair were surprised by this year’s turnover. “There was a lot of churn,” Newcomb says. “It was a year of turmoil, and we saw old stalwarts get bumped.” Newcomb joined VF last year after spending 22 years at Forbes: Halberstadt has worked on the list since 1998.
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**Michael Shnayerson**

An unapologetic generalist, contributing editor Michael Shnayerson has reported on subjects as varied as actress Sandra Bullock's love life and the dark dangers of electronic voting machines. For “Talk of the Town” (page 346), he reached out to a wide range of private-equity chief lairs to get their thoughts on the two biggest operators in their midst, Henry Kravis, of Kohlberg Kravis Roberts, and Stephen A. Schwarzman, of the Blackstone Group. He found them happy to talk about the financial ramifications of high-EBITDA buyouts and aggravated hurdle rates, but considerably less so to discuss the personal dynamics that make Kravis and Schwarzman such fascinating characters—and increasingly bitter rivals. Again and again while reporting this story, Shnayerson was struck by the similarities between the two men, not just in the arc of their business careers but also in their marriages, their lifestyles, and how they dealt with fame. “The parallels,” he says, “only confirm why these two men are in such sharp competition with each other.”

**Krista Smith**

For this month’s issue, senior West Coast editor Krista Smith traveled to Sydney, Australia, to visit Nicole Kidman. “It was exciting to interview Nicole in her home environment,” says Smith, who spent time at the actress’s house and with her family. “It was a great opportunity to see where she grew up. And, at 40, she still committed to making interesting choices, both professionally and personally.” Smith, who has written about actors for more than a decade, was struck by the size of Sydney. “As international as it is, Sydney is still relatively small. It’s sort of incredible that one of Hollywood’s biggest stars came from so far.”

**Jim Windolf**

Contributing editor Jim Windolf got the idea for “Lazy-Ass Nation,” page 246, when he read newspaper stories on the unveiling of the Lexus LS 460, the car that can more or less park itself. “Something had gone seriously wrong,” he says. According to Windolf, laziness is a part of the American identity, going back to the Founding Fathers. As for the future, he envisions even greater opportunities for sloth. “We will merge with machines and life will be no trouble at all—pleasant, but dull,” he says. The very industrious Windolf lives in New York City. His recent articles on musician Rufus Wainwright and his family, and the Farm, a hippie community located deep in the Tennessee woods, are available on VF.com.

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-Evangeline Lilly
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Evgenia Peretz

While reporting her story on Al Gore and the press, contributing editor Evgenia Peretz discovered that journalists are among the toughest subjects to interview. "They know how easy it is to get the story wrong, or a little off," she says. "So they are in some ways the hardest ones to get the story from." Peretz's Vanity Fair article about George Bush's Texas retreat, "High Noon in Crawford," appeared in The Best American Political Writing of 2006 (Thunder's Mouth Press).

Art Streiber

This month, photographer Art Streiber captured contributing editor Christopher Hitchens's concerted effort to make over his personal habits. "Hitch was incredibly game," says Streiber, whose photographs begin on page 198. "And the resort was really accommodating. They made room for us in their spa and fitness center for three hours for our photo shoot, in which the subject broke the rules by smoking and drinking while getting his treatments." Streiber, who also shot the images that accompany contributing editor Jim Windolf's article about laziness in America (page 246), is currently photographing the movie posters for the Judd Apatow-produced comedies Forgetting Sarah Marshall, Drillbit Taylor, and The Pineapple Express.

Seth Mnookin

Even after learning that Stephen Colbert—the Sunday-school-teaching South Carolinian, not the bombastic Bill O'Reilly parody he plays nightly on Comedy Central's The Colbert Report—had compared the media to "blood-sucking lampreys," contributing editor Seth Mnookin wasn't worried about interviewing the man famous for exorcising his guests and embarrassing the president. Says Mnookin, "Colbert is an actor—when you see his show live, you get a very clear sense of his absolute love of performing and the fun he has playing with his studio audience."

Philipp Von Hessen

This year, photographer Philipp Von Hessen has captured Euro-hedonism in all its glory, first in Ibiza ("Make Mine Ibiza!," April) and now in Rome ("Couture Dynasty," page 193). In July the Hamburg, Germany, native attended (along with international movie stars and members of royalty) Valentino's three-day 45th-anniversary extravaganza celebrating the designer's long, storied career in fashion. According to Von Hessen, photographing the Valentino-clad crowds was "like taking pictures of friends," as so many of the attendees are his. The true challenge was conveying the essence of the historic locations—the experience of trekking from the Coliseum to the Villa Borghese (both of which served as backdrops for dinners) was "like being in a Fellini film," he says.
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Occupation: Singer / Actress

Proudest accomplishment: Winning my 1st Grammy

Perfect day: Lounging in the sun, on a boat, in the middle of nowhere, with the people I love.

Most unusual gift: Rhinestone Studded Pedicure Toe Spacers

Recent impulse buy: Lorraine Schwartz Diamond Moneys (See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil)

Retail therapy: Shopping with my mom at Designer and Boutique Stores

Can’t shop without: My American Express Card. Because I know I’ll be taken care of.

My card: Is there for me, wherever I go, for whatever I buy.

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Cardmember ........................................... Tina Fey

Member Since ............................................ 2000

Occupation ............................................. writer/performer

Proudest accomplishment ...................................

   my daughter says "please" and "thank you"

   coffee/ playground/ nap/ exercise/ flea market/

Perfect day ............................................. playground, bath time, dinner with grownups

   See a great movie/ asleep by 9pm*

Most unusual gift ........................................ a bat skeleton

Recent impulse buy ...................................... a case of soup

   pushing a cart around a big suburban "superstore"

Retail therapy ........................................... while drinking a giant fountain soda

Can't shop without .................................... getting hungry

My card ..................................................... makes sure the funny stuff stays on

   my show and not on my bills.

* This day might not be possible

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ARE YOU RUNNING AROUND TRYING TO RETURN SOMETHING, ONLY TO BE TOLD NO?

or

ARE YOU ABLE TO RETURN IT AND GET ON WITH YOUR LIFE?

ARE YOU MISSING APPOINTMENTS BECAUSE YOUR NEW PDA IS M.I.A.?

or

ARE YOU GETTING A NEW ONE WITHOUT MISSING A BEAT?

ARE YOU THE LAST TO KNOW THAT YOU WENT ON A SHOPPING SPREE?

or

ARE YOU ALERTED WHEN A SUSPICIOUS CHARGE APPEARS?

ARE YOU SPENDING MORE TIME WORRYING THAN SHOPPING?

or

ARE YOU A CARDMEMBER?

visit americanexpress.com to join
LOVING A LEGEND

Show of horse; presidential comparisons; high on Sly; scrutinizing The Simpsons; a pastoral fantasy; yogi stereotyping; torture talk; and more

NATIONAL TREASURE
Barbaro and jockey
Edgar Prado moments from winning the Kentucky Derby, at Churchill Downs, in Louisville, Kentucky, May 6, 2006.

THANKS TO Buzz Bissinger for a beautifully written article about Barbaro and to those who cared for him and loved him. Bissinger captured with eloquence what I have felt but a lump in my throat would not allow me to say: Barbaro’s life and struggle allowed us to regain our compassion and human kindness once again.

CANDACE SERVISS
Loda, Illinois

Barbaro was not, as Buzz Bissinger wrote, “betrayed by his own Thoroughbred body.” He was betrayed by the people who advocate the use of animals in a sport that pushes them beyond their limits for profit and entertainment. He was betrayed again by the very people who claimed to love him when they forced him to endure the pain and suffering of multiple surgeries and long, unsuccessful attempts at recovery. How utterly selfish.

CAROLYN LAWRIE
Toronto, Ontario

Thank you for the beautifully written and photographed story on Barbaro. Unfortunately, I, too, broke the cardinal rule: I fell in love with a horse.

LINDA LIGHTNER
Glen Mills, Pennsylvania

Your article on Barbaro rightly describes a horse with an amazing combination of speed and personality, but does little to condemn the industry that led to his demise.

The analogy used by Peter Brette is apt: “Is he a boy or a man?” Horses don’t reach full physical maturity until five to six years of age, but the racing industry has established a universal birthday for all Thoroughbreds and sets top races for two- and three-year-olds. At two and a half, when most horses hit their peak racing stride for Grade 1 races, they are approaching the developmental benchmarks for a 14-year-old kid. Bones are

A

s someone who fell in love with Barbaro, followed every day of his recovery, and read everything written about him, I can say nothing has evoked emotions inside me quite like Buzz Bissinger’s insightful account [“Gone Like the Wind,” August] describing the ups and downs of the beloved horse’s struggle, the passion of those who tried desperately to save him, and, most of all, the dignity, poise, and will to live that this magnificent creature displayed throughout his ordeal. The impact of Barbaro and his legacy can never be overestimated. His story will continue to stir the deepest feelings and leave the question of “What if . . . ?” forever unanswered.

KATHLEEN PARSONS
Redondo Beach, California

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still fragile, tendons plaint, everything still very much a work in progress. When you run this work of art at top speeds, coupled with the ever present influence of barbiturates injected prior to every race to numb the pain sensors (which tell the body to stop prior to serious injury), it can come as no surprise that a potentially fatal disaster is waiting behind every race. We are running boys in a system that requires the stamina of men.

Fans proclaim that they love Barbaro for his heart, heroism, and spirit—and the momentos sent to his recovery hospital from around the world bear this out—but these same fans sit idly by while the racing industry continues to toss two-year-old colts and fillies into the gristmill of racing. To say you love the horse, without a demand that the industry mend its ways to adopt more humane standards, indicates that you merely love horse racing, rather than the horse himself.

CARRIE TIPTON
Vienna, Virginia

DO WE HUMANS ascribe spirit and stamina and sauciness to horses on our own? Or do horses cause us to by tugging on our heartstrings? I’m a busy mom and working-class schmo, and as a result Barbaro’s plight merely slipped across my radar. But when I read Buzz Bissinger’s piece, I cried. Lots. Always fall in love with a horse.

LINDA RICHTER
Niles, Ohio

SUCH AN INDULGENT sport Thoroughbred racing is, one in which über-moneyed people, such as the Jacksons, can count these horses and their winnings as assets, in the same way one does a yacht, or a Rolls-Royce. What compels them to push these remarkable animals beyond the limits of their abilities and anatomy? Simple answer: money. I don’t doubt for a moment that the inner circle touched by Barbaro loved him. We all loved him, for his spirit and determination to win our races and then simply to survive. What a remarkable horse, but what a seemingly unnecessary tragedy.

MARY ANN BASHAW
Phoenix, Arizona

WHEN I READ on gossip Web sites that the cover of the August Vanity Fair almost went to the racehorse Barbaro instead of rising teen actor Shia LaBeouf, I thought, No contest—the cover’s got to be of the kid. But after finishing Buzz Bissinger’s enthralling chronicle of that magnificent horse’s rise and fall, I found myself with tears in my eyes. Not because of Bissinger’s flawless writing, or the story’s stellar cast of characters—the steadfast owners, the steely trainer, the intrepid doctor. It was because of Barbaro—a legend destined to live (like the great equine luminaries before him) far beyond our time, and far beyond a time when anyone will remember who this year’s “hot” teen actor was. Barbaro on your cover would have been a keeper.

SIRENA J. SCALES
Washington, D.C.

I CANNOT THINK of the last time that a Vanity Fair article sent shivers down my spine the way “Gone Like the Wind” did. I have never been to a horse race; I have never bet on a horse. Really, I couldn’t care less about horses. But this story, like Barbaro, grabbed me and never let go.

My thanks to V.F. and the talented Buzz Bissinger for bringing this amazing story home to readers like me.

MJ JAFFRAY
Goodwood, Ontario

BARBARO never knew of or thought about Triple Crowns, winnings, or stud fees. He never knew of or thought about his owners’ egos or financial ambitions, the fans’ need for thrills, or their desire to make money off of him. Barbaro was expected to

MORE FROM THE V.F. MAILBAG

B arbaro grief, mainly. Buzz Bissinger’s “Gone Like the Wind” struck a nerve, or anyway a tear duct, among many V.F. readers: “I’m sobbing” (Donna Piccoli, Exton, Pennsylvania); “I was totally crying” (Danita Cardey, of Riverside, California); “I was brought to tears” (Annette McDaniels, Ellicott City, Maryland); “tears streaming down my face” (Alicia Sittler, La Verne, California); “I was in tears” (Diane Yoder, New Carlisle, Ohio); and, at press time, “I’m still crying” (Diane Beeman, Aliso Viejo, California). Kimberly Dotsesh, of San Diego, says, “My tears were crazy bad for the loss of this beloved and beautiful horse.”

Finally, what a difference 18 minutes can make: “I got through one paragraph and cringed ... Come on, people! Let a horse person help you!” That’s Lynne Blackwell, of Shorter, Alabama, e-mailing us on a Wednesday afternoon at 3:38. Then, at 3:56: “I take it back. You did a good job on the article after all.”

David Kamp’s “Sly Stone’s Higher Power” drew forth a number of memories of the sui generis performer back in the heyday. Susan Corrado Goldberg, of Delray Beach, Florida, remembers a 1970 Tampa concert where, after the requisite hour’s delay, “oh, baby! ... [Sly] sauntered in with the ‘family’ and funked the house.” Mercy Baron, of Los Angeles, has a 1971 anecdote, the first 15 words of which are “To my surprise, out came Sly from this bedroom and asked if we wanted to” (sorry, that’s all we have room for). Steve Giatt, also of Los Angeles, remembers a 1973 show at the L.A. Coliseum (yes, it started an hour late: “It was fancy hats, glitter, and feathers with Sly walking around ... with these enormous golf gloves. He kept prancing around the stage, occasionally sniffing something from the gloves. After about 15 minutes of this, people started yelling, ‘Why don’t you just play?’ Sly grabs the microphone and for another 20 minutes starts rambling incoherently about ‘the Man’ and revolution while arguing with the audience. Finally he gets behind the keyboards and the band launches into ‘Everyday People’ ... Halfway through the song, Sly yells, ‘This f-ing keyboard is out of tune!’ He storms off the stage and 20 roadies start crawling around trying to fix the problem.”

The Mailbag has its own Sly Stone story—circa 1972—but we’re still awaiting legal advice regarding certain fine points relating to the statute of limitations. Besides, here’s something far more interesting from Casey Stewart, of Rancho Cordova, California: “I loved your article on my Uncle Sly.”

Uncle Sly!

From Anne Lovett, of Atlanta, helpful leads on the Anne Bass mystery: “I kept thinking I had heard of that plot before. It was on a tape of a class for romance writers given by Cheryl Ann Porter. I would tell the police to look for some writer/actor types—and I might add it doesn’t take a medical professional to know how to give injections. Any diabetic knows how.”

“Well, managed to get to page 67 without seeing ‘eponymous.’ Enough already.” If you’re reading this, Christina Neumeyer, of Carlsbad, California, this time you’ve already gotten to page 142.
WHAT ARE YOU MADE OF?
perform whether he felt like it or not. Barbaro, through his suffering, taught us that horse racing is a cruel "sport."

According to news reports, Barbaro now has a brother, a full brother. Will we be subjected to the same sad story all over again? Or could Barbaro's brother be the symbol for a new era in the care of racehorses?

JUDITH M. HANSEL
Reno, Nevada

STATE OF DELUSION

"THE HISTORY BOYS" [August] reminds us of how much we will miss the insightful political commentary of David Halberstam. We are told that Harry Truman was a largely unpopular leader who, despite intense political pressures, was determined to limit the war in Korea. Our current leader, George W. Bush, on the other hand, squandered the enormous goodwill showered upon him after 9/11 on a retaliatory war he had wrongly believed would be popular with an angry nation. Both men may have been embattled and besieged, their poll numbers ebbing during a difficult war, but the similarities end there.

JEFF CHEN
San Mateo, California

DAVID HALBERSTAM'S last dispatch is a must-read. It is sad that he left us when we need him most. His only misstatement is calling Dick Cheney "seemingly the toughest guy of them all." I believe that most of Dick Cheney's failings can be attributed directly to the fact that he is most profoundly an unmanly man who is trying to live up to a masculine ideal against which he falls desperately short.

MELITTA RORTY
Benicia, California

IF THERE IS SUCH A THING as Karma or justice in this world or the next, David Halberstam is now walking with the angels. Meanwhile Bush, Cheney, and the rest of the "History Boys" will spend eternity with the consequences of what they have wrought upon the world: the anguished cries of the dead, maimed, wounded, tortured, and grieving forever ringing in their ears.

MARIE COLACCHIO
Norwich, Vermont

THE ULTIMATE FUNKMASTER

DAVID KAMP'S article on Sly Stone ["Sly Stone's Higher Power," August] was phenomenal. I was born and raised in San Francisco and grew up listening to Sly's music. As a matter of fact, some of my family members had ties to Sly back in the day. He's a living legend and will forever remain one of the greatest contributors to music. Thanks for giving us a glimpse into his life.

SHEILA CHADWICK
Indianapolis, Indiana

IN DAVID KAMP'S article about Sly Stone, he called the rock band the Great Society the precursor to the Jefferson Airplane. Having grown up and lived in San Francisco during the 1960s, I can tell you for a fact that Grace Slick left the Great Society and sang her first concert with the Jefferson Airplane on October 16, 1966, at the Fillmore Auditorium. She joined the Airplane, already in existence, after its original female lead singer, Signe Anderson, departed following the band's first album. Slick brought two songs with her when she joined the band, "Somebody to Love," written by her brother-in-law, Darby Slick, and her composition "White Rabbit."

DAVID FRIEDLANDER
Nashville, Tennessee

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO THE SIMPSONS

I LOVE THEATER of the absurd as much as anyone—Antonin Artaud, the Marx Brothers, Seinfeld—but The Simpsons is another matter ["Simpson Family Values," by John Ortved, August]. Assuming that Homer Simpson is taken from the character of that name in Nathanael West's Day of the Locust, I would say a sober rereading of the 1937 classic and viewing of the later movie with Donald Sutherland will show how savagely this animated program has contributed to the decay of American civilization and to an aggressive lack of fellowship in the nation. While not the cup of tea for Bush Sr., this show is very much an emblem for Bush Jr. and his cynical, radical fellow travelers.

DAVID T. JOHANNESEN
Dartmouth, Massachusetts

JOHN ORTVED'S assertion that "prime time had not seen an animated sitcom since The Flinstones, in the 1960s," is not accurate. Hanna-Barbara's Wait til Your Father Gets Home, which featured actor Tom Bosley (Happy Days) in the lead voice role, first ran in syndication from 1972 to 1974, more than a decade and a half before America's favorite yellow family.

HARRY ALLEN
New York, New York

THE TRUTH ABOUT SOUTH KENT

I COULDN'T HELP but smile at Michael Shnayerson's description of my hometown, as featured in his August article, "Something Happened at Anne's"—not at Anne Bass's misfortune but at the portrait of a dreamlike idyll, generally untouched by the rhythms of modern life and accessible only to a select few. While this is a pleasant enough patina for my small, quiet town, it is grounded more in the fantasies of a handful of fabulously wealthy part-time residents than in reality.

South Kent is unmarked not due to its cachet but because it is merely a neighborhood postal district within the town of Kent. As to the charming assertion that Kent is a community of genteel farmers, there are a few struggling local farms, but almost everyone has an ordinary middle-class job. In fact, most "farming" occurs only in the Marie Antoinette (or shall we say Anne Bass?) sense.

AMELIA CASON
New York, New York

OM, SWEET, OM

I WAS SADDEDNED to see that Maya Breuer and Jana Long consider themselves black yoga teachers rather than yoga teachers who happen to be black [Letters, August]. But I think it is the tone of their letter that I found so off-putting. How can they use yoga, which means "union" or "yoke," for racial polarization where none exists?

Perhaps Vanity Fair failed to include teachers and masters who are black. However, V.F. also continued on page 132.
Dior Beauty Creates the Looks from Lust, Caution

At the core of this fall’s most anticipated espionage thriller, Ang Lee’s Lust, Caution, is the transformation of heroine Wang Chia Chi (Tang Wei) from fresh-faced innocent to irresistible seductress. In this month’s issue, Dior Beauty reveals the inspiration and products behind each of these gorgeous looks. Discover the Lust, Caution makeup collection exclusively at Bloomingdale’s from September 21 to 27—and when you purchase any two items from the collection, you’ll receive a pair of tickets to see the film.*

*Awhile supplies last.

A Brilliant Experience

On June 27, Rembrandt and Vanity Fair hosted the launch of Katherine Center’s new book The Bright Side of Disaster, at The Brilliant Mouth Experience, Rembrandt’s pop-up boutique in New York’s SoHo neighborhood. More than 125 guests turned out to meet the author, enjoy refreshing cocktails and hors d’oeuvres, and immerse themselves in the Rembrandt experience.

The Art of Helio

On May 23, Hello and Vanity Fair hosted an exclusive exhibition of artwork by Tim Biskup at the Billy Shire Fine Arts Gallery, in Culver City, California. The evening drew nearly 300 guests who had the opportunity to relax in the Helio lounge and enjoy Kendall-Jackson wines, preview the latest Helio devices and services, watch a video of Biskup at work for Helio, and hear a live performance by innovative musician Chas Smith.

Making Time for the Arts

The Movado boutique at South Coast Plaza was the site of a cocktail reception hosted by Movado and Vanity Fair on June 28. More than 200 guests gathered to meet violinist Sarah Chang, hear a live jazz performance, view an exhibition of Vanity Fair images of great performers, and shop the Movado collection. A percentage of the evening’s sales benefited the Orange County Performing Arts Center.

All for the Teachers

Fashion and art come together to support teachers. Purchase a Jones New York limited-edition T-shirt illustrated by Suejean Rim to benefit Jones New York In The Classroom. 100% of Jones New York’s profits from the sale of the T-shirt will be donated to Jones New York In The Classroom, a nonprofit organization supporting teachers and children’s education. Available at select Macy’s, macys.com, or jnyintheclassroom.org.
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featuring more than 90 works in various media spanning the early 1990s to the present—including Takashi Murakami's first animated film, as well as iconic and new paintings and sculptures—this international traveling retrospective is an unprecedented opportunity to survey the depth and breadth of the artist's entire career.
The limited-edition John Varvatos tie.

Can't Stop the Music

Help Bloomingdale's and VHI keep the music going by purchasing this limited-edition John Varvatos tie. All proceeds from the sale of the tie benefit the VHI Save the Music Foundation. Available for $98 at select Bloomingdale's stores.

The VHI Save the Music Foundation is a nonprofit organization dedicated to restoring instrumental music education in America's public schools and raising awareness of the importance of music as a part of each child's complete education.

Since 1997, the VHI Save The Music Foundation has provided nearly $40 million dollars worth of new musical instruments to 1,500 public schools in more than 100 cities around the country, impacting the lives of more than 1 million public school children.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

failed to include yoga teachers who are Jewish, Muslim, dwarfs, twins, physically challenged, blind, or in assisted-living facilities. The list of omissions is endless. It is O.K. to mention to V.F. that your group exists and that the magazine should take notice. It is quite different to assume that black people were omitted because no one knew that people of color practice yoga.

PHYLLIS MASS
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

AMERICAN TORTURE

KATHERINE EBAN'S recent article for VF.com on terrorist interrogations ["Rorschach and Awe," July 17] is gravely flawed. For starters, the terrorist Abu Zubaydah provided virtually all of his valuable intelligence during C.I.A. questioning. That process was lawful and successful.

Initially, Abu Zubaydah was evasive. There may be people elsewhere who believe they built some sort of rapport with him in those early days, but neither Abu Zubaydah's conduct nor, most important, the production of intelligence from him backs that up. It was, most of all, the efforts of the C.I.A. that led Abu Zubaydah to share concrete, actionable information that our government used to identify other terrorist figures and disrupt their activities.

A great deal of myth has grown up around the C.I.A.'s terrorist-detention

POSTSCRIPT

In 1998, a 25-year-old journalist named Stephen Glass was the hottest young star in the competitive orbit of Washington journalism. An associate editor for The New Republic, he routinely managed to find the pitch-perfect quote and the trenchant observation in every story he wrote. He was earning more than $100,000 a year and also attending Georgetown Law at night. Glass seemed too good to be true, which of course he was. As contributing editor Buzz Bissinger chronicled in Vanity Fair ("Shattered Glass," September 1998), Glass's spectacular rise was outdone only by his even more spectacular fall, in which it was discovered that 27 of his 41 stories for T.N.R. contained fabrications.

Today, the name Stephen Glass still looms large, and T.N.R., despite a rich history as one of the country's leading voices, has never fully recovered from one of the greatest discovered frauds in journalistic history. The release of the highly acclaimed 2003 film Shattered Glass (based on the V.F. article), which enjoys a continued life on DVD, hasn't helped, either.

For those who had worked with Glass and were still looking for a genuine apology, the 2003 publication of his novel, The Fabulist, formulated in part on his experiences at T.N.R., was seen as a crassly self-serving enterprise. The book failed both critically and commercially.

Now T.N.R. finds itself embroiled in a new, similar controversy. This time around, the trouble concerns the magazine's "Baghdad Diarist" column. Written by an American soldier under the pseudonym of Scott Thomas—in July he revealed himself to be army private Scott Thomas Beauchamp of the First Infantry Division and the husband of a New Republic reporter-researcher—the column has been laced with disturbing anecdotes of military misbehavior that conservative publications and bloggers charge have been manufactured. In writing about the new allegations of fraud, the media have routinely invoked Glass's name. But it may also be a case of guilt by association. Army investigators, after conducting their own inquiry, said that Beauchamp's stories for the magazine were false, but did not elaborate on what exactly was incorrect. T.N.R., in its own investigation, said Beauchamp's accounts were corroborated by five members of his unit, with the exception of the location of one incident. New Republic editor Franklin Foer, who stands by its columns, acknowledges that the shadow of Glass has "created some unfair assumptions."

Glass, who now lives in Los Angeles with his longtime girlfriend, did not return phone calls from V.F. But about a year ago, Billy Ray, the director of Shattered Glass, met Glass for the first time, at a party in the Hollywood Hills. According to Ray and other sources, Glass has been working at a small law firm, apparently in a para-legal capacity. Their chat was amiable, said Ray, who noted that Glass "said everything a person who was contrite would say... Knowing his history, I can hope that was sincere, but that's just hope." Glass also continues to try to entertain, no longer through fictional journalism, but in first-person storytelling sketches with the L.A.-based comedy troupe Un-Cabaret.

To read the original story, please visit VANITYFAIR.COM.
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program. That is the cost of denying al-Qaeda knowledge of the interrogation methods used so effectively against its operatives. In fact, the effort has been small, legal, carefully run, and reviewed within the executive branch and by Congress.

It has also been highly productive, providing a unique window into al-Qaeda that has helped our country, and others, foil terrorist plots and save innocent lives. Had Eban asked me about Abu Zubaydah, I would have tried to correct the misimpressions that wound up shaping her story.

PAUL GIMIGLIANO
Deputy director of public affairs, Central Intelligence Agency Washington, D.C.

KATHERINE EBAN REPLIES: What shaped my story was a 10-month reporting effort and interviews with more than 70 diverse sources, out of which emerged a consistent viewpoint: that coercive interrogation techniques of the kind employed at black sites by the C.I.A. do not work any better than traditional rapport building.

It was humane interrogation that got Abu Zubaydah to reveal the identity of Khalid Shaikh Mohammed as 9/11’s master planner. Many experts and insiders I interviewed say that American interrogators could have stayed within the Geneva Convention guidelines and achieved equal intelligence gains, with far less strain on our reputation abroad. Instead, the C.I.A. turned its interrogation training over to two psychologists who reportedly lacked real-world experience and advocated untested methods.

Mr. Gimigliano’s claims of success are impossible to verify, since the evidence for them remains classified. Meanwhile, he neglects to mention that some within the C.I.A. opposed the agency’s use of coercion and, to this day, doubt the approach’s utility.

LAST REBEL STANDING

I WONDERED for years why a magazine such as Vanity Fair had not published a piece on the doings of Mort Sahl (“Mort the Knife,” by James Wolcott, August). Saul is by far the most genius political satirist in American cultural history. While Lenny Bruce was the visceral and ultimately tragic voice in exposing the bigotry and hypocrisy of modern America, Sahl’s voice was, and still is, like a slingshot of reverberant truth in the brain cells of anyone with an intellect.

I still listen to his recordings from the hungry 60s, and his perceptions are even more relevant today than they were then. That he is teaching at 80 gives me hope that America has not been entirely lost to the ignorant, warmongering Fascists currently in charge of your government.

LOUISE MCKELVIE
Vancouver, British Columbia

READING ABOUT MORT SAHL in your August issue rekindled a cherished memory from the 1960s: I encountered the comic standing in front of me in line at a market in Studio City, California. The specific interchange has long been lost to memory, but an offhanded quip from this Burbank English teacher so tickled the great Mort Sahl that it made him laugh—and quite loudly! He doesn’t just create humor; he relishes it in others as well.

STEVE CAMPBELL
Burbank, California

AS GOOD AS IT GOT

I WAS THRILLED to come upon “Expats in Wonderland” [by John Richardson, August], because I have always appreciated the lives of the Murphys. But while it was quite informational, I felt that it did not do the couple justice. Though it is true that there has been cause for speculation regarding Gerald Murphy’s sexuality, and indeed he may have been sexually conflicted, there has been no conclusive evidence that, as was so eloquently stated, he was a “closet case.”

Furthermore, I felt that the story did not effectively convey the enchantment and beauty of the world which this quintessential dazzling couple created and in which they lived. Donald Ogden Stewart, the playwright and Oscar-winning screenwriter, likened them to a fairy tale: “Once upon a time there was a prince and a princess… They were both rich; he was handsome; she was beautiful; they had three golden children.” Always, their world revolved around family and good friends and happy times. After all, theirs was a life well lived.

VINCENT UGARO
Montclair, New Jersey

CORRECTION: On page 31 of the August issue (“Something Happened at Anne’s,” by Michael Shnayerson), we misstated the paternal parenthood of billionaire Sid Bass and his three brothers. Their father was Perry Richardson Bass.

Letters to the editor should be sent electronically with the writer’s name, address, and daytime phone number to letters@vf.com. Letters to the editor will also be accepted via fax at 212-286-4324. All requests for back issues should be sent to subscriptions@vf.com. All other queries should be sent to vfmail@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of Vanity Fair.
LIVING ON THE EDGE
Harry Gesner on the balcony of the Cooper House—one of more than 100 homes he has designed—in Malibu, California. For more, turn to page 176.
THE CULTURAL DIVIDE

With its breathtaking glass façade, the Jack Diamond–designed Harman Center for the Arts, in Washington, D.C., new home of the Shakespeare Theatre Company, opens with a gala on October 1. (shakespearetheatre.org)

Behind the Lens

Barnstorm, the elite photography workshop conducted by Pulitzer Prize–winning photojournalist Eddie Adams, celebrates its 20th anniversary this year in the Catskills. (10/5–10/8; eddieadamsworkshop.com)

From the Naylor Collection: right, Margaret Bourke-White with her Graflex K-20 aerial camera, circa 1944; below, a Kalleimar proud-water camera used by Jacques Cousteau.

From the daguerreotype to the digital Leica, Jack Naylor has it all. His collection of photographic ephemera has been a work in progress for more than 50 years, and he’s turning the lot over to Guernsey’s of New York for auction. (10/18–10/21)

October

The 45th New York Film Festival on October 6 honors as its “Centerpiece” the Coen Brothers’ No Country for Old Men. Also among the festival’s 30-plus films is Cannes Palme d’Or winner 4 Months, 3 Weeks, and 2 Days. (9/28–10/14; filmlinc.com)

SEASIDE DINING

Santa Monica’s newly opened Abode restaurant—one block off the beach—serves organic, seasonal cuisine in a swingy, sophisticated, and relaxed atmosphere. There’s also a patio that is perfect for cocktails or dining alfresco. The wine list is fab, as are the oysters four ways, the chocolate soufflé, and everything else we ate. (1541 Ocean Avenue)

Rockin’ the Hall

On October 18 the international fashion and music communities come together in London’s Royal Albert Hall for Fashion Rocks, a runway show hosted by Samuel L. Jackson to aid the Prince’s Trust. (fashionrocks.co.uk)
Because, as James Beard so wisely noted, “food is our common ground, a universal experience,” we present you with a feast.

V.F. contributing editor David Kamp and the saucy Marion Rosenfeld’s The Food Snob’s Dictionary (Broadway) enlightens denizens of Hooters-style restaurants about the finer points of “forcemeat” whilst delighting those high-hat cuisiners who can go on about “fair trade” until the grass-fed, free-range cows come home. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (in league with Stephanie Donaldson) bestows jewels of inspiration in The Elements of Organic Gardening (Kales Press). Judith Jones, mother of modern cookbook publishing (taste Julia Child’s Mastering the Art of French Cooking), elevates food to the exalted position of The Tenth Muse (Knopf).

BLINDING US WITH SCIENCE: As if unlocking the secrets of DNA for us wasn’t nice enough, Nobel Prize-winning scientist turned memoirist James D. Watson proffers advice on how to become more brilliant yourself, such as Avoid Boring People (Knopf). Novelist Andrea Barrett blends science and storytelling in The Air We Breathe (Norton). The subjects of tales in Oliver Sacks’s Musicophilia (Knopf) range from the rare few who experience musical notes as colors and tastes, to the multitudes afflicted with “brainworms”—those irrepressible tunes that embed themselves in our minds.

ALSO THIS MONTH: Julie Kavanagh distills the fabulous spirit of Nuriev (Pantheon), the ballet world’s first pop icon. From adoption to abortion, birth to infertility, Karen E. Bender and Nina de Gramont’s anthology of stunningly honest essays encompasses all the contradictions and complicated emotions surrounding Choice (MacAdam Cage). (Not that You Asked) (Random House), but gleefully unrepentant troublemaker Steve Almond’s impassioned essays make him worthy of the title “Grandmaster Rant.” Valentino (Taschen), the crown prince of couture, gets a sparkling new tiara from splendid V.F. correspondent Matt Tyrnauer, Valentino Garavani, Suzy Menkes, and Armando Chitolina. With a near spooky sense of empathy and a wit that finds its mark like lightning, the stories in Jim Shepard’s Like You’ll Understand, Anyway (Knopf) transport readers light-years beyond what they think they know of the world, capturing the humanity in such odd ducks as a tortured French executioner and an amorous female cosmonaut. Literature laureates from 1986 to 2006, such as Günter Grass, Toni Morrison, and J. M. Coetzee, speak to cultural upheaval, memory, and the imagination in their Nobel Lectures (New Press). Not one word, however, about lardon.

Like Spinaza, who has a cameo in Maira Kalman’s sublime new book, The Principles of Uncertainty (Penguin Press), Kalman is an a quest for nothing less than “a rational explanation for everything.” In pursuit of answers to such existential conundrums as “What is happiness?” and “What is identity?,” Kalman’s elegantly witty and at times melancholy narrative runs arm in arm with her unmistakable paintings on a serendipitous ramp through the history of the world—checking in with Pavlov’s dog, Vita Sackville-West, the Bolsheviks—as well as her own universe. What emerges is the fancy and richness of Kalman’s vision, one informed by unbounded curiosity and a life swamped with love but clouded with sorrow. “How can I tell you everything that is in my heart?” she writes. “Impossible to begin. Enough. Na. Begin.” Yes, begin.

—E.S.
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ex shops are supposed to be fun. But there’s that whole stigma to them. Most are way too creepy, and, honestly, who really wants to be seen entering or leaving one?

Well, fret not. Kiki de Montparnasse has come to Los Angeles. Designed by the creative team Commune (the same people who did the New York store, which opened in 2006), the West Coast boutique feels like a 1950s Italian Carlo Molino apartment. You are buzzed in through a gate, which opens onto a secret garden. Already the creepy factor has vanished—now it’s just sexy, like Catherine Deneuve in Belle de Jour or something. Photographs and art by Thomas Ruff, Helmut Newton, Pablo Picasso, Man Ray, and Brassaï hang alongside a selection of Sam Haskins black-and-white images, which are for sale. The dressing rooms feature a dimmer switch with three settings—before, during, and after; a sexier version of day, evening, and night. The luscious interior complements the merchandise perfectly. These are toys you don’t have to hide—beautiful rock-crystal, blown-glass, and titanium sculptures with a dual purpose: 24-carat-gold handcuffs fancy enough to wear out to dinner; and candles that melt into massage oil. There are custom leather or satin blindfolds, riding crops with antiqued-silver tips, ostrich-feather ticklers, and super-chic lingerie. If you’re looking for something really spectacular, a brass-and-leather sex chair custom-made in England will surely fit the bill. Tallyho!

Kiki de Montparnasse founder Jon Rubin sums up the store’s point of view: “At the core, we hope to provide people with experiences that, in addition to being sexy, seductive, romantic, fun, empowering, and fulfilling, might actually be transformative.” And if by that he means ratclinging up by a million percent everyone’s perception of what a sex store should be, well, then, mission accomplished.

—LISA EISNER

HONORING THE QUEEN OF EXISTENTIAL ART

A living legend at 95, artist Louise Bourgeois is the last of the great postwar avant-garde figures. Born in Paris in 1911, and residing in New York since 1938, she is a first-generation feminist artist—intentionally or not. Her art is at once figurative and abstract, and resonates with nearly mythological expression of the primitive symbolic psychic experience. Working in materials ranging from marble and bronze to rubber and fabric, she explores the archetypes and paradoxes of childhood, memory, and sexuality. In a career that has spanned three-quarters of a century, she has been touched by masters such as Pierre Bonnard and Fernand Léger, and she has gone on to influence the most contemporary of artists—Kiki Smith and Tracey Emin. “It is as if Louise Bourgeois’s vocabulary was fully formed in the 1940s and she spent the rest of her career translating it,” says curator Frances Morris. “She is particularly attendant to the language, the pulse of the everyday. Intellectual curiosity drives her experimentation. Her thinking process has to quickly become a physical process.” This fall the Tate Modern will celebrate her career with a major survey of more than 200 works spanning seven decades—among them her iconic 1974 Destruction of the Father and I Do, I Undo, I Redo, three steel-and-mixed-media towers, each more than 40 feet tall, commissioned for the museum’s opening, in 2000. The exhibition will then travel to Paris and the States.

—A. M. HOMES
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**BEAUTY PRODUCTS**

**Pink with a Wink**

n honor of Breast Cancer Awareness month, Save 2nd Base—the organization established by Erin Dugery and Kelly Day—in memory of their sister and friend Kelly Rooney—has launched a line of namesake T-shirts. Rooney, who died from the disease last year at 43, leaving behind a husband and five children, was given a 2006 Courage and Inspiration Award by the Women's Board of the American Cancer Society. “Kelly refused to let cancer take away her sense of humor,” says Dugery. She fell in love with the Save 2nd Base idea when the three women were selecting their team name for last year’s Breast Cancer 3-Day 60-mile walk. Available at save2ndbase.com, the T-shirts, which come in three colors, are sassy and fun while still delivering a serious message. Fifty percent of the proceeds benefit the Kelly Rooney Foundation, which was established to inspire further research, and eradication of the disease in young women.

—P.H.
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1 Based on 2007 EPA estimates and segmentation. 2 2007 Silverado 2WD with available 5.3L engine has an EPA est. MPG 16 city/22 hwy. 3 2007 Tahoe 4x4 with standard 5.3L V8 has an EPA est. MPG 14 city/20 hwy. 7 2008 Tahoe Hybrid limited availability in select markets starting fall 2007. Not available for sale. 10 Assumes fully charged battery. Actual range may vary depending on driving habits and conditions. Information subject to change without notice.
The 2007 Chevy Tahoe already has best-in-class fuel economy. So why mess with a good thing? To make it better, of course. That’s why, this fall, Chevy is introducing the Tahoe Hybrid, America’s first full-size hybrid SUV. The 2008 Tahoe Hybrid provides the power and capability you’d expect from a utility vehicle, while delivering fuel efficiency you’d never imagine. When you pair the two-mode technology with our Active Fuel Management system, the Tahoe Hybrid is 25% more fuel-efficient than our already superior Tahoe. And joining our Tahoe Hybrid this fall will be the new Malibu Hybrid.

Chevy is launching a test fleet of 100 hydrogen-powered fuel cell Equinox SUVs. This fleet will hit the streets of New York City; Washington, D.C.; and Los Angeles. “Project Driveway” is the first large-scale market test of fuel cell vehicles with real drivers in the real world. Why? Because hydrogen fuel cells use zero gasoline and produce zero emissions. And they ultimately reduce our dependence on petroleum.

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Based on E85 is 85% ethanol, 15% gasoline. For more information or to find an E85 station near you, go to chevrolet.com/e85. 5 Based on EPA segmentation. 6 Based on 2007 GM segmentation and based on EPA est. MPG 14 city/19 hwy. for the 2008 Tahoe with Vortec 5.3L engine. EPA estimates for 2008 Tahoe Hybrid not available at time of printing. 9 Equinox Fuel Cell test vehicles.
love having breakfast with giraffes. They don’t talk about the weather or the Iraq war. Rather, they whistle gently at the homemade jam and exercise some light quality-control over the toast, with their necks—longer than Gisele Bündchen’s—waving from the garden to the sunroom. Giraffes have been popping into Nairobi’s Giraffe Manor ever since the Earl of Leven’s grandson, Jack Leslie-Melville—a relic of the White Mischief days—and his American-born wife, Betty, a former beer-commercial model turned rip-roaring animal conservationist, bought the faux Scottish hunting lodge, in 1974. That year, the amiable herbivores who kept poking their heads interestingly through the first-floor bedroom windows were about to be dispossessed, their habitat lost to farmland development and their lives threatened.

Betty persuaded her husband to allow the giraffes to live on their 15-acre estate, and the couple began the African Fund for Endangered Wildlife, based in Kenya and Maryland, which later bought an additional 105 acres for the giraffes. They adopted Daisy, one of the highly endangered Rothschild’s giraffes—which can be as tall as 20 feet, making them the tallest of the species. Daisy’s descendants have since proliferated, and as I arrive at Giraffe Manor, her latest great-grandchild is wobbling across the lawn, taking its first steps.

Birth is pretty startling if you’re a giraffe: life starts with a six-foot drop.

In 1984, after her husband’s death, Betty opened Giraffe Manor as a guesthouse, which is now run by her son from her first marriage, Rick Anderson, and his wife, Bryony. It has just six bedrooms, one furnished with the writer Karen Blixen’s furniture (colonial Danish Ikea). The log fireplaces are baronial, the dining room lit only by candles, and, outside, warthog families, the comedy acts of the bush, strut their stuff. The gin-and-tonics have the kick of, well, a giraffe. And after a few, seeing a giraffe put its head through the front door, hoping to find the butler, seems perfectly normal. The butler obliges with nuts. Of course. It is the cocktail hour. Visitors have included Walter Cronkite, Johnny Carson, Stephen Sondheim, Brooke Shields, and Sir Mick Jagger.

This is where you must stay in Nairobi. First, because it is mad—an endangered commodity in our world of global homogenization. Second, because the Kenyan capital is crime-ridden, traffic-jammed, and without a decent hotel. Giraffe Manor, out in the suburb of Langata, doesn’t pretend to be swanky. It can be a delicious introduction to Africa, or a rest after a full-on safari. “It’s a home, and you are our houseguests,” says Bryony. “No spa, no television. Here you walk in the forest, you talk, you sleep, and you read.” There are views of Mount Kilimanjaro and the Ngorong Hills, meals made with organic fruits and vegetables, and Jock’s mother’s piano, brought to Kenya in 1919.

You’ll experience part of something old—the struggle and romance of pioneer Kenya—and something new: the struggle for wildlife conservation in the midst of an overflowing, impoverished population. As for the giraffes, they are eventually released into the wild. “They adapt very quickly,” says Bryony. “But transporting them is tricky. They have the highest blood pressure of any mammal, and have to be strapped upright, otherwise they faint. We avoid low bridges.” —VICTORIA MATHER
Dear Ketel One Drinker
Hello again.
Will Ferrell, Ben Stiller, and Vince Vaughn may be comedy’s Big Men on Campus, but there’s a freshman class of young comedians angling to become the new class clowns. Featured almost entirely in so-called loser comedies, many of these actors have honed their craft under the guidance of comedy guru Judd Apatow (Superbad, Knocked Up, The 40-Year-Old Virgin) and Saturday Night Live creator Lorne Michaels. With a spate of collaborative projects being released in the coming year, these new kids are making the leap from freaks and geeks to multiplex heroes in a single bound.

—PUNCH HUTTON

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very day, Harry Gesner, 82, walks through his door in Malibu, takes a few steps to the beach, does a ritualistic series of stretches followed by a set of push-ups, dons his custom helmet complete with bird feathers, grabs his long board, and paddles out into the ocean. "I've been surfing all my life," he tells me. A World War II hero and self-taught architect and innovator, Gesner is responsible for more than a hundred houses and buildings. Known for his visionary style and renegade manner, Gesner was environmentally conscious long before it became fashionable.

Gesner is a native of Southern California, with deep roots. "I come from an old family on my mother's side that had the original land grant for Santa Barbara. My grandfather Alexander Harmer painted with Remington and Borein and Russell, and they all had studios in his complex in Santa Barbara at one time or another. His works hang in the Whitney and the National in Washington, D.C." Gesner's uncle John K. Northrop invented the famous flying-wing airplane, which led to the B-2 stealth bomber. Gesner's father, an engineer, was responsible for the automobile supercharger. His great-grandfather invented the repeating shotgun for Winchester Arms. Gesner admits, "I know, the genes were all in line for me."

At 17, already a pilot, he was recruited into the army's 10th Mountain Division because he could ski. "I had an uncle who was Norwegian who taught me to cross-country ski, and then I segued into downhill racing. They were trying to get ahold of skiers. We were pretty rare in those days." The unit was an elite division of men expertly trained to fight in the rugged terrain of Europe and Japan during W.W. II. Eventually, Gesner ended up at the top of the list continued on page 178
Gesner can be credited for a large part of the unique visual culture that comprises the Malibu landscape. His Wave House, built in 1957, inspired the Danish architect Jorn Utzon, who went on to design the Sydney Opera House. More recently, Getty Museum architect Richard Meier insisted the museum restore a Gesner house on property it had acquired years ago. "Meier said, ‘Don’t tear the house down. It’s an example of his work, and a very good one.’ I can’t believe he did this, but he did," Gesner boasts. "They put about a million dollars into fixing it up so it could be a center for their trustees. I was amazed I had designed it, it looked so great."

Currently, Gesner is working on a yoga center in the Colorado Rockies for yoga guru Rod Stryker and is busy with his new windmill design and an electric motor. "I’m converting a 190SL Mercedes bought brand new in 1957 into an electric car. I think the automotive companies were very remiss in not developing the electric engine along with petroleum. The first car was electric—did you know that? I just think we have to get away from petroleum and oil. It’s leading us into a disaster zone."

Gesner credits his father and grandfather for having inspired him. "Never practice or invent in your field," he says they told him, "and you will come up with an original idea, and you won’t be held to the academic confines of your education."

Retirement isn’t even a consideration at this point. "I’m looking for a way to be reborn, you know, physically. My father, he was fabulous. When he was dying, he was in his 80s. He’d had a massive heart attack, and I was there at his side, and he said to me, ‘Harry,’ he says, ‘I can’t wait for the next experience.’ That says it all." —KRAST SMITH
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The Wilderness Experience

When Sean Penn's not acting, he directs heartfelt dramas, dirge-like in their rhythms, that make little concession to box-office tastes. In his latest, Into the Wild, which Penn himself adapted from Jon Krakauer's bestseller, the dirge is cacophonous. It's the tragic true story of Christopher McCandless (Emile Hirsch), who shortly after graduating from Emory University, in 1990, donated his savings to Oxfam and traded in his glittering career prospects for the hobo life. He was found dead of starvation on the Stampede Trail, Alaska, in September 1992.

As McCandless traverses the country, inexorably heading north, he sojourns with a pair of aging hippies (Catherine Keener and Brian Dierker), a rowdy grain harvester (Vince Vaughn), a pretty teen folkie (Kristen Stewart), and an old-timer (Hal Holbrook) who wants to adopt him. These encounters are contrasted with flashbacks to McCandless's upbringing at the hands of his despotic father (William Hurt) and hapless mother (Marcia Gay Harden)—his odyssey was really a flight.

Overwrought though it is, Into the Wild becomes poignant whenever Penn turns to the wistful voice-over narration by Jena Malone (playing McCandless's sister) or Eddie Yedder's acoustic songs on the soundtrack. Above all, it is Penn's love letter to the American wilderness and the spirit of rugged individualism. Visually embracing McCandless's passion for Tolstoy and Jack London, the film looks askance at the bourgeois value system and urban blight. And Penn doesn't miss the chance to take a dig at George Bush Sr.'s leading the U.S. into the Gulf War. If they gave out Oscars for having the courage of one's convictions, Penn would have a fistful.

—GRAHAM FULLER

Ocean's Away

On the one hand, Michael Clayton is a standard-issue legal thriller: partners square off in sterile, steel-and-glass bullrings; corporate baddies speak their evil in press-release cadences; and, it turns out, a single lawyer—even a ground-down middle-aged one—can still make a difference. On the other hand, Michael Clayton has been put together with a level of thought and unobtrusive craft rarely seen since the studio system was cranking out those gorgeous old sausages. This movie gets so much right, has so many subtle grace notes—why can't all genre pictures be this good? Making the most of his beaten-puppy eyes, George Clooney plays the titular hero, a fixer who gets tangled up with his firm's nastiest corporate client. It's nice to be reminded that as an actor Clooney can do more than just saunter through a casino wearing a suit well; here he gets to show off angsty chops that could have got him cost in a Sidney Lumet movie back in the 70s. But the shiniest gold star goes to Tilda Swinton, as a lawyer whose amorality doesn't mask her squishy vulnerability, making her all the more malevolent. The notably accomplished first-time director is Tony Gilroy, a screenwriter whose previous credits include the Jason Bourne movies—three more exquisitely crafted genre pictures, come to think of it.

—BRUCE HANDY
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A Cut Above

FEKKAI'S LATEST BEAUTY OASIS

Frédéric Fekkai has added some flattering new layers to his empire. Last month, he opened on Melrose Place, saving West Hollywood’s A-list the drive to his Beverly Hills salon. The second-floor hideaway—worlds away from his bustling New York spaces—also features a terrace for alfresco manips. “In New York, they want only the best, and they want it A.S.A.P.,” Fekkai says. “In L.A., there’s a different energy altogether. The Melrose Place salon will offer a beautiful, relaxing environment.” With five salons and more on the way, the dashing hairdresser can’t be everywhere at once. So he created the new styling line Coiff to help clients make the best of his couture cuts at home. “Coiff is for the woman who understands that her hair is her best accessory: it’s the first thing people see, and it’s the easiest thing she can change about herself every day,” he says. The eight lightweight products, from Défense Pre-Style Thermal/UV Protectant to Magnifique Ultra-Light Finishing Crème, allow women to style according to their mood. And the Fini Sheer Hold spray bolsters done-but-undone screen-goddess hair. “It’s playful and seductive,” he says. “The essence of woman.” —OLIVIA STRAND

FORBIDDEN FRAGRANCE

Couturier Hubert de Givenchy, who has dressed women in both clothing and scent, believes “a fragrance remains the exclusive domain of each woman who wears it, since it can never be exactly the same on any other.” Givenchy developed his first perfume, L’Interdit, for his muse, Audrey Hepburn, in 1957. The name, which means forbidden, was born out of the star’s desire to be the only woman to wear it. It took a year at Givenchy’s persuading before Hepburn agreed to let him sell it commercially. And ultimately, she posed for the campaign.

In celebration of the 50th anniversary of Givenchy’s fragrance house, seven of his scents (which haven’t been available in the U.S. for 20 years), including L’Interdit and Monsieur, which is worn daily by the designer, have been reissued. They are slightly remixed and come in charming matching bottles. Forbidden no more, the scents are perfectly modern yet beautifully reminiscent. —MARI RICAPITO

Hot Looks

1. Get a youthful boost with RéVive’s Intensité Voluminizing Serum, a facial-volume enhancer from esteemed cosmetic surgeon Dr. Gregory Bays Brown’s laboratory; $600. . . . 2. The Eye Concentrate by La Mer is infused with a concoction of natural, re-energizing ingredients such as kelp, sunflower, eucalyptus, and alfalfa; $160. . . . 3. Orlane’s ultra-luxe Crème Royale, a fast-absorbing anti-aging elixir, is formulated with 24-karat gold; $650. . . . 4. AmorePacific’s Time Response Pure Essence 100 Skin Renewal Serum contains antioxidants hand-harvested from green-tea plants growing on South Korea’s Cheju Island; $300. . . . 5. Shiseido’s two-step Bio-Performance Intensive Skin Corrective Program does its miracle work in 14 days by reviving stressed and damaged skin; $300. . . .
NOUVEL'S NEW WAVE

The curtain wall is a trademark of the New York skyscraper. Ever since Lever House was completed in 1952, the glass building has reigned supreme in the city. It has taken more than 50 years to produce another knockout punch. It's here now, delivered by Jean Nouvel. The 23-story residential building at 100 11th Avenue (opening next year) has the most technologically advanced curtain wall in the city's history. It is also one of the most beautiful, made of approximately 1,700 panes of clear glass, each of a different size, and tilted to an angle. The result is a Mondrian-like stained-glass effect, which the architect says is inspired by the 13th-century church of Sainte-Chapelle in Paris.

A Jigger You Can Be Proud of...

In with the New

The Bowery, where New York artists have made their home for generations, is now the new frontier for the city's museum-building Renaissance. The New Museum of Contemporary Art, New York's first—and still its only—contemporary-art museum (founded in 1977), has been housed in a cast-iron SoHo building. On December 1, the museum gets its own freestanding home, a silvery stack of metal-mesh-sheathed boxes, designed by the Tokyo-based firm of Kazuyo Sejima and Ryue Nishizawa/SANAA. The building cuts a striking profile, with shifting, gravity-defying sections piled seven stories high. Windows and skylights cut out of anodized aluminum allow the city to be seen from the galleries. The opening show is a massive group exhibition from sculptors, collage artists, and sound artists, including Rachel Harrison, Urs Fischer, and Isa Genzken, called “Unmonumental.”

JIGGER IT

Josh Owen, an industrial designer and author of Big Ideas/Small Packages, employs a Japanese economy in his work—simple materials and compact designs. The Cube Jigger is inspired by wooden box-shaped sake cups but is made of aluminum. Its ingenious function: portioning six liquid measures for drinks. If you are on the wagon, you can boke with it or use it as a paperweight.

Bright Shining Eye

Daniel Beckerman, his brother Simon, and Sean Beolchini have solved one of the affluent society's oldest problems: how to get quality sunglasses for a reasonable price. No more picking through supermarket displays and street vendors' tables. Now, at stores such as Ron Herman in L.A., Colette in Paris, and Steven Alan in Manhattan, you can buy Retrosuperfuture shades, handmade in Italy with Zeiss lenses. This sets them apart from the $10 pair that fits your face but doesn't protect you from toxic rays. They have a Ray-Ban Wayfarer 50s-crossed-with-80s look to them.
From the world’s oldest tequila distillery comes a handcrafted 100% agave silver tequila that until now was reserved only for the Cuervo family’s private enjoyment.

**Introducing Jose Cuervo Platino.**

A limited edition masterpiece created with *Esencia de Agave,* a unique process developed by Cuervo master distillers. The result of over 200 years of heritage, this closely-guarded family secret starts with only the most flavorful hearts of the finest estate-grown blue agave. It optimizes the delicate agave notes for a lush, vibrant tequila of exquisite character and complexity. So exceptional it was recently named the world’s best-tasting silver tequila.*

**Jose Cuervo Platino • 96**

**Patrón Silver • 89**

*Our secret is out. Share it with your friends.*

*The Beverage Testing Institute, 2007*
Hints of ripe raspberry, cherry, dates and cinnamon.

Welcome to the understated complexity of pure dark chocolate.
Jean Nouvel’s geometric facade, with nearly 1,700 panes of glass of different shapes and sizes, for 100 11th Avenue in New York City.

New York’s innovative glass house... A new house for new art... Blindingly chic shades...

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EVERY FAMILY HAS ITS SECRET.
FANFAIR

LIBRA  SEPT. 23—OCT. 23
You have proved what a heroic friend and human being you can be, and now the task at hand is to turn away from the world for a while, leaving all bitterness behind, and devote yourself to more spiritual endeavors. Over the past few years, many Libras have found that it was no picnic dealing with siblings or neighbors. But happily, your communication skills should have improved a thousandfold—unless you’re still one of those sand-headed folks who refuse to cope with confrontation. Haven’t you learned that there is nothing to fear?

SCORPIO  OCT. 24—NOV. 21
When the drive for success begins to get old (and it will, as soon as Saturn leaves your solar midheaven), it’s time to start looking for ways to get off that infernal hamster wheel, feel more personally fulfilled, and finally enjoy a normal life. Normal for you, that is. Also, your financial situation over the past 15 years has certainly been one for the books. For some Scorpios, it’s been a case of cooked books.

SAGITTARIUS  NOV. 22—DEC. 21
Pluto’s entrance into your sign, back around the time of the O.J. trial, marked a turning point in your life. It’s probably taken you this long to see just how big a change you’ve gone through. While there were times when you felt powerless, you actually gained clout that will stay with you forever. Now you have come to another fork in the road, and this time it’s in your solar 10th house. The path you take can bring you greater prominence than ever before, but ask yourself this: Are you really willing to be typecast that way?

CAPRICORN  DEC. 22—JAN. 19
With your 12th-house planets pulling you in a more spiritual direction, it is bound to take you a few more months of nail-biting tribulation before you finally re-enter the world as the powerful human being you were destined to be. But it won’t be long before you’re out of the darkness and into the light. Saturn, your ruler, has departed at last from your solar 8th house, so your sexual and financial deep freeze is finally going the way of the ice sheets in Greenland. On second thought, maybe it’s just global warming.

AQUARIUS  JAN. 20—FEB. 18
Aquarians aren’t nearly as clubby as they are said to be, so it’s rather amusing that after all this time you are finally grasping the value of belonging to a group of like-minded rebels. It’s a testament to the power of the 11th house. Now that you’re feeling a little shaky out there on your own, you need the support of others. That said, you are a lot heartier than you think, so please do us all a favor and choose a new refrain. “Can’t any of you people see that I could croak at any time?” is so unbecoming.

PISCES  FEB. 19—MARCH 20
Well, well, well. What in the world has happened to that laid-back, siesta-taking, somewhat supercilious Pisces who used to laugh at all the fools who couldn’t wait to sell out just so they could become part of the miserable rat race? A midheaven Pluto has shown you that you can be just as ambitious and controlling as the rest of us. You see too that survival in this world depends as much on politics as it does on talent. All your relationships are going under the microscope now, and it will soon be time to deepen your commitments. Or else.

Suri Cruise
ARIES  MARCH 21—APRIL 19
Judging from the wild activity taking place in your solar 9th house, it looks as if your “education” is just about complete. This learning experience has little to do with formal schooling, however. It’s more about liberating you from the false ideas and mind-bending prejudices you were subjected to in your youth. Now that you have awakened and begun to embrace your own personal heresy, you have a chance to discover new work, pursue the higher calling of service, and stay healthy enough to enjoy it all.

Taurus  April 20—May 20
It’s not easy for you to talk about certain subjects. You prefer to believe that if you keep your mouth shut, the spooks will eventually tire of haunting you and go away. Remember that the Buddha was a Taurus, however, and nothing scared him. Death, immortality—he faced it all without judgment, and so should you. Transits in your 5th and 8th houses tend to raise the subjects of love and sex, so there’s no escape from reality now.

GEMINI  May 21—June 20
Here’s a brain-twisting question: Who is that irritating individual you have been Krazy Glued to for the last umpteen years, the one who has been your teacher in a subject—relationships—that you once refused to study but now categorically refuse to fail at, no matter how hairy the situation gets? Next question. Are you going to re-double your commitment to this person, who happens to symbolize Pluto’s transit through your 7th house, or will you overcome your fears of being left alone and finally begin functioning on your own?

CANCER  June 21—July 22
Though the moon still rules over your thoughts, feelings, moods, and panic attacks, you’ve certainly gained a better perspective on the transformations in your health and work areas. Thanks to the outer planets in your 8th and 6th houses, you have seen that it is not possible to thrive when many change in the moon’s sign reduces you to hysteria. Whatever problems arise with children or siblings, you can be happy once you accept the truth that there’s a pie in the face awaiting us all around one corner or another.

LEO  July 23—Aug. 22
Long live Leo. Once again you have triumphed over the darkness and proved that the Force is strong within you. You have emerged safely from under Saturn’s cloud, more firm in your resolve and solidly on your course (or so we hope). How brave you were to open your heart and become more affectionate, not to mention emotionally honest. Money is always an issue, but after this trip through the underworld it should be a piece of cake—not that anyone expects you to stop bitching and moaning.

VIRGO  Aug. 23—Sept. 22
The transit of your 3rd-house ruler through your 4th house has been a whooper for a ride for the whole family. Those you thought would be your tomb-to-tomb buddies vanished from your life, and others you thought you’d never speak to again are sleeping under your roof. The whole episode teaches you never to say never, doesn’t it? For all the heartbeat and secret ecstasy you’ve tasted, it’s time to pull yourself together, take a cold shower, and clean up your mind and body. It shouldn’t hurt too much.

Dione Reeves
Queen Elizabeth II
Ban Ki-moon
Vera Wang
Jorge Posada
Greta Garbo
HINTS OF RIPE RASPBERRY, CHERRY, DATES AND CINNAMON.

WELCOME TO THE UNDERSTATED COMPLEXITY OF PURE DARK CHOCOLATE.
“Being able to hear means that you can enjoy all the **SOUNDS OF THE WORLD.**”

Joss Stone

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**Can you hear the world?**

*Hear the World* is a global initiative by Phonak, created to raise awareness about the importance of hearing. The initiative calls attention to the consequences of hearing loss and addresses a problem that affects more than 10% of the world’s population. Joss Stone, Bryan Adams and other renowned musicians have joined forces to help *Hear the World*. Through the *Hear the World* Foundation, Phonak supports projects focused on helping hearing impaired people.

[www.hear-the-world.com](http://www.hear-the-world.com)
COUTURE DYNASTY

Stunning in a red Valentino gown, Joan Collins makes a grand entrance at the Villa Borghese for dinner and dancing after the designer’s runway show.

WHAT
A weekend celebrating 45 years of Valentino Garavani’s influence on the world of fashion.

WHEN
July 6–8, 2007.

WHERE
Rome, Italy.
FRIDAY EVENING

Friends and family attended the Valentino retrospective exhibition at the Museo dell’Ara Pacis, which was followed by dinner at the Temple of Venus.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Longtime Valentino friend Marina Palma hosted a lunch at the Bolognese restaurant.
NOW AVAILABLE IN STILETTO

CAMEL NO. 9 100's

No. 9
100's

CAMEL NO. 9 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine. CAMEL NO. 9 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method. Actual amount may vary depending on how you smoke. For T&N info, visit www.rjrtannic.com.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.
SATURDAY EVENING

The Valentino haute couture collection was shown in the halls of the Santo Spirito complex.

Walking the runway.

SATURDAY GALA

Dinner and dancing in the Parco dei Daini, at the Villa Borghese.

SUNDAY MORNING

Arki Busson hosted a brunch at the French Academy of Villa Medici before guests departed.
ELEMENTAL attraction

CRYSTALLIZED™ – Swarovski Elements

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CHRIStopHeR HiTcHeNs

On the Limits of Self-Improvement, Part I

There’s an entire micro-economy based on the pursuit of betterment.

The author—58, full-figured, and ferocious in his consumption
of cigarettes and scotch—agreed to test its limits, starting with the Executive
De-Stress Treatment at a high-end spa

Begin professional report and opinion here:

Inssofar as we are able to be objective, here follows
a brief physical review of the subject, Christopher
Eric Hitchens, at the time of this writing enjoying his
59th summer. Obstacles to the continuance of such
enjoyment may be listed in no especial order as follows.

The subject has good genes on both sides of his
family and has been mercilessly exploiting this inherited advantage
for some decades. An initial review of his facial features, as glimpsed
in the shaving mirror, reveals relatively few lines or wrinkles and
only a respectable minimum of secondary or tertiary chins. However,
this may be because the skin is so tightly stretched by the generally
porpoise-like condition of the body when considered—which with a
shudder it must be—as a whole. Moreover, the fabled blue eyes and
long, curled eyelashes (for some years the toast of both sexes on five
continents) are now somewhat obscured by the ravages of rosacea and
blepharitis, which on certain days lend a flaky aspect to the picture
and at other times give the regrettable impression of a visage that is
actually crumbling to powder like a dandruffed scalp. It may be for
this reason that the subject prefers to undertake the morning shave
through a cloud of blue cigarette smoke that wreathes the scene in
the flames of illusion. (N.B.: This would not altogether account for the
subject’s habit of smoking in the shower.)

The fanglike teeth are what is sometimes called “British”: sturdy,
if unevenly spaced, and have turned an alarming shade of yellow and
brown, attributable perhaps to strong coffee as well as to nicotine,
Pinot Noir, and other potions.

Proceeding south and passing over an almost vanished neck that
cannot bear the strain of a fastened top button or the constriction
of a tie, we come to a thickly furred chest that, together with a layer of
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With me a feeling of fitness and well-being always lends extra zest to the cocktail hour.

flab, allows the subject to face winter conditions with an almost urbane insouciance. The upper part of this chest, however, has slid deplorably down to the mezzanine floor, and it is our opinion that without his extraordinary genital endowment the subject would have a hard time finding the damn thing, let alone glimpsing it from above.

Matters are hardly improved on the lower slopes, which feature a somewhat grotesque combination of plump thighs and skinny shins, the arthritic descent culminating in feet which are at once too short and a good deal too chunky. This combination, of ratlike claws and pachydermatous-size insteps, causes the subject to be very cautious about where, and indeed when, he takes off his shoes. There have been unconfirmed reports of popular protest whenever and wherever he does this. Nor do his hands, at the same time very small and very puffy, give any support to the view that the human species does not have a common ancestor with the less advanced species of ape. The nails on the hands are gnarled, and the nails on the feet are claw-like and beginning to curl in a Howard Hughes fashion (perhaps because the subject displays such a marked reluctance to involve himself in any activity that may involve bending).

Viewed from the front when clothed, the subject resembles a burst horsehair sofa cushion or (in the opinion of one of us) a condom hastily stuffed with an old sock. The side perspective is that of an avocado pear and, on certain mornings, an avocado pear that retains nothing of nutritive value but its tinge of alligator green. (N.B. The bumps and scales of this famous delicacy are sometimes visible and palpable as well.) Of the rear view, all that need be said is that it conforms to the preceding, though with considerably less excuse as well as with mercifully less fur. Seen from directly above, the subject has a little more protective cover than some males of his age, but this threatens to become a pile of tobacco-colored strands clumsily coated onto an admittedly large skull. At all times, the subject gives off a scent that resembles that of an illegal assembly, either of people or of materials, in the hog wallows of Tennessee or in the more remote and primitive islands of Scotland. He becomes defensive, and sometimes aggressive, when asked about the source of this effluvium. It is considered by me, and by the rest of this committee, and by the subject's few remaining friends and surviving family, a medical mystery that he can still perform what he persists in referring to as his "job."

Initial Response of Subject

W ell, I mean to say, I don't consider myself especially vain, but it was something of a shocker and a facer to read all that at once. I'd noticed a touch of decline here and there, but one puts these things down to Anno Domini and the acquirement of seniority. A bit of a stomach gives a chap a position in society. A glass of refreshment, in my view, never hurt anybody. This walking business is overrated: I mastered the art of doing it when I was quite small, and in any case, what are taxis for? Smoking is a vice, I will admit, but one has to have a hobby. Nonetheless, when my friends at this magazine formed up and said they would pay good money to stop having to look at me in my current shape, I agreed to a course of rehabilitation. There now exists a whole micro-economy dedicated to the proposition that a makeover is feasible, or in other words to disprove Scott Fitzgerald's dictum that there are no second acts in American lives. Objectives: to drop down from the current 185 pounds, to improve the "tone" of the skin and muscles, to wheeze less,
One could easily enough add seaweed and algae and mud to one's list of regular addictions.

to enhance the hunched and round-shouldered posture, to give some thought to the hair and fur questions (more emphasis perhaps in the right places and less in the wrong ones), to sharpen up the tailoring, to lessen the booze intake, and to make the smile, which currently looks like a handful of mixed nuts, a little less scary to children.

S tep One was for me to be dispatched to a spa. We chose one of the very best: the Four Seasons Biltmore Resort in Santa Barbara, California. Air like wine, gorgeous beaches, lush vegetation, and a friendly staff at the fitness center took me at and decided, first, on the “Executive Distress Treatment.” At least, that’s what my disordered senses told me they had recommended. However, it turned out to be the Executive De-Stress Treatment, during which I was massaged with hot stones all along my neck and back by a young lady who didn’t turn a hair when she got to Step Two, which was “reflexology” applied to my leprous and scaly upper and lower paws. I can’t give you a very comprehensive account of this, because it had the effect of making me fall into a refreshing sleep. I woke briefly from blissful repose to find a new female face taking the second shift, which was a Gentlemen’s Facial, involving hot towels enveloping the features, followed by a treatment with “non-perfumed and non-greasy lotions.” Off I went again to sleep, and came round to find myself alone, like a pink salmon on a slab, with “Greensleeves” playing softly on the stereo. I’m bound to say I don’t usually wake up feeling this good.

I should then, of course, have discovered that I was locked in and that my evening meal of oatmeal, prunes, and mineral water would shortly be served. But, no, I was free to go. Now, I don’t know about you. But with me a feeling of fitness and well-being always lends extra zest to the cocktail hour. And what’s a cocktail without a smoke? And what else gives you a better appetite for dinner? The Bella Vista restaurant at the Biltmore was justly renowned. And I thought that perhaps if I tried the tasting menu Chef Martin Frost had prepared for me, with just a little morsel for each course... And a meal without wine is like a day without sunshine, as they say in France. And so the long night wore on agreeably enough.

In the morning, none too early, I descended to the beach to begin my program of yoga stretching. It was not thought advisable that I do this by myself—muscles become like muscles at my stage of life, and if not stretched carefully will either lose their elasticity or else snap with a sudden “pop” that I have already once. And disconcertingly, heard as I made the mistake of running for the phone. (Why did I do that?) I thus had the exhausting experience of watching my yoga instructor, the divine Madeline McCuskey, as she showed me the moves. Even regarding her in this way was a workout of a kind. Not to be outdone by some tempestuous and tawny Californian, I attempted to balance and extend myself in the same way, only to find that I was seized by the sensation that I might die or go mad at any moment.

I was soon back at the spa, this time for a more rigorous detoxifying experience. A different young lady painted me a more delicate shade of green than my usual coloring in the A.M. and then slowly wrapped me in foil and linen. This was less like being a salmon on a slab, more like being a steamed Chilean sea bass in the hands of a capable sous-chef. I was told, as the heat built up in the seaweed, that the natural green came from marine algae that were very rich in nutrients and that the coating would “draw toxins” out of my system, as well as revitalize my muscles and generally relieve tension. This time I stayed awake, felt my pores opening all right and even briefly heard them screaming, suppressed the feeling that I was about to be garnished, or served on a bed of arugula with a lemon wedge in my mouth, and realized that it had been quite a long time since I had had a smoke or a drink. This was surely progress in itself! A greatly daring session on the treadmill and with the weights was to follow, and by the time that was over I felt that I had really earned my lunch, into which I tucked with a gusto of browsing and slicing that still had a vague feeling of conscience lurking behind it.

I then punished myself by booking an 80-minute Fitness Scrub and Massage, this time to be administered by a grown man, where I was pitilessly raked with almond meal and subsequently endured a serious pummeling and probing that identified my sloped and hunched shoulders as the main source of my generally sorry posture.

The trouble with bad habits is that they are mutually reinforcing. And, just as a bank won’t lend you money unless you are too rich to need it, exercise is a pastime only for those who are already slender and physically fit. It just isn’t so much fun when you have a marked tendency to wheeze and throw up, and a cannonball of a belly sloshing around inside the baggy garments. In my case, most of my bad habits...
EILEEN
FISHER
are connected with the only way I know to make a living. In order to keep reading and writing, I need the jumpy energy that scotch can provide, and the intense short-term concentration that nicotine can help supply. To be crouched over a book or a keyboard, with these conditions of mingled reverie and alertness, is my highest happiness. (Upon having visited the doctor, Jean-Paul Sartre was offered the following alternative: Give up cigarettes and carry on into a quiet old age and a normal death, or keep smoking and have his toes cut off. Then his feet. Then his legs. Assessing his prospects, Sartre told Simone de Beauvoir he “wanted to think it over.” He actually did retire his gasers, but only briefly. Later that year, asked to name the most important thing in his life, he replied, “Everything. Living. Smoking.”)

Thus I soon evolved a routine at the Biltmore. A facial, followed by a cocktail and a well-chosen lunch, succeeded by a nap, followed by a brief workout, followed by a massage or wrap, some reading and writing, and then a thoughtfully selected dinner. The rooms and public areas didn’t permit smoking, but room service was able to reach my ashtray-furnished patio with creditable speed. I suppose one could easily enough add seaweed and algae and mud (and, on one occasion, another tincture of green in the shape of an Avocado-Citrus Body Wrap, which at least gave me a new and better way of looking like an overripe pear) to one’s list of regular addictions. It would be like going to confession in between an exhausting program of sins. You will be glad to hear, however, that I high-mindedly declined the Chardonnay-Clay Body Wrap; it savored too much of yet another method of taking in booze, through the pores. Instead, I opted for a punishing session on the Biltmore’s immaculate croquet lawn. As the dolphins and seals gamboled off the beach, and as Chef Frost wielded his skillet with never diminishing brilliance, I felt that I could be very content to go on leading this life, but that each detox only sharpened the appetite for further treats, and that, all things considered, I couldn’t afford the weight gain. I also had to admit what I have long secretly known, which is that I positively like stress, arrange to inflict it on myself, and shear awkwardly away from anybody who tries to promise me a more soothed or relaxed existence. Bad habits have brought me this far: why change such a tried-and-true formula?

I also take the view that it’s a mistake to try to look younger than one is, and that the face in particular ought to be the register of a properly lived life. I don’t want to look as if I have been piloting the Concorde without a windshield, and I can’t imagine whom I would be fooling if I did. However, this did leave the kippered lungs and the grisly teeth, and the liver and various other viscera, leading a life of their own in a kind of balloon that annoyingly preceded me into the dining room. Who was to be boss here? Was it worth getting any new clothes until this question of mastery had been decided? If the war with my outer carapace was to be won, and I was to remain a decisive minister of the interior whose orders could expect to be obeyed, it was clear that the struggle would have to be carried to a new and higher level.

To be continued . . . In the next installment our correspondent confronts extreme smoking cessation, high-end dentistry, bespoke tailoring, cold-turkey booze withdrawal, and ultimate waxing.
The Simple Life: White House Edition

From the slapstick genius of his China trip to his spittleball contests with the press, Bush has the makings of a major reality-TV star. With some image tweaking, the author proposes, a 24-hour “Prez Channel” could turn the administration’s dismal ratings around.

If I were programmer in chief of this great, ignoble nation of ours, I would decree the creation of a cable channel devoted entirely to the daily activities of the president of the United States: a continuous feed of every public move and policy implementation the Leader of the Free World makes—every speech, Cabinet meeting, press conference, wreath-laying ceremony, signing statement, fat-cat fund-raiser, factory-floor meeting, policy announcement, factory-floor tour, state dinner, motorcade ride, morning jog with the Secret Service, prayer breakfast, and game of fetch with Barney, the unimpeachable White House dog. In September, XM Satellite Radio launched a new 24-hour channel called POTUS ’08 (Secret Service acronymic code for president of the United States), featuring podcasts, field reports, and free blab time for presidential hopefuls, but seeing beats listening, even when there isn’t that much to see. This channel, my channel, would combine streaming video with packaged segments exploring a single theme such as “Awkward Moments on the Tarmac” (like when Bush dropped Barney on his head). Some spoilsports might consider such saturation coverage of the chief executive intrusive and excessive, unbefitting of a once respected superpower. But why should the president enjoy more privacy than any other beloved/reviled celebrity in or out of rehab! Washington has so eroded rights to privacy it seems only fair to return the favor. If peekaboo access is withheld because of some carefully concocted national-security concern—when, say, private talks are being held in the Oval Office with lobbyists, members of Congress, foreign dignitaries, and other dubious characters, or when the current occupant and the First Mate are sedately a-slumber while the rest of the country lies awake worried sick about health-care costs—a stationary camera could be trained on the White House from a chaste distance, much as the Empire State Building was enshrined by Andy Warhol’s aloof, mystifying gaze in the eight-hour monochromatic epic Empire. If the camera observes a pet chimp being buried in the backyard in the gothic moonlight, so much the better.

Given that unlikelihood, however, a slate of all-president all-the-time programming may not hold the initial promise of a pulse-racing ratings grabber. At first groan, it may sound as enticing as an intransient drip of slow death, a premature burial in the hourglass sands of time. Aren’t the videos posted on the official White House Web site boring enough? Cynics will gibe, Ah, oui, they are, unless you’re riveted by T-ball festivities featuring former Dodgers manager Tommy Lasorda standing around like a penguin, or a roundtable on the Employment Eligibility Verification System. But the Prez Channel—as I envision this dreambaby—needn’t be a passive onlooker deprived of the additives and flavorings that have made American television the finest in the land. A splash of personality here, a spark of friction there—these could make all the diff. It could be reality TV writ large, a Bob Woodward book come to life. We’ve already got a president capable of playing along.

In Alexandra Pelosi’s campaign documentary, Journeys with George, which premiered on HBO in 2002, George W. Bush ably demonstrated that he has the Stove Top Stuffing of a genuine fake reality-TV star. He filled out the part to fit the flight of his ego. According to James Poniewozik’s review in Time magazine, “When [then candidate Bush] learned she
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visit www.onlygoldusa.com
was making a movie, says Pelosi, 'he realized he was either going to be the butt of the joke or the star of the show. So he decided to be the star.'" Acting like an overgrown Matthew McConaughey with the gaggle of reporters, Bush Jr. joshed, grinned, wrinkled, flirted, and generally indulged in self-mockery, proffered big-brotherly advice to Pelosi (the daughter of current Speaker of the House Nancy Pelosi), and, as comic relief from the high-altitude cabin fever, rolled oranges down the aisle of the plane as if it were a bowling alley. In the annals of cinéma vérité, Journeys with George posed no threat to the classic status of such fly-on-the-walls as D. A. Pennebaker's Don't Look Back or Frederick Wiseman's institutional exams (High School, Hospital, Juvenile Court, Public Housing, etc.), but as an inside glimpse of Dubya Unplugged it was judged a P.R. boon for the president, "a rare record of the one-on-one Dubya we've often heard described by his cronies but rarely seen—a loose, funny, people-savvy seducer" (Time again). His vulgarity was interpreted as a by-product of an earthy vitality and authenticity denied his Democratic opponent, that circuit board known as Al Gore. Joe Leydon enthused in Variety, "It's been reported some of President Bush's current handlers are worried that 'Journeys with George' will make Dubya look somehow less presidential." Actually, the only thing they have to complain about is the timing of the pic's release: Had it appeared prior to the 2000 election, there likely would have been any disputes over the Florida vote count, because Bush's electoral victory would have been all the more resounding." Yup, Bush's likability was still a viable asset way back then in November of '02, when his approval numbers were the highest of any president going into midterm elections since Dwight Eisenhower and Republicans rode the crest of that popularity to recapture the Senate and pad their majority in the House, an almost unprecedented feat. Those were the days when almost every column by Peggy Noonan sounded as if it could be sung by Julie Andrews with a chorus of bluebirds. Today it's boobirds that caw. We're sick of him now and bored beyond exasperation. Following Abu Ghraib, Katrina, the Valerie Plame scandal, his flyboy showboating on the aircraft carrier with the MISSION ACCOMPLISHED banner as backdrop, the ongoing eversion of Iraq, and the shaming embarrassment of Alberto Gonzales as attorney general, the majority of us can't wait for Bush to drag himself back to Dodge bearing the invisible stigma of permanent disgrace to wind down his days in the infernal glow of wildfires heralding the wrath of the global warming he did nothing as president to avert. Yet although his poll numbers are Nixonian, reflecting low esteem acidifying into outright loathing, his presidential brand still carries enough residual goodwill to enjoy a minor comeback, if only his zoo handlers would allow a spot of image tweaking by the creative team of infotainment pros I intend to assemble at Prez once the phones are installed. Underneath his arid exterior is a deposit of wet clay just dying to be manipulated.

I t isn't that the frat-rat funny bones that once beguiled a gullible press have entirely retracted into the rigid armor and determined lockjaw of Unwavering Resolve. His hair may have gone steel gray, his brow may have become furrowed, his gunslinger stride as he ambles to the lectern may betray signs of uncomfortable chafing in the lower 40, but his knick for Red Skelton slapstick remains intact (remember that wacky routine in China when he couldn't get the red door open?—how he milked it for panto-mime), as does his ability to surrender to the beat and bust a funky move (as he did with a West African dance troupe to spotlight Malaria Awareness Day). His impish humor and tone-deaf faux pas supply plenty of material that could be spun into gold with the proper editing software. Welcoming N.C.A.A. championship teams to the White House on June 18, Bush reeled off some of the team names of those present: "There's Tigers and Badgers, Huskers and Anteaters. Go Anteaters. Fight Anteaters." Seeing that his Anteaters bid had pretty much run its miniature course (shades of Letterman's "Uma, Oprah; Oprah, Uma"), he returned to his prepared statement, urging the athletes gathered to use their championship status to "help heal a broken heart." He kids because he cares. Vamping a few opening remarks on a drop-in visit with small-business owners and budget balancers in Nashville, Tennessee, on July 19, the Compassionate Conservative caravanned acknowledged a returning soldier in the audience who had been rendered an amputee. "Good man," he said. "We're going to get him some new legs, and if he hurries up, he can out-run me on the South Lawn of the White House." Bush made it sound as if somebody was going to pop over to the Leg Store and fit the fella up good as new.

In expansive mood, he likes to air out his salted notion of savoir faire. In his first joint press conference with Britain's new prime minister, Gordon Brown, held at Camp David on July 30, Bush administered verbal noogies to reporters as Brown, unused to such nonsense, made murmurous noises to indicate mirth and did his best to hold up his tired end of the banter. Before fielding a question from Jim Rutenberg, of The New York Times, Bush lobbed one of his own.

PREMIER BUSH: Rutenberg, today's your birthday! How old are you?
J.R.: Thirty-eight.
PRIME MINISTER BROWN: My goodness. PREMIER BUSH: Here you are—amazing country, Gordon, guy is under 40 years old, asking me and you questions. It's a beautiful sight. (Laughter.)
J.R.: Forty is the new 30, Mr. President. PREMIER BUSH: It's a beautiful sight. (Laughter.)
PRIME MINISTER BROWN: Six in my Cabinet.

* President Bush, in a speech welcoming N.C.A.A. championship teams to the White House, June 18, 2007.
4 for fall

1. metro pant, turtleneck cable sweater
2. whitney skirt, single pocket tie blouse, ring back jacket, basket weave scarf
3. iconic khaki, tunie v-neck sweater vest, mandarin cargo shirt, basket weave beret
4. convertible sleeve dress

These looks featured now at Dockers’ trunk shows nationwide.

Dockers
San Francisco
It was like listening to the soft patter of a Smothers Brothers routine gathering moss. Modesty prevented Rutenberg (whom Bush also slanged as “Mr. Birthday Boy”) from revealing his integral part in this merri-ment when he duly wrote up the press conference for the Times the next day. Like most of his colleagues, Rutenberg neglected to take note of the snippy capper to this lukewarm love-in. When Bush spotted the BBC’s Nick Robinson, who in a previous press conference had irked the president by asking him if he was “in denial” about Iraq, he acknowledged the correspondent’s existence with a tart “You still hanging around?” He had tarter words of farewell, observing Robinson’s sweaty pate and advising, “You’d better cover your bald head, it’s getting hot out.” Whereupon Robinson, as he confided on his blog, “made the fatal error of answering a quip with a quip: ‘I didn’t know you cared.’ To which the president said, quick as a flash [and over his shoulder, I would add], ‘I don’t.’” Oooh, flash of claws from Miss Thing. I watched this spittle contest broadcast live on TV, yet if it weren’t for the British press and Robinson’s blog, I wouldn’t have had clue one as to what that little spat was about, or known the backstory. It was ignored by journalism’s concierges as an anecdotal non sequitur. If Prez were up and running, this incident would have yielded an episode highlight, a classic reality-TV showdown intercut with stunned reaction shots of bystanders and an italicized slash of music to underscore the tension in the air. You know, the way they do on Top Chef when one of the contestants casts aspersions on another’s crabmeat appetizer and not even Padma’s willowy diplomacy can stem a sulky round of bitter pouts.

In a January 2005 “conversation” on Social Security “reform,” Bush asked the age of an official at the Social Security Administration who was about to address him. Andrew Biggs said he was 37. Bush responded, “Thirty-seven, talking to the president. That’s great.” At another Social Security event, in March 2005, he found out the age of a student asking him a question was 20. “[And so here you are talking to the president about Social Security.] And, at a Medicare prescription drug benefit “conversation” in April 2006, Bush found out that a Dr. Wang was from another place, making him exclaim, “Shanghai. And here he sits, as well, talking to the President of the United States.” Bush had commented earlier about how great it was that an immigrant had gotten to sit next to him.

—The Rude Pundit blog, August 1, 2007.

Cheap laughs, cutting repartee, petty one-upmanship—essential elements in any reality-TV enterprise. But they aren’t enough to keep the riverboat afloat for a multi-year run, except perhaps on VH1, that freak emporium of damaged goods (such as The Surreal Life and the roid-raging Breaking Bonaduce). It takes a stronger, deeper sealant. To ensure audience identification with the glue gun of empathy, you’ve got to have a little thing that we in the trade like to call “heart,” gobs and gobs of heart. George Bush has a heart, a two-fisted heart that he wears on his sleeve, his belt, and anywhere else it’ll do the job God intended. One of his signature gestures is to emphasize the forceful truth of what’s in his heart by fanning the fingers of one or both hands around his chest as if illustrating bra-cup size. Not only does he know what’s in his heart, the uncounterfeitable proof of his sincerity, he knows what’s in others’ hearts— he’s an organ reader. Asked at a 2004 press conference if he wasn’t offended that then secretary of defense Donald Rumsfeld didn’t personally sign condolence letters to the families of soldiers slain in Iraq, he prefaced his testimonial to Rumsfeld’s sensitive nature by saying, “Listen, I know how—I know Secretary Rumsfeld’s heart.” When he nominated White House counsel and former personal attorney Harriet Miers to the Supreme Court, one of his assurances was “I know her heart.” I don’t need to explain to you English majors that the heart is a symbol of love, and “love” is another major unit in the president’s vocabulary, to the point of his championing medical-liability reform during the 2004 re-election campaign by warning, “Too many good docs are getting out of the business. Too many ob-gyns aren’t able to practice their love with women all across the country.” Unfortunately immundo aside, the president believes the best, safest way to practice love is with a hug—that, to paraphrase the Beatles, the hug you give is equal to the hug you get. Be a hugger, he urged those gathered at a Rose Garden event on July 26 honoring the Special Olympics (“If you’ve never been a hugger, I strongly advise you to be one. That means you stand at the end of the finish line of a race and you hug the people coming across the line”), and even those of us who believe a second Nuremberg jury should be convened to try the president, the vice president, and a host of neoconservative architects for Iraq war crimes would concede that this sentiment presented the president at his most sympathetic and human- seeming. It would have made a helluva lead-in to a very special episode of Extreme Makeover: Home Edition, with host Ty Pennington on hand to help dolce out the hugs.

By and large, however, Bush’s second term has been an emotional bust, with its dearth of warm fuzzies and feel-good moments. The chrome peeled off of Bush’s halo as national healer in the post-Katrina tragedy of errors, the commendation “Heckuva job, Brownie” tied like a tin can to his legacy no matter how they try to

*President Bush, at a re-election campaign event in Poplar Bluff, Missouri, September 6, 2004.
paper things over at the future Bush presidential library and car wash. The post-Katrina squalor and corruption has made it difficult for the president to milk pathos out of subsequent disasters. Bridge falls down in Minnesota, he shows up in his monogrammed jacket, mushmouths the usual platitudes about good people who are hurtin’, then turns things over to some inept cronies to handle as he hugs a few locals and pats a few manly shoulders in an assuredly not-gay way. Bush’s outreach efforts have gone stale and are in dire need of an undo. He and his staff should take a page from reality-TV demigoddess Kathy Griffin, stand-up comic and self-deprecating star of Bravo’s My Life on the D-List. In Season Three, Episode Five, the acrylic-haired half-pint was booked to entertain prisoners at the Arizona State Prison Complex in Perryville in a pair of sexually segregated performances, her routines interspersed with sit-down chats with the orange-suited inmates — conversations that were often badly moving, especially those with the female inmates. Many of the women were in for drug-related charges involving their husbands or boyfriends and were separated from their children. The threat they posed to society seemed minor and the pain and suffering of their incarceration disproportionate, their plight leaving even Griffin choked up. Not everyone within the confines of the Arizona pen was as deserving of the sympathy vote. As Griffin was escorted through one enclosure, a female voice shouted from a cell, “I want to kill you,” a threat Griffin deflected with an offhand “Oh yeah, take a number, honey,” and soon after she was strapped into a protective “stab vest” for a visit to the maximum-security wing. “Stab vest” is not a term often bandied about on reality TV, even when Scott Baio comes a-calling on his former bedmates on VH1’s new “celebrity” series Scott Baio Is 45 . . . and Single, and Griffin’s prison tour — like her visit to Iraq in Season Two — was a gutsy eye-opener without being preachy or hyped-up. Imagine the illuminating good that could be done if President Bush took a similar field trip, actually sitting down and powwowing with drug addicts at a rehab clinic, cons in a work-release program, or returning vets coping with disabilities without his huge banana-republic entourage functioning as a mile-long bulletproof prophylactic. He might learn something, we might learn something; it could be one more of those “teaching moments” we hear so much about and almost never witness, and, more important, it would make fabulous television.

Bonuses points if Laura Bush or the twins Jenna and Barbara could be conscripted to tag along and lend appropriate facial expressions. They have been woefully under-utilized in the second term of the Bush presidency, and “family” is a necessary component of the reality-TV gestalt — it’s where the first hugs that matter originate. As any viewer of the Bush presidency can testify, Laura Bush and her rainbow palette of panties have been both ubiquitous and invisible in Term Two. Lillian Ross’s memoir of The New Yorker editor William Shawn was titled Here but Not Here; Laura Bush’s presence alongside her husband could be called There but Not There. Through some strange optical illusion or Jedi mind trick she manages to recede into the foreground or project into the background — it’s hard to decide which. Either way, she hasn’t been supplying the warmth that every presidency and reality-TV series requires and desires as a sweetener. As for the daughters — they’ve been completely AWOL, utterly useless. Sure, they have their own lives to lead and it’s better for humanity that they’re not running red lights with Lindsay or Paris. But their conspicuous absence could be interpreted as estrangement or outright desertion by busbodies with wicked imaginations, which offers an exploitable opportunity for those who think bold. With a wee helping of cooperation from the First Family, the bold thinkers at Prez could tastefully exploit Jenna’s forthcoming nuptials and rig up a reconciliation scene that would leave the entire country mopping up tears. You have to tailor the story line to the perceived dysfunction — that’s the philosophy at Prez.

Such a scenario wouldn’t suit a Mitt Romney reality show, because he and his strapping sons get along so handsomely it’s sickening. Candidate Romney would no doubt consider even the bare hint of such a proposal beneath his dignity, having expressed similar disdain regarding the YouTube-formatted debate on CNN, where the Democratic contestants were quizzed by, among others, a citizen pretending to be the voice of a snowman. “I think the presidency ought to be held at a higher level than having to answer questions from a snowman,” huffed Romney. You do you, do you? He and his fellow Republicans need to get over their fine selves, let go of their death grip on standard operating procedure. Genuflecting before the Reverend Pat Robertson; doing a Stepin Fetchit before Focus on the Family chairman James Dobson (yesssob); backpedaling on every moderate, sensible position you’ve ever held on abortion, capital punishment, illegal immigration, gun control, and the Confederate flag; going maudlin about embryonic stem cells as if you knew each one personally — these aren’t beneath your dignity but you draw the line at a talking snowman? Such false pride helps explain why the Republicans are falling behind the Democrats digitally and in danger of fossilizing themselves with their prissy refusal to embrace new media and hybrid narrative modalities, such as YouTube mashups and reality soap opera. What we at Prez could do with the Giuliani clan! He has a son who can’t stand him, a daughter who’s backing Barack Obama, an aggrieved ex-wife named Donna Hanover who co-hosts a New York radio show and occasionally plays a judge on Law & Order, a cannonball from the past named Bernard Kerik rolling around on the deck, and a wife so wide-eyed it’s scary. But Rudy, as everyone knows, is a control freak, and there’s no room for a control freak on reality TV, except for Donald Trump, whose ratings slippage indicates that he too needs to let go.

*President Bush, during a speech honoring the Special Olympics, in the White House Rose Garden, July 26, 2007.
ON THE SET: BEHIND THE SCENES OF
LUST & CAUTION
THIS FALL'S MOST ANTICIPATED ESPIONAGE THRILLER

PRESENTED BY Dior

THE MAKEUP ARTISTS Renowned Dior makeup artists Everett Suttle and Ricky Wilson know what it takes to create artful and memorable looks on-screen and off. Here, they share their inspiration behind two equally gorgeous looks—Innocent and Seductress—as showcased in one of this year's most spectacular films: Ang Lee's, Lust, Caution.

THE DIRECTOR: Ang Lee

"In order to trap her powerful enemy, Mr. Yee (Tony Leung), Wong Chia Chi (Tang Wei)—the heroine of Lust, Caution—has to transform herself from a shy student into a sophisticated temptress."

innocent

GO INCOGNITO "In the beginning of the film, the heroine Wong Chia Chi (Tang Wei) glows in soft neutrals. On her eyes is Dior 5-Colour Eyeshadow in Incognito, which creates a sweet, peachy beige look."

PRETTY IN PINK "You can't help but look innocent in a sheer pink gloss. Dior Ultra-Gloss Reflect in Jersey Pink adds a pretty shine to Wong Chia Chi's pout."

LIP SERVICE "Nothing says seduction like a classic red lipstick. Rouge Dior in Red Premiere proved irresistible in the movie—and it can turn every woman into a femme fatale."

FLICKY’S SEDUCTRESS LOOK "The key to a truly captivating look is in the eyes. To complete the transformation to seductress, use Dior Style Liner in Black for a dramatic winged line and Diorshow Mascara in Black for lush, beautiful lashes."

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

RICKY’S SEDUCTRESS LOOK

"To succeed in depicting this transformation, we didn’t simply change her makeup—she had to truly become the woman whose image she had mastered. So both her real and false selves had to be equally natural; indeed, by the end [of the film], we are left to wonder which is more real."

inocent

seductress

RICKY’S SEDUCTRESS LOOK

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

"In the beginning of the film, the heroine Wong Chia Chi (Tang Wei) glows in soft neutrals. On her eyes is Dior 5-Colour Eyeshadow in Incognito, which creates a sweet, peachy beige look."

Log on to VFAccess.com or see the “Vanity Fair Agenda” listing in this issue to find out how you can get either of these gorgeous looks and receive exclusive tickets to Lust, Caution. And, mark your calendars: On September 28, Everett and Ricky will be at Bloomingdale’s 59th Street in New York to demonstrate how you, too, can be an Innocent or a Seductress.

*Tickets available with any two-product purchase from the Dior Beauty Lust, Caution Collection. While supplies last.
Is This the End of News?

Even a guy burned by one failed Internet start-up can't resist the idea that this latest technology—like Linotype, TV, and cable before it—could remake the news. So here goes Newser.com, the author's attempt to rescue a common narrative of public life

In every newsperson, not just Rupert Murdoch, there's the dream of owning a newspaper—my paper. This retro dream is why, for the past six months, every Wednesday morning, I've been on a conference call about the subject of software design and digital engineering as it relates to the news. Although the discussion is specifically about how to make the news exciting (come on, guys, if it bleeds it ledes), it is often as tedious an hour as any I remember from high-school math. I've been able, however, using the mute button, to shower during these calls.

The call gathers its participants from Chicago, Boston, Silicon Valley, and New York. On the one side are the newspople—including, along with me, former New York magazine editor Caroline Miller, former managing editor of the St. Paul Pioneer Press Ken Doctor, and various writers and reporters I've dragged—and on the other side, the software engineers and their marketing counterparts from a technology company called Highbeam Research, which owns one of the largest news databases in the world (50 million articles). Highbeam has kindly agreed to put up the seed money to let us start our news...what? Not paper, not show, not screen, not portal (nobody says that anymore)—a news *something* in digital form.

The job of the newspople is to explain what makes news—what makes news jump off the page or the screen, why it is not just merely data. That news is, for better or worse, a card trick. Holding people's attention is the trick. Impressive response: the unstated point of the tech people seems to be that their job is strictly procedural, granular (pride in the trees rather than the forest), and, they imply, honest (as opposed to the filmflam of media), and, too, that this is why young people are off news, because they see that it's just a stupid card trick (poor Katie Couric could be defined as a stupid card trick). The techies go back to talking about data hierarchies while I despair and press the mute button and turn the water on my head.

Yet I understand that these incredibly unresponsive people may well possess untapped magic that, if they wanted to, could make for all sorts of wondrous tricks which might save the news. "What about a sliding bar?" Mike Wu, a software engineer, offers just a little grudgingly. "Like from hard to soft news. So you can set it where you want to?"

"Really? From serious broadsheet to scandalous tabloid?" I wonder if this plasticity is miraculous or ludicrous. "From Ben Bernanke to Paris Hilton. And could this work, from unreconstructed crypto-Fascist religious right to loony absolutist left?"

"If we get the algorithm right."

Can the A-word save the news? Because, in its various current forms, the news—as a habituating, slightly fetishistic, more or less entertaining experience that defines a broad common interest—is ending. Newspapers, the network evening news, newsmagazines, even 24-hour cable news channels, these providers and packagers of the news, are imperiled media (even if Murdoch has spent $5 billion on The Wall Street Journal). The news is technologically obsolete—information envelops us, competing for our attention, hence fewer and fewer people (read: younger people) feel any need to seek it out. This has resulted in a rapidly aging audience for all news media—the adult-diaper crowd—which is sending advertisers scurrying to find more energetic buyers. The view among newspople is that this is a chronic condition: for 40 years there's been a falling off of the news audience, something on the order of 1 percent a year. Not good, but we in news can make it to retirement. In the last three years, however, that gradual decline has turned into a mud slide. It's suddenly almost 10 percent a year and growing. We won't make it.

Here's the result of the latest survey (from the Shorenstein Center on the Press, Politics & Public Policy) involving under-30s and their relationship with the news (newspapers, network news, cable news, radio news, even online news—whatever); they don't have one. They literally don't pay attention to something that is specifically designed to make you pay attention (i.e., the headlines and the blood).

And, conversely, if you do need to seek information, you don't browse for it anymore; you search for it—the Google model.

This precise targeting of interest means many news advertisers (sellers of autos, real estate, and various classified services, for instance) now have cheaper and better ways to sell. "Classified advertising has been much more difficult than we expected going into the year," said James Follo, the chief financial officer of The New York Times, recently announcing another quarter of bleak results at the company. Trust me: he's the only person who didn't expect it.

A recent report from the media private-equity firm Veronis Suhler Stevenson sees 2011 as the year the Internet surpasses newspapers as the nation's biggest advertising medium.

You can't put this too starkly: the news as a pastime, as a form of media, is vaudeville. The news business—our crowd of overexcited people narrating events as CONTINUED ON PAGE 223
Do you see skin the way we do?
Do you see it as your coat of armor?
Your touch point with the world?
Or perhaps as the map of your experiences?

Skin is Amazing

Vaseline invites you to see skin the way we do...
I have very freckly, sensitive Irish skin and I don’t go in for a whole bunch of surgical procedures to make myself look younger or prettier, so taking care of my skin is a huge part of what I do for a living. I really want to age gracefully. You can’t turn back the clock, but you can stop it from speeding up.

— Minnie Driver, Actress/Singer

Your Skin is Amazing

And yet you probably don’t think about it much. Its silent support of your well-being and comfort is a testament to the wonder of its design. Your skin reacts to its environments. It has layers that show your history. Like a mirror, it reflects your emotions.

Vaseline wants you to see skin the way we do—up close, in detail, as a deeper expression of the individual. That’s why we’ve created the stunning portraits on these pages. The famous people whose glowing skin stars in these photos lead lives that test their skin every day.

To learn more about them and see behind-the-scenes photos plus other striking skin portraits, visit vaseliner.com/skininprint.
Pregnancy, in pain, you appreciate your body. Take care of it, I’m so amie. It grows, my skin stretches. I’m in awe at how.
Is This the End of News?

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“Really? From serious broadsheet to scandalous tabloid?” I wonder if this plasticity is miraculous or ludicrous. “From Ben Bernanke to Paris Hilton. And could this work, from unreconstructed crypto-Fascist religious right to loony absolutist left?”

“If we get the algorithm right.”

Can the A-word save the news? Because, in its various current forms, the news—as a habituating, slightly fetishes, more or less entertaining experience that defines a broad common interest—is ending. Newspapers, the network evening news, newsmagazines, even 24-hour cable news channels, these providers and packagers of the news, are imperiled media (even if Murdoch has spent $5 billion on The Wall Street Journal). The news is technologically obsolete—information envelops us, competing for our attention, hence fewer and fewer people (read: younger people) feel any need to seek it out. This has resulted in a rapidly aging audience for all media—the adult-diaper crowd—which is sending advertisers scurrying to find more energetic buyers. The view among newspersons is that this is a chronic condition: for 40 years there’s been a falling off of the news audience, something on the order of 1 percent a year. Not good, but we in news can make it to retirement. In the last three years, however, that gradual decline has turned into a mud slide. It’s suddenly almost 10 percent a year and growing. We won’t make it.

Here’s the result of the latest survey (from the Shorenstein Center on the Press, Politics & Public Policy) involving under-30s and their relationship with the news (newspapers, network news, cable news, radio news, even online news—whatever): they don’t have one. They literally don’t pay attention to something that is specified designed to make you pay attention (i.e., the headlines and the blood).

And, conversely, if you do need to seek information, you don’t browse for it anymore; you search for it—the Google model.

This precise targeting of interest means many news advertisers (sellers of autos, real estate, and various classified services, for instance) now have cheaper and better ways to sell. “Classified advertising has been much more difficult than we expected going into the year,” said James Follo, the chief financial officer of The New York Times, recently announcing another quarter of bleak results at the company. “We: he’s the only person who didn’t expect it.”

A recent report from the media private-equity firm Veronis Suhler Stevenson sees 2011 as the year the Internet surpasses newspapers as the nation’s biggest advertising medium.

You can’t put this too starkly: the news as a pastime, as a form of media, is vaudeville. The news business—our crowd of overexcited people narrating events as continued on page 223
I've been really lucky because my family has great skin, so it's in my genes; but I still have to take care of it. I think when people see my skin they can tell that I live a healthy lifestyle, that I respect my body enough to take care of it. That shows up on your skin.

— Laila Ali, Professional Athlete
My skin is my canvas. The artwork on it represents something that is very powerful and meaningful in my life. I look at my skin as something of a living diary because all my tattoos represent a time in my life. And I never wish to shut the door on the past, so I carry it all with me.

— Dave Navarro, Musician
Pregnancy, in particular, makes you appreciate your skin and want to take care of it. I'm so amazed that, as my body grows, my skin stretches and stretches. I'm in awe at how elastic it is.

— Kim Raver, Actress
I think your skin reveals a lot about you. Mine gets very flushed if I get embarrassed or shy, and I think people notice. Everyone's skin is different, and everyone's skin reacts to how they're feeling inside in a different way.

— Hilary Duff, Actress/Singer
WHAT IF YOU COULD BECOME THE GOOGLE OF NEWS? THIS IS A HOLY GRAIL.

York Times can cost more than $600 a year, which is nuts (not least of all because it’s free online), and that the basic news metaphor is wrong.

That metaphor, for 150 years—from print to radio to network to cable—has been the front page: important stuff first. “It should have to do now with falling through something, or floating through the totality of information or of intersecting worlds and interests,” offers Spain, not a man wild with his metaphors.

Given that we have access to all information at all times and not merely to today’s news—indeed, all information, practically, that ever was—and too that we have information about the information, that context has been expanded geometrically (or some such), shouldn’t the metaphor, if the software engineers can get the algorithm right, be rather more like the Matrix? This is Internet talk, which cleverly invites all manner of utopianism (what is social networking but the dream of communal life and easy sex?) and metaphors.

Having once before, in an opera of mania and incompetence, tried to seize opportunity on the Internet and lost millions—and having solemnly promised my family I would never, never do anything like that again—this is, I am aware, the point where I should lie down.

Yet here’s the irresistible notion: Every advance in technology has seen the invention of a new form of news. Linotype got us mass circulation of newspapers 125 years ago; television, the network evening news 60 years ago; cable, 24/7 satellite news 25 years ago. So what’s Internet news—what’s the new news thing?

This, however, is predicated on the belief that there has to be news—as in the news. A reporter telling you something, rather than the millions of morons who form the critical mass of that central Internet genre, user-created content, sharing their drive—a sentence seething, I’m aware, with generational resentment and angst.

Indeed, most of the people I know who are interested in news, rather than, say, social networking, or solitary blogging, who believe news media might thrive, online or in more classic forms, are old.

Barry Diller, the former Hollywood kingpin, who has remade himself as an Internet titan, has talked about his desire to start a new news thing online (indeed, I briefly try to convince him he should help start mine). But is his interest in news the result, I wonder, of his Internet acumen, or just an older mogul’s hobby, similar to the interest of his friend the mogul David Geffen in buying the Los Angeles Times? Diller is 65. Geffen is 64. Rupert Murdoch may have paid billions for Dow Jones and The Wall Street Journal, but he is 76.

Arianna Huffington, the gadfly and publicity hound, has, at 57, actually succeeded in starting her own online newspaper, the Huffington Post, a kind of left-wing broadsheet competing with the right-wing tabloid Drudge Report (Drudge himself must be getting on in years). Then there is Jeff Jarvis, one of the original bloggers. He is an implacable believer in all things Internet, but, at 53, also no spring chicken. With backing from The New York Times, he’s started a news site called Daylife. Highbeam’s Patrick Spain, with his 50 million news articles, is 55. There are no 20-year-olds; no YouTube kids, Chad Hurley and Steve Chen; no Google guys, Larry Page and Sergey Brin; no Facebook’s Mark Zuckerberg, talking about news, the news, on the Internet.

And yet, what if? What if you could become the Amazon of news? The Google of news? This is a holy grail. Murdoch’s buying The Wall Street Journal is nothing compared to this.

So . . . I say to Spain, in this new metaphor for news, this floating, this multi-dimensionality, these new information relationships, would it be possible to know what other people think is news? So that—and imagine that I am now gesticulating awkwardly—the news

WATeR
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— Dave Navarro, Musician
Show us how you see your skin!

Create and share your own skin portrait with us and with the world – a photo of your skin in action, one that expresses everything your skin does for you. You could win a photo session with a professional photographer and have your skin portrait appear in the next Vaseline ad in a national magazine.

Visit vaseline.com/skinvisions for details.
Your skin is your shield from the elements.

Your skin is amazing. It warms and cools you, protects and keeps you dry. For years, we've marveled at skin and developed products to help keep it amazing.
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So . . . I say to Spain, in this new metaphor for news, this floating, this multi-dimensionality, these new information relationships, would it be possible to know what other people think is news? So that—and imagine that I am now gesticulating awkwardly—the news experience is potentially about not just my knowing something but understanding who knows what I know, and of my understanding what they know. I mean, could you create a news which would tell you what people are doing? Say, The New York Times think is news? At Goldman Sachs? In Congress?

“Yes, could be possible, depending on the algorithm.”

What is not, however, possible in this new news medium is to actually report news—that is, to be able to afford to report it. The paper version of The New York Times has 1.1 million daily readers and makes less than $2 billion a year; the online version has 40 million readers a month and likely makes about $250 million—a problem, since the Times’s news gathering budget is about $300 million. This is some conundrum: you have an old-fashioned business which supports your news gathering operation, so you take that news and put it online (free to readers—and much cheaper for advertising), which, ultimately, attracts all your readers and advertisers, and puts your money making enterprise out of business.

That’s not the only strange effect. The result of not being able to create an original news product for this new medium—beyond a million solipsistic blogs—is that you have thousands of news organizations from The New York Times to CNN to the Dallas Morning News to The Guardian in London to the Karachi Journal, in Pakistan, showing their paper or broadcast content online, which is something like filming live theater and calling it a movie. All this verbiage, designed to fill some other space—whose very consciousness is in column inches and old-fashioned newspaper inverted-pyramid style—seems hopelessly prolix, mannered, gassy, inefficient, kludgy, when you get it online. Here’s the unkindest Internet cut of all: T.L.D.N.R. Too long did not read. What’s more, all news here, online, exists just a click away from everybody else’s news—it’s some idiotic or macho sense of brand prerogative that keeps everybody doing what everybody else is doing. (Oddly, while The New York Times in its paper form continues to seem unique and important, online, without the paper’s traditional look and feel, denuded of much of its authority, many of its articles don’t seem much different from those in USA Today.)

This embarrassment of riches, or of repetition, has resulted in a further news anomaly: the aggregators (such as a sexy Internet word). There’s Google News or MyYahoo (the fastest-growing news distributors online), or news services such as Digg, all of which col-
lect, rank, and display news without any human intervention (or in the case of Digg, which ranks news on the basis of user votes, with the help of random passersby and passionate imbeciles). Their owners and managers are interested not in blood and scandal but in collection, in data hierarchies. These are technology guys, not news guys. This results in a kind of autistic tone for the news, undifferentiated, machine-collected headlines from the *Times* to the *Karachi Journal*: can't emotionally relate.

Still, in some possibly profound sense, the aggregators are on to something: the issue may not be how do you report news—but why would you want to?

In 1999, Jim Romeskos, a reporter from Milwaukee, began an early blog called Media Gossip, which shortly became the best-read source of . . . media gossip. Instead of reporting on the media, Romesko just picked from what everybody else was reporting.

His value, as selector, manager, curator of information, quickly became greater than that of any single source of media news. Romesko, proving that the news itself—how it appeared, and where, and with what frequency—had a pattern, a meaning, that, if properly deciphered, was, in itself, newsworthy, identified an overarching narrative, which, as it happened, was about the end of the business we were all working in. We'd be much less aware of our imminent demise if it weren't for Jim Romesko.

An actual reporter, Romesko differed from the general blog disposition, which had ever more atomized the collective experience of news, by maintaining news discipline. There is no "I" in Romesko. He could gather and shape and edit and at the same time remain an honest broker.

Plus, he was a staff of one. He'd solved the business-model problem—he could support himself.

Here's another quirky advantage of the Internet (or, depending, serious disadvantage) and Internet news: people are willing to work for less and, even, for free. That's one result of the Internet's utopianism, that you're doing something of higher purpose, and of the myth of sweat equity, that you're working for future, fabulous riches (which sometimes you are).

Oddly, talking about the plasticity of the Internet, about the possibilities for utopia and riches, actually makes things happen. Somehow something comes into existence. While Google and its creepy form of corporatism dominate this Web era, there are now, given off-the-shelf "solutions" (meaning cheap equipment and cheap, pre-written software), more garage and dorm-room operations than there have ever been (one of which, perhaps sooner rather than later, will challenge Google). Indeed, Mark Zuckerberg's dorm-room companions continue to sue him over the ownership of Facebook because they claim it grew out of more than just idle dorm-room chat. (For the purposes of full disclosure, my financial interest in my hypothetical newspaper is about the same as that of Zuckerberg's roommates in Facebook—I will settle, if big money is made, for a small retirement home on the beach in East Hampton.)

Much of the Internet business strikes me less like a garage model, with that suggestion of tinkering, and more like the famous conversations about the permutations of socialism in the New York City College cafeterias of the 1930s—ours, however, are about the permutations of technology and information. And they take place on conference calls.

My recent conversations have gone like this:—News seems ever more valueless.
—And yet somehow we feel we need more of it.
—How strange is it that you could have ever felt well informed by just reading *The New York Times*?
—The news makes the news. The velocity, the trajectory, the mass of a story change the story.
—So the greater news value might not be the reporting of the event, but taking the information about the event and describing and charting its history, the way it changed, mutated—like the old game of telephone—as it takes on new meaning from where it appeared and by who added what to it.
—For instance, is it possible to see a story influence or infect various audiences? To literally see a demographic movement, to see it move through time and space?
—Depending on how you define your algorithm. If you created, say, a basket of media that defined an audience, so you watched it move from media sector to media sector.
—Cool.
—What the Internet does best, where it achieves its greatest value, is when it sorts, searches, organizes, actually when it reads for you.
—Which is not that different from what *Time* magazine did when it launched in 1923, or what the network news accomplished in its succinct half-hour.
—Oh, and, somehow, even on the Internet, the news should not just informational but exciting.
—Entertaining.
—Relaxing.

And yet, I can, almost as easily, imagine a world without any of this. One without the news.

Because my primary assumption in wanting to start a new news thing is that the news is meaningful. My civics-class generation continues to put high value on public life: the president, the Congress, the courts. But increasingly these dysfunctional bureaucracies are of interest only to strangely fixated people. Politics itself is, more and more, a kind of obsession. (Indeed, people who do want news are people who seem dysfunctional themselves—obsessed, narrow-focused, militant, A.D.D.) Whereas a new generation, through the magic of the Internet, dispenses with this old idea of the commonweal and converts its private life into its public one.

What's more, those public institutions have maintained their primacy and value because they were the ones controlling and delivering information—that was the news. Now we've given every-body undreamed-of information and publishing tools. And millions of those people have become more adept at using them than have the people who run the heretofore public world.

I've done this for 30 years, blended my life with the news. My parents did it before me, and I've trapped at least one of my children now (the others, though, resist). For everybody in the news business, everybody with a daily news habit, the news forms part of our identity. But the generational change, the transformation, the schism, may be that this identification with the news, this dependence on a narrator, has become . . . out of it, square, dumb, hopeless. Indeed, when I watch the traditional news, read it with waning interest, try to understand what Katie Couric is about, I think, Out of it, square, dumb, hopeless.

Still, I have been starting newspapers, or talking about starting newspapers, since I was eight years old. So here goes, for the last time: Newser.com.}_
Phil Spector’s Cheap Shots

The Phil Spector murder trial gets Hollywood-style ugly as the defense summons Lana Clarkson’s “friends” to paint her as a failure, “Super Madam” Babydoll Gibson claims Clarkson was a call girl, and Transformers director Michael Bay leaps online to protect her memory.

Phil Spector has stopped speaking to me when we pass in the corridors of the Clara Shortridge Foltz Criminal Justice Center, in downtown Los Angeles, where he is standing trial for the murder of Lana Clarkson. No more nods of greeting or occasional handshakes. Rachelle, his pretty young wife, has adopted a snippy attitude when I run into her outside the courtroom. His chief bodyguard, Horace Davis, and the two deputies are no longer jolly when we meet. I suppose my having lunch with Spector’s son Louis and Louis’s girlfriend, Frieda, in the courthouse commissary on quite a few occasions may have annoyed Phil. One of Phil’s guards has told Louis that his father would speak to him more if he didn’t talk to the media. Louis does not ever speak badly about his father, although his stories of growing up as Spector’s son, locked in a separate room from his twin, Garth, in the afternoons after school, have a sort of Hollywood-Dickensian ring to them. Maybe Phil has discovered that I am not rooting for him to win an acquittal, although I maintain an affection for him. We’re not friends, but we’ve known each other for 20 years, more or less. As I’ve said before, Phil Spector is a fascinating character, and he possessed a great talent. I have been listening to his Wall of Sound music of late, and it’s really something. It’s a very peculiar position to be in, knowing personally the defendant in a murder trial about which I am writing, especially when I am publicly a victims’ advocate. My sympathies in this case are with Lana Clarkson, who was found shot dead in the foyer of Phil’s castle in Alhambra, California, on February 3, 2003. She is being trashed by the defense, despite their public avowals that they would not do so. Expert witnesses, who are sometimes called “whores of the court” (one of whom makes $5,000 a day), look the jurors in the face and give them scientific forensic “proof” that Lana committed suicide.

The defense has paraded several women who call themselves friends of Lana Clarkson’s before the jury. “Lana and I sustained 10 years being best friends.” “We told each other everything.” She could light up a room with her smile.” These statements were made on the stand by two of her “very, very good friends.” One, Jennifer Hayes-Rigell, a deeply tanned blonde, described her very good friend in this manner: “She just is like this melty little person. She was pathetic…. She liked to drink and take pills…. She was belligerent when she was drunk.” The other was a woman of 50 named Punkin Pie Laughlin, who called Lana her “soul mate.” Punkin Pie, a well-known figure in the nightclub world, books bands at clubs. After their declarations of friendship and love, they took their poor dead friend apart, with anecdote after anecdote making it appear that Lana was in such a state of abject despair over the failure of her life that shooting herself in the mouth in a stranger’s house was a totally logical step for her to take. I mean, talk about false friends. There’s nothing Hollywood hates worse than a failure, and poor Lana Clarkson has been portrayed as a failure in her life and a failure in her career, and a heavy drinker who was dependent on the painkiller Vicodin. Both ladies said that Lana was humiliated by her nine-dollar-an-hour job at the House of Blues, having to seat people with whom she once vied for parts. I wondered how these ladies could look at Lana’s mother, Donna Clarkson, who sits in the front row and whom they had to pass before and after their stints on the stand.

An unexpected voice emerged from Punkin Pie’s account of the last days of Lana Clarkson. Shortly before Lana died, Punkin says, she took Lana to a party in the Hollywood Hills. According to Punkin, Lana was in a “festive” mood when she spotted the film director Michael Bay, who made the great summer blockbuster Transformers and is about as hot as you can get in Hollywood at the moment, and went over to speak to him. She had had a six-second bit in a Mercedes-Benz commercial Bay had directed. Minutes later, according to Punkin, Lana returned from her encounter with Michael Bay crying. He had snubbed her. Didn’t remember her. She was devastated. It didn’t take long for the story of the slight to reach Michael Bay, and, from all accounts, he was furious. On his Web site he had harsh words for Punkin Pie:

“I knew Lana. She worked with me on two commercials. I liked her energy—she had a great personality. I would never forget her face. It would be a big event in someone’s life if you saw a woman you knew at a party on Saturday night and she was dead two (sic) days later, don’t you think? I never saw Lana at this party….” According to reports, Punkin has a book deal about being Lana’s friend. She wants to make money off her so-called ‘friend.’ What a disgusting piece of shit that Punkin lady is!”

Michael Bay later appeared in court to tell his side of the story.

Just to cheapen things up a little bit more for poor Lana, in walked Jody “Babydoll” Gibson, the reigning madam of Hollywood, who is very eager
HARRY WINSTON

NEW YORK, BEVERLY HILLS, LAS VEGAS, BAL HARBOUR, HONOLULU, DALLAS, CHICAGO, PARIS, GENEVA, LONDON, TOKYO, OSAKA, TAIPEI, BEIJING, HONG KONG
There's nothing Hollywood hates worse than a failure.

was she so poor and in such debt that she took a nine-dollar-an-hour job at the House of Blues, where she was working the night she met Phil? Top dollar in the hooker business is a lot of money these days.

Having once been a failure in Hollywood myself, I totally understand the kind of despair that Lana Clarkson felt. I truly suffered during my bad years from the snubs and the slights that failure invites. I understand the desperate things that Lana was saying about the state of her life. I did the same. I was tempted to take the pills or jump in front of the train, but something always stopped me. I don't think Lana would have taken her own life, either. Lana would have no way of knowing where the gun was in Phil's house, except in the highly unlikely event that she opened the drawer. To my mind, Phil had to have brought it out from the drawer where it was kept and put it into play. Playing with guns is a dangerous game, and Phil has a history of getting drunk and shooting with guns around women. Something like this was bound to happen to him. I can never erase from my mind the very clear words of Adriano De Souza, the chauffeur who testified that he was waiting in the courtyard to take Lana home, when he saw Spector come out of the castle holding the revolver and say, "I think I killed somebody." Suicide was never mentioned until his arrest.

I have often wondered about Phil's whereabouts in the days following the shooting death of Lana Clarkson. It was hard to believe that he was upstairs in the castle the day and night after the shooting, when the police, detectives, and prosecutors zeroed in on the crime scene, and then on the next night, when the defense took over and great forensic scientists such as Dr. Henry Lee and Dr. Michael Baden had their turn. A Hollywood movie-producer friend of mine who does crime documentaries called me out of the blue. Someone had come to him with a story about Spector they hoped to sell as a movie. My friend said that after Phil had paid his $1 million bail, on the morning after Lana's death, he went to the swanky Hotel Bel-Air and took a two-bedroom bungalow, from which he did not emerge for eight days. (It's the same temporary residence that the Menendez brothers took after they murdered their parents, in 1989.) Phil's companion at the Bel-Air was his friend Michelle Blaine, who had been his assistant for six years before Lana Clarkson died and who continued to work for him for two years after Lana's death, until they had a falling-out.

Michelle is the daughter of the famous drummer Hal Blaine, whom Phil greatly admired. She has known Phil since she was six years old. When I met her recently she was pregnant with her seventh child. She has been married three times. She told me that after Lana Clarkson died Phil proposed marriage to her so that she could not testify against him. (Phil had met a young woman named Rachelle Short, and hired her to be Michelle's assistant. Michelle may not have wanted to marry Phil, but Rachelle certainly did.) I had heard that Michelle had recorded videos of Phil rehearsing his alibi during their eight-day stay in the Hotel Bel-Air, but that turned out to be untrue. There is a pitch for a book with the working title I Spent Eight Days in a Hotel Room with a Killer going around, but Michelle has removed herself from the project.

The defense is in disarray. Linda Kenney Baden, one of Phil's lawyers, has been ill, and out of the courtroom for two weeks. There is strong speculation that Spector himself may take the stand. According to a source close to the trial, Phil, who has been practically silent in the courtroom, has been calling all the shots for his legal team himself from the castle at night. He sends his attorneys as many as 20 e-mails as late as 2:30 in the morning, with instructions. He has been quietly involved in a documentary with the BBC, with whom he meets at the castle some nights after the trial and discusses the events of the day. It has come to my attention that he refers to two members of the prosecution as "Dickhead" and "Jerkoff." Some of his late-night e-mails to the defense team gave orders to include Bruce Cutler, the onetime lead attorney, who has been treated harshly by his defense colleagues, in conversations and meetings. (Cutler has temporarily left the courtroom for nearby Westlake Village, where he is playing a judge in a television show being made for syndication called Jury Duty. At the time of my visit to the set, in July, with several members of the Court TV crew, they had already completed 65 episodes since Cutler left the courtroom, shooting as many as 5 a day. Cutler maintains that he is going to do the closing argument, a curious call for Phil to make, as the jury is barely familiar with him.) Phil has withdrawn Bruce Cutler's car and driver. "Economic reasons," Bruce told me. He is now driven by one of Phil's guards in what looked to me like a very unimpressive car. I've subsequently noticed that Phil's guard detail has shrunk from three men to two. The trial must be getting expensive. The distinguished forensic scientist Dr. Michael Baden, whose wife is Linda Kenney Baden, is being paid $110,000, and he is just one of many expert witnesses on Phil's payroll.

The trial is coming to an end. The convivial courtroom atmosphere has changed. It is now obvious who thinks Spector should be convicted, and who believes that a tragic Lana Clarkson committed suicide in Phil's house. The matter came to a head on the day when the jurors were taken on a tour of the castle to observe the crime scene. Judge Fidler originally intended that Linda Deutsch of the Associated Press and Peter Y. Hong of the Los Angeles Times accompany the jury. But Hong was turned down because Phil did not like his coverage of the trial. I was quoted in the L.A. Times saying, "The idea that the defense and the defendant are deciding which of the media can go to the house is absolutely outrageous to me." In the end, Linda Deutsch accompanied them, and we all waited outside down the hill from the castle for several hours to hear her report. I found it interesting that four men on the jury sat in the chair that had been placed in the foyer to replicate the one where Lana was found.

New witnesses are being called by the defense. There has been ugly shouting in the courtroom between the prosecution and the defense. Everybody says to me wherever I go, "What's going to happen?" They ask, "Is he going to get it?" I've been staring at the jurors for four months. There are a few I'm dying to talk to after the verdict. But the wise lawyer Steven Barshop once said to me, "Don't try to anticipate a jury. They'll fool you every time."
American Beagle

The huge success of “Peanuts” threatened to turn Charles Schulz’s cutting-edge comic strip into a cuddly brand. But then Schulz remade Snoopy into a rebellious beagle who was the spirit of 60s America

By David Michaelis

In November 1999, Charles Schulz suffered a stroke that forced him, in his 50th year of drawing “Peanuts,” to put down his pen. Hospitalized, the 77-year-old master was discovered to have been stricken also with the later stages of colon cancer; and on February 12, 2000, hours before the final “Peanuts” strip appeared in Sunday newspapers around the world, Schulz died at home in Santa Rosa, California. To the very end, his life had been inseparable from his art.

To die as his last strip was going to press seemed to many a poignantly miraculous end, and all through the early hours of February 13, newspapers bearing both his farewell to “Peanuts” and the world’s first good-byes to him thumped onto porches and doormats, dismayng and saddening millions. He had finished the 50-year run of “Peanuts” with the bereft valedictory “Charlie Brown, Snoopy, Linus, Lucy... how can I ever forget them...” But it was he who died, not they; yet now they shared, as columnist Ellen Goodman pointed out, the “same national curtain call.”

Wistful appreciations crowded the front
What's wrong with this picture?
pages of next day’s—Valentine’s Day’s—morning editions: YOU WERE A GOOD MAN, CHARLES SCHULZ!, cried the San Francisco Chronicle. SIGH, went the Los Angeles Times. “At strip’s end, he’s gone to meet the Great Pumpkin,” reported The Dallas Morning News. “AUGH!, wailed the Baltimore Sun, NO MORE “PEANUTS.” “Good grief, indeed,” began the Minneapolis Star Tribune’s obituary.

Tributes began to spill in from around the world, for like the beloved characters of Charles Dickens, the “Peanuts” gang had transcended local papers to become universal figures whose adventures were followed by some 355 million readers in 75 countries and 21 languages.

THE PENCIL THAT MADE A GOOD PART OF HUMANITY SMILE DAILY HAS BROKEN, lamented the Vatican’s L’Osservatore Romano, illustrating its farewell paean with the first cartoons ever to appear in that newspaper.

From Rome to Paris to London, from New York to San Francisco, from Tokyo to Jerusalem, the world hailed Charles Schulz as a presence like no other—a “gentle genius” and, despite his own protestations to the contrary, a “very great artist indeed.” The New York Times, which had never given space to comics, treated his death as headline news and, if catching up for lost time, devoted the better part of two full pages to “Peanuts” highlights and detailed profiles of the characters.

“Peanuts” had been so many things to so many people (an “ongoing parable of contemporary American existence”; a “distillation of modern childhood”; a “comic opera”; a “personal work” and at the same time a “universal language”), and there were so many commercial markets in which to quantify its success—as a daily and Sunday comic featured in a world-record number of newspapers; as the longest-running cartoon special on television, which of itself had fathered a year-round series of sequels marking the holidays on the national calendar; as the most-produced musical in the history of the American theater, with more than 40,000 productions of You’re a Good Man, Charlie Brown—some 240,000 performers had played Schulz’s characters and the show had spawned a generation of actors; as a jazz album of show-business standards; as best-selling books, both original and reprinting the strip; as advertising for cameras, cars, cupcakes, and life insurance in an ever-expanding universe of media, including hot-air blimps; and, not least, as an internationally renowned brand of character merchandise, with more than 20,000 officially licensed products and countless pirated knockoffs—there seemed no end to ways of commemorating its creator.

Millions of fans felt as if they had lost a personal friend. Sometimes their affection and awe had been inspired by a short handwritten response to a fan letter, a brief encounter at a golf tournament, a single meeting in a restaurant; sometimes it was simply a gesture, or the time Schulz had taken to listen, or the check he’d written to meet someone’s need—all to people unknown, whom he had touched deeply, so often at a critical moment. His decency, his generosity, changed their lives forever; and they swamped his studio mailroom with formal condolences, which crested over into his household, vibrating to the single refrain: I loved Charles Schulz.

Perhaps the main reason we loved Schulz, though, was that he charted his life and feelings in the strip. He gave his determination to Charlie Brown, the “worst side of himself” to Violet, Linus his dignity and “weird little thoughts,” his perfectionism and devotion to his art to Schroeder. He even diagrammed some of his most important relationships, ending the dynamics between Charlie Brown and Lucy and between Lucy and Schroeder with the emotional realities of his first marriage, to Joyce Halverson Schulz, which ended in divorce in 1972.

The writer Laurie Colwin once asked Schulz: “If you followed [the strip] from the beginning, could you actually write a biographical portrait of [you]?” He answered, “I think so…. You’d have to be pretty bright, I suppose.” He seemed, almost, to be testing us to find him in his characters. “They are all essentially me,” he said, as a gloss, but when pressed, he would admit: “The sarcastic part of me is Lucy…. The wishy-washy part of me is Charlie Brown. Snoopy would be the dream to be, I suppose, the superhero.”

Despite Schulz’s efforts to keep it for adults, “Peanuts” had become by 1966 and would ever after remain—in the public’s mind—family entertainment passed on from parent to child. The Charlie Brown TV specials—more than 75 in the end, 16 of them with music by Vincent Guaraldi—had recast “Peanuts” as a holiday tradition for children while re-fashioning the national calendar for adults, drawing attention to the highly marketable role of the “Peanuts” gang as stand-ins for Americans at all their year-round rituals: consuming too much on New Year’s Eve, exchanging valentines, planting trees on Arbor Day, hunting Easter eggs, celebrating the Fourth of July.

Older newspaper readers still engaged the seasons and their passage accompanied by the slow, regular beat of the daily and Sunday “Peanuts” and its intramural traditions—Woodstock’s New Year’s Eve party; Snoopy’s bales of valentines; the Easter Beagle; Peppermint Patty and Marcie at summer camp; Lucy setting up the football; Linus in reverent vigil for the Great Pumpkin; Charlie Brown finding himself as he finds purpose and meaning for the sad little Christmas tree. But, more and more, “Peanuts” was evolving into a world of video and plush.

Critics noted the change from a “Peanuts” that was primarily a commentary for adults to one that was a brand for children. “After all those years of ‘Have you seen ‘Peanuts’ this morning?’ and clipping out those capsule expressions of guilt and inadequacy to pin to office bulletin boards or magnetize to family refrigerators, it was hard to trail off. We kept trying to be amused,” wrote Judith Martin, also known as Miss Manners, in The Washington Post in 1972. “But the little bursts of identification became less and less frequent. Partly it was the repetition of ideas. Once you knew the ‘Peanuts’ calendar—Beethoven’s birthday, baseball season, summer camp, opening of school, Great Pumpkin night, football season—it began to get tedious.”

“Should one blame him for milking all the commercial advantage he can out of the system which, it should be remembered, he had to embrace before he could claim our attention? Really, it is too stupid,” concluded the critic Richard Schickel. “That we of the middlebrow audience are no longer compelled to clip his cartoons and pin them up on the office bulletin board, quote them at parties, and discuss their hidden depths with fellow cultists is not, finally, his fault. He did not go into the cartooning business just to please ‘we happy few.’ He
would, indeed, have failed if we were his only audience. No, he went into it needing, for economic success, all the friends he could get.

"I hate to think about it," Charlie Brown says when faced in 1966 with Snoopy’s real needs as a dog. "The responsibility scares me to death."

The unprecedented success of "Peanuts" as a brand (with gross earnings of $20 million by 1967, $50 million by 1969, and $150 million by 1971) initiated an inner schism that would endure to the end of Schulz’s life. "I’m torn," he would say, "between being the best artistically and being the Number One strip commercially.”

Strip and brand pulled Schulz in different directions, dividing him between the roles of cartoonist and entrepreneur, making him feel strong, indeed omnipotent, at one creative moment, dependent and vulnerable at the next executive juncture. But in 1967, as "Peanuts"’ broad-based audience began gradually to come to terms with the nation’s unease about civil rights, the war in Vietnam, sexual freedom, and so much else, Schulz regained control by turning to the one character in his strip who could single-handedly re-establish the personal quality of his making.

Snoopy had come a long way from the puppy who, despite being “very smart”—indeed, “almost human,” as he was seen in “Peanuts” in 1951—had entered the strip as an ordinary domestic pooh, not even yet a beagle. By the early 60s, as the “Peanuts” marketing pioneer Connie Boucher was rendering Snoopy the cuddliest dog on the planet, his tougher image served, with Schulz’s permission, as war eagle for the United States military: in Vietnam as a talisman on American fighter planes and on the short-range Sidewinder air-to-air “dogfight” missile, in California as an insignia emblazoned on aircraft spearheading the flight-test program of the GAM-77 Hound Dog strategic missile, and in Germany as a flight shield for the “Able Aces” of the air force’s 6911th Radio Group Mobile, patrolling the skies over Darmstadt.

Typical of Snoopy’s many-sided appeal, he also served in deliberate violation of army regulations governing the helmets of assault-helicopter pilots alongside such emblems of anti-war sentiment as rainbows and slogans such as “Bum Trip.” More than Rin Tin Tin, Lassie, Trigger, and even Old Yeller, Snoopy had taken his place as the American fighting man’s most trusted friend when going into combat.

Of all Schulz’s characters, he was the slowest to develop. Not until January 26, 1955, had he finally come out with his essential dilemma, announcing to himself that he was tired of depending on people for every-thing and wished he were a wolf. Then, like a frustrated child breaking a long, moody silence, he declared, “If I were a wolf, and I saw something I wanted, I could just take it.” To make his point, he growled a human-sounding AARGH!! through a set of distinctly lupine fangs, whereupon the earnest, smiling, everyday presence of Charlie Brown immediately disked him from this wild new height of power, and he ended the episode hanging his head, his face crosshatched with embarrassment.

“There’s nothing more stupid than someone trying to be something they aren’t,” Charlie Brown repeatedly reminded his all-too-human dog, only to be foiled repeatedly by Snoopy’s bravura talent— a gift for silent comedy so great as to turn instruction for a simple party trick into a Chaplin-esque commentary on the human condition.

Ever the subversive comedian, Snoopy could not resist uncanny impersonations of Violet, Lucy, Beethoven, a baby, even a certain mouse.

Schulz’s satiric take on the supreme cartooning figure of his youth (drawn two months after a chuckling, affable “Uncle Walt” had welcomed some 90 million viewers—more than half the nation’s citizens—to the televised debut of Disneyland) shows one of many strengths that one day would enable Snoopy to challenge his Disney rival for universal stardom: Mickey’s ears were as rigid as sharks’ fins, whereas Snoopy’s yielded to a wide range of expression, re-shaping themselves in response to cold and
Get the shirt. Shop the weekend. Show your support.

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A charitable initiative to fight women’s cancers

October 18 to 21
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All Saks stores and saks.com will donate 2% of sales, and Off 5th stores will donate 1% of sales up to $1 million to local and national women’s cancer charities. 100% of the proceeds from the sale of each limited-edition T-shirt designed by Juicy Couture will benefit the Women’s Cancer Research Fund, a program of the Entertainment Industry Foundation. Available in S,M,L,XL. $35. To order beginning October 1, or for more information about this event, call 888.771.2323 or visit saks.com. Mercedes-Benz USA will also make a generous donation of $1 million to Saks Fifth Avenue’s Key To The Cure through the sale of 1000 Special Edition 2008 C350 Sport Sedans. Special thanks to Renée Zellweger, the 2007 Ambassador for EIF’s Women’s Cancer Research Fund and Saks Fifth Avenue’s Key To The Cure.
heat, insults and rewards, food and music, joy and sadness, fear and shock, surprise and shame, pride and disgust.

Mickey Mouse had no capacity for states of mind. As a supremely representative figure of the American world of action—pluck personified, modest but mischievous, a dancing World War I doughboy maturing into the age of Lindbergh—Mickey had become a Douglas Fairbanks-size movie star from the moment he uttered his first words, in 1929: “Hot dogs!” As bust followed boom, Disney extended his action star into situations of time and again throughout the Depression that Mickey was indestructible.

But the more Disney became an entrepreneur of technique and spectacle, the more his cartoonists and animators called on Mickey to do little beyond playing straight man to newer comedic pacemakers such as Donald Duck and Goofy. Then, in 1955, with the simultaneous rise of The Mickey Mouse Club on television and the opening of Disneyland, Mickey once again became the franchise star, his very ears the icon of worldwide commerce, while he himself revealed so little individual personality—his mind such an affable blank—that the viewer could not know what was going on between those ears. To be sure, from the beginning he had had energy and an unconquerable heart, but never did he have an inner life. Schulz repeatedly pointed out that nothing that Mickey Mouse had ever said, much less thought—no word or phrase—had passed lastingly into national consciousness.

In “Peanuts,” energy made Snoopy loveable but thought made him human. Schulz perceived that, although we cannot possibly know what a dog is thinking, the impulse of all dog owners is to imagine that we alone know what our dog is thinking, and the proudest of dog owners will often explicate with great subtlety what their sidekicks are now “saying.”

Snoopy’s stardom grew out of Schulz’s ability to create an intimate bond by letting the reader in on the dog’s continual awakening to his most human thoughts. The basis for this bond was trust: the reader could count on Snoopy to be himself, even when he was being someone else. The cartoonist, meanwhile, could be depended on to turn to comedy Snoopy’s dominant traits—an almost arrogant commitment to independence (and its flip side: a deeply seated fear of dependence), a grand, dreaming self continually deflated—not by mediocre vaudeville gags pulled out of the filing cabinet by a studio bureaucracy, but by the more exacting and individualistic physical comedy of the silent-movie clowns of Schulz’s boyhood Saturdays at the Park Theater in St. Paul.

Snoopy extended body and mind into identities that conveyed the restless spirit behind them: rhinoceros, pelican, moose, alligator, kangaroo, gorilla, lion, polar bear, sea monster, vulture, all of which would eventually give way to the serial “World-Famous” archetypes who would illuminate his sardonic spirit behind a showcase of false fronts as sportsman, lover, spy, pilot, art aficionado, magician, attorney, surgeon, and on and on. In each of Snoopy’s masterfully seized, casually discarded roles, Schulz’s drawing became looser and rounder. Snoopy was distinctly—defiantly, as far as Schulz was concerned—different from Mickey Mouse in one regard above all: where Mickey embodied the gutsy “little guy” of American myth in the 1930s, followed by the “brave regular Joe with a rifle” of the war years, and was therefore an adult, no matter how childish the world Disney pitched him into, Snoopy was distinctly a postwar, even a 1960s phenomenon. He was purely adolescent—grandiose, revolutionary, with a mind of his own and feelings to match. Often he acted like a very badly hurt person, except that, precisely because his innermost thoughts were open to view, his wound and shame were exposed for all to see. The more he tried to live by his own rules, and the louder Charlie Brown remonstrated (“Be happy with what you are!! ... YOU DUMB DOG”), the more human he became, as each experiment in living a life fully his own landed him right back on the floor of the doghouse, or in the parental lap, once more dependent.

As Snoopy’s rebellions developed, his personality as a player in the “Peanuts” repertory company evolved. In this world without adults, he now behaved for all intents and purposes like the one and only child—the real child—joyous one minute, cast down the next; now magnanimous, now petty; by turns critical, tactless, cunning—“a little selfish, too,” Schulz noted, identifying a whole range of controlling, testing qualities, starting with a “mixture of innocence and egotism.”

Snoopy often treated Charlie Brown and his friends as if he were their intellectual superior; none of them could appreciate his talents, while he, in his turn, tolerated the foolish things they did. Lucy might play along with his fantasies (as mothers, or keepers, will), but she nonetheless let Snoopy know exactly who was in charge: “Any piranha tries to chomp me, I’ll pound him!!”

Snoopy is the one character in the strip allowed to kiss, and he kisses the way a child does: sincerely, and to disarm. As the rest of the “Peanuts” gang struggles to love and be loved, they find themselves stuck...
in the incompatible romantic pairings of classical comedy. Lucy’s definitive acceptance of Schroeder’s rejection, for example, would be a relief to both; instead, she subjects herself to ongoing cold, even brutal indifference. Snoopy, meanwhile, becomes the one between them, dancing on the piano, smitten by the beauty of the music, licensed to enact real feeling, inserting himself between the couple like a child whose family’s emotions are kept forever under restraint.

Throughout the late 50s, Snoopy’s doghouse was depicted in three-quarter view. Located on the side of Charlie Brown’s house, it had a peaked roof and a simple, unseen, one-room interior, and its owner’s name was written over the arched opening. It was nothing more than a real doghouse for a real dog. This rarely varied until early 1960, when, as the grand side of Snoopy’s personality began to stretch the dimensions of reality itself—one day he demanded to eat “on the terrace”; on another, he installed an air conditioner—there came, Schulz later recognized, a turning point. Snoopy was now, he realized, “a character so unlike a dog that he could no longer inhabit a real doghouse.”

And so, on February 20, he turned the doghouse and presented it broadside, with Snoopy sleeping on the roof. Seen from this angle, powerfully alone in a horizontless world, dog and house merged to form a continuous line.

There would be occasional reversions to the old form, but never again would Snoopy be a dog in any conventional sense, and the rendering of his house would now be simplified to the point where sometimes, such as when Snoopy is composing at the typewriter, it almost loses its identity altogether. Seeking to keep the doghouse even marginally real, Schulz found that if he tilted the tip of his pen in a certain way, so that “a little bit of the ink drops below the line,” he could suggest the feel of wood in the roof and siding.

But it was more than elements of craft and design that demonstrated Schulz’s new conquests in the medium. The reader listening to Snoopy’s rooftop meditations was in fact overhearing Schulz’s thoughts, but instead of ascribing them to the cartoonist (as he might with Charlie Brown’s speeches), took the interior monologue for his own, somehow coming to believe that he was hearing his own jokes and quirks, worries and hopes.

In Al Capp (“Li’l Abner”) or Walt Kelly (“Pogo”), an intense editorialist was always at work. Jules Feiffer (“Feiffer”) could say crazy things because the reader understood him to be the ambassador from Greenwich Village. Mort Walker (“Beetle Bailey”) and Hank Ketcham (“Dennis the Menace”) were still gag cartoonists once more pulling the reader’s leg. But when Schulz began to let his strip’s dog think aloud on top of a doghouse, “all hell broke loose,” as Ketcham recalled it, for only a genius could speak for himself and have the world believe it was overhearing the voices on the edge of its heart.

For Snoopy to become a universal partner of the race with which he shared the planet—to leap over his current assignment as a radical individualist in the Minnesotan tradition—he had to become the hero, a tragicomic figure of such absurdly grand and revolutionary capacities that only he (and we) could see him transfiguring his doghouse into a flying machine sent aloft against the ultimate unseen enemy, the German ace Manfred von Richthofen, the infamous Red Baron. Snoopy threw himself so fully into an action fantasy that he by now had earned a title as powerfully mock-heroic as that of Cervantes’s Knight of the Rueful Countenance.

The World War I Flying Ace took off one day late in the summer of 1965 while Schulz was at the drawing board and his 13-year-old son, Monte, came in with a model plane. Schulz’s recollection was that as they talked about Monte’s Fokker triplane it dawned on him to try out a parody of the World War I movies Hell’s Angels and The Dawn Patrol, which had gripped him as a boy at the Park Theater. He thought he might take off on the classic line “Captain, you can’t send young men up in crates like these to die!” And then it came to him: “Why not put Snoopy on the doghouse and let him pretend he’s a World War I flying ace!” But Monte always claimed that it had been he who first suggested the idea of Snoopy as the pilot. Schulz denied it just as frequently, conceding only in the last year of his life that Monte had “inspired it.” Either way, Schulz admitted, “I knew I had one of the best things I had thought of in a long time.”

Until now, “Peanuts” had been commentary on the world as seen and heard by Charles Schulz—recognizable, everyday problems transposed into the key of little-old-adult children. Unintentionally, Schulz’s themes raised the larger social questions that the civil-rights movement and Lyndon Johnson’s Great Society initiatives had put on the table: Who was entitled to happiness? Was the security of “owning your own home” and of “having a few bones stacked away,” as Snoopy put it, the birthright of prosperous white America only? Were black and poor people going to go on being excluded from the expectations spelled out by Schulz’s universal mantras for Happiness and Security and Home? When the Southern

“I’m torn,” Schulz would say, “between being the best artistically and being the Number One strip commercially.”

PUPPY LOVE
Left, Charles Schulz with his dog Spike, the inspiration for Snoopy, circa 1940; below, Schulz and a Snoopy stuffed animal.
Look what's dead ahead.
The chemistry sh
Tuesday nights.

HOUSE™
M.D.
9/8c

FOX
Tuesdays on FOX

BONES

HOUSE

M.D.

9/25
Continued from page 216 Christian Leadership Conference (S.C.L.C.) brought what was popularly known as the Poor People's Campaign to Washington, D.C., to lobby Congress for a $36 billion anti-poverty bill, in May 1968, the placards that rose over Resurrection City on the Mall came all but directly from Schulz's drawing board: "HAPPINESS IS ... A WARM DRY HOUSE... NO RATS OR ROACHES... LOTS OF GOOD FOOD."

As doubt and distrust crept into people's lives, Schulz's plain commentaries on the comics pages and in Determined Productions' small, square hardcovers set him up for a role he had never intended or wanted. "I'm not a philosopher," he insisted, sometimes adding, "I'm not that well educated." But the country had just reached the end of an era in which it considered itself to be the land that could boast the most distinguished philosophers. For 30 years, every high-school principal read Professor John Dewey, philosopher and educational reformer, or thought he or she ought to, and every college president salted his speeches with the aphorisms of George Santayana ("Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it") and Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. ("Taxes are what we pay for civilized society"). But the era of Professor Santayana, Justice Holmes, and Dr. Dewey was closing, and middlebrow culture reigned the role of philosopher. Henceforth, the general public would take "philosophy" in capsule form through novelists (Ernest Hemingway, Kurt Vonnegut), journalists (Murray Kempton, Russell Baker), social scientists (Marshall McLuhan, John Kenneth Galbraith), and cartoonists (Capp, Kelly, Schulz), although Al Capp and Walt Kelly were drawing allegory that turlly commented on politics and society, and Schulz was creating the kind of myth in which everyone could find his or her own story: "Myths and fables of deep American ordinariness," as the writer Samuel Hynes described "Peanuts."

In a very midwestern way, Schulz reversed the American pattern of winners and losers, making a virtue of the fortitude required to endure blowing a hundred ball games in a row. The very notion embedded in You Can Win, Charlie Brown turned the eastern orthodoxies of American children's literature inside out; in the creed of Louisa May Alcott, everything came out right in the end, but in "Peanuts" the game was always lost, the football always snatched away. In Charlie Brown's world, the kite was not just stuck in a tree but eaten by it; the pitcher did not just give up a line drive but was stripped bare by it, exposed.

No, in 1967, as Snoopy pamphlet people to themselves from the doghouse roof—no longer through the merely subversive impersonations of the 50s but acting out the Flying Ace's full-fledged crusade—"Peanuts" acquired an explanatory as well as a descriptive character for thousands who burned draft cards and protested an incomprehensible war. While mission upon mission of B-52 bombers hammered North Vietnam's capital and primary port cities, Snoopy's mania, his single-minded pursuit of the enemy, and his hatred of losing epitomized the America haunted by an always victorious John Wayne, the postwar U.S.A. that was racing to beat the Soviets to the moon. As Snoopy soared—and danced—"Peanuts" once again led the culture. If the World War I Flying Ace mocked the martial spirit of a mere half-generation past, Snoopy's spontaneous, soul-satisfying dances made him a genuine free spirit whose only commitment was to ecstasy itself. His flutter-footed step kept time to bliss itself, lifting him so high above the "over 30" concerns of his stripmates, he hardly seemed to notice that he was leaving reality—and petty old Lucy—in the dust.

"Peanuts" in the new age of Snoopy was bolder but still quietly disdissent, laying claim to joy, pleasure, naturalness, and a self-glorifying spontaneity without the ferocious exhibitionism that most radicals and rebels of the period deemed necessary to bring attention to their causes. Snoopy's basic desire—to transcend his existence as a dog by altering his state of mind—typified a central urge of the era and caused alarm among the strip's authority figures no less than its analogues did in the "real world."

The strip's square panels were the only square thing about it," reflected the novelist Jonathan Franzen, who, "like most of the nation's ten-year-olds," was growing up through those "unsettled season[s]" of the 60s by taking refuge in "an intense, private relationship with Snoopy"—a stronger attachment than that which the reader could have with any of the other "Peanuts" characters because Schulz was now making us Snoopy's accomplices in transcendence. We alone can see what the Flying Ace is seeing: everyone else in the strip, even Charlie Brown, remains blind to the identity and miraculous feats of the Masked Marvel, the Easter Beagle, the World-Famous Astronaut, the World-Famous Wrist Wrestler, Joe Cool, Flashbeagle, "Shoelss" Joe Beagle, and the Scott Fitzgerald Hero.

Snoopy had his origins in Spike, the mutt of Schulz's youth, whom Schulz called "the wildest and the smartest dog I've ever encountered," and as long as Snoopy was treated as a pet—an eccentric, even a lunatic household dog—by the "Peanuts" gang, he evinced Spike-like behavior. But now he left the kids behind.

Lucy had fantasized about the White House, but in the presidential elections of 1968 and 1972, Snoopy was embraced by actual voters as a write-in candidate, prompting the California legislature to make it illegal to enter the name of a fictional character on the ballot. Brought down behind the German lines in the Red Baron sequences, he operated in a larger, more threatening world than did anyone in the secure suburbs of the "Peanuts" neighborhood. Unique among the gang, he was allowed, in romantic encounters with a "country lass," to enter just ever so slightly into adult sexuality—Schulz once again having it both ways, for Snoopy also kisses like a child.

Back home—again, uniquely—he had adult possessions, and not just books, records, and pinking shears. The multi-level rooms under the peaked roof of the doghouse now included a front-hall rug, a cedar closet, a lighted pool table, a stereo, and a van Gogh which, after a fire, was replaced by an Andrew Wyeth. Snoopy's tastes were like those of every college kid in 1966, who, with a folk guitar and a tattered paperback copy of Herman Hesse's Siddhartha, had hung the dorm room with a Wyeth print—a magical-realistic picture unsettling because it transcended the ordinary rural life it seemed to faithfully depicting—as an emblem of the searching, melancholy, considered life toward which he or she believed him/herself, perhaps the world troubled world, to be tumbng.

This was the first time in the comics that an animal had trumperd the humans. Never before had an animal taken over a human cartoon, and "it did more than change Pea-
nuts," said Walter Cronkite, "it changed all comics." Schulz's fellow cartoonists read and reread the Red Baron episodes to figure out how Schulz was getting away with it. His rival Mort Walker looked on, dismayed. The gag-minded creator of "Beetle Bailey" had been able to follow along with Schulz when Snoopy was perched in a tree, pretending to be a culture. But, a dog…flying a Sopwith Camel, which was actually a doghouse, which he couldn't sit on anyway? "That's when I realized I didn't know anything about the comic business," said Walker. "What does a dog know about World War One and the Red Baron? Where did he get the helmet?" Most astonishing of all: what was Schulz doing showing actual bullet holes in a doghouse? "Good golly," Walker said to himself, "this has gone beyond the tale."

Hidden from no one except Charlie Brown and his friends, the visual and verbal vocabulary of Snoopy's fantasy universe became common to both the younger and older generations throughout the 60s. One of the very few "enemies" that Americans could agree on in those years was the Red Baron. In college fraternities and motorcycle gangs, rock groups and combat units, communes and airmen's hangouts, people nicknamed one another "Snoopy" and Red Baron and Flying Ace and Pig-Pen. (This last category included the Grateful Dead's keyboardist Ron McKernan.) There was even a San Francisco band calling itself Sopwith Camel.

Free spirits in the counterculture asked loudly and rousingly the very question that Schulz had been whispering in mainstream comics pages for more than 10 years: *What would it be like to feel happy?* A 1967 *Time* cover story had cited Schulz's characters as "hippie favorites" and placed Schulz in his 18-acre country estate on Coffee Lane in Sebastopol, California, as the admired neighbor of the infamous Morningstar commune. In 1968, six years after Schulz's microbook *Happiness Is a Warm Puppy* had become a mega-best-seller, John Lennon retorted with a song on the Beatles' *White Album*: "Happiness Is a Warm Gun." And two years after Schulz wrote the scene in *A Charlie Brown Christmas* in which Linus decides that Charlie Brown's wretched little tree is "not a bad little tree—all its needs is a little love," the Beatles hammered the same message around the world: "All You Need Is Love."

The lexicon of "Peanuts" filtered through the culture, middle to top, top to bottom. As "security blanket" found its way into Webster's dictionary and "Happiness Is…" into Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*, "Good golly!" became the all-purpose refrain of Candy Christian, the innocent, infinitely corruptible heroine of 1964's most notorious book, *Candy*, an erotic satire written by the expatriate hipsters Terry Southern and Mason Hoffenberg. The next summer, members of the Jefferson Airplane heard that children in the neighboring studio were recording the voices of the parentless "Peanuts" characters for a Christmas television special and, treating the Charlie Brown cast as if they were an enlightened prophetic microcosm of the whole youth culture, went over to get their autographs.

Unbeknownst to Schulz, another rock group, the Royal Guardsmen, a sextet from Ocala, Florida, was on its way to selling three million copies of a hit single called "Snoopy vs. the Red Baron" ("Finally, a hero arose / A funny-looking dog with a big black nose…"). Schulz heard it only when a friend remarked, "Great song you wrote." As soon as cartoonist and syndicate had been cut into the royalties, the group added a string of sequels and produced four LPs. On one they loosely fitted an anti-Vietnam message to the "fascinating allegory" of Snoopy and the Red Baron's calling the World War I Christmas truce in No Man's Land, with which the Guardsmen intended "basically [to] expose the futility of never-ending conflict."

As early as 1959, two Convair B-58 supersonic bombers, designated Snoopy-1 and Snoopy-2, took to the skies with their namesake painted on their noses "in his most supersonic pose," as a Convair executive wrote to Schulz. By the mid-60s, whole squadrons of F-100 pilots were taking their craft into action in flight suits decorated with diamond-shaped patches featuring the Flying Ace; officials at NASA named Snoopy the symbol of a new safety and morale-building program.

From 1966 to 1969, Snoopy could be found pursuing—or being pursued by—the Red Baron wherever America explained itself to itself, whether in a rock formation on the rim of the Grand Canyon, nicknamed "Snoopy Rock," for its resemblance to Snoopy sleeping on his doghouse, or as a Goodyear blimp or gigantic balloon in Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade. In form and function, the doghouse could now take Schulz and his beagle anywhere the nation was going, including the moon. And on March 10, 1969—four months before man's first lunar landing—the World-Famous Astronaut was dispatched into space.

Two months later, in a command module named Charlie Brown and its lunar module, Snoopy, Commanders Eugene A. Cernan and John W. Young, U.S. Navy, and Colonel Thomas P. Stafford, U.S. Air Force, piloting the Apollo 10 spacecraft on a scouting mission to the moon, descended to within almost eight and a half nautical miles of the Sea of Tranquility in a final rehearsal for the history-dividing Apollo 11 landing, in July. To the astronauts, Snoopy was more than a mascot: as "the only dog with flight experience," he served as guardian and guide. About halfway to the moon, 128,000 miles from Earth, Cernan held up a drawing of Snoopy, goggles, helmeted, and scarred, to the color TV camera on board for transmission back home. "I've always pictured Snoopy with the old World War One aviation helmet and goggles and silver scarf, and I think we sort of fashioned ourselves that way in those days," Cernan later recalled. NASA estimated that more than a billion viewers all over the world saw Snoopy at that moment.

On May 22, after the spacecraft recouped in a tense docking procedure on the far side of the moon, Mission Control, in Houston, broke out a large cartoon showing Snoopy kissing Charlie Brown, and newspapers around the world ran banner headlines: *DOPO LA MISSIONE VICINO ALLA LUNA: "SNOOPY" RITROVA "CHARLIE BROWN"—* and when they splashed down in the Pacific: "SNOOPY" SAFE AFTER PERILOUS MOON TRIP.

Peanuts" had sprawled out of the old comics page to hit a new nerve. "Something was touched," the writer Renata Adler wrote years later. Never again would a cartoonist and his characters so consistently capture so much of the culture and the times. In the previous decade, "Pogo" had identified the true enemy power in McCarthyism: *He is us.* But "Pogo," for all its satiric cunning, remained fixed in the McCarthy-Stalin era. Now, in the 60s, "Peanuts" was the one imparting messages and meanings to the hurting moment, with one significant difference: instead of ending after two decades, "Peanuts" had just begun.
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kj.com/truth
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Rachael Ray has been compared to Gidget, Oprah, and Rosie, but she insists she’s “a burger flipper and a Chatty Cathy.” She is constantly described as “the girl next door,” though she says she’s more “your cousin.” If you call her a chef, she puts her foot down: “I’m just a cook.” And the word “celebrity”? Nope. “If you grow up in a service industry,” she explains, “I’m good at trying to understand what my customers want and need, and giving it to them.”

Good at trying to understand? This five-foot-three phenomenon—America’s bouncy, booming champion of the 30-minute meal—has cornered the market on all things cooking. She has two hit shows on the Food Network: 30 Minute Meals and Tasty Travels. She has a monthly magazine, Every Day with Rachael Ray, an overnight success that’s outperformed much tonier titles since its launch, in 2005. And she’s transformed the market for cookbooks, selling in the millions (her last four were No. 1 best-sellers within a week of publication), and outselling the bad-boy chefs who disdain her “easy-peasy” approach. A new cookbook, Just in Time, is due out November 6.

As if all this weren’t enough, Ray’s one-hour eponymous daytime show begins its second season on September 10. Having debuted last fall, the program was the No. 1 syndicated launch in 2006, with the highest premiere and May sweeps numbers since Dr. Phil, in 2002. So is it safe to say Ray has the beginnings of her own media empire? “I hate that,” she says. “‘Empire’ is such an evil word.” O.K., we’ll use two of her words: Rachael Ray is “screamin’ hot.”

- LAURA JACOBS
Becoming _unlost._

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Lazy-Ass Nation

America’s Can-Do-But-Why-Bother spirit has produced a wave of gadgets that take the effort out of almost everything: vacuuming rugs, parking cars, walking dogs. In fact, why wear out those tongue muscles when a virtual assistant can order you a Motorized Ice Cream Cone?

By Jim Windolf

The greater part of human history has gone something like this: see animal, chase animal, kill animal, skin animal, cook animal, eat animal. But all that chasing and killing and cooking means a lot of brutish work, and somewhere along the way we fell in love with the dream of the effort-free existence. Now iRobots vacuum our carpets and wash the kitchen floor; battery-operated, self-heating jackets from North Face and Maplin keep us warm; and our cars park themselves, if we’re fortunate enough to own a Lexus LS 460.

While traditionally given to hard work, Americans have also, somewhat paradoxically, kept a close watch for any innovation that might take some of the drudgery out of everyday life. This contradiction in our national character was present in the DNA of two of our Founding Fathers, Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin. As part-time inventors, both men made mighty contributions to humankind: Jefferson radically improved the plow when he created what is known as “the moldboard plow of least resistance,” which dug into the soil with less effort; and Franklin was a bona fide scientific pioneer who proved, by capturing lightning in a bottle, that lightning and static electricity were indeed one and the same substance—a discovery that made him internationally famous. But both men also had a talent for dabbling in the kind of thing that might put a dopey smile on the face of the fat and sedentary American of 2007. In 1804, Jefferson invented the automatic double doors: open one and, voilà, both doors swing open at the same time thanks to the workings of a mechanism concealed beneath the floorboards. In another, perhaps more intense burst of inspiration, he added a leg rest to the already extant “revolving Windsor chair,” thereby coming up with the prototypical La-Z-Boy (a piece of American ingenuity perfected, in 1928, by La-Z-Boy’s two founders, Michigan cousins Edward Knabusch and Edwin Shoemaker). The “air bath,” Ben Franklin’s main innovation along these lines, sounds like something that could be offered at a Se-
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don’t spa in our time. It involved “lying uncovered and naked on a bed for an hour, a practice he claimed was good for one’s health,” writes cultural historian Tom Lutz in Doing Nothing: A History of Loafers, Loungers, Slackers, and Bums in America. The air bath didn’t catch on, but you have to give Franklin points for investing so much thought and effort into something that required so little of each.

Of the two strains present in the above-mentioned inventions—that is, the world-tant” industry, for between $20 and $45 an-hour, you can hire someone to do your online shopping and bill paying for you. That’s two conveniences for the price of two.

Meanwhile, in addition to the floor-cleaning iRobots, such as Scooba, Roomba, and Dirt Dog, robotic lawn mowers from Robomow can cut your grass. Slogan: “It mows. You don’t.” There are also man-size robots on the Japanese market—Fujitsu’s HOAP-2 and Sony’s QRIO—able to perform a range of household tasks.

"You can always go back to the old fork idea," says the inventor of the Self-Twirling Spaghetti Fork.

But can you, truly? From the McDonald brothers’ establishing their Speedee Service System in the first true fast-food restaurants in 1948, to C. A. Swanson & Sons’ packaging the first frozen TV Dinner in 1953, and on to the Zone Diet meals delivered to your doorstep today, we’ve become obsessed with finding new ways to fill our bellies with the least hassle. An enduring example of the American penchant for avoiding elaborate meal preparation is the peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich. Invented by a St. Louis physician in 1890 as a protein supplement, peanut butter achieved widespread usage during World War II, when it was included in the rations of American G.I.’s. They’re the ones who also popularized the
CHANGE IS: TAKING LIFE’S LEMONS AND MAKING (PINK) LEMONADE

Who says that an airline isn’t committed to taking on big challenges? Over the past two years, our customers have been “thinking pink” and buying pink lemonade on board our planes during the month of October to raise funds and awareness for breast cancer research. This year, through our Force for Good Global Good “Flying Pink” initiative, we will pledge to fund a Breast Cancer Research Foundation researcher for an entire year.

We hope a cure for breast cancer will be discovered in our lifetime and we can help—one pink lemonade at a time.

Visit delta.com/globalgood to learn more about our Force for Global Good partners and how you can get involved.
P.B.&J. In the immediate postwar era, the same qualities that rendered the sandwich perfect for the Ardennes Forest—it took 18 seconds to prepare and became bulos-like after a few chews—made it a nationwide lunchtime staple.

In 1968, the J. M. Smucker Company, of Orrville, Ohio, made the labor-unintensive P.B.&J. even more labor-unintensive by combining peanut butter and grape jelly in a single container. Thus was born Goober Grape. The Greatest Generation had to open two jars, while baby-boomers could achieve the same result by opening just one. Now that’s progress. In 2003, Skippy subtracted the knife from the peanut-butter-spreading equation with Skippy Squeeze Stix—peanut butter in a tube. Welch’s and Smucker’s have piled on, creating plastic squeeze containers of their overly sweetened jellies, so that the whole sandwich-making process is now utensil-free and squeeze-intensive.

Once a source of nourishment for astronauts, tube foods are on the rise, not only here but also in Europe. General Mills’ GoGurt, a sweet paste that might pass for yogurt if you removed the high-fructose corn syrup, went on the market in the late 1990s to meet the needs of parents who fear even a fractional dip in their children’s blood-sugar levels. Various sweet puddings are also available in tube form. Coinciding with the growing popularity of tube foods over the last decade has been a 4 percent increase in cavities found in children between the ages of two and five, according to a 2007 study conducted by the Centers for Disease Control.

Our teeth may have been better off a millennium ago: skeletal remains found in England, dated to a.d. 1000, “are remarkable for the relative absence of dental and jaw decay,” according to The Year 1000: What Life Was Like at the Turn of the First Millennium, by Robert Lacey and Danny Danziger. The same skeletons show that people back then were also “very much the size of anyone alive today,” the authors report. For all our glittering advancements, our bones say we are standing still, if not going backward.

Could it be that our increasing willingness to get through life in a nearly comatose state has kept us physiologically stagnant? Catering to this tendency, the Motorized Ice Cream Cone, a device invented in 1999 by Rick Hartman of Seattle, rotates a scoop at the pleasant speed of 15 revolutions per minute. Press the button, stick out your tongue, and the automatic cone does the rest. Who knew licking was such a chore? Asked if his invention would make children lazier than they already are, Hartman says, “I don’t think so. I think that eating ice cream is genetically encoded in the human tongue, and so I think that we, as a species, have that fairly well under control.”

I wouldn’t be so sure. Meeting our desires through the products they turn out, various corporations seem to sense an American craving for an almost total passivity. Since 2002, Pfizer has peddled Listerine Cool Mint Breath Strips, which melt into nonexistence upon meeting the flat of your tongue, as an improvement on lozenges. Chloraseptic, too, has introduced its own dissolving strips. As Ellen DeGeneres asked in a recent routine, “Can we not suck anymore?”

The gold standard of dubious labor-saving devices is the Clapper, from Joseph Enterprises, in San Francisco. Since 1982, Clapper owners have been able to control their lights and appliances with a synapsed double clap of the hands. This fall, the company is launching the Clapper Plus. With its wireless remote, the new Clapper is a Clapper for people who can’t even be bothered to clap. In its review of the product, even the technophilic Web site Gizmodo.com was moved to remark, “WTF?”

I had the exact same question. So I called up Clapper Plus inventor Mark Grossmeyer of Cedarburg, Wisconsin, and asked him what was on his mind. “I was in bed one night,” he tells me, “and I was thinking, Why aren’t I using the Clapper in my house? And I was thinking. Well, my wife’s sleeping next to me. If I start clapping right now to turn off my light, she’d probably hit me. So I basically said maybe it would be nice to have a remote switch. You push the button and it’ll work from inside or outside your house. You can also clap if you’re not by your remote at the time.”

The remote comes with double-stick tape, so that you can attach it to a wall. Sort of like…well, a light switch, which would make the Clapper Plus redundant, wouldn’t you say? Not at all, claims Michael Hirsch, a Joseph Enterprises marketing executive. “Frankly,” Hirsch says, “in my house, I have two lights in the living room, and now I can turn them off without clapping from the kitchen. So when I walk in, sometimes I clap, and sometimes I use the remote.”

So he has options.

“Right.”

“Does he ever go back to the old-fashioned light switch? Just for laughs?”

“Rarely. It’s inconvenient to lean over the couch.”

Made up largely of pioneers, the young U.S.A. was a necessarily industrious nation. The Protestant work ethic described by German sociologist Max Weber as the engine of capitalism helped propel many of our early citizens through hardship toward prosperity. “God helps them that help themselves,” Benjamin Franklin wrote in Poor Richard’s Almanack. Franklin went on to prefigure the catchphrase of personal trainers everywhere when he stated, “There are no gains without pains.” (Such aphorisms spilled easily from his quill in the days before his invention of the air bath.) In the next century, Abraham Lincoln expressed the American can-do credo with a pithy, if hard-assed, turn of phrase: “Things may come to those who wait, but only things left by those who hustle.” Perhaps in furtherance of that sentiment, cocaine was a common ingredient in numerous legal “patent medicines” from the late 1800s through the early years of the 20th century, which put a little zip into the step of put-upon cowhands and bored Boston ladies.

But the same rough-and-ready spirit that helped the pioneering settlers to carve new hometowns out of an untamed and gnat-infested land began applying itself to less pressing matters starting around 1850, as the necessary invention gave way to the comic innovation. In 1863, James Pimpton of Medford, Massachusetts, won a patent for roller skates. Why walk when you can glide? Even as the Civil War raged, Pimpton’s invention ushered in one of the first consumer-culture crazes. In 1896, James Boyle of Spokane, Washington, patented the “suluting device.” Tucked inside a man’s hat, this gizmo performed the annoying job of hat tipping so you didn’t have to. In 1883, Charles Stillwell of Philadelphia invented a machine to produce the brown paper bag—or, as he called it, “the Self-Opening Sack, the first bag to stand upright by itself.” Without Stillwell’s invention, the self-service supermarket, created in 1916 by Clarence Saunders, of Piggly Wiggly fame, might not have amounted to much. The sometimes startling transition from a class of invention that solved serious problems to the type that made life a little more convenient was already apparent with the 1891 creation of the elevator, by Kansas-born patent holder Jesse W. Reno: those reaching the top of this “inclined conveyor belt” were offered

“God helps them that help themselves,” wrote Benjamin Franklin, inventor of the air bath.
Into the Night
brandied to help them get over the shock of rising 45 feet above ground level.

Alarmed by such tendencies, Teddy Roosevelt, in a 1917 letter, weighed in thusly: "The things that will destroy America are ... the love of soft living and the get rich quick theory of life." T.R.'s fears of what the typical American might become are perhaps best embodied by our current national mascot, Homer Simpson, a man not too proud to drink his beer from a helmet equipped with two cup holders and several feet of tubing.

Cup holders, by the way, are everywhere. Can we step back from the pseudo-serious tone of this article a minute to ask: Cup holders? What, you can't hold your fuckin' cup? There is an extremely rich man in China who laughs long and hard every time he tells his friends how he made his fortune.

In recent years people have learned to accept the presence of technology, mechanical or pharmaceutical, in the bedroom. But even Cialis seems old-school in comparison with a new gadget recently created by Dr. Stuart Meloy of Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Meloy's still-unnamed wonder one-ups the Orgasmatron proposed in Sleeper, Woody Allen's 1973 comedy of the future. With the adoption of Meloy's invention, there will be no need for foreplay, not to mention dinner and a movie. Discovered serendipitously as the doctor was treating a woman with back pain, the device is a remote-controlled electrode surgically implanted into the base of the spinal cord. With a click of the wireless remote, it welcomes you to the future in a big way, sort of all over. Ninety-one percent of women tested by Meloy reached orgasm in recent F.D.A.-approved trials. (The other 9 percent told the electrode, "Don't worry, honey, it happens.") No, the product is not yet on the market.

Now that sex requires less effort than ever, can we say the same for child rearing? As if Sesame Street wasn't bad enough in creating a generation of screen-dependent zombies, there is BabyFirstTV, a cable network established in 2003 for little ones between the ages of three months and three years who might otherwise develop an interest in the nonvirtual world around them.

When the kids are older and want the adults in their lives to do things such as play catch, modern parents do the modern thing: they outsource the job. In the suburbs of New York City, a company called High 5 will teach your kids to ride a bike at $60 an hour. In New York City itself, for $185 an hour, poop experts from the Soho Parenting Center will potty-train your toddler—and for a total of $350 they'll follow up the session with a week's worth of e-mails. You haven't seen Dylan ride a Bemin in style until you've hired this outfit. And why fumble your way through the classic parent-child bonding rituals when trained professionals will do it for you?

In Los Angeles, well-off parents have taken to hiring young men—camp-counselor types—to come to their house and play with their children. Jeff Garlin, the comedian who portrays Larry David's manager on HBO's Curb Your Enthusiasm and directed the new comedy I Want Someone to Eat Cheese With, is no stranger to the family-room couch, but even he has drawn the line where this new service is concerned.

"I have plantar fasciitis, which makes it very hard even to walk," he says, "and my wife was frustrated with me sitting down all the time—and the fact that I wasn't playing with the kids made her crazy." Sporty young men showed up in the backyard soon after she tracked them down through friends who had used the service. "All these guys look the same," Garlin says. "They're really fit, six foot two, and a lot of them seem to have a ponytail to go with their dark, Italian good looks. And I can tell you, there's nothing more emasculating than watching a stranger being paid to play with your kids." After enduring the indignity, Garlin turned to his wife and said, "So you won't mind if I invite a hooker over and pay her to do the things you're not doing?"

THERE is also plenty of help for lazy-ass animal-lovers and their big fat pets. According to the American Veterinary Medical Association, 40 percent of dogs in the U.S. are overweight. It seems that Americans—66 percent of whom are tubby, according to a 2005 study published by the Centers for Disease Control—no longer have the heart to deny Fido the treats they can't deny themselves. But instead of implementing a sensible diet once our pooch's form resembles our own, we solve the problem with Slentrol, the canine obesity pill from Pfizer, approved earlier this year by the Food and Drug Administration. It's a truism that dogs
I promise to always be there when you wake.

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end up looking like their owners. With the doggy diet pill, they can mimic our growing reliance on the easy medical fix to problems that could be solved with unpleasant effort.

Dog owners who can’t be bothered to go outside at walkie time can simply place their pets on the Dog Walker, a treadmill designed especially for canines, or its competitor, Pawwws Pet Treadmills. For people willing to get up off the couch and brave the elements, there is the Dog-Powered Scooter, invented and produced by Mark Schuette of Bend, Oregon. You roll along as your dog, attached to the scooter with an outrigger and harness, does the work of pulling you for the duration of your “walk.”

It would seem counter-intuitive, even illogical, that people engaged in recreational sports would want to expend as little effort as possible. By now we’ve all gotten accustomed to the giant-headed titanium tennis racket, but what, exactly, is the point of something like the Ballistic Driver, an automatic golf club with an explosive head from GPower Inc., of Sunnyvale, California, that can smash a Titleist 250 yards with almost no input from the golfer?

Maybe non-strenuous golf makes for a bad example. What about a more rugged pursuit, such as hunting? At the Rolling Rock Club, in Ligonier Township, Pennsylvania, as well as at an estimated 1,000 other “canned hunting” operations across the country, the proprietors raise pheasants and other game in pens. Hunters who go to Rolling Rock, as did Dick Cheney in December 2003, pay a fee that depends on how many birds they plan to shoot that day. It’s easy pickings: pen-raised creatures are more docile than those in the wild. You wouldn’t have an easier time bagging prey if you took an AK-47 to a petting zoo. When not peppering his friend with bird shot, Cheney is known to have slaughtered 70 birds on a given day of canned hunting. Too bad Osama won’t sit still.

Old-school duck-hunters now complain of recent advances in duck-decy technology. What was once carved painstakingly from wood, by hand, is now turned out by the factories of companies such as Cabela’s, in Nebraska, and Robuduk, in California. Critics say the new decoys, which are motorized and remote-controlled, take the sport out of duck-hunting. Mounted on a stick, the spinning-wing model is particularly adept at making suckers out of passing flocks, which swoop in under the impression they’ve found a safe place to roost. No longer do hunters have to wait out the cold pre-dawn hours, and ducks are losing the battle. “I remember seeing 25,000–30,000 ducks out there,” Maine hunter Buster Pratt told The New York Times in 2006. “Now you see 2,000 and you think you’ve seen a lot of them.”

Hunting and the Internet nearly made the best combination since peanut butter and chocolate: Texas entrepreneur John Lockwood came up with a way for people sitting in front of home computers to shoot animals on his canned-hunting ranch. Lockwood had it rigged so that a customer, with a mere click of the mouse, could activate a .22-caliber rifle on his property. He managed to realize at least one instance of online hunting, when a friend of his logged on and shot a hog in the neck from his desktop, before state and federal lawmakers outlawed the practice. For now it looks as if Lockwood will have to be content to go down as some sort of lazy-ass pioneer.

With all the advances human beings have made in the last 10,000 years, it would seem a safe assumption that we mild office workers of 2007, with our self-parking Lexus LS 460s and Clappers Plus, have it easier than our savage-seeming hunter-gatherer forebears. But that may not be the case. “Compared to my physician and lawyer friends today, and to my shopkeeper grandparents in the early twentieth century,” writes anthropologist Jared Diamond in The Third Chimpanzee: The Evolution and Future of the Human Animal, “hunter-gatherers really do have more free time.” He points to studies showing that Kalahari Desert Bushmen, a hunter-gatherer tribe that has survived to this day, “have leisure time, sleep a lot, and work no harder than their farming neighbors. For instance, the average time devoted each week to obtaining food has been reported to be only twelve to nineteen hours for Bushmen scientists, Ilay Baruch and E. Ben-Jacob, were apparently the first to plant information into live neurons. This is the crucial first step toward inserting information into our brains in chip form. Why read, why go to school, when you receive a lifetime of education through quick surgical procedure? At the Re- bilitation Institute of Chicago, a man paralyzed from the neck down has learned to control a computer, a TV set, and a robot arm with the aid of a chip implanted in the motor cortex of his brain. The implications of such advances go beyond help people manage disabilities. “Imagine memory chip containing the Encyclopaedia Britannica that would interact with your brain and you could access it,” Chic- ago neuroscientist Nicholas Hatsopoulos and the Chicago Tribune. In Germany, in 2002, an unusually strong four-year-old boy, who had no trouble lifting a seven-pound dumbbell with each hand, was studied by neuroscientists. They determined that the boy had chance genetic mutation that promotes unusual muscle growth—a mutation the replicated by science, would render stereotypically human limb muscles... There

With chips implanted into our brains, getting through life will require less work than ever before.

men: how many [of us] can boast of such a short work week?"

It may be the case that, right now, we find ourselves in a gangly, technological adolescence, with our machines not quite able to pull off all the jobs we want them to do. But soon—as conservative writer Francis Fukuyama warns in Our Posthuman Future: Consequences of the Biotechnology Revolution, and as enthusiastic futurist Ray Kurzweil describes with optimism zeal in The Singularity Is Near: When Humans Transcend Biology—we may merge with technology. We will have chips implanted into our brains that will increase our knowledge capacity, and we will genetically modify our brains and bodies so that getting through life will require less work than ever before.

In May of this year, two Tel Aviv Uni-

be no distinction, post-Singularity, between human and machine or between physical and virtual reality.” Seen in this light, the gadgets and services cited above, no matter how absurd-seeming, represent our human attempts at escaping the limitations of animal bodies. On the one hand, yes, we’re lazy. On the other hand, the appearance of effort-saving devices as ridiculous as Motorized Ice Cream Cone and the Orgasmatron tells us we’ll try almost anything to transcend the sweat and toil we once seemed a central part of being human. And once the goods and services we come up with are advanced enough to eradicate every last annoyance from our lives, we’ll finally achieve that state of being known both to yogis of the East and Huxley’s couch...
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OCTOBER 2007
It's been a subprime year for everyone, not least the Vanity Fair 100. When last we checked in, Sumner Redstone, 84 years young, was hogging the spotlight like a cranky, Go-Gurt-deprived toddler, jetisoning Tom Cruise from his Paramount playpen and readying his Fisher-Price chopping block for Viacom C.E.O. Tom Freston's head. This year, private-equity titans and hedge-fund wizards got caught in the headlights when it became public that they were paying just 15 percent in federal tax on their gargantuan payouts. The sinking stock market hasn't slowed down Rupert Murdoch, who showed the world some old-media love, picking up The Wall Street Journal. Redstone, meanwhile, carried on with assorted squabbles, settling a lawsuit brought by his son, Brent, and filing suit against Google. As breathlessly awaited as Harry Potter, the deliciously beautiful iPhone dropped calls but still drove up Steve Jobs's net worth by $200 million. Oh, and here's Sumner again, now picking a fight with daughter Shari, modestly reminding her in a public letter that it was he, "with little or no contribution on [his children's] part, who built these great media companies."

And so it goes on the Gilded Stage.

**STEVE JOBS**

**THERE OF OPERATIONS:** It's been some year for Jobs: the iPhone at Apple and Ratatouille at Pixar. And if you look closely, you can make out the emerging outlines of technology's Master Plan: Google will handle the processing; Apple will make the devices.

This year Jobs orchestrated the most-hyped launch ever for a consumer electronics device as rabid ifans waited in line for days to buy 270,000 iPhones in the first 30 hours after they went on sale. Meanwhile, Apple's assorted iPods continue to fly off the shelves, with more than 100 million units sold around the world. Since Jobs unveiled the iPhone, in January, Apple stock has jumped 40 percent.

**MOGUL RELATIONS:** At the end of a rare onstage appearance with Bill Gates during a Wall Street Journal conference, a wistful Jobs addressed the 30-year love-hate relationship between the two titans: "There's that one line in that one Beatles song, 'You and I have memories longer than the road that stretches out ahead.' And that's clearly true here."

**DODGE A BULLET WHEN:** An internal investigation over options-pricing shenanigans cleared him of any wrongdoing.

**BRAGGING RIGHTS:** Ratatouille, which was a mega-hit with viewers and critics, is Pixar's eighth consecutive blockbuster.

**HOW HE ROLLS:** According to cell-phone paparazzi who stalk him from their cars during commutes, his favorite chariot is a silver Mercedes sans license plates.

**WORLD-DOMINATION WATCH:** Jobs, 52, is the largest individual shareholder of Disney stock, thanks to last year's acquisition of Pixar. According to one Hollywood insider, no major decision inside Disney is made without Jobs's blessing.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

**THERE OF OPERATIONS:** There's just no stopping "the twins," as they're known. Google's profit topped $3 billion last year. This summer, its stock price hit $550 a share, while rival Yahoo's tanked. Things are so good that Google keeps nearly doubling the size of its workforce every year (occasionally to the detriment of its earnings). And the hires are so good that talents have shot up in San Francisco neighborhoods near the morning-pickup locations of Google's fleet of black buses.

**BIG COOL FRIEND:** Diane von Furstenberg (who has said Google is like "Candy Land").

**BRIGHT PURCHASE:** $1.65 billion for YouTube. Viacom responded by suing Google for $1 billion because pirated copies of its shows, such as The Daily Show, end up on YouTube. News Corp. and NBC Universal have teamed up to create a competing video-sharing site.

**LIQUIDITY MONITOR:** The twins, worth about $18 billion apiece, have each sold more than $2 billion worth of Google stock.

**POWER COUPLINGS:** Brin, 34, married Anne Wojcicki (the sister of a Google executive) at...
David Copperfield’s private island in the Bahamas. (They wore swimsuits as they stood under the chuppah.) Page, 34, and girlfriend Lucy Southworth, a Stanford Ph.D. student, kitesurfed together as guests of Richard Branson on Necker Island.

**World Domination Watch.** In July, Google positioned itself to control a new wireless network, when C.E.O. Eric Schmidt announced its intent to spend at least $4.6 billion for wireless spectrum when the F.C.C. brings it up for auction.

**Green Prop:** Googleplex has installed enough solar panels at its corporate campus to produce as much as 30 percent of its electricity. The Google.org philanthropy platform, led by Dr. Larry Brilliant (real name), is trying to develop an ultra-fuel-efficient hybrid car.

**Year Ahead:**

**Last Year:**

**Theater of Operations:** The private-equity behemoth made its name by taking companies private, but made its partners billions by going public in a high-profile offering. The company now has nearly $98 billion in assets under management, and owns or jointly controls companies in just about every sector of the economy: real estate (Equity Office Properties), media (The Hollywood Reporter), theme parks (Six Flags, Universal Orlando), technology (SunGard), retail (Michaels hobby stores), food and beverage (United Biscuits, Orangina), health care (Southern Cross), the Internet (Orbitz). Latest deal: a pending $26 billion offer for Hilton Hotels.

**Little Buddies:** Schwarzman was a member of Yale’s Skull and Bones society with George W. Bush. In April the president attended a $20,000-a-head Republican fund-raiser at Schwarzman’s Park Avenue apartment. Peterson plays golf with Alan Greenspan and K.K.R.’s Henry Kravis.

**Real Estate Watch:** In May, Peterson paid $37.5 million for the former Nelson Rockefeller apartment on Fifth Avenue owned by David Geffen.

**Evidence of Possibly Contradictory Behavior:** At an industry conference in February, Schwarzman said that “the public markets are overrated.” Four months later, in the June public offering, he personally rasped $677 million and shares currently worth about $6 billion.

**Should Be Embarrassed About:** Blackstone’s offering shined new light on the low tax rates that private-equity shops pay. Now circulating in Congress, the so-called Blackstone Bill will likely increase those rates.

**Chink in the Armor:** After going public at $31 a share and quickly rising to $35, Blackstone stock has been languishing at $25.

**Evidence of Possibly Narcissistic Behavior:** For his 60th-birthday bash, in February, Schwarzman removed a portrait of himself from his living-room wall and put it on display at the party.

**Latest Act of Goody-Goody:** Peterson, 81, said he would give away a substantial portion of the $1.9 billion he earned from the Blackstone offering.

**Year Ahead:**

**Justice:**

**Last Year:** 6.

**Theater of Operations:** After years of hand-wringing by his faithful shareholders, Buffett, 76, finally unveiled his plans to name a successor. The investment guru says he’ll narrow thousands of candidates in an American Idol–like runoff. Meanwhile, his financial juggernaut, Berkshire Hathaway, now generates nearly $100 billion in annual revenue and sits atop a $40 billion war chest. Since betting against the U.S. dollar in 2002, Buffett has earned more than $2 billion in foreign-currency trades.

**Little Buddy:** Basketball star LeBron James. “He tells me what stocks to buy and I tell him what stocks to buy.”

**Recent Acquisition:** Astrid Menks, 61, a former restaurant hostess, whom he married last year on his birthday. After the 15-minute ceremony, the newlyweds celebrated their nuptials over dinner at the Bonefish Grill in Omaha.

**Evidence of Possibly Contradictory Behavior:** Buffett pledged $37 billion of his personal fortune to the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation to aid people in impoverished nations, but he rejected pleas to load a large stake in PetroChina, a company that does big business in Sudan, which is accused of propagating a genocidal war in Darfur.

**Most Unlikely Success:** Buying $82 million in Enron bonds shortly after the company filed for bankruptcy. The investment is now worth $352 million.

**Year Ahead:**

**Business:**

**Last Year:** 10.

**Theater of Operations:** Already a billionaire three times over, Spielberg, 60, is on track to gross a billion more in the coming years: this summer he began directing Harrison Ford and Cate Blanchett in the so-called Indiana Jones 4, nearly two decades after the last installment. Now he’s teaming with Peter Jackson for a series of three 3-D animated films based on the beloved Tintin comic books. Spielberg’s personal bond with Jackson helped DreamWorks clinch the deal for a film version of the best-selling novel The Lovely Bones, which Jackson will direct. Up next: The Pacific, the 10-hour companion piece to the World War II mini-series Band of Brothers. He’s also casting Liam Neeson as Lincoln for the big screen.

**Role Model:** Clint Eastwood, who’s still directing terrific films in his 70s.

**Thorn in His Side:** Paramount “friends and partners,” whom Spielberg accused of referring to every DreamWorks picture as a Paramount picture.

**Doddled a Bullet When:** His role as “artistic adviser” to the 2008 Summer Olympics opened him to criticism for associating with China, which supports the Sudanese government. Mia Farrow and her son published an op-ed warning Spielberg that he could “go down in history as theLeni Riefenstahl of the Beijing Games.” Spielberg sent a letter to China’s president, Hu Jintao, urging him to
pressure Sudan to accept U.N. peacekeepers—and Hu did.

**LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY:** Donating $1 million to Not on Our Watch, which is currently raising money and awareness for the Darfur crisis.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

**LAST YEAR:** 19.

**THEATER OF OPERATIONS:** Arnault’s empire (more than 64,000 employees, 1,925 retail stores) controls more luxury brands—Louis Vuitton, Fendi, Moët Hennessy, Dom Perignon, and TAG Heuer, among others—than any rival. LVMH’s earnings rose 30 percent last year, to $2.6 billion. Meanwhile, his Christian Dior brand, which Arnault, 58, calls “probably the best-known French name in the world,” is expanding into Saudi Arabia, with stores in Riyadh and Jidda.

**BIG COOL FRIEND:** Harvey Weinstein.

**EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY OBSESSED BEHAVIOR:** Watching France play in the World Cup rather than playing host at a Dior reception.

**DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS:** Before quitting 10 Downing Street, Tony Blair was criticized for conflict of interest regarding the ministerial code of conduct because his daughter and two elder sons have all stayed for free at various Arnault properties. (Blair’s son Euan interned for Arnault’s radio station, in Paris, for two months in 2006.)

**SYNERGY WATCH:** Grapes from his famed Bordeaux vineyard, Château d’Yquem, are also used to make Dior’s anti-aging cream, L’Or de Vie, a half-ounce of which costs $350.

**UNCENSORED REMARK:** Denounced France’s anti-business “Socialist-Marxist culture.”

**LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY:** Unveiled plans for the $127 million Louis Vuitton Foundation for Creation, a Paris museum, to be designed by Frank Gehry, with free admission to view his expansive contemporary-art collection, along with commissioned works and special exhibitions.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

**LAST YEAR:** 36.

**THEATER OF OPERATIONS** With a little more than two years left in his final term, Bloomberg, 65, has harnessed his 70 percent approval numbers to stomp for an ambitious plan that would make the city cleaner, greener, and less congested by 2030. His vocal stands on global warming, gun control, and partisan politics have fueled speculation that he is presidential material. He says he has no plans to run, but his June announcement that he was withdrawing from the Republican Party and registering as an independent didn’t exactly quell the presidential chatter.

**BIG BUDDIES:** Arnold Schwarzenegger and Warren Buffett. Buffett, who is friends with both men, told *Time* that after hearing the Bloomberg presidential buzz he consulted the Constitution because “I wanted to see if Schwarzenegger could be his vice president.” He contends it’s possible, adding, “That would be one hell of a team.”

**CHINK IN THE ARMOR:** For someone touted as presidential, Bloomberg has said relatively little about the war in Iraq.

**UNEXPECTED FOE:** In July, Governor Eliot Spitzer twisted Bloomberg for flying to Herb Allen’s Sun Valley retreat instead of staying in town to fight for his controversial congestion-pricing plan for New York commuters, which faced an imminent deadline. Said Spitzer, “I hear the congestion in Sun Valley is tougher than the congestion in Manhattan right now.”

**LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY:** Ranked ninth on Slates 2006 list of the 60 Most Generous Americans after giving $165 million to 1,000 charities that he declined to name.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

**NEW ENTRY.**

**THEATER OF OPERATIONS:** One academic refers to Mexico as “Slimlandia,” because Slim’s empire of more than 200 companies represents a stunning 7 percent of the nation’s G.D.P. and around one-third of the value of its stock exchange. In the past two years his wealth has surged from about $40 billion to $59 billion. Slim (who’s portly, actually) dominates Mexico’s telephone industry—his companies control 92 percent of the landlines and 73 percent of the cell phones. His many other businesses include cigarettes, department stores, restaurants, and a bank. Critics say that he’s too powerful and that his near monopoly increases telephone fees in an impoverished country; others hope that he’ll redeem his enormous profits through philanthropy as the Rockefeller of Latin America.

**BRAGGING RIGHTS:** In August, *Fortune* pronounced Slim the world’s richest man. If this claim holds true, in 2008 he will unseat the No. 1 Bill Gates on Forbes’s list of the world’s billionaires, where Gates has reigned supreme since 1995.

**BIG COOL FRIENDS:** Bill Clinton, Rudy Giuliani, Gabriel García Márquez, Pélo.

**NATURAL FOE:** Mexico’s anti-trust regulators.

**MANAGEMENT TOOL:** Buzzer on desk to call for assistants.

**ART WATCH:** Slim, 67, has one of the world’s biggest collections of Rodin sculptures plus works by Renoir, Degas, Monet, and van Gogh.

**LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY:** Slim recently pledged to increase the size of his foundations from $4 billion to $10 billion over the next four years. Bill Clinton helped persuade him to donate at least $100 million to Clinton’s foundation to fight poverty in Latin America.

**YEAR AHEAD:**
THORN IN HIS SIDE: Bedbugs. His Madison Avenue graphic-design studio fell victim to the creepy-crawly last year.

IMPERIAL EXPANSION: New company division, Global Brand Concepts, formed earlier this year to create private labels for retail stores. Its first venture, American Living, a moderately priced lifestyle line for J.C. Penney, is set to launch in 600 of the stores across the country next year.

HUMBLE ROOTS: Lauren's childhood home, in the Bronx, was just two blocks from Calvin Klein's, and they went to the same school.

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: Polo Ralph Lauren gave $10 million to the Save America's Treasures program at the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History for the preservation of the "Star-Spangled Banner" flag that flew over Fort McHenry during the War of 1812.

YEAR AHEAD: 

OPRAH WINFREY

LAST YEAR: 9.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Philanthropy has been an especially resonant theme in Oprah's life and work this year. She was the sole living entertainer to make the Slate 60, compiled by The Chronicle of Philanthropy. Slate magazine's annual list of the largest charitable donations in the United States. Most of the $8.3 million Oprah gave went to her Oprah Winfrey Leadership Academy Foundation. She also opened her second new school for poor South African youth, the $1.6 million Seven Fountains Primary School, in KwaZulu-Natal Province. And Harpo's first prime-time TV series, Oprah's Big Give, in which contestants compete by devising creative ways to do good for others, will debut early next year.

LITTLE BUDDY: Nelson Mandela, who extolled Oprah's virtues in an essay for "The Time 100."

BIG LOSS: Her golden retriever Gracie died after choking on a plastic ball.

THORN IN HER SIDE: Kitty Kelley, author of controversial unauthorized biographies of Frank Sinatra, the Bush family, and Nancy Reagan, announced at the end of 2006 that Oprah, 53, will be the subject of her next book.

WORLD-DOMINATION WATCH: Illinois's General Assembly passed a resolution that, starting next year, the first week of February is "Oprah Winfrey Week."

CANDIDATE: Barack Obama. According to Time, during the week in October 2006 that the Illinois senator appeared on Winfrey's show, Web searches for "Barack Obama" increased 417 percent. (She's also hosting a big fund-raising event at her Santa Barbara estate in September.)

YEAR AHEAD: 

H. LEE SCOTT

LAST YEAR: 4.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: With Wal-Mart's sales growth sputtering, Scott, 58, acquiesced to Wall Street pressure and scaled back: only 200 new Supercenters will open in the U.S. this year, instead of a planned 270. He also backed away from his plans to lure upscale consumers and, instead, slashed prices on 13,000 items. Overseas forays have been equally disappointing, since Wal-Mart loses a lot in translation to foreign cultures. In an effort to boost its sagging shares, Wal-Mart plans to buy back $15 billion of its own stock.

COMPENSATION WATCH: Even though Wal-Mart's market valuation fell 22 percent during the first six years of his tenure, wiping out $90 billion of investor wealth, Scott himself still enjoyed a payday of $23.3 million last year.

MOGUL RELATIONS: Scott's environmentalism was honored at a New York reception hosted by Harvey and Bob Weinstein and co-hosted by Charlie Rose. Ronald Perelman also attended.

SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: A Wall Street Journal exposé revealing that Wal-Mart had spied obsessively on employees, critics, shareholders, consultants, and, possibly even the board of directors.

CAN BE PROUD OF: Wal-Mart's 4 per prescription generic-drug program.

EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY CONTRADICTORY BEHAVIOR: Launched a political campaign to get Washington to fund universal health coverage, while failing to provide affordable health benefits to Wal-Mart's 1.3 million U.S. workers.

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: Working as a bell ringer for the Salvation Army outside a Bentonville, Arkansas, store, as part of Wal-Mart's nationwide campaign for the charity.

YEAR AHEAD: 

RALPH LAUREN

LAST YEAR: 21.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Since founding Polo Ralph Lauren four decades ago, prepppydrom's reigning taste-maker has skillfully maneuvered its many brands over varying price points and retail venues without shaking the company's luxury image. The strategy is paying off: Polo stock has jumped 35 percent in the last year, and sales increased 15 percent, to $4.3 billion. In July the company extended his contract to 2013.

LITTLE BUDDY: Boris Becker.
Calvin Klein MAN

a new fragrance
troubling." The remark, one of a handful of zingers the mogul handed to Dowd, triggered a flurry of fingerpointing between the Hillary and Obama camps and became one of the most widely cited Times stories of the year.

HOW HE ROLLS: By air, in a new Gulfstream G-550. By sea, on Rising Sun, the 453-foot yacht he bought a half-interest in last year from Larry Ellison.

LITTLE BUDDY: Arianna Huffington.

BIG COOL FRIEND: Rupert Murdoch. (The News Corp. chief was a recent guest on Rising Sun.)

BIG SALE: In the past year, Hollywood's richest man (estimated net worth: $4.7 billion) sold four paintings (two de Koonings, one Jasper Johns, and a Jackson Pollock) for $450 million. His collection is still valued at more than $1 billion.

SIDE PROJECT: This fall, Geffen, 64, is set to open his newly renovated Malibu Beach Inn, which he bought for $29 million in 2005 and which sits down the road from Ellison's Casa Malibu Inn.

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: Recently funded the construction of a new stage for the Geffen Playhouse, in L.A.'s Westwood neighborhood.

YEAR AHEAD: 

17

HOWARD STRINGER

LITTLE BUDDY: Arianna Huffington.

BIG COOL FRIEND: Rupert Murdoch. (The News Corp. chief was a recent guest on Rising Sun.)

BIG SALE: In the past year, Hollywood's richest man (estimated net worth: $4.7 billion) sold four paintings (two de Koonings, one Jasper Johns, and a Jackson Pollock) for $450 million. His collection is still valued at more than $1 billion.

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YEAR AHEAD: 

18

RICHARD PARSONS

LITTLE BUDDY: Arianna Huffington.

BIG COOL FRIEND: Rupert Murdoch. (The News Corp. chief was a recent guest on Rising Sun.)

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YEAR AHEAD: 

19

AL GORE

LITTLE BUDDY: Arianna Huffington.

BIG COOL FRIEND: Rupert Murdoch. (The News Corp. chief was a recent guest on Rising Sun.)

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YEAR AHEAD: 

20

LARRY ELLISON

LITTLE BUDDY: Arianna Huffington.

BIG COOL FRIEND: Rupert Murdoch. (The News Corp. chief was a recent guest on Rising Sun.)

BIG SALE: In the past year, Hollywood's richest man (estimated net worth: $4.7 billion) sold four paintings (two de Koonings, one Jasper Johns, and a Jackson Pollock) for $450 million. His collection is still valued at more than $1 billion.

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YEAR AHEAD: 

21

HERB ALLEN

LITTLE BUDDY: Arianna Huffington.

BIG COOL FRIEND: Rupert Murdoch. (The News Corp. chief was a recent guest on Rising Sun.)

BIG SALE: In the past year, Hollywood's richest man (estimated net worth: $4.7 billion) sold four paintings (two de Koonings, one Jasper Johns, and a Jackson Pollock) for $450 million. His collection is still valued at more than $1 billion.

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YEAR AHEAD: 

OCTOBER 2007
facturer, he prodded the company into paying $4.1 billion for Glaceau/Vitaminwater, the largest acquisition in Coke's history.

Evidence of Possibly Contradictory Behavior: Allen's Sun Valley confab is nominally offlimits to the press. This year it was crawling with reporters of every stripe, prompting former Viacom chief Tom Freston to remark, "Men's Vogue is here? Who else is covering this, Soldier of Fortune?"

YEAR AHEAD:

LAST YEAR: 16.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Bewkes, 55, presides over the number-two spot at media giant Time Warner and is expected to run the company once his boss, Richard Parsons, steps down in the next year or two. But his reputation took a hit this spring in the fallout surrounding the departure of former HBO head Chris Albrecht, who left after being arrested for assaulting his girlfriend in Las Vegas; a Los Angeles Times report disclosed that Bewkes had O.K'd a 1991 payout to an HBO employee who had accused Albrecht of assaulting her.

COOL FRIEND: Tom Freston.

MOST EMBARRASSING SUCCESS: Moving AOL to a free, ad-supported service last year has paid off for Time Warner. But its hottest Internet property is a double-edged sword: gossip video site TMZ.com draws millions of eyeballs for its clips of celebrities behaving badly; it also raises eyebrows because it sometimes pays for footage.

YEAR AHEAD:

LAST YEAR: 42.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: These days everyone and his mother orders books (or TVs, blenders, wheelbarrows, and the like) from Bezos's Web site. In the past year Amazon's stock has almost tripled. Amazon is competing with Apple in the digital-movie business (where neither company is having much success). Now it's finally going to try to start competing with Apple in the digital-music marketplace. The twist: unlike most of iTunes, all of Amazon's downloads will come without restrictions on copying and sharing.

REAL ESTATE WATCH: Fans of his low-key Seattle style were shocked when the 43-year-old Bezos bought a 12,000-square-foot vacation home on Alpine Drive in Beverly Hills, listed at $31 million, which shares a fence with Tom Cruise's rental.

HIGHER CALLINGS: Blue Origin, Bezos's hush-hush rocketry project with a facility on his 300,000-acre West Texas ranchland, finally gave astro-buffs a peek when a video of a successful test launch appeared on its Web site earlier this year. Built by top-notch engineers, the half-egg-shaped craft looked and moved like something out of a 1950s science-fiction film.

Evidence of Possibly Paranoid Behavior: Though he pulled down only $82,000 in salary, Amazon spent $1.1 million on Bezos's security last year, more than 20 times what Microsoft spent protecting Bill Gates.

YEAR AHEAD:

LAST YEAR: 15.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The most important person at News Corp, whose last name isn't Murdoch, Chernin runs the company day to day and has been focusing in particular on its digital strategy. Not just what to do with MySpace, the social network News Corp bought for what now seems like a bargain price in 2005, but how to transform the rest of News Corp's assets for online consumption. One big step forming a joint venture with Jeff Zucker's NBC Universal to create a video site.

LITTLE BUDDIES: Tom Anderson and Chris DeWolf. The MySpace co-founders are now firmly in control of the social network after winning a corporate tug-of-war with former News Corp. exec Ross Levinsohn.

Howard Klein, Michael Rotenberg, and Erwin Stoff, 3 Arts Entertainment. The management shop has quietly built a roster of A-list talent, including Sandra Bullock, Matthew Broderick, and Keanu Reeves.

Jeff Kwatinetz and Rick Yorn, The Firm. Hollywood gossip say their partnership is on the verge of imploding. For now, clients include Benicio Del Toro, Cameron Diaz, Leo DiCaprio, Jon Luehrman and Cynthia Pett-Dante, Brillstein Entertainment Partners. The new guard at the former Brillstein-Grey manages top talent such as Jennifer Aniston and Natalie Portman, as well as the production companies owned by Brad Pitt and Adam Sandler.

Jim Wyatt, Miller Co. Miller's management firm is a force in comedy. Among his list of funnymen: Judd Apatow, Sacha Baron Cohen, and Will Ferrell.

LAWYERS

IRVING AZOFF, Front Line Management. The manager of the Eagles, Christina Aguilera, and Jimmy Buffett sold a big stake of his company to Barry Diller's IAC.

ERIC GOLD, Gold Co. Gold stuck out on his own last year and manages such clients as Vince Vaughn and Ellen DeGeneres.

A Mogul's Rolodex

Even the New Establishment's mightiest movers and shakers need a little help when they decide to move and shae. Here are the people they turn to for a good table, sound representation, a little TLC for their quartet or Brad Pitt—even if it's their assistants making the calls.

AGENCIES

KEVIN HUYANE, BRYAN LOURD, RICHARD LOVEIT, and RICK NICTA, CAA. The biggest game in town. handling such clients as George Clooney, Nicole Kidman, Brad Pitt, and Julia Roberts.

ARISHANU, ADAM YNET, and PATRICK WHITESELL, Endeavor. The trio has turned Endeavor into a television powerhouse (Heroes, The Office. Ugly Betty).

PETE BENDEK, JIM BERKUS, NICK STEVENS, JAY SURE, and JEREMY ZIMMER, UTA. The comedy kingdom is home to Judd Apatow, Jack Black, Seth Rogen, and Ben Stiller. Also, Johnny Depp.

Jim Wyatt, William Morris Agency. It scored this year with Michael Bay's Transformers and by stealing corporate client Hasbro from CAA.

JEFF BERG, ICM. Berg demoted industry vet Ed Limato, who then moved to William Morris and took Denzel Washington with him.

MANAGERS

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LAWYERS

LITIGATION

BERT FIELDS, Greenberg Glusker. Jeffrey Katzenberg hired Fields to handle his lawsuit against Disney.

The lawyer is now embroiled in the Anthony Pellicano case.

MERGERS AND ACQUISITIONS

ROGER AARON and PETER ATKINS, Skadden Arps. The legal duo are universally acknowledged to be the country's top M&A attorneys, and they have worked for just about every major Wall Street firm.

SECURITIES LAW

RICHARD MARMARO, Skadden Arps. Marmaro is the man people turn to when the S.E.C. is investigating possible options improprieties. Lately he's been in big demand.

TALENT LAW

JAKE BLOOM, Bloom Hergott. The brusque lawyer represents top talent such as Jerry Bruckheimer, Brian Grazer and Ron Howard, and Martin Scorsese.

JOHN BRANCA and HARRY "SKIP" BRITENHAM, Ziffren, Britenham, Bronca. Bronca split from longtime client Michael Jackson but still handles a number of big music acts; Britenham negotiates big salaries for such stars as Tom Hanks and Bruce Willis and provides counsel for corporate clients such as DreamWorks.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 272
Bill Gates and Warren Buffett on a Boeing Business Jet

Bill Gates became a NetJets Owner in 1999
Warren Buffett became a NetJets Owner in 1995
and bought the entire company in 1998.

OST EXPERIENCE | MARKET LEADER | WORLD'S LARGEST FLEET | MOST AIRCRAFT TYPES | HIGHEST SAFETY STANDARDS | SUPERIOR OWNERSHIP EXPERIENCE | GLOBAL OPERATIONS | A BERKSHIRE HATHAWAY COMPANY

NETJETS FRACTIONAL JET OWNERSHIP PROGRAMS  THE MARQUIS JET CARD  EXECUTIVE JET MANAGEMENT

NETJETS.COM  1.877.NETJETS
who left the company in November 2006.

BRAGGING RIGHTS: News Corp.’s Fox film studio, run by the fiscally disciplined team of Jim Gianopulos and Tom Rothman, scored one of its three summer blockbusters (Live Free or Die Hard, The Simpsons Movie, and the Fantastic Four sequel). The movies, each produced for less than $130 million, grossed a combined $1 billion.

CANDIDATE: Chernin, 56, co-hosted a Hillary Clinton fund-raiser at her Santa Monica home with Steven Spielberg and billionaire Haim Saban in May.

YEAR AHEAD: *

LAST YEAR: 18.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The smooth-operating Mooves hit a rough patch as his CBS radio unit struggled following the departure of Howard Stern, and his high-profile decision to install Katie Couric as the lone anchor of the CBS Evening News has thus far failed. Then there was the Don Imus fiasco.

LITTLE BUDDY: Former Allen & Co. investment banker Quincy Smith, who was brought on to beef up CBS’s digital portfolio.

FAMILY RELATIONS: Son Adam is a reality-TV producer; daughter Sara is a contributor at Vogue; younger son Michael plays in the rock band Chief.

MOGUL RELATIONS: Moonves’s boss, Sumner Redstone, pushed out Viacom chief Tom Freston, in part (Redstone says) for failing to acquire MySpace in 2005. But Moonves, 57, is bending over backward to signal his affinity for all things Internet, both talking up his interest in, and aligning-with, buzzy start-ups such as Joost, Sling Media, and Linden Lab’s virtual world, Second Life. He was close to inking a revenue-sharing deal with Google’s YouTube, but had to put it on ice after Redstone sued Google for $1 billion.

YEAR AHEAD: •

ARCHITECTS

TADO ANDO. The Pritzker Prize winner has designed homes for Joel Silver and Tom Ford and is currently creating a maritime museum in Abu Dhabi.

NORMAN FOSTER. The sustainability-minded architect’s recently finished Heathrow headquarters has been lauded for its green features. Current projects: a luxury hotel and apartment complex in Denmark.

FRANK GEHRY. See New Establishment No. 49.

CHARLES GAWHATHIE. The wizard of whiteness is renovating and expanding L.A.’s Beverly Hilton and putting up two 50-plus-story buildings in New York.

ZAHRA HADID. Iraqi-born Hadid is working on a 6,300-seat performing-arts center in Abu Dhabi, among other projects.

RICHARD MEIER. The classic modernist is building luxury condominium complexes in Brooklyn and Beverly Hills.

MAÎTRE D’S

ANDRÉ BALAZS. His Chateau Marmont, Mercer, and Standard hotels still serve as crash pads for the cool.

GIUSEPPE CIPRIANI. Cipriani, his family’s historic dining enterprise includes Harry’s Bar in Venice and four Cipriani restaurants in New York.

DIAMOND DIMITROV, Tower Bar. The place in West Hollywood. Regulars include Jennifer Aniston, Mitch Glazer, Rupert Murdoch; Prince, Nancy Reagan.

ELAINE KAUFMAN, Elaine’s. The Upper East Side restaurant teems with writers, politicians, and neighborhood regulars.

SILVANO MARCHETTO, Du SIlvano. Any night of the week this West Village Italian bistro serves the fantastically fashionable.

MICHAEL McCARTY, Michael’s. The ultimate power-lunch spot for New York’s media elite. Regulars include Barry Diller, Tom Freston, Bankers, Walters, Jeff Zucker.

JULIAN NICCOLINI, the Four Seasons. If not at Michael’s, you’ll find other media titans in this famed restaurant’s Grill Room in New York.

KITCHEN NOTAR, Mobu. This sushi empire has remained a hot spot for more than a decade.

PHIL SUAREZ, Jean Georges. The two operate eight restaurants in New York, including Jean Georges and Spice Market, and have stakes in 10 others around the world.

GOODS AND SERVICES

EDÉS DORÉT, Désor Doré Industrial Design. The design firm has retrofitted more than 30 interiors for private jets, including a few “VVIP” interiors—super luxury cabins for the “very, very” important.

GLENN HINDERSTEIN, NetJets. When you’re looking to upgrade your share of a jet, Hinderstein’s your man at NetJets.

FRIEDRICH and PETER LÜRSSEN, Lürszen Yachts. The mega-yacht builder has constructed some of the world’s biggest vessels, for the likes of Roman Abramovich, Barry Diller, and Larry Ellison, to name a few.

DOCTOR

DR. GENE SOLOMON, Center for Cosmetic Surgery. The vet to the elite tends to the pets of Henry Kissinger, Mary Tyler Moore, and Ronald Perelman.
LITTLE BUDDIES: See Oceans Thirteen.

NO GOOD DEED GOES UNPUNISHED: After spending much of his free time shining a spotlight on war-torn Darfur, Cloney isn't exactly feeling the love. “We live in an age when you can actually say, ‘I was there, and I saw it and felt it,’” Cloney says. “But today it’s just as bad there, and nothing has changed.”

CANDIDATE: Barack Obama. “I’ll vote for whoever comes out at the end of [the primaries],” Cloney says. “I like Clinton, and I like Edwards. But Obama just has that charisma.”

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: To raise awareness and money for global humanitarian crises-starting with Darfur-Cloney, Matt Damon, Brad Pitt, Don Cheadle, and Jerry Weintraub recently founded Not on Our Watch. It’s working: they raised more than $9.3 million around the release of Oceans Thirteen.

YEAR AHEAD: 

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LITTLE BUDDIES: 29: François Pinault

FRANÇOIS PINAULT

Last Year: 26.

Theater of Operations: Flush with a $14.5 billion fortune, Pinault owns some 2,500 modern and contemporary artworks worth $2 billion, few of which had ever been shown publicly. But that began to change with the opening of his Palazzo Grassi, on Venice’s Grand Canal. The museum’s debut exhibition attracted 150,000 visitors. Meanwhile, Pinault’s son François-Henri minds the family business, which owns Gucci and Yves Saint Laurent, among others—and posted a 28 percent increase in profit last year, thanks to the boom in luxury brands. Pinault’s latest project is a masterminded takeover of Puma, the red-hot German sportswear brand.

Big Cool Friend: French president Nicolas Sarkozy.

Fitness Routine: The 71-year-old often rises at 5 a.m. for a two-hour bicycle ride from his estate outside of Paris.

Grand Ambition: Building a monumental museum in either France or New York.

YEAR AHEAD: 

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LITTLE BUDDIES: 28: Bono

BONO

Last Year: 24.

Theater of Operations: Having secured near sainthood in the spheres of entertainment and philanthro-politics, Bono, 47, is well under way on another front: corporate finance. Elevation Partners, the $1.9 billion private-equity firm he started with tech-investing savant Roger McNamee and others, has quietly rolled up major stakes in Forbes (reportedly between $250 and $300 million) and Treo-maker Palm, Inc. ($325 million), and, in May, narrowly missed out on the billion-dollar purchase of Primedia Enthusiast Media. Elevation is now snooping around Rodale, publisher of Men’s Health.

Cool Friend: According to ValleyWag, Larry Page landed the Google jet in Fez, Morocco, to pick up Bono, who guest-edited Vanity Fair’s July Africa issue, en route to the TEDGlobal conference in Arusha, Tanzania.

Higher Callings: More than 134 churches across the world have held “U2charist” services, where traditional hymns are replaced by U2 soul-searchers such as “Prize,” “Mysterious Ways,” and “Yahweh.”

Evidence of Possibly Contradictory Behavior: Urges First World nations to steer tax dollars to relieve Third World debt, while U2’s most lucrative asset, a song-publishing catalogue, is routed through a Dutch company to avoid paying taxes in Ireland.

On the Record: “It’s any kind of sainthood tag that makes me nervous. I much prefer a ‘tough in business’ tag.”

YEAR AHEAD: 

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LITTLE BUDDIES: 31: Roman Abramovich

ROMAN ABRAMOVICH

Last Year: 50.

Theater of Operations: While Russian president Vladimir Putin has turned against many of the other oligarchs, he views the billionaire oil mogul, sports-team owner, and financier almost like a son. But Putin’s favor comes at a price: he refused Abramovich’s request last spring to resign as governor of Chukotka, a bleak, Texas-size Arctic region, where Abramovich, 40 (who prefers the expat life in London, where he’s become a tabloid celebrity, to the perils of Moscow), has performed a public service by reviving the economy through stunning infusions of his own cash. Most recently, he purchased a gold mine in the region.


Vacation Spot: Hôtel Fouquet’s Barrière on Paris’s Champs-Élysées, where all rooms come with a butler.

Spousal Relations: Reportedly gave his second wife (of 16 years), 39-year-old Irina, a $2.5 billion kiss-off when the two quietly divorced earlier this year after his relationship with 25-year-old Daria Zhukova, the daughter of another Russian billionaire, surfaced in the tabloids. (If the figure is accurate, it would tie Sumner Redstone’s $282 million 2002 payout for the largest divorce settlement ever.)

Bragging Rights: He’s building the world’s largest yacht, Eclipse—more than 525 feet and equipped with a submarine and a missile-detection system for security.

Legend Has It: Abramovich’s security detail—with its bodyguards, armored Mercedeses, and supposedly a look-alike to throw off assassins—is so tight that it took two years for a bank to serve him with legal papers.

YEAR AHEAD: 

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LITTLE BUDDIES: 32: Tom Hanks

TOM HANKS

Actor, Playfair

Last Year: 25.

Theater of Operations: The 52 movies with America’s second-favorite film star (according to a Harris poll) have grossed $3.3 billion domestically, and nearly half of them have been $100-million-plus blockbusters. And while most stars’ production companies are 

Continued on Page 280
On a clear day a mogul can see forever—or at least to St. Barth’s. As they crisscross the globe in their boats and planes, members of the New Establishment frolic on the same beaches, dine in the same restaurants, and hobnob at the same art fairs. They even call on the same doctors if their hearts skip a beat.
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27: Usually little more than vanity efforts, Hank's Playtome has become one of the most prolific and admired forces in Hollywood. The company is everywhere these days: creating history mini-series for HBO (The Pacific, a 10-hour World War II epic), 3-D films for Imax (The Ant Bully), musicals (Mamma Mia!), kids' stuff (Where the Wild Things Are), and sophisticated adult fare with top talent (Charlie Wilson's War).

VACATION SPOT: Idaho, where he goes camping. MEDIA RELATIONS: Gried to The New York Times that he can't go to Gray's Papaya, a string of Manhattan hot-dog stands, without the episode being blogged about on Defamer.

COOL FRIENDS: Larry David, Bobby Kennedy Jr. BRAGGING RIGHTS: The $200 million mini-series, The Pacific, which Playtome is producing with Steven Spielberg, far surpasses the previous, $120 million record budget for Band of Brothers.

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: Hanks, 51, pledged to restore the natural vegetation on the Australian beachfront where a tank invasion will be staged for The Pacific.

YEAR AHEAD: 

33 JACOB ROTHCHILD

LAST YEAR: 80.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Lord Rothschild (the fourth Baron Rothschild) met with the president of Kazakhstan in September and immediately began investing there and in other Central Asian economies. Meanwhile, his son, Nat, the co-chair of Articus Capital, a $14 billion hedge fund, advises a Russian oligarch and has been making big bets in Eastern Europe and Ukraine.

COOL FRIEND: Nicole Kidman. VACATION SPOT: His 30-acre Corfu villa, where frequent guest Camilla Parker Bowles enjoys swimming in the pool.

UNUSUAL POSSESSION: A 38,000-square-foot aviary housing 40 species of birds.

THERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD: Rothschild opposed a plan to build 16,000 new homes near Waddesdon Manor, his family's country estate in Buckinghamshire, England, which now serves as a museum that attracts 300,000 visitors a year.

BIG LOSS: Artworks and miniature gold boxes stolen from Waddesdon Manor by thieves equipped with four-by-fours and metal stakes for ramming the bolted gates and doors.

BIG PURCHASE: $9.3 million for the Thoroughbred Magical Romance, a record price for a filly or mare.

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: Rothschild, 71, raised millions of dollars to restore the remains of an early Christian basilica and an ancient theater in Butrint, Albania, near Corfu.

YEAR AHEAD: 

34 ROBERT DE NIRO

LAST YEAR: 27.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: De Niro's Tribeca Film Festival showcased 157 feature films and 88 shorts this year, and overflowed its Tribeca base to cinemas all over Manhattan. De Niro and partners Jane Rosenthal and Craig Hatkoff are teaming with Related Companies in a proposal to build a $626 million permanent home for the festival on an undeveloped pier in New York's Hudson River Park. Plans call for 12 movie screens, a theater for Cirque du Soleil, and a farmers' market.

VEHICLE: Vespa. COLLECTIBLE: Boxing gloves from an Ali-Frazier fight.

SIDE JOB: De Niro's spy film, The Good Shepherd (his second directorial outing), received fine reviews.

EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY CONTRADICTORY BEHAVIOR: While De Niro, 64, still reigns as the proud king of Tribeca, which he helped make cool, he now lives in a 15-room Central Park West duplex he bought with his wife, Grace, for $20.9 million from Harvey Weinstein's ex-wife, Eve.

OVERSEAS ADVENTURES: A former C.I.A. agent, who served as a consultant for The Good Shepherd, said that he took De Niro to Russia, where he shared a sauna with former K.G.B. officers, and to Pakistan, where Taliban warriors invited him to fire their machine guns into the air.

YEAR AHEAD: 

35 HOWARD SCHULTZ

NEW ENTRY.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The good news Forbes magazine put Schultz's net worth at $1.1 billion last year, his first nod as a member of the 10-figure club. The bad news: the 54-year-old's goal of opening 10,000 more Starbucks stores by 2012 has hit some turbulence. Though second-quarter profits were up 18 percent, by August the Seattle-based coffee-and-culture giant's stock had steadily fallen from last November's all-time high of $40 to $26. Perhaps recent deals to sell a Saturday Night Live DVD and a new Joni Mitch-ell album will give the company a jolt.

COOL NEW FRIENDS: Norman Lear and Paul McCartney. McCartney's Memory Almost Full—the first CD released by Hear Music, the record label formed by Starbucks and Concord Music Group, co-owned by Lear—brought the former Beatle his highest chart debut as a solo artist in 10 years.

36 ROBERT IGER

LAST YEAR: 13.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Of the Disney boss had an unevenful year. Which suits Iger just fine. The company is enjoying success at the movies—through July, the third Pirates of the Caribbean was the highest-grossing film of 2007—and on TV, where ABC news anchor Charles Gibson has unexpectedly found himself leading the evening-news race.

BRAGGING RIGHTS: One analyst estimated that Disney's High School Musical juggernaut has generated $1 billion in sales.

COMPENSATION WATCH: Disney board members doubled his pay package to $25 million in his first year as chief executive.

MAN-OF-THE-PEOPLE MOVES: In July, Iger announced that Disney would extinguish smoking from all of its future movies.

RECENT MOVES: After embracing the Internet by making ABC shows available at Apple's iTunes store, Iger, 56, relaunched Disney.com as a sort of MySpace for kids—and for parents worried about cyber-predators.

YEAR AHEAD: 

37 GIORGIO ARMANI

LAST YEAR: 32.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: His $6.6 billion empire encompasses nine different Armani labels and has 400 shops in 46 countries. Armani, 73, is plowing ahead with his international expansion; he recently opened boutiques in Croatia, Taiwan, and Azerbaijan, and plans to open 10 Armani Casa home-furnishing stores in China by 2011. Armani has also expanded into food and hospitality—he has 13 cafes around the globe and an Armani Nobu in Milan, and his resorts in Dubai and Milan are slated to open in 2009.

SIGNATURE LOOK: Skintight, dark-blue T-shirt.

COOL FRIEND: George Clooney (Armani helped create the movie star's Ocean's Thirteen look).

LITTLE BUDDY: Sushi chef Nobuyuki Matsuhisa.

REAL-ESTATE WATCH: Owns apartments in Paris and New York City, and houses in Italy, St. Tropez, and Antigua.

MORTAL BEHAVIOR: He once told his lawyer, who had worked for him for years, that his services were too expensive.

YEAR AHEAD: 

OCTOBER 2007
OCTOBER 2007

**JEFFREY KATZENBERG**

**LAST YEAR:** 45.

**THEATER OF OPERATIONS:** The cartoon king flies 700 hours a year attending conferences, wooing talent, and marketing DreamWorks’ animated movies. His hard work is paying off. *Shrek the Third* had the largest box-office opening ever for an animated film and has pushed the *Shrek* franchise past the $2 billion mark in total ticket sales. An upcoming Christmas special, *Shrek the Halls*, on ABC, and a Broadway musical will keep the green-ogre dollars flowing. Next up: Jerry Seinfeld’s *Bee Movie*, and *Kung Fu Panda*, featuring the voice of Jack Black.

**BEVERAGE:** Diet Coke.

**LITTLE BUDDY:** Eddie Murphy.

**HOW HE ROLLS:** In a black Prius, which he conspicuously parks by the front door of DreamWorks’ headquarters building, in Glendale.

**FAMILY RELATIONS:** His son, David, has dated Mary-Kate Olsen and Nicky Hilton. (His daughter, Laura, works at *V.F.*).

**THORN IN HIS SIDE:** Last year’s *Flushed Away*, which did only about $175 million at the worldwide box office and forced the company to take a $109 million write-down.

**MOST EMBARRASSING SUCCESS:** In February, Katzenberg, 56, won a lawsuit against Goodyear Tire and Rubber, after claiming that faulty rubber heating hoses had damaged his $28 million home in Deer Valley, Utah. A jury awarded him $2.2 million in damages.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

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**RONALD LAUDER
LEONARD LAUDER**

**LAST YEAR:** 40.

**THEATER OF OPERATIONS:** Leonard, 74, and brother Ronald, 63, have passed the running of their family business, which sells about half the premium cosmetics in the U.S., to Leonard’s son William and Ronald’s daughters, Aerin and Jane. The brothers now focus on philanthropy and art. While Leonard is lower-profile, Ronald—who reportedly owns some 4,000 artworks—commands the spotlight through his own museum, the celebrated Neue Galerie, and by breaking records buying art.

**POWER STRUGGLE:** Ronald recently wrested control of the World Jewish Congress away from its longtime head, 78-year-old Seagram billionaire Edgar Bronfman Sr., who had been trying to pass it on to steel magnate Mendel Kaplan.

**HOBBY:** Leonard has a world-class vintage-postcard collection.

**EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY PARANOID BEHAVIOR:** Ronald has a permit to carry a concealed weapon in New York.

**LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY:** Leonard paid for most of a $200 million acquisition of Pop art and Abstract Expressionist paintings by the Whitney Museum, where he’s chairman.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

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**GEORGE LUCAS**

**LAST YEAR:** 41.

**THEATER OF OPERATIONS:** Lucas, 63, is back in action, producing the fourth installment in the Indiana Jones franchise. The gang’s all there: Steven Spielberg is directing, and Harrison Ford, 65, is playing the rugged Indy, complete with age-appropriate chase scenes.

**HOW HE ROLLS:** Lucas’s newest ride, a black-on-black Mosler MT900S, was the first of only 10 produced. Reported price: $203,000.

**THORN IN HIS SIDE:** Three-time Oscar nominee Frank Darabont, who wrote an early
The New Establishment 2007

script for the fourth Indiana Jones movie. Spielberg reportedly wanted to use the screenplay, but Lucas rejected it, and Darabont went to the press with the story.

How It Can Be Told: Lucas visited Spielberg on the set of Close Encounters of the Third Kind. Terrified that Star Wars was going to bomb, Lucas persuaded Spielberg to trade him 2.5 points of the gross of Close Encounters for 2.5 points of Star Wars. Spielberg is still reaping otherworldly returns on the deal.

Year Ahead:

Last Year: 39.
Theater of Operations: Two years ago the brothers who made Miramax were being fitted for rolling out their new film company, along with $1.2 billion in funding. Now they're fending off snipers who complain that the company is underperforming artistically and commercially. Exhibit A: Grindhouse, a double feature from Weinstein favorites Quentin Tarantino and Robert Rodriguez that got favorable reviews but failed to impress audiences. But Sicko, Michael Moore's cinematic jeremiad against the U.S. health-care system, shows that the brothers still have the knack—especially when it comes to attracting attention.

Center of Gravity: Socialista, an exclusive lounge in Manhattan's West Village in which Harvey has invested alongside restaurateur Giuseppe Cipriani, Sting and his wife, Trudi Styler, and NBC's Ben Silverman.

Big Bet: Despite whispers that the brothers may be facing a cash crunch (which they deny), the two have gotten original backers: Goldman Sachs to manage a $275 million fund for Asian movies.

Sibling Relations: Earlier this year, Bob, 53, admonished Harvey, 55, for focusing too much on making deals and not enough on making movies. Harvey responded, "I'm having a good time... Let me see someone break my [Oscar] record."

Year Ahead:

Last Year: 47.
Theater of Operations: A 2006 Gallup poll showed Sawyer as America's most popular TV personality, rated favorably by 88 percent of viewers. Her Good Morning America makes well over $100 million a year for ABC, even after accounting for her hefty $12 million salary. Among her recent gigs: interviews with the presidents of Iran and Syria. Meanwhile, her husband, Nichols, continued work on this year's big Christmas film, Charlie Wilson's War, about Texas congressman Charlie Wilson's covert operations in Afghanistan in the 1980s, starring Tom Hanks and Julia Roberts.

Scenes from a Marriage: The couple met while waiting to board the Concorde from Paris. Nichols, 75, had three wives before Sawyer, as well as romances with Jackie Onassis and Gloria Steinem. Sawyer, 61, calls Nichols "His Royal Cuteness."

Night-Crawling Credentials: Sawyer goes out two or three nights a week even though she rises at four a.m.

Legend Has It: Nichols (born Michael Igor Peschkowsky) knew only two lines of English when he emigrated from Berlin at age seven: "I do not speak English" and "Please do not kiss me."

Year Ahead:

Last Year: 38.
Theater of Operations: Wasserstein has advised on more than 1,000 deals worth a total of $2.5 billion, and, according to William D. Cohen, author of The Last Tycoons, has made more money from investment banking than any single man in the last 10 years. The windfall began when he sold his New York firm to a German bank, in 2000, personally reaping a half-billion dollars. He then revived Lazard, turning his $30 million investment into a stake now worth $600 million. Among his latest coups: helping the United Auto Workers negotiate a $1.5 billion health-care settlement from General Motors.

Family Relations: At 59, Wasserstein is raising the eight-year-old daughter of his sister Wendy, the late famed playwright.

Side Job: As owner of New York magazine, which won five National Magazine Awards this year, he plies editor Adam Moss with story ideas.

Year Ahead:

Last Year: 43.

Bruce Wasserstein

Last Year: 44.

Miuccia Prada

Last Year: 29.
Theater of Operations: The low-key hedge-fund manager made his first billions executing hundreds of rapid-fire trades a day. But with everyone and his grandpa starting a hedge fund, Cohen, 51, is quietly re-deploying his $14 billion under management into longer-term investments, including Phelps Dodge and Laureate Education (with leveraged-buyout giant KKR). The company is considering selling a small stake to a private investor.

Fashion Sense: Performance fleece. The air in his 20,000-square-foot trading room is set at a cool 70 degrees.

Compensation Watch: According to Alpha magazine, Cohen made $900 million last year.

Center of Gravity: Top Dog, a hot-dog shack near his offices in Stamford, Connecticut.

Summer Time Spot: His 9,000-square-foot estate, in East Hampton, which he purchased for $18 million earlier this year.

Art Watch: Recently bought two de Koonings from David Geffen for $201 million, but a deal to buy Picasso's Le Rêve from Steve Wynn collapsed after the casino mogul accidentally put his elbow through it.

Latest Act of Do-Goodery: Gave $5 million to Stamford Hospital for a new children's health center.

Year Ahead:

Wasserman: 2007
Jack Nicklaus is used to playing a smart game, on the course and off. His golf course design business is recognized as the world leader, and he commands the highest level of excellence. So it's no surprise that when it came to fractional jet ownership, he chose CitationShares. Our Citelines program is simply a superior way to fly. Transparent pricing. The industry's best pilots. And service that's second to none.

CITATIONSHARES. IT RAISES MY GAME.
LAST YEAR: 35.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: After a messy divorce from Paramount Pictures, Cruise, 45, seems to have stanchned the flow of bad publicity and righted his ship. The tide began turning late last year, after he and his longtime producing partner, Paula Wagner, took control of the foundering United Artists studio, which will produce some of Cruise's future films, including the forthcoming Middle East political drama *Lions for Lambs*, directed by and co-starring Robert Redford.

BEST NEW BUDDIES: Cruise and his wife, Katie Holmes, were among the first to welcome David and Victoria Beckham to Los Angeles. They are neighbors of one another, in Beverly Hills.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE: Rather than avoiding his longtime conflict with Germany, where Scientology is officially monitored by the government, Cruise went straight at it by starring in Bryan Singer's *Valkyrie*, in which he plays Claus von Stauffenberg, the Nazi officer who spearheaded a plot to assassinate Adolf Hitler.

YEAR AHEAD: 

LAST YEAR: 46.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Jay-Z is the best-known and most successful rapper, with an unusually long-lived career. Last year he came out of "retirement" by releasing *Kingdom Come*, to respectable reviews and sales. He is also a multi-tasking executive. He was recruited by Universal Music's Doug Morris to run the company's storied Def Jam hip-hop label (although rumors persist that he may soon vacate his post); now he's set to invest with Harvey and Bob Weinstein and Sean "Diddy" Combs in a new cable and Internet venture, Channel Zero.

LITTLE BUDDY: Real-estate mogul Bruce Ratner, who brought him on as a co-investor in the Brooklyn-bound New York Nets.

NEMESES: Many, which is de rigueur for hip-hop. A falling-out with Damon Dash, his onetime partner in the Rocawear fashion line, is the most significant.

REAL ESTATE WATCH: Moved out of an apartment in Manhattan's Time Warner Center and into a penthouse in Tribeca.


YEAR AHEAD: 

LAST YEAR: 77.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Gehry has finally taken the one city that has always eluded him: New York. In March, after nearly three years of construction, Gehry, 78, unveiled his eye-popping building for Barry Diller's IAC, which looms directly over the Hudson River, in Manhattan. Now up: the Atlantic Yards development in Brooklyn, his $4-billion-plus, 22-acre project, which will include a basketball arena (for the relocating New Jersey Nets), 6,400 apartments, and hundreds of thousands of square feet of commercial space.

COOL NEW FRIENDS: Diller, who Gehry initially feared would be as um, headstrong as he himself. "Turns out he wasn't all that difficult," Gehry says.

FAVORITE NEW TOY: Gehry recently purchased one of the best and fastest yachts on the market, a Beneteau 44.7.

THORN IN HIS SIDE: New Yorkers, who complained that the Brooklyn project would amount to a kind of walled-off compound. Gehry and his partners ended up reducing its scale by 8 percent.

YEAR AHEAD: 

LAST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: In June, Gehry said he would donate designs for a $4 million public playground in Lower Manhattan.

NEW ENTRY.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Since winning a second term with 56 percent of the vote, Schwarzenegger, 60, has morphed from a once struggling governor into a forceful leader on the national and world stages. His biggest coup: signing into law a bill that requires California to cut greenhouse-gas emissions by 2050. The historic move, pending E.P.A. approval, has inspired similar movements in other states—and catapulted Schwarzenegger up with Al Gore as one of the most visible and passionate crusaders against global warming.

LITTLE BUDDY: Mike Bloomberg, whom he called "my soulmate."

SICHEN ENEMY: Congressman Joe Knollenberg, the Michigan Republican who believes that Schwarzenegger's emission standards will cripple Detroit automakers—and sponsored a billboard saying, "Arnold to Michigan: DROP DEAD!"

RARE EVIDENCE OF VINCIBILITY: Broke his right thighbone skiing Sun Valley's Bald Mountain.

"WALK THE TALK" MOVES: Installed solar panels to heat his Brentwood hilltop home, buys carbon offsets for his weekly commute by private jet between L.A. and Sacramento, and retrofitted two of his gas-guzzling Hummers for fuel efficiency.

YEAR AHEAD: 

NEW ENTRY.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Only a few years ago, it was assumed that Kravis was getting ready to retire—or if he wasn't, that he should. But Kravis, 63, has undergone a renaissance. K.K.R. is once again among the most respected private-equity firms on Wall Street. And for retiring, well, Kravis is putting that on hold. In July the company announced its intent to go public in a deal that would have likely valued the 31-year-old buyout shop at a whopping $25 billion, but the current credit crunch could derail those plans.

BIG PURCHASE: Paid $50 million for a Palm Beach mansion on five acres of land facing Lake Worth, a record price for a non-oceanfront property in Florida.

GREEN PROPS: K.K.R. teamed up with Texas
MALACHITE
THE NEW FRAGRANCE FROM
BANANA REPUBLIC
DISCOVER
COLLECTION
BANANA REPUBLIC
Pacific Group to buy Texas utility outfit TXU for $45 billion, the biggest buyout ever. To smooth the way with regulators, Kravis got the backing of the Environmental Defense advocacy group after promising to scale back the number of coal-burning plants TXU planned to build.

YEAR AHEAD:

52

KARL LAGERFELD

LAST YEAR: 60.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: With Chanel's revenues reportedly estimated at more than $4 billion per year, Lagerfeld, 69, has turned the house that Coco built (which he took over in 1983) into one of the most profitable luxury labels on the planet. An avid publisher (he owns 7L with master printer Gerhard Steidl) and photographer on the side, the Bismarck of Fashion shoots the Chanel press kits and catalogues, and periodically displays his fine-art prints in galleries and around the world.

COOL FRIENDS: Prince Charles and Camilla Parker Bowles.

ARCH-ENEMIES: The telephone (he communicates mostly by handwritten fax), the subway (it was forbidden by his now deceased psychopathic Madame Serakian), and the television (he can't tolerate hearing voices in his house).

FOR THE RECORD BOOKS: He has at least 22 assistants and 100 iPods.

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: When a terror scare in London forced airline passengers to stash carry-on items in clear plastic bags, he immediately devised the "Naked Bag," a transparent tote that commuters could cart with them through airport security.

EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY CONTRADICTORY BEHAVIOR: Lagerfeld himself doesn't fly commercially.

YEAR AHEAD:

54

MARTHA STEWART

RETURNING.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Stewart is finally clear from her legal tangles, but she still faces a challenge restoring her company to profitability; even though sales increased 36 percent last year, it still lost $17 million—and it hasn't made money since 2002. Her strategy is to put Martha nearly everywhere: housewares (a new line of 1,500 products at Macy's), house paint (350 colors at Lowe's), food (beginning next year at Costco), and even suburban housing subdivisions around the country (through a deal with KB Home).

COOL FRIEND: Gwyneth Paltrow.

ROMANTIC RELATIONS: Stewart, 66, traveled to Kazakhstan to watch former Microsoft software developer Charles Simonyi, her "man friend," take off as the world's fifth space tourist (price: nearly $25 million). She assured him that if she could make it through five months in prison the billionaire could last two weeks in the confinement of a spacecraft.

NEPOTISM ALERT: Last year her company paid $226,000 to daughter Alexis, who has a show on Stewart's Sirius satellite-radio channel.

WALK ON THE WILD SIDE: Touted a $1,200 vibrator in an interview with Howard Stern.

YEAR AHEAD:

55

MICKEY DREXLER

LAST YEAR: 84.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The once floundering J. Crew has dramatically rebounded on Drexler's watch, with revenues hitting $1.2 billion last year thanks in part to his strategy of expanding shrewdly, not quickly. Drexler, 62, has been quietly rolling out a handful of small tailor-made nameplate shops in resort towns (think J. Crew at the Beach, in Naples, Florida, and J. Crew by the Sea, in Carmel, California) that carry merchandise specifically tailored for the locale. With J. Crew's stock flying high, Drexler's net worth is fast approaching 10 figures.

BIG COOL FRIEND: Steve Jobs.

TROPHY PROPERTY: Eothen, Andy Warhol's former 5.6-acre compound in Montauk, New York, which Drexler bought for $27 million last winter.

CAN BE PROUD OF: A bustling Christmas season helped boost J. Crew's sales to an eighth year high.

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: J. Crew sponsors preppy philanthropic parties throughout the year, such as the Society of Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center's Beach Ball soirée.

YEAR AHEAD:

56

MICHAEL MORITZ

NEW ENTRY.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The "It boy" of Bubble 2.0 turned an $11.5 million investment in YouTube into nearly half a billion when another germination of his, Google, swallowed the litigation-prone Web site for $1.65 billion. In March, Moritz resigned from Google's board—some say because he's inciting a competitor. Sound familiar? It should. Moritz, 53, resigned from Yahoo's board in the spring of 2003, just before Google knocked Yahoo off its perch as the top Internet search company.

THORN IN HIS SIDE: Shut out of Facebook's early investment round by a former Sequoia entrepreneur.

CREATIVE SECRET: Blows off steam by arranging flowers and painting still lifes.


SKELETONS IN THE CLOSET: Backed spectacular Bubble 1.0 flameouts eToys.com and Webvan.

YEAR AHEAD:
like gangbusters, and remains the primary reason the company's stock increased more than 60 percent last year. Comcast's official divorce from Time Warner Cable, which for years had been a drag on the ticket, didn't hurt, either.

ACCESSORY: Although Roberts, 48, was among the precious few who got his hands on a pre-release iPhone, he remains a Blackberry guy; in fact, he's had four different models in the last six months. "At this rate," Roberts says, speaking fast, "imagine what will be created with this in years to come."

BUMPS IN THE ROAD: Soon after Comcast announced that it would broadcast movies simultaneously with their theatrical release, two of the country's dominant theater chains, National Amusements and Regal Entertainment Group, cried foul, claiming that such a deal would take the sizzle out of movie premieres (and money out of their theaters).

CANDIDATE: "No comment."

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: Roberts, with his father, recently pledged $15 million to his alma mater, the University of Pennsylvania, to help establish the Roberts Proton Therapy Center, which will provide state-of-the-art treatment for cancer patients, such as Roberts's wife, Aileen.

YEAR AHEAD: ❯

LAST YEAR: 61.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The press-shy investor is rumored to have big stakes in lots of sexy companies, including Time Warner, Goldman Sachs, and Microsoft. Just how big is anybody's guess, since the Israeli-born Nevo keeps all of his phantom holdings well below S.E.C.-mandated disclosure levels. The mysterious gababout is said to have made recent investments in Internet-TV distributor Joost and Spot Runner, an online advertising company.

COOL FRIEND: Harvey Weinstein. Nevo was an early investor in the Weinstein brothers' new company.

MOGUL RELATIONS: Israeli investor Arnon Milchan is a primary backer in Nevo's company.

POWER COUPLING: Nevo, 42, is currently dating Chinese actress Ziyi Zhang.


YEAR AHEAD: ❯

NEW ENTRY.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Nobody in the Valley is investing more money in clean technology than this green giant. In the past year, Khosla has plowed some $300 million into 30-plus start-ups, including Stion and Acura (solar), GreatPoint (clean coal), Bloom Energy (fuel cells), Mascoma (cellulosic ethanol).

LITTLE BUDDY: Claudia Schiffer.

VACATION SPOT: His sprawling ranch in the Sierras, where he spends his summer.

STREET CRED: The former rainmaker for venture outfit Kleiner Perkins Caufield & Byers, Khosla generated $4 billion in returns on three networking investments alone: Cerent, Siara Systems, and Juniper Networks, which returned 1,000 times his initial investment.

TOUGH-GUY TALK: At Davos, following a climate-change-denial speech by Nestlé C.E.O. Peter Brabeck-Letmathe, Khosla growled, "He should see his protocologist to find his head. And you can quote me."

TOLD-YOU-SO HALL OF FAME: In 1996, Chicago Tribune C.E.O. Charles Brumbaugh asked Khosla to warn the publishers of The New York Times, The Washington Post, L.A. Times, and others, about the threat the Internet posed to their advertising sales. A decade and $17 billion a year in lost revenue later, the Post's Donald Graham asked Khosla, 52, to lead another powwow for his newsgatherers: "Is clean tech going to do to energy what the Internet did to us?"

THORN IN HIS SIDE: Ethanol skeptics, who say...
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corn-based ethanol is too expensive to produce and that cellulose ethanol and butanol are years from mass-production viability.

**Year Ahead:**

**New Entry.**

**Theater of Operations:** Beginning with his famous hand-stitched driving shoe (with 133 rubber "pebbles" for traction), Della Valle, 53, turned his family's century-old shoe business into a worldwide luxury brand. Tod's, which has expanded into handbags, clothing, hats, and jewelry, and opened stores from Shanghai and Beijing to Chicago and Beverly Hills. Della Valle also sits on the boards of Ferrari and Bernard Arnault's luxury conglomerate, LVMH.

**Unlikely FoE:** Former Italian prime minister Silvio Berlusconi, whom Della Valle supported and financed when he first ran in 1993, but whom he denounced as a liar during last year's campaign. Berlusconi declared Della Valle 

**How He Rolls:** By water, in three boats, including J.F.K.'s mahogany yacht, the *Marlin* (which he restored); by air, in a Falcon 2000 jet and a silver Dolphin helicopter; and by land, in a red Ferrari.

**CRIBS:** A palatial former monastery in Cassette d’Ete, an Italian village near the Adriatic coast.

**Should Be Embarrassed About:** His Italian soccer team, Fiorentina, being charged with match-fixing last year. (The Della Valle family has denied the accusation.)

**Year Ahead:**

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**63**

**Diego della Valle**

**Portfolio**

**New Entry.**

**Theater of Operations:** Beginning with his famous hand-stitched driving shoe (with 133 rubber "pebbles" for traction), Della Valle, 53, turned his family's century-old shoe business into a worldwide luxury brand. Tod's, which has expanded into handbags, clothing, hats, and jewelry, and opened stores from Shanghai and Beijing to Chicago and Beverly Hills. Della Valle also sits on the boards of Ferrari and Bernard Arnault's luxury conglomerate, LVMH.

**Unlikely FoE:** Former Italian prime minister Silvio Berlusconi, whom Della Valle supported and financed when he first ran in 1993, but whom he denounced as a liar during last year's campaign. Berlusconi declared Della Valle "out of his mind" and his supporters launched an unsuccessful boycott of Tod's.

**How He Rolls:** By water, in three boats, including J.F.K.'s mahogany yacht, the *Marlin* (which he restored); by air, in a Falcon 2000 jet and a silver Dolphin helicopter; and by land, in a red Ferrari.

**CRIBS:** A palatial former monastery in Cassette d’Ete, an Italian village near the Adriatic coast.

**Should Be Embarrassed About:** His Italian soccer team, Fiorentina, being charged with match-fixing last year. (The Della Valle family has denied the accusation.)

**Year Ahead:**

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**64**

**Stacey Snider**

**Portfolio**

**Returning.**

**Theater of Operations:** In 2006, Snider, 46, left one of the top jobs in Hollywood—chairman of Universal Pictures—to run DreamWorks with partners Steven Spielberg and David Geffen. The move was widely interpreted as a step down: Snider went from working on more than 30 movies a year to fewer than 10, and saw her pay cut as well. But the move seems to have paid off: DreamWorks is on a hot run, courtesy of hits such as *Transformers*, *Blades of Glory*, and *Disturbia*.

**Fitness Regimen:** Yoga.

**Big Feud:** Snider's move to DreamWorks almost immediately set her in conflict with Brad Grey, whose Paramount bought DreamWorks last year. Snider's name is often tossed around as a replacement for Grey.

**Year Ahead:**

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**65**

**Brian Grazer**

**Portfolio**

**Big Buddy:** Spielberg, notoriously conflict-averse, has waded into public view to complain about Paramount's treatment of Snider. Spielberg and Geffen are reportedly considering bailing Paramount to set up their own shop again, and a keyman clause in Snider's contract would allow her to follow them.

**Year Ahead:**

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**66**

**John Lasseter**

**Portfolio**

**Last Year:** 06.

**Theater of Operations:** The duo, who have maintained one of Hollywood's most prolific and successful partnerships for more than two decades, have agreed to stay with long-time studio home Universal, signing a contract that will keep them there through 2013. Next project to hit the big screen: Ridley Scott's American Gangster, the Denzel Washington and Russell Crowe cops-and-robbers film. The pair is also working on a screen adaptation of the acclaimed stage play *Frost/Nixon*, with Howard directing, and a prequel to the blockbuster *The Da Vinci Code*.

**Hair:** Howard, 53, has little, while Grazer, 56, flaunts his trademark spiked do.

**Family Relations:** Howard's daughter Bryce Dallas Howard flirted on-screen with Tobey Maguire in *Spider-Man 3*. Grazer is splitting from his wife, Gigi, just shy of 10 years after they wed.

**Moonlighting Misce:** Grazer was set to guest-edit the Sunday opinion section of the L.A. Times before criticism of the plan erupted into a controversy that eventually led to the resignation of editorial-page editor Andres Martinez.

**Small Screen:** Their legal drama *Shark*, starring James Woods, was renewed by CBS. And NBC has ordered another season of *Imagine's* modestly watched but highly acclaimed *Friday Night Lights*.

**Year Ahead:**

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**67**

**George Soros**

**Portfolio**

**New Entry.**

**Theater of Operations:** At 77, the storied currency speculator is still going strong. His $930 million payday last year ranked him fourth among all hedge-fund managers, according to Alpha magazine. Over the years he's given away more than $6 billion, making him one of the biggest philanthropists ever, but his net worth remains buoyant ($8.5 billion, by Forbes's reckoning). His support for the Democrats in 2004 made him one of the biggest campaign contributors in U.S. history.

**Accessories:** Owl glasses, black plastic Swatch wristwatch, hearing aid.

**Big Cool Friends:** Bono, Kofi Annan.

**Gatsby-esque Move:** Getting friends to pay for taxis because he travels with an empty wallet.

**Hollywood Bona Fides:** Bought DreamWorks' film library from Paramount for $900 million.

**Candidate:** Barack Obama.

**Latest Act of Do-Goodery:** Recently donated $50 million to Columbia University professor Jeffrey Sachs's campaign to reduce poverty in Africa.

**Year Ahead:**

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**68**

**Philippe Dauman**

**Portfolio**

**New Entry.**

**Theater of Operations:** Although he is a 15-year Viacom veteran and a longtime lieutenant of Sumner Redstone's, Dauman, 53, remains a mostly unknown quantity in media circles, primarily because he has operated in the background, offering advice to Redstone and lawyering his many deals. Tapped by Redstone to replace Tom Freston a year ago, he is now front and center in two highly public disputes: Viacom's billion-dollar copyright lawsuit against Google, and Redstone's bitter feud with daughter Shari over control of the company.

**Family Ties:** Just like his daddy, Dauman's...
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Matthew Teitelbaum,
Director, Art Gallery of Ontario

IZZY CAMILLERI
by Izzy Camilleri

PINK TARTAN
by Kimberley Newport-Mimran

DAVID DIXON
by David Dixon

Dramatic Izzy Camilleri adds theatrical flair and couture coziness to an afternoon of skating in Nathan Phillips Square at Toronto's City Hall (www.toronto.ca). Stylishly short Pink Tartan is perfect for a day of serious shopping surrounding the InterContinental Toronto Yorkville Hotel (www.intercontinental.com). David Dixon is well suited to effortlessly sweep from a light bite at the Four Seasons Hotel Toronto (www.fourseasonshotel.com/toronto) Avenue Bar and then off to the Royal Ontario Museum (www.rom.on.ca).
Better Caoc is très chic for cocktails at the rooftop lounge of the Park Hyatt overlooking the Toronto skyline (www.parktoronto.hyatt.com). While Andy The-Anh is artfully apt for a gala preview of the new Frank Gehry expansion at the Art Gallery of Ontario (www.ago.net). A cutting edge Comras frock is ideal high style for high tea at Toronto legendary Le Royal Meridien King Edward Hotel (www.starwoodhotels.com) and then to the Bata Shoe Museum (www.batashoemuseum.ca) in downtown Toronto. Monochromatic magnificence is Arthur Mendonça, a look perfect sipping vesper martinis in the Senses Bar at the Soho Metropolitan Hotel (www.metropolitan.com/soho).
son. Philippe Dauman Jr., earned degrees from Yale and Columbia. Unlike his father, his first job out of school this fall will be at Google.

**VOTE OF CONFIDENCE:** Redstone is famous for falling out of love with his top executives. But after a July story in the *New York Post* suggested that Dauman may one day find himself on the outs with his boss, Redstone sent the newspaper the following note: "Philippe is one of the wisest and most capable business men I ever met. I've always admired him, and I will admire him to the end."

**YEAR AHEAD:**

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**69 JOHN MALONE**

**LAST YEAR: 71.**

**THEATER OF OPERATIONS:** Malone is now the biggest player in satellite TV after pulling off a blockbuster deal with Rupert Murdoch. Malone traded his 16 percent share in Murdoch's News Corp. for Murdoch's 38 percent stake in DirecTV, a deal that gives Malone control of some 15 million satellite subscribers. And his name is being bandied about as a possible buyer of Virgin Media, the biggest cable operator in the U.K.

**LITTLE BUDDY:** Greg Maffei, the former Oracle and Microsoft executive whom Malone hired in 2005 to run Liberty.

**FUTURE MOVES:** Now that Malone, 66, has once again created a web of related, but not necessarily synergistic, media properties, does he intend to actually run them or use them as chips to make even more deals? Among the possibilities: buying some assets controlled by Cablevision's Chuck Dolan and flipping DirecTV to a telco like Verizon or AT&T.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

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**70 SUMNER REDSTONE**

**LAST YEAR: 30.**

**THEATER OF OPERATIONS:** Last summer Redstone, 84, reminded the world that he still controls one of the world's biggest entertainment conglomerates by first cutting ties with box-office hero Tom Cruise, then firing beloved Viacom chief executive Tom Freston. This year he reminded his family, installing longtime confidant Philippe Dauman, who's believed to be the only person whom Redstone trusts. In a public spat with his daughter, Shari, once the heir apparent, Redstone ridiculed her attempt to succeed him as chairman. The moves prompted many to conclude that age had diminished Redstone's judgment.

**COURTSHIP SECRETS:** Sent wife-to-be Paula For.

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**71 PAUL ALLEN**

**LAST YEAR: 37.**

**THEATER OF OPERATIONS:** The billionaire Microsoft co-founder oversees Vulcan, his investment vehicle, which has interests in cable, sports, biotech, and entertainment. But Allen is better known for his cool boats (the 413-foot *Octopus* has a glass-bottomed lounge) and considerable philanthropic efforts for his business acumen. His latest project, the ultra-compact computer FlipStart, was given a thumbs-down by tech critic Walter Mossberg.

**BIG SALE:** In August, Allen, one of the original investors in DreamWorks, unloaded $150 million of the animation company's stock.

**COOL TOYS:** Allen owns several dozen vintage aircraft, including a "Flying Tigers" P-40 and a German Messerschmitt BF 109.

**SHOULD BE EMBARRassed ABOUT:** Renting one of his yachts to the son of Equatorial Guinean president Teodoro Obiang Nguema Mbasogo, one of Africa's toughest dictators. Allen, 54, charged $700,000 for the week's rental.

**LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY:** Gave $100 million to launch the Allen Institute for Brain Science.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

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**72 EDDIE LAMPERT**

**LAST YEAR: 51.**

**THEATER OF OPERATIONS:** Lampert, 45, made his name early on managing money for clients such as David Geffen and Michael Dell. He made himself billions bringing Kmart out of bankruptcy and merging it with Sears. Today his ESL Investments manages more than $20 billion in assets, including big stakes in Auto-

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**73 LEON BLACK**

**NEW ENTRY.**

**THEATER OF OPERATIONS:** Although he's kept his lower profile, Black, 56, ranks as a private-equity "master of the universe." A vulture investor, Black bets on turning around struggling companies, such as the Spanish-language broadcaster Telemundo (now owned by NBC) and satellite-radio broadcaster Sirius (a deal in which he made more than seven times his initial investment in only three years). In the past year Black raised a $12 billion investment fund and announced plans to sell a minority stake in Apollo to outside investors.

**COOL BUDDY:** Ronald Lauder, with whom he bought an Ernst Ludwig Kirchner sculpture; they donated it to New York's Museum of Modern Art and Neue Galerie, which will share it.

**BIG PURCHASES:** In December he paid almost $28 billion for Harrah's Entertainment, which operates 39 casinos, including Caesars Palace, in Las Vegas. He also bought Realogy, which owns real-estate brokers Coldwell Banker, Century 21, and Sotheby's International.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

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**74 JANN WENNER**

**LAST YEAR: 75.**

**THEATER OF OPERATIONS:** Wenner, 61, makes his money from *Us Weekly*, his down-market celebrity magazine, but his reputation is built on *Rolling Stone*, the onetime music-and-youth-culture bible he founded four decades ago. He is unlikely
to let anyone forget about it this year: at least three different 40th-anniversary special issues are on the books. Rolling Stone's influence has been on the wane for many years, but it still commands respect from its peers, who awarded it a National Magazine Award for general excellence in 2007.

**BIG COOL FRIEND:** Michael Eisner. During his time as head of Disney, Eisner partnered with Wenner when he changed Us from a monthly to a weekly publication. Now Wenner is trying to boost Eisner's Veoh video-sharing Web site by funneling Us Weekly clips to it.

**TALENT RELATIONS:** Accused by former Monkee Peter Tork of lobbying to keep the prefab boy band out of the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

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**NEW ENTRY:**

**THEATER OF OPERATIONS:** The duo run what has essentially become Universal Pictures U.K. out of their London headquarters, consistently scoring with low-cost, high-profit winners (*Four Weddings and a Funeral*, *Billy Elliot*). The two tackle a wide range of projects, from shoot-'em-ups (*Smokin' Aces*) to difficult dramas (*United 93*). In January, they signed a new, seven-year contract with Universal, where they will continue to produce around five films a year.

**CENTER OF GRAVITY:** Notting Hill.

**COOL FRIEND:** Hugh Grant, who frequently plays golf with Fellner.

**PREVIOUS LIVES:** Both men started out as music-video producers—Bevan, 50, for Simple Minds and Frankie Goes to Hollywood. Fellner, 47, for U2 and Elton John.

**NEXT UP:** *Malificent*, starring Keira Knightley, and *Elizabeth* sequel *The Golden Age*, starring Cate Blanchett, both due this fall.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

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**NEW ENTRY:**

**THEATER OF OPERATIONS:** The Bronx-born producer started out in the mailroom at William Morris, but broke into movies by helping Robert Altman finance *Nashville*. His hits include *Oh, God!* and the *Karate Kid* franchise; misses include a disastrous attempt to create his own movie studio. Now he's basking in the glory of *Ocean's Eleven* and its two sequels, and the opportunity to hang with the likes of George Clooney and Brad Pitt.

**BIG LOYAL FRIEND:** A longtime pal of George Bush the elder, Weintraub, 70, tried unsuccessfully to deliver California for George the younger.

**FAST LIFE:** Broke into the big time by persuading Elvis manager Colonel Tom Parker, with the help of $1 million in cash, to let him produce a Presley tour.

**COMMUTE:** Weintraub flies to L.A. from his 10,000-square-foot home outside Palm Springs.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

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**LAST YEAR:** 81.

**THEATER OF OPERATIONS:** Donatella, 52, brought her family's fashion business back to profitability by expanding into accessories (which now account for 30 percent of its revenues) and home furnishings (including the sleek, $50,000 Jet Seat that's on sale in Europe). It's part of her vision to turn Versace into an all-purpose luxury empire with its glamorous signature on designs for the yachts, planes, and hotels of the international elite.

**GLOBAL BONA FIDES:** Versace is opening 10 new stores in China this year and revamped its Moscow outpost in the spring.

**ACCESSORY:** Six-inch heels.

**GUERRILLA MARKETING TECHNIQUE:** Spritzing her new brand of perfume on Hilary Swank at the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute gala.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

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**LAST YEAR:** 68.

**THEATER OF OPERATIONS:** Friedman isn't just America's most powerful newspaper columnist since Walter Lippmann. He's the first pundit ever to enjoy worldwide celebrity. Friedman, 54, is recognized and stopped as he walks through the streets of major cities around the planet, and his ideas resonate in the halls of power. His book *The World Is Flat* has sold roughly 500,000 copies in China, where top government officials often cite it publicly and make it required reading for their aids. And he currently earns more than $50,000 a pop on the speaking circuit.

**HOME AWAY FROM HOME:** The Aspen ski house of his good friend, billionaire mall developer Matthew Buckbaum, who's also his father-in-law.

**SOLD MOVE:** Friedman, who studied both Arabic and Hebrew and has long been an inclusive analyst of the Mideast, calls for a two-state solution for Israelis and Palestinians.

**DUBIOUS SPIN:** Even though the Iraqi W.M.D. have proved imaginary, Friedman claims it was right for the U.S. to go to war because of the presence of "P.M.D." People of Mass Destruction, who foster extremism and terrorism.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

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**LAST YEAR:** 49.

**THEATER OF OPERATIONS:** The credibility and respect that Ruzzett has earned in 16 years as the host of *Meet the Press*, TV's top-rated Sunday-morning political interview show, and as the author of two *New York Times* No. 1 best-selling nonfiction books, served him well when he performed as the star witness in the trial of former White House aide I. Lewis "Scooter" Libby. The defendant maintained a relaxed composure in the courtroom until Ruzzett (who is married to Maureen Orth, a *Vanity Fair* special correspondent) finally appeared, struggling in on crutches (from a broken ankle). Libby was visibly unnerved by Ruzzett's two days of careful testimony.

**SWORN ENEMY:** Arianna Huffington, whose Huffington Post Web site has criticized him for being too soft on the Bush administration.

**EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLE OVEREXPOSURE:** Students at Washington University in St. Louis protested the choice of Ruzzett, 54, to deliver their commencement address this year because he had already spoken at more than 40 other university graduation ceremonies.

**BRAGGING RIGHTS:** The *Washington Post* credits him with coining the much-used terms "red state" and "blue state."

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**LAST YEAR:** 62.

**THEATER OF OPERATIONS:** PBS's top talker scored an unexpected coup in April when he lured President Bush into the allegedly liberal lair of public television—and got the characteristically laconic and closely scripted W. to be surprisingly loquacious. And why not? Everybody who's anybody chats it up at Rose's salon, whether they're political poobahs (Condoleeza Rice, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Pervez Musharraf, Newt Gingrich), moguls (Warren Buffett, Bill Gates, Sumner Redstone), authors (John Grisham, Martin Amis), stars (Cate Blanchett, Clint East-
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LEGEND HAS IT: He once had a business lunch with Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: Only three months after airing an interview with Wal-Mart chief H. Lee Scott, Rose, 63, saluted Scott’s newfound environmentalism at a private dinner in his honor in New York that was hosted by movie mogul Bob and Harvey Weinstein. In doing so Rose acted against the advice of PBS’s ombudsman, who warned against the appearance of possible conflict of interest.

JOEL SILVER  

LAST YEAR: 63.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Silver, 55, is one of the few producers with green-light power, since he parlayed his track record for R-rated, action-packed box-office monsters—the Matrix and Lethal Weapon franchises—into a deal that gives his indie offshoot Dark Castle $220 million in financing to produce 15 movies over the next six years. Warner Bros., where Silver is based, will distribute the pictures; Dark Castle will own them once investors have been repaid. First films under the deal: Dominic Sena’s Whiteout and Guy Ritchie’s RocknRolla. Meanwhile, Silver Pictures just released The Invasion, starring Nicole Kidman, and The Brave One, with Jodie Foster, and is wrapping production on Speed Racer, written and directed by the Wachowski brothers.

THORNS IN HIS SIDE: Has struggled with his Wonder Woman and Logan’s Run projects after respective departures of writer-directors Joss Whedon and Bryan Singer.

REAL ESTATE WATCH: Plans to tear down his home on Malibu’s Carbon Beach and replace it with one designed by Japanese architect Tadao Ando.

HOW IT CAN BE TOLD: Silver was part of the group of New Jersey teens who developed Ultimate Frisbee. He came up with the name—and copyrighted it.

CANDIDATE: “I don’t believe in democracy.”

YEAR AHEAD: 

LARRY GAGOSIAN  

LAST YEAR: 85.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Gagosian, 62, has created an empire of top galleries—three spaces in New York, two in London, and one in L.A.—known for their museum-quality exhibitions. Other top gallerists dread his ability to attract their star talent—such as his recent lure of Takashi Murakami (the Warhol of Japan) away from dealer Marianne Boesky.


BIG SALE: Recently brokered a reported $80 million sale of one of Andy Warhol’s Marilyn Monroe paintings to Cohen.

jean pigozzi  

LAST YEAR: 96.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The Italian playboy who goes by “Johnny,” has amassed one of the world’s largest collections of contemporary African art. Selections from his thousands of holdings have toured American museums and were recently shown by the Guggenheim Bilbao in the exhibition “100% Africa.” His grand ambition is to find a permanent home for the vast collection somewhere in the Western world.

BIG COOL FRIENDS: Jacob Rothschild, Charles Saatchi.

MODUS OPERANDI: Pigozzi says that he’s like a “sick addict” in his mania for buying art. A dyslexic, he once exclaimed, “I never read a book! I just like looking at things!”

TCHOTCHEK Watch: His Central Park West apartment, designed by Ettore Sottsass, is littered with plastic sharks, Beanie Babies,
SVEDKA
VOTED #1 VODKA OF 2033
THE END IS NEAR.
FLIRT MORE.
87

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SEPT 24 8/7c

For more about HOW I MET YOUR MOTHER go to cbs.com
SMART IS THE NEW SEXY.

SMART IS THE NEW SEXY.

<object width="480" height="360"
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quality="high" wmode="transparent" width="480"
height="360" type="application/x-shockwave-flash"/>

TRACTION
SED ON A
JDOM GROUPING
PHYSICAL
RACTERISTICS
HE
ENCE OF
QUALITY
INTERACTION
DOOMED
FALLURE.

Geeky, but Cute.

When I look at you,
I can sense
you are my density.

THE BIG BANG THEORY
PREMIERES
MONDAY
SEPT 24 8:30/7:30c

CBS

For more about THE BIG BANG THEORY go to cbs.com.
SOMETIMES
THERE'S NO PROTECTION
FROM THE
SON.

NEW SEASON
MONDAY
SEPT 24 10/9c
CBS
Power is sweet.

CANE

NEW PREMIERES
TUESDAY
SEPT 25 10/9c

For more about CANE go to cbs.com
MAC IS BACK.
THIS TIME IT'S PERSONAL.

CSI: NY
NEW SEASON
WEDNESDAY
SEPT 26 10/9c
Tall, dark... and immortal.

MOONLIGHT

NEW PREMIERES
FRIDAY
SEPT 28 9/8c

CBS
THE CRIME RATE IS UP.

CSI:
CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATION

NEW SEASON
THURSDAY
SEPT 27 9/8c

For more about CSI, go to cbs.com
LLOYD OWEN  MADCHEN AMICK  HUGH JACKMAN  ERIC WINTER  D.B. WOODSIDE

Viva

LAUGHLIN

SIN HAS A NEW CITY.

NEW PREMIERES
THURSDAY
OCT 18 10/9c

CBS

For more about VIVA LAUGHLIN go to cbs.com
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 295 as John Kerry, Rudy Giuliani, and Rupert Murdoch.

**BEVERAGE:** Daily antioxidant shake made from green tea and lemon zest.

**COOL FRIEND:** Lance Armstrong.

**MOGUL RELATIONS:** His wife, Lori, owns the Grill, in Beverly Hills, the power-lunch spot for moguls such as David Geffen and Ron Meyer.

**IRONY WATCH:** His annual Milken Institute Global Conference, a Davos-ish gathering of 3,000 corporate titans and cultural leaders, including Murdoch, Eli Broad, Ted Turner, and Frank Gehry, takes place at the Beverly Hilton, the same venue where he held his infamous “Predators’ Ball” for his cadre of fearsome corporate raiders in the 1980s.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

**NEW ENTRY.**

**THEATER OF OPERATIONS:** It was another bruising year for the 56-year-old Sulzberger, who has had a series of them. The good news: all the bad news at the Times hasn’t been about its journalism (see Blair, Jayson; see also Miller, Judith). But the future of the family business looks increasingly difficult: revenues continue to slide, the company’s shares have plummeted more than 50 percent in the last five years, and investors are bellowing. The Times’s voting structure is designed to keep the Sulzberger clan insulated from these ill winds, but fellow newspaper families—the Wall Street Journal Bancrofts and the Los Angeles Times Chandlers—have decided to sell out of the business while they can.

**BIG LOYAL FRIEND:** Steven Rattner, the fund manager who once worked alongside Sulzberger as a Times reporter, regularly offers him counsel.

**THORN IN HIS SIDE:** Morgan Stanley fund manager Hassan Elmasy has led a two-plus-year campaign to change the Times’s ownership structure, arguing that it allows Sulzberger and Times C.E.O. Janet Robinson to mismanage the company. He is unlikely to succeed, but has embarrased Sulzberger at the company’s annual meetings.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

**LAST YEAR: 89.**

**THEATER OF OPERATIONS:** After failed bids to buy newspaper chains Knight Ridder and the Tribune Company (which owns his local paper, the Los Angeles Times), billionaire supermarket magnate and big-time Democratic fund-raiser Burkle, 54, bought 70-plus magazines (including Motor Trend and Soap Opera Digest) from Primedia for $1.2 billion, topping rival offers by Bruce Wasserstein and Bono’s Elevation Partners. He also aligned with Dow Jones’s unions to try to cook up a counter-offer to Rupert Murdoch’s bid for The Wall Street Journal.

**LITTLE BUDDIES:** Leonardo DiCaprio, with whom he purchased a Manhattan crash pad; Steve Bing.

**MOGUL RELATIONS:** Bill Clinton, who stands to make tens of millions of dollars from his stake in Yucaipa, used to stay at David Geffen’s house during his L.A. visits but now stays nearby at the home of Burkle, who vied with Geffen to buy the L.A. Times. Geffen has switched his support from Hillary Clinton to Barack Obama.

**NEW C Recognition:** Paid $17 million for Sky Studios, a downtown-Manhattan penthouse, formerly rented out for weddings (including Jerry Seinfeld’s). Burkle will convert it into a pied-à-terre.

**THORN IN HIS SIDE:** In April, Burkle sued his former business partner, Raffaello Follieri, for allegedly misappropriating money on a New York City apartment, private-jet travel, and luxury accommodations. (Follieri, who is actress Anne Hathaway’s boyfriend, denied any wrongdoing.)

**YEAR AHEAD:**

**NEW ENTRY.**

**THEATER OF OPERATIONS:** The prolific and volatile film producer favors highbrow fare that wins awards and makes money. Recent examples include The Queen, which earned an Oscar for Helen Mirren, and Notes on a Scandal. Rudin is now producing for Disney’s Miramax unit, but many of his projects are still being made for Paramount, his former home. He’s also cranking out Broadway productions, including Joan Didion’s The Year of Magical Thinking, starring Vanessa Redgrave.

**CENTER OF GRAVITY:** The San Remo, on Central Park West, in New York City.

**FAMILY RELATIONS:** Finally sold his 18th-century Connecticut farmhouse—which he and his partner, Broadway publicist John Barlow, extensively renovated—for 20 percent less than the asking price.

**DIPLOMACY SKILLS:** He’s happy to tangle with anyone about anything. Recent targets include executives at The New York Times, over reviews written by readers and posted on the paper’s Web site, which Rudin, 49, then quoted from in ads for his play The Year of Magical Thinking, attributing the quotes to “The New York Times Online.”

**YEAR AHEAD:**

**LAST YEAR: 99.**

**THEATER OF OPERATIONS:** These are go-go times for private-equity and hedge funds, but Rattner, 55, now an elder statesman for the industry, was among the first to worry publicly about a bubble inflated by cheap debt. His Quadrangle fund is making bets outside the U.S., where investments in companies such as German broadcaster ProSiebenSat.1 may still turn out to be bargains; he also picked up the deflated British lad-magazine empire Dennis Publishing (Maxim, Stuff).


**CANDIDATE:** The longtime Democrat worked for John Kerry in the last presidential campaign; now he’s throwing his hat in with Hillary. He told the Financial Times, “I would say with great confidence that there will be a Democratic president in 2009, and I would say with almost as great confidence that it will be Senator Clinton.”

**YEAR AHEAD:**

CONTINUED ON PAGE 398
Masquerading as Champagne...

might be legal, but it isn’t fair.

In a country of consumer rights, a federal law tests our traditions.

There are many fine sparkling wines, but only those originating in the chalky hills of Champagne, France can bear that region’s name. A legal loophole allows some U.S. wines to masquerade as “Champagne.” Even names of American wine regions like Napa Valley and Walla Walla Valley are also misused.

Unmask the truth. Demand accurate labeling. Sign the petition at www.champagne.us.

Champagne only comes from Champagne, France.
The Next Establishment

Spaceships, haute couture, and something called Twitter are turning these 30-up-and-romers—most under the age of 30—into moguls in their own right. If they continue to make all the right moves, they'll soon pop up on the F.5, too.

HERBERT ALLEN III His father still works the big room, but Allen III has been formally in charge of Allen & Co. since 2002. The apple did not fall far from the tree under Allen fils. In 2006, the investment firm has remained a below-the-radar white-shoe power broker.

JUDD APATOW The 39-year-old's outrageously ribald yet surprisingly sweet comedies—The 40-Year-Old Virgin, Knocked Up—have earned more than $100 million at the box office and cost next to nothing to make. With numbers like those, the studio would let Apatow do a remake of Giggles.

GEORGINA CHAPMAN AND KEREN CRAIG The 31-year-old designers behind Marchesa have been outfitting marquee names such as Rachel Zoe, Sienna Miller, Pénélope Cruz (since their fashion label debuted just three years ago. It probably doesn't hurt that Chapman's longtime boyfriend is Harvey Weinstein.

DOV CHARNEY He opened his first American Apparel store less than five years ago. In December, he sold the company, pocketing $250 million. But Charney, 38, still runs the show. Today he leads a growing fashion empire built on all-American styles, provocative (some say pornographic) ad campaigns, and ethical business practices—staffers are paid a decent wage. (He's also currently being sued for sexual harassment.)

CHELSEA CLINTON So far, Clinton, 27, has chosen to stay out of the family business and is currently working for investment boutique Capital Group. But depending on what happens next November, she may decide that she was not born to analyze corporate bonds. Whether she ends up in finance or politics, it would be foolish to think she won't be a player.

DAMON DASH AND RACHAEL ROY Dash, 36, has maintained his street cred since his departure from Roc-A-Fella Records and Rocawear, both of which he co-founded, by busily cobbling together a diverse portfolio of ventures, ranging from shoes to film. His wife, the 33-year-old fashion designer, is behind the well-received Rachel Roy collection.

CHRIS DIWOLFE AND TOM ANDERSON Most company founders, having been bought out for $580 million, would take a victory lap, but, like any good Wall Street sage, MySpace purchased by Rupert Murdoch's News Corp. in 2005, still run the company and are building it; ifyou've recently launched international MySpace sites, MySpace Records, and MySpace TV.

LAPO ELKANN Beginning in 2003, Elkann, 29, helped revitalize Fiat, the Italian auto giant founded by his great-great-grandfather, with a bold marketing-and-branding campaign. And after enduring a drug scandal in 2005, he has rebuilt his personal reputation and even launched a new fashion brand.

JANUS FRIIS AND NIKLAS ZENNSTROM Friis, 31, and Zennstrom, 41, created the Internet file-sharing service Kazaa and the fast-growing Web phone and communications company Skype, eBay bought for $2.6 billion in 2005. Now the duo is fine-tuning Joost, a peer-to-peer video-streaming site that will provide 150 channels of free Internet TV with content from Sony, Warner Bros., and Viacom.

JOHNN GRAY Last February, Blackstone's senior managing director orchestrated what was then the largest leveraged buyout ever, when the private-equity giant paid $39 billion for Equity Office Properties Trust. In July, Blackstone announced that Gray will spend $26 billion for Hilton Hotels Corp., which will make Blackstone the world's largest hotel group. Now everyone is clamoring to do deals with the 37-year-old.

BRAD GREENSPAN In 2005, Greenspan attempted to top News Corp.'s $580 million bid for MySpace, in which he was an early investor. Greenspan lost. He tried to trump the media giant again last summer by countering Rupert Murdoch's $3 billion offer for Dow Jones. He lost again. But we haven't heard the last of 34-year-old Greenspan. His social-networking Web companies BroadWebAsia and LiveUniverse.

JOCHI ITO Bridging the gap between Asia and Silicon Valley, Ito, 41, runs the Japan-based mega-million-dollar venture-capital firm Neforte, which invests in Web companies. He has made personal investments in TechCrunch, Socialtext, and Flicks. Like every good techie, he has a must-read blog. Jos It's Web.

DAVID LAUREN The 35-year-old senior vice president has instituted innovative ideas at Polo Ralph Lauren since taking the job, in 2001. But money and run. But DeWolfes, 41, and Anderson, 31, whose ad campaigns have morphed into a full fashion line whose fans include Oprah, Brad Pitt, and Nicole Kidman.

DANIEL LOEB Publicly insults people who make lots of enemies, but Loeb, the 44-year-old C.E.O. of Third Point L. L.C., has found that he can also make you rich. He writes scathing public letters to executives telling them to shape up or step down. It seems to be working: since he founded it in 1995, his hedge fund has delivered annual returns of 27 percent.

R YAN KAVANAUGH The 32-year-old's Relativity Media helps bankroll Hollywood—the private-equity firm raises capital to finance a studio's state of films (he funded Tallulah Days and Gridiron Gang), a sweet deal for studios and investors because risk is distributed over a portfolio of movies. Despite the current credit crunch, Kavanaugh's operation is on the up—its deals with Lionsgate, Paramount, and Sony.

MARKO S MOULITASIS Liberal bloggers are the new kingmakers of the Democratic Party, and none is more influential than Moulitsas, 36, who bought political Internet services Zip2 and PayPal, beat out Raytheon and Lockheed for $278 million from NASA. The father of five children under the age of four (twins and triplets) is also the primary investor in the electric-supercar manufacturer Tesla Motors, and he's a movie producer (Thank You for Smoking).

ZAC POSEN Fashion's whiz kid exploded onto the Seventh Avenue scene in 2002 when, as a 21-year-old, he debuted his catwalk show. Posen, now 27, has made an aggressive push to expand his brand, while staying in the public eye by dressing A-listers, such as Natalie Portman, Cameron Diaz, and Katie Winslet.

BRETT RATNER There is no such thing as a sure thing in Hollywood, but Ratner is about as close as you can get. The hungry 35-year-old director's record of megahits (the Rush Hour franchise, last year's X-Men installment) was interrupted by this year's disappointing Rush Hour 3, but the star-studded parties he throws at his Beverly Hills mansion help make him the guy everyone in Hollywood wants a piece of.

DANNY RIMER Rimer's uncanny knack for picking winners—Skye is the most prominent example—has made technology investor Rimer, 36, and his firm, Index Ventures, one of the hottest firms in Silicon Valley. Expect his next bets on a Skype-like cell-phone service and a global WiFi network to pay off nicely.

NAT ROTHSCCHILD Once a society playboy, Rothschild, the 36-year-old scion of the European banking family, has buckled down. He is co-chairman of Atticus Capital, a hugely successful, $14 billion hedge fund, and has made wise private-equity investments in the Ukraine and Eastern Europe—moves that could make him the richest Rothschild yet.

BEN SILVERMAN Hollywood is watching Silverman, 37, the newly appointed co-chairman of NBC Entertainment. His Reveille production company—which is behind home-run hits The Office (an Emmy), Ugly Betty (a Golden Globe), and The Biggest Loser—might just have what it takes to pull the peacock out of its prime-time ratings slump.

EYAN WILLIAMS Williams, 35, is an idea man. The idea that made him a millionaire was a blog engine, which he sold to Amazon for $15 million. He bought from him in 2003. His current brainchild is Twitter, a Web phenomenon that encourages people to share brief messages about their lives with friends (or anyone) in real time.

DIRK ZIFF The 43-year-old oversees Ziff Brothers Investments, his family's investment boutique, which has interests in corporate debt, equity, hedge funds (Och-Ziff), and contrarian to tout the latest, greatest, and most innovative product. Ziff was an early investor in DreamWorks). He also played guitar in Carly Simon's band.

MARK ZUCKERBERG When Yahoo offered a reported $1 billion to buy Facebook, the Web site's founders, the 23-year-old Zuck, did a strange thing—he said no. Whether he's holding out for more or envisioning greater wealth via a public offering, Zuck's site—some describe it as a more upscale version of MySpace—continues to grow at a stunning pace, and media swooning over him has reached Steve Jobs-like levels.

—JESSICA FLINT AND MATT PRESSMAN
Sometimes the best part of the room is what you can’t see.

Our technology blends with your style.
You put a lot of pride and joy into your home. That’s why Best Buy™ is dedicated to helping you choose the ultimate home theater pieces, like the latest from LG. From LG’s sleek, stylish high-definition flat-panel TVs to the latest accessories from LG, designed to fit your life and your home.

We pledge to remember home comes first in home theater.
LAST YEAR: 76.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Huff- 
ington’s new-media spawn, the 
Huffington Post, is the 
fifth-most-linked-to news site, 
according to online index 
Technorati. This year she and HuffPost’s 
baby daddy, former AOL executive Ken- 
neth Lerer, moved to increase those 
numbers by expanding the site beyond its core 
subject of politics.
WHEELS: Toyota Prius.
COOL NEW FRIENDS: YouTube’s Chad Hurley and 
MySpace’s Chris DeWolfe.
VACATION SPOT: Larry Ellison and David 
Geffen’s mega-yacht, Rising Sun.
EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY CONTRADICTORY BEHAV- 
IOR: Despite her vocal criticism of the war 
in Iraq, Huffington, 57, tossed Condoleezza 
Rice a real softball at the Time 100 Gala, 
asking her, “Who designed your dress?”
PET PROJECT: She reportedly tithes her income to 
a number of causes, including Insight 
Seminars’ youth-focused personal-growth 
program, founded by her friend New Age 
spiritualist John-Roger.
YEAR AHEAD: ➤

EDGAR BRONFMAN JR. 
(last year’s ranking: 59). His 
Warner Music had been in 
tortured flirtation with rival EMI 
Group for years. In May, British 
private-equity shop Terra Firma 
made an offer EMI couldn’t 
refuse. Now Bronfman is 
considering following EMI’s lead 
and taking Warner private.

LARRY DAVID (last year: 74). 
Professionally, David had a great 
year: her tireless fight against 
global warming led to an Oscar 
to Al Gore’s An Inconvenient 
Truth, which she produced, and 
she toured colleges with Sheryl 
Crow in a vegetable-oil-burning 
bus. Her personal life fared 
less well: in June she and her 
husband of 14 years, Larry David, 
announced they were divorcing.

TOM FRESTON (last year: 17). 
Sumner Redstone kicked Freston 
out of his job as Viacom chief 
last year. Freston has written 
for V.F. since then, founded 
the investment and consulting 
firm Firefly3, and was spotted at Herb 
Allen’s Sun Valley retreat 
chatting with executives from 
start-up video site Joost, among others.

DON IMUS (last year: 53). CBS 
fired the radio host earlier this 
year after he created a firestorm 
when he referred to the Rutgers 
women’s basketball team as 
“nappy-headed hos.” He may 
not be off the airwaves much 
longer, however. He settled his 
contract dispute with CBS for 
$20 million, paving the way for 
him to return to the airwaves— 
most likely on ABC.

MARVIN KANTER (last year: 100). Former V.F. 
columnist Marvin Kantor, a 
legendary music manager, died 
this year. His clients included 
Bruce Springsteen and John 
Lennon. He was often referred to as 
“the great white hope” of the music 
industry, with a reputation for 
sorting out troublemakers.

THE ROLLING STONES (last year: 95). 
The iconic rock band has 
announced a farewell tour, 
their first since 2003. They 
will play 50 dates over 
three months, beginning in 
Chicago in August.

TERRY SEMEL (last year: 43). 
In June, after watching its profits 
shrink and its once dominant 
music position evaporate, 
Yahoo! board named Semel 
the C.E.O. post he’d held 
since 2001. (Co-founder Jerry 
Yang took his place.) The 
former Warner Bros. studio 
chief turned to pal Tim Cruse 
for solace shortly after.

HOWARD STERN (last year: 55). The shock jock 
carried $302 million 
last year, more than 
Oprah and J. K. Rowling 
combined, but while 
Sirius has been a financial boon, its 
smaller, subscription audience has 
diminished Stern’s visibility and impact: 
the radio trade 
publication Talkers Magazine 
denoted him from No. 1 to No. 2 on its list of 
important figures.

JEFF ZUCKER (last year: not included). 
In February G.E. 
appointed Zucker to succeed 
Bob Wright, putting him in 
charge of NBC Universal. Some 
critics called it a case of falling 
upward: in Zucker’s three 
years as head of NBC’s television 
group, the flagship network fell 
from first to fourth in prime 
time. But with his recent hiring of 
Ben Silverman, Zucker may 
have put NBC on the road to 
recovery.
TRUMP SOHO

246 spring street, new york city call 212.612.1548 trumpsoho.com
NATASHA

A BRILLIANT REFLECTION OF BEAUTY

EXQUISITE DIAMONDS FLOATING OVER A HIDDEN MIRROR OF PLATINUM
All Is VANITIES... Nothing Is Fair.

October 2007

VANITIES

Alice Eve

AGE: 25. PROVENANCE: Landon (though she "kind of grew up in L.A., too"). TRIUMPHANTLY CROSSING THE ATLANTIC... to reprise her role as, er, Alice in the Broadway production of Tom Stoppard's epic, intricate play Rack 'n' Roll, which, under the direction of Trevor Nunn, wowed 'em in its West End debut last year. "The Royal Court Theatre [where the play first ran in London] was magical," she says. "We did these five weeks of rehearsals with Tom and Trevor in the room, and they're some serious brains."

CONTINUED on page 314
It’s music you can see. A Mark Levinson audio system with digital sound imaging, so finely tuned to the interior, it surpasses surround sound.
This is the horn section in your backseat. This is the pursuit of perfection.
and Hugh Grant. "We have three theaters there where you can put plays on, and they’re open to the public," she says. "It’s really cool to play a 40-year-old psycho, someone you wouldn’t get to play in real life." (Oh, there’s time, Alice.) On top of which, there’s her imminent big-screen breakthrough in... Wayne Kramer’s Crossing Over, another of those multi-narrative, big-cast films (Eve’s co-stars include Harrison Ford, Ashley Judd, and Sean Penn) in which various characters tackle different aspects of a common subject matter—in this case, immigration. Eve, whose brothers are naturalized U.S. citizens and who herself has a green card, plays an Australian actress fighting to secure her green card. Shia(Pet: "I’m into Shia LaBeouf. Oh my God, I love him! I watched Disturbia on a plane, and I went to sleep afterwards and I was dreaming of him."

Your move, LaBeouf. — Krista Smith

Dartmouth
Adviser tells student he must finish his Selma Blair credits before taking seminar in Carla Gugino.

Harvard
Nobel laureate gives lecture, "Whither Meadow Soprano?"

Princeton
Department chair gives lecture on why Neve Campbell needs to make stronger “choices.”

Skidmore
University Without Walls student creates own syllabus for Asia Argento class involving light prostitution, yodeling.

Oberlin
Accreditation committee gives glowing endorsement to take Touchstones of Anna Paquin

Brown
Semiotician spends semester trying to "unpack" Lindsay Lohan.

Cornell
Soviet studies—ceramics double major creates elaborate diorama celebrating Isla Fisher’s spawn.

U.S.C.
Freshman feigns autism in misguided attempt to "win a statue."

Yale

University of the Arts
Camille Paglia organizes nostrilly Town Meeting to decry dearth of Lucy Liu movies.

U.C.L.A.
Student complains that the Lacey Chabert lecturer seems a little "adjuncty."

University of Maryland
Family-studies major writes troubling exegesis on Dina Lohan. "The Sambucato-Throated Rasp."

Stanford
Scholar leaves academy to become bipolar kimono-wearing acting coach.

University of Chicago
Scholar abandons Ottoman Empire and Byzantine Art for Jamba Juice and lattes.

Columbia
Scholar leaves academy to become editor at Vanity Fair.
FRENCH KISS THE COOK.
WED. OCT. 17: I wake up from a pleasant snooze to find a guy talking into my ear about nuclear missiles. End of a perfect afternoon. An interpreter leans over to remind me the guy on the phone is Pres. Gorb of the Soviet Union of Russia. Pleasant little fellow, bald, we met last year. I tell him, Muriel, we have to face facts—we're opposed to nuclear missiles, specially the kind that go off when you're least expecting them, so what does he intend to do about it?

He says it's a complicated issue, but he'll stop his if we stop ours. I'm m-d as h-l. Surely he can see that it's only his that are pointing at the White House? He says, could someone please tell him where else should he point them?

Later, Patti drops in, upsets Mommie and kicks up two h-l of a storm. How are we going to teach her some manners?


THURS. OCT. 18: Mommie and I watch a great movie, The Keystone Kops. It brought a lump to my throat. What a great bunch of patriotic guys they are, an inspiration to all who hope to make law enforcement in this country our No. 1 priority. At one moment, a felon places a bucket of water on top of the doorway—the Keystone Kops all emerge soaking wet. This is the sort of villainy our brave policemen face on a daily basis. As a society we must vow to remain resolute against such cowardly behavior. And so to beddy-bye.

FRI. OCT. 19: Mommie and I watch a movie, Last Tango in Paris. Set in Paris, England. Mommie complained about the lack of costumes, and we aghast the dance scenes were poorly choreographed.

SAT. OCT. 20: Brkfst with th Ve Prsdt. Smn's bn stng my vvls.

SUN. OCT. 21: Sunday lunch with all the fam-

entertain Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos. A very pleasant couple. All in all, a very pleasant day.

WED. OCT. 24: I give the go-ahead to bomb a entry in the Middle East, or thereabouts. That shld teach them the lesson they surely have to learn. Who else would be prepared to teach them this lesson, and how are they going to learn it if we don't teach it? Let's hope it makes them come to their senses.

THURS. OCT. 25: Lunch with George Bush, a very pleasant man. He tells me the Soviets are threatening us with nuclear annihilation and humiliation. I say, "Remind me, George." He says the Soviets are the Russians. I say, "George, let's not get bogged down in specifics."

FRI. OCT. 26: Bishop Tutu of South Africa came in. He is a very pleasant man, but naïve. Nancy pointed out that he is black, but he still seems unaware what a very good deal the blacks are enjoying in that part of the world.

SUM. OCT. 28: Mommie and I watched the movie Apocalypse Now. It was fun.

MON. OCT. 29: Quite a day. Flew abroad to meet Chairman Deng, a very pleasant man. He told me he lives all the time with his family in China. It's where he grew up. All in all a very pleasant and informative visit.

TUES. OCT. 30: Those liberal Communists are up to their old tricks, saying we've done something wrong. But what? We donated a few guns to our friends in Iran so they'd let our fellow countrymen come home. And we sent the money they sent as a gift to our freedom-loving friends in Nicaragua. Now that isn't straightforward and pleasant, could someone please tell me what is?

Wtchd an epds of Hart to Hart, then time for beddy-bye.

—AS TOLD TO CRAIG BROWN

VANITIES

Celebrity Math
by Mark O'Donnell

(W): Roddy McDowall x Emily Watson = 2

(W): John Davidson x African Pygmy Hedgehog = Ryan Seacrest

(W): Charles Laughton + Kaye Ballard = .37

(W): Jeremy Irons x Daniel Radcliffe = 2

THE REAGAN DIARIES

THE MISSING PAGES: TERM TWO

ily. We are truly blessed. I greeted our three or four children with good cheer: "Hi! My name is Ronald Reagan. Make yourselves at home!"

Mommie and I go through to the dining room and close the door behind us. With a swift turn of the key, we regain our privacy. The two of us have a quiet lunch tghr—but not bfr I have given our lovely family a cheery wave bye-bye!

MON. OCT. 22: We watch a short Tom and Jerry movie. A great evening. How they train the animals to perform those antics is beyond me. Or are they actors?

TUES. OCT. 23: Mother Teresa drops by in the morning. A very pleasant small lady. William "Refrigerator" Perry drops by in the afternoon. A very pleasant man, large. In the evening, we
It's a hell of a day in the neighborhood.

DESPERATE HOUSEWIVES

the new season begins
sunday september 30th 9/8c

abc.com
Know Your Asshole Footprint

A SPECIAL V.F. SOCIAL-SERVICE FEATURE

Regrettably, some Americans are simply not aware of how large an asshole footprint they leave on the planet. Here, *Vanity Fair* offers a questionnaire that will help such individuals determine the size and breadth of their footprint. If you answer “yes” to four or more of the questions for your age group, it is incumbent upon you to take urgent measures to reduce your asshole footprint.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>For ages 16-25</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Do you refer to attractive members of the opposite sex as “smokin’ hot”?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Do you leave vitriolic comments in the “Comments” sections of blogs and Web sites, even if you’re commenting on something innocuous, such as an old Linkin Park video?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2a. When leaving such comments, do you use such rote Internet pejoratives as “asshat,” “douchebag,” and “tard”?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Are you convinced that it’s only a matter of time before the world recognizes you as the next Andy Samberg?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Do you write a dating column for your school paper or local weekly?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. When you are being photographed, do you flash gang signs?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. Are your birthday parties televised?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. Is your name Skylar, Tyler, Taylor, Cat, Bryce, Morgan, Brandon, Braden, Hayden, Jaden, Brianna, or Keegan?</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>For ages 26-30</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Do you work in an office with a Foosball or Ping-Pong table?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Do you run a T-shirt company that specializes in flimsy apparel that runs small and whose designs are essentially appropriations of old advertising and TV logos from the 1960s and 70s?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Does it take more than two words to describe what you do for a living?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Have you or has anyone in your close circle of friends written a <em>roman à clef</em> about being a rich socialite, working in publishing, working in film, bonking the help, or any combination of the aforementioned circumstances?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. Do you refer to ordinary male pastimes and accessories with such terms as “man-cation,” “man-date,” “man-purse,” “man-orexic,” and “man-olos”?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. Before you go out bicycling, do you first change into iridescent spandex shorts and a skin tight spandex shirt with a gaudy pattern recalling a 1990s screen saver?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7a. Do you refer to having young children as “doing the parent thing”?</td>
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</tbody>
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<th>For ages 30-55</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Do you have money in a hedge fund?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Is your car worth more than $100,000?</td>
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<tr>
<td>3. Did you join a church or temple in order to get your children into its affiliated school?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Does your wife run a “therapeutic” gift shop/yoga studio/juice bar in the little town where you summer?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4a. If so, did you drive out a longtime mom-and-pop general store beloved by locals in order to obtain the lease or building for your wife’s store?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. Do you send off your kids to summer camp by helicopter?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. Have you ever shelled out in the five figures to attend a rock ‘n’ roll “fantasy camp”?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6a. If so, do you keep a framed photo on your desk of you with your arm draped around a sweaty Roger Daltrey?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. When your companion gets up to use the facilities at a restaurant, are you incapable of passing even the smallest blip of solitary time without theatrically scrolling or tapping on your BlackBerry, Treo, or iPhone?</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**How to Reduce Your Asshole Footprint: Some Tips**

1. Read a book to a small child, and not in a “Cool! I read this when I was a kid!” way.
2. Stop gelling, mussing, and spiking your hair. You should part it, and that’s that.
3. Refrain from ever using the construction “Mmm, I want me some...”
4. Do not ever order a Cosmopolitan again.
5. Do not leave any comments in any “Comments” section, on any occasion, ever.
6. Give in to the aging process, through every step of it.
7. Eat leftovers.
8. Go two entire, consecutive days without using a wireless electronic communication device.
9. Do not ever again refer to an elderly person, to his or her face, as “so cute.”
10. All those things prescribed by Robert Greene in *The 48 Laws of Power*? Do the precise opposite.

**Purchasing Asshole Offsets**

There are a variety of agencies and organizations whose missions nobly uphold the tenets of anti-assholedom. Here are a few where your donation would be welcome:

- **Oxfam America:** www.oxfamamerica.org
- **Habitat for Humanity:** www.habitat.org
- **UCLA Film and Television Archive:** www.cinema.ucla.edu
- **The Natural Resources Defense Council:** www.nrdc.org
- **The Bridge School:** www.bridgeschool.org
- **The Southern Poverty Law Center:** www.splcenter.org
- **The Rural Assistance Center:** www.raonline.org
- **The George Lucas Educational Foundation:** www.edutopia.org

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROSS MACDONALD

OCTOBER 2007
[ yellow tail ]

tails, you win.
There's fun to be had out there, and, fortunately, a lot of ways to go about finding it. So, allow us to make a few introductions. Going clockwise, meet the 2-door Wrangler, the Commander, the Patriot, the Grand Cherokee, the Compass, the all-new Liberty, and the 4-door Wrangler Unlimited. We won't test you on their names, but Mother Nature might. Because when she slaps down a 30-percent grade in your path, know that the Commander and Grand Cherokee can boast an available 5.7L HEMI® V8 to tackle it. And if it's the wide-open road calling? No prob...
purpose.

up to 28 highway mpg* in the Patriot and Compass. Is that a riverbed in your way? Take advantage of both
Jeepers’ drain plugs and splash on through. Or navigate slick roads with the Liberty’s 4-wheel disc ABS. Sure,
your vehicle is different, but they’re all driving toward the same thing. And when the wind’s in your hair and the
bumps are bumping, you’ll know you’ve found it. Jeep.com

Have fun out there. Jeep
A Rude, Crude, American Princess
Sarah Silverman on Hosting the MTV Movie Awards and Life at Home with Jimmy Kimmel

Sarah Silverman, 36, used to be best known for small, sophomoric movie roles, an edgy, dyspeptic stand-up act, and a jaw-droppingly raunchy cameo in the documentary The Aristocrats, but after the success of the equally off-color antics on Comedy Central’s The Sarah Silverman Program, she has grown into a one-woman—and an attractive woman to boot—TV phenomenon. With season two of her no-holds-barred show debuting this month, Silverman spars with our correspondent.

George Wayne: Before we go any further, do me this one favor.
Sarah Silverman: What?
G.W.: Don’t host any more fucking awards shows.
S.S.: What? How dare you!
G.W.: You were poorly miscast, simply awful, woefully out of your league early this summer as host of the MTV Movie Awards.
S.S.: Why do you say that?
G.W.: After reviewing the tape, you must have realized how moronic and puerile you looked in those fancy designer clothes you kept changing in and out of. It just didn’t work.
S.S.: And fuck you!
G.W.: Let’s see more of a “Jewess in heat” and not Sarah Silverman trying to be a “Fashion B Essex.” What are the voices in your head saying to you right about now?
S.S.: I’m trying to decide if you are a douche bag or not. You are a douche bag!
G.W.: I was giving you an honest critique of your performance. You were out of your league as host of the MTV Movie Awards! But it’s no big deal. You are still brilliant. Who would have thought that Sarah Silverman is actually from New Hampshire?
S.S.: I know. When I lived in New Hampshire people would ask me where I was from. I’d be like, “Here!”
G.W.: What would you consider your first showbiz break?
S.S.: Writing for Saturday Night Live in 1993 and ’94.
G.W. And then Lorne Michaels fired you via fax.
S.S.: Yeah, but I still consider it a break. I had a lot of little breaks. I didn’t have any big breaks. You know, I started at 17 and now I’m 36. It’s been a very slow, gradual road.
G.W.: Your greatest success of all is The Sarah Silverman Program, which G.W. considers demented brilliance. It is quite genius.
S.S.: Well, why didn’t you start the conversation with that?
G.W.: Well, why should I be? I wanted to give you Hurricane Georgina! Everything I read about you seems to call you “the hostile comedienne.”
S.S.: I am not hostile or mean. You made a good point about the MTV Awards. I was great, but I was out of my element. You are forced to talk about pop culture and make jokes about specific people and things. My comedy is a lot more general.
G.W.: I was upset that you so took on the poor hapless victim Paris Hilton. Not that I am a fan of Paris Hilton’s, but it wasn’t in good karma.
S.S.: If I had gone out there and not done a joke about Paris Hilton right before she was to go to prison, then I would have been considered a cop-out. Whether you like it or not, she is an icon of pop culture. I had to do the strongest joke, and I had no idea she would go to the MTV Movie Awards two days before prison. When I did the setup, the crowd went insane. My heart just sank for her, and when I looked in the audience and saw some guy with a camera right up in her face, it was sad but I couldn’t not move on. I went on with the joke. And she is a tough cookie, too.
G.W.: Your point is well taken.
S.S.: Wow, I can’t believe that.
G.W.: I know, hon. Your depth perception must still be saying, “Who is this asshole?” and “How could he talk to me like this?” I really don’t hate Sarah Silverman. I really think she is a wonderful talent, quintessentially as she is. You once said, “I love boring cock.” You were obviously referring to Jimmy Kimmel.
S.S.: You just changed the entire context of that quote, you motherfucker! I will explain. This girl came up to me one night after a performance and she basically propositioned me, lasciviously. I wish I were cool enough to have lesbian sex, but I just like boring cock. That was the context. You motherfucker.
G.W.: What must that look like, by the way? Jimmy Kimmel’s penis?
S.S.: Home. It looks like home.
G.W.: Lord have mercy! Darling, thank you for putting up with me.
S.S.: I am gonna start stalking you.
G.W.: Oh, Jesus, please don’t. But thank you, though, for your time.
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IT'S OKAY TO LOOK™
HOME AND AWAY

Nicole Kidman in Sydney Harbor, not far from where she grew up. She's staying nearby while she shoots *Australia* with Baz Luhrmann.
This year, Nicole Kidman marked her 40th birthday, celebrated the first anniversary of her marriage to country-music star Keith Urban, and took her daughter, Bella, to get blue hair—while working on a wide range of movies, both big-studio (next year’s *Australia*) and art-house (November’s *Margot at the Wedding*). At her home in Sydney, she fills in KRISTA SMITH on a life of contrasts, including Urban’s post-nuptial stint in rehab, her desire for a child with him, and finding happiness in the now.
It felt big. It felt lonely and big.” Nicole Kidman is sitting at the dining-room table of her home in Darling Point, Sydney, describing her feelings upon winning the 2003 Best Actress Oscar, for *The Hours*. “You’re in a hotel and you’re like, O.K., well, I’m sitting in this big suite with an Oscar, and I still don’t have a life. What is wrong with me? It hit home that I needed to get a life,” she says with her lifting laugh. “Who do I jump on the bed with, and celebrate with, and order pancakes with? That was painful, not having that person to share it with. That’s why it was more for my mom and dad and my kids. But even the kids were young enough that they were like, ‘Oh, cool. Over move on. Not interested.’”

Standing almost six feet tall, dressed in jeans and a thick gray sweater, the actress, a beauty on-screen, looks even better scrubbed clean and makeup-free. But she’s remarkably warm and approachable. Her home, comfortable and devoid of any movie-star excess, offers gorgeous views of the boats on Double Bay, which she prefers to the windsor Sydney Harbor. Russell Crowe, her friend of 20 years, lives just 10 minutes away, on the harbor in Woolloomooloo.

She has had this house since she was married to Tom Cruise, and she usually stays here for about 2 out of every 12 months. This year, however, she has been in her home country since May, filming *Australia*, an epic period piece, due out next fall, starring Hugh Jackman and directed by her longtime collaborator Baz Luhrmann.

As we roam about the house, I realize that Kidman is the most culturally solvent actress I’ve ever met. She can knowledgeably discuss any of the first-edition classics that fill her floor-to-ceiling bookshelves. And she personally acquired all the art on the walls: works by Fred Williams, Rosalie Gascoigne, Margaret Preston, Colin McCahon, Norman Lindsay, and Arthur Boyd, not to mention Robert Mapplethorpe and Man Ray.

Evidence of her husband, country musician Keith Urban, fills the house: guitar cases tucked into corners, a piano sharing space with a billiard table. There are wedding photos sprinkled here and there, and snapshots of Kidman and Cruise’s children, Bella, 14, and Connor, 12, line the fridge. Although she lives the gypsy lifestyle of an actor, Kidman lays down roots where she can. “You’re transient and you try to set up homes that reflect you,” she says. “It’s just something that happens as soon as you’re a parent.”

While the loneliness of 2003 seems to have dissipated, Kidman, by anyone’s account, has had a tumultuous year. She and Urban were married on June 25, 2006, in a fairy-tale wedding in front of more than 200 friends and relatives. Four months later, her new husband checked into the Betty Ford clinic for 90 days of rehab for alcohol abuse. No bride expects her vows to be tested so soon after saying, “I do.”

Still, behind that seemingly fragile, porcelain façade is a brave and determined woman. And Kidman is no stranger to public scrutiny of her personal life; it’s something she has had to endure since she married Cruise, at age 23. She and Urban chose to go public and acknowledge the relapse, and he issued a public statement saying that he was sorry for the pain he had caused those close to him—especially his wife. “You can try and hide it, smoke and mirrors and all, but then how do I visit every weekend?” she says. “It’s been a huge lesson for me too.”

The couple met at an Australian promotional event in Los Angeles in January 2005. “It wasn’t like the earth shook,” Kidman says, but within months they were seriously dating. “We were very, very quiet about it, and we managed to get through a long period of time without people knowing about us—which is pretty much our style still.” They were engaged before they made their first appearance together, at the Grammys in February 2006. She also waited until he had proposed to introduce him to her children.

When I ask what brought them together, Kidman says, “I think we were two lonely people. I would probably say that two very lonely people managed to meet at a time when they could open themselves to each other. We were a mixture of frightened and brave.”

Both were born in 1967, and they have since become two of Australia’s most famous exports. But their backgrounds couldn’t be more different. Kidman and her sister, Antonia, were raised in a liberal, intellectual household in Sydney. Urban grew up with two brothers on a farm in Queensland.

He went on to become the first country singer from Australia to sell more than 10 million albums. In 2005 he was named Entertainer of the Year at the Country Music Awards, and Kidman is sorry she wasn’t there to cheer him on. “I still want Keith to win another award,” she says. “I want to be there for him. I just go, ‘Baby, I have much desire to sit and watch that.’”

This summer, I went to see Urban deliver an engaging and charismatic performance in Los Angeles, before a sold-out crowd at the Staples Center. He was dressed simply, in jeans and a T-shirt. On close inspection, I could make out the name Nicole tattooed on his upper arm. Midway through the show, a fan held up a sign that read, KEITH, YOU CAN KISS YOUR WIFE, IF I CAN KISS YOURS! Urban smiled as he took the sign, read it aloud, and handed it to Bella and Connor, who we in the audience. Then he descended in the crowd, planted a kiss on the woman’s cheek, and told her husband, “I’m not sure how you’re going to get your part of the bargain, brother.” The crowd erupted in laughter. Later, Urban introduced his son Max and said, “Got It Right This Time” by saying, “My wife couldn’t be here tonight, but this song is dedicated to her, because I wouldn’t be here if it weren’t for that woman.”

Backstage after the concert, friends waited until Urban and his stepchildren spent nearly an hour on their tour bus talking on the phone with Kidman. He will be on the road through the end of the year, and plans to fly to Australia every 10 days or so, until she finishes filming with Luhrmann in late October. “Two weeks is still too long for us [to be apart],” she says. “We like our 12-weeks. We start to hurt after seven days.”

When it comes to talking about her husband, his rehab, and her role in it, Kidman is cautious. “I’ve learned an enormous amount having a relationship with someone who is in recovery,” she says. “I’m more than willing to walk with him. The two of us are very committed to our relationship.” She grins and gives a resigned laugh. “It was just another twist in my life: Here it goes. Hold on, and off we go! But it was painful, deeply painful.” Her voice lowers. “We were in a very, very, very, bad, painful place, and have managed to step through it, and I hope that gives some hope who may be in the same place. And that’s enough said. Anything else is overly dulting and unnecessary right now. And think it jinxes it, in a way, and that’s why I don’t go on about my enormous feeling for this man.”

Kidman is vigilant about protecting those she loves, and wary of the pitfalls of fame, the lack of privacy and surplus of attention. “Trying to keep [Bella and Connor] out of a that until a certain age was very important.
WE WERE IN A VERY, VERY, VERY BAD PLACE, AND HAVE MANAGED TO STEP THROUGH IT," KIDMAN SAYS.

IDLE GODDESS
Kidman is standing by with Urban after his rehab. "I'm more than willing walk it with him," she says.
"I was in love with [Cruise], which is why I think we lasted 11½ years. I have no regrets.
SERIAL MONOGAMIST?

Kidman reveals that she got engaged after her divorce from Tom Cruise, but she won't say to whom. "I get engaged and I get married—that's my thing," she says.
because how do you give balance otherwise? How do they find their moral compass when they’re surrounded by sycophantic people? That’s not a criticism of the industry. It’s just, when a child is put in a position of power, it doesn’t necessarily bode well. They don’t know how to use it. It meant not going to some things, but you still do everything else, and it means just protecting their world. It was hard.” Kidman herself had a traditional upbringing, and she acknowledges that it’s tough knowing that her kids are having such a different experience. “You feel like you’re failing a lot of the time,” she says.

Still, she resists the temptation to be overprotective. “They’re out and about,” she says as she potters about the kitchen, making a pot of coffee. “I took them to the Nickelodeon awards, because once they hit this age they’re so strong-willed. ‘Come on, we want to see it!’ And then it almost feels cruel not to go. ‘Hey, you’ve paid a lot having famous parents.’ As long as it’s balanced.”

For someone who has lived so much of her life away from her family, Kidman is part of a very tight clan. She is godmother to two of her sister’s four children. “No one is ever going to come between us,” she says of Antonia, a newscaster in Australia. “We used to have a secret language and all sorts of stuff. We need that love and support from each other, and we’re both willing to give it. She’s grown up all her life with a sister who’s an actress, and she’s been a part of it and held me in her arms when I’ve cried. She’s seen the failures and the successes, and I’ve seen hers. And we’ve both mapped this extraordinary camaraderie and love. And we’ve had to fight for it.”

I ask how she came to be such a young mother, and Kidman admits that she wanted to have children from the age of 17. She was 22 when she met Cruise, and “from the minute Tom and I were married, I wanted to have babies.” She pauses. “And we lost a baby early on, so that was really traumatic. And that’s when it came that we would adopt Bella.” Cryptically, she adds, “There’s a complicated background to that, given that I never speak much about many things. One day maybe that story will be told. So that’s the way it came up, and we adopted Bella when I was 25. My mother has an adopted sister, so it’s been part of our family, and I knew it would probably play out somewhere in mine. I didn’t think it would happen so early, but it did.” Two years later, Kidman and Cruise adopted Connor.

Raised a Catholic, she remains one to this day. “It’s given me guidance,” she says. “I still abide by the Ten Commandments. I’m trying to have the richest life you can have and still hold yourself responsible. I don’t want to go to my deathbed with too much weighing on me. I just don’t have the nature for it, so I purge through my art, and luckily I’ve got a partner now that’s on the same sort of quest. We’re attuned.”

A well-worn copy of Mother Teresa’s *The Joy in Loving* sits on the kitchen table until Kidman pulls it away with an embarrassed laugh. “They’re always teasing me,” she says, referring to her kids. Bella once gave her a T-shirt for her birthday that said, EVERYBODY LOVES A CATHOLIC GIRL. “I mean, obviously my chil-

dren are Scientologists, my ex-husband Scientologist,” she says. When I press on the subject, she demurs: “I don’t want be the one discussing Scientology.”

She’d rather talk about her children’s recent visit. “Bella and Connor love L and who wouldn’t when you’re a kid?” says. “But Connor had the most brill time here. He had his hands dirty, he was with the horses [on the set of Australia]. He never once picked up his PSP”—the portable video-game system.

“I’m not a supporter of him being on thing all the time,” she says.

Bella has her own ways of testing her mother. “I called Tom and said, ‘Guess what. I want blue hair,’” Kidman recalls. Cruise didn’t object, so she continues, “I go with daughter to the hair salon to get it dyed blue and I look at her and I think, My God, cool! I always wanted to be a young parent. But now I might be a much older parent. I very excited about that prospect, too.”

Age has never been an asset Hollywood. Bette Davis was playing a spinster by age 3 and Anne Bancroft was only when she portrayed the arch
typal older woman, Mrs. Robinson, in *The Graduate*. It’s gotten better, but not much.

Kidman, who turned 40 in June, acknowledges that “there continued on page
THINK WOULD BE VERY SAD IF I WEREN'T ABLE TO HAVE A BABY... KEITH KNOWS WANT ONE.”

“...No one is ever going to come between us...” Kidman says of her sister, Antonia, seen, opposite, with her daughters, eight-year-old Lucia and baby Sybella. This page, Kidman poses with Sybella.
For any second-term president—as the pressure grows to cement his legacy, and with many of his best aides gone—the physical bunker of an electronic sealed, sniper-patrolled White House, which restricts his access to old friends and new ideas, can lead to psychological isolation. Talking to administration insiders, TODD S. PURDUM learns why George W. Bush’s disconnect is even more extreme, from the “Churchillian riff” he goes into when Iraq is discussed to his eerie optimism, to his increasing reliance on a dwindling band of diehards.

OCTOBER 2009
Bankers, by their nature, reinforce the ties, the traits, the tendencies of their occupants.
The president gives orders to have been captured and interrogated. The word from Condoleezza Rice that the United States had returned sovereignty to the first of several ineffectual governments in Iraq.) But far from demonstrating Bush’s depth, such exercises seem only to prove that the president, like the rest of us, has an oppositional thumb. If he keeps a diary of his innermost thoughts, as even Ronald Reagan did, no one has seen it. If Bush harbors doubts about the wisdom of his course, he has not been known to confide them—he is in fact famous for being unable to admit, or even to remember, a mistake. Does he have regrets? Too few to mention: he’s done it his way.

By its nature, the presidency is a lonely job. Through personality, predilection, and sheer force of will, Bush has made his presidency far lonelier than most. According to Bob Woodward, Bush told a group of Republican lawmakers in late 2005 that he would not withdraw from Iraq even if his wife, Laura, and his dog, Barney, were the only ones still supporting him. He seems determined, these days, to prove the point.

Now, with not quite a year and a half left before Bush leaves office, we have already arrived at the beleaguered endgame of his presidency. From deep inside the fortified precincts of the White House, the president projects a preternatural calm. He gives orders to nonexistent armies, which his remaining lieutenants gamely transmit: “Reform immigration!” “Overhaul the tax code!” “Privatize Social Security!” Outside the bunker, in the country that his administration now refers to as “the homeland,” there is chaos and confusion. The Democrats bridged the Potomac after winning the elections last fall, and the Blue Army has now overrun most of political Washington. Its flag flies above the Capitol. More and more of the president’s subordinates have been captured and interrogated, most notably the attorney general, Alberto Gonzales. Others, such as Matthew Dowd, the president’s former chief campaign strategist, have managed to make good their escape—Dowd by parachuting onto the front page of the enemy New York Times to turn! We will prevail! But it is a hermetic and solitary existence.

In the first six months of this year, the president dined out the White House for purely personal social reasons on precisely three evenings, all in the same small swath of Northwest Washington, in the homes of old friends and aides.

So it’s easy enough to imagine that Bush’s frame of mind in the morning of his successor’s inauguration, will be one of isolation. As the clock winds down, with his fate inescapable, he will wander one last time through the sprawling White House complex, with its bulletproof-glass windows, its bombproof bunker, tamperproof water supply. His whereabouts will be tracked by a small computer monitor, known as the Locator Box, in the office of his chief of staff. When he leaves the Oval Office to greet his new president in the White House residence, walking along the outdoor colonnade that leads from the West Wing, he will pass a small, lacquered wooden sign on a stand. It serves as a warning to anyone who seeks to enter his locked-down mind, or the closed world in which he lives. In gilt lettering the sign reads, NO TO BEYOND THIS POINT.

A Hell of a Place

It isn’t just a metaphor, this image of the president in his bunker. It is the fate of every president to some degree and of this one more than any since Richard Nixon at the end of his last days. Many factors combine to create a bunker psychology. The first, common to all modern presidencies, is the physical structure of the White House itself. In appearances to the contrary, it literally is a bunker, as sturdy as any building it shapes its occupants. Another factor, again common to all presidencies, is the relentless working of time—particularly in a second term—as the buildup of problems in the departure of trusted aides create an atmosphere of vulnerability and suspicion. A third factor is the character of the new in the Oval Office. Some, like Ronald Reagan, Gerald Ford, and Bill Clinton, were temperamentally incapable of long-term bunker life. For others, like Nixon, the bunker was in some strange way the ecological niche they were born to fill. What about current occupant? Over the past few months, I have spoken with dozens of current and former White House officials about George W. Bush and his presidency; for obvious reasons, most of them requested anonymity. They paint a picture of a president whose physical circumstances reinforce his psychological one and whose “My Way or the Highway” personality ultimately meet that he travels alone.

Let’s begin with the White House itself. A central truth about the presidential complex, easy to overlook, is that it is above all a military installation—a bristling fortress with a single first-class compartment at its heart. The president occupies a bunker for the moment he takes office. He must fight strenuously to escape and the tendency of the bunker is always to pull him back. Harry Truman, to whom Bush has lately taken to comparing himself,
The effect on the mind of all this security—built up a brick at a time from the Cold War through the Kennedy assassination to the attempt on Ronald Reagan’s life and the rise of global terrorism—cannot be overstated. “It doesn’t set out to be so isolating,” one former presidential aide told me. “But when you’re protected by a secure package, and all these instruments and institutions and functions grow up around you, it’s kind of inevitable.” On his way to work, Bill Clinton, according to one of his former personal assistants, would occasionally drop by the tourist line downstairs, just for a brief infusion of the outside world—something no longer allowed the president in a post-9/11 environment.

The physical isolation of the president, any president, in the White House is extreme—palpable and oppressive even on the happiest day, in the most successful administration, during the best of times. The psychological isolation weighs more heavily still, and never more so than when a president is on the ropes. Matthew Dowd told me that he now hardly recognizes the once gregarious politician he first came to know in Texas, when Bush was governor. He said he is not sure how much of the change in the current White House atmosphere can be ascribed to Bush’s personality and how much to the restrictive nature of the place, but he says, “Ultimately it rests with the president.”

“It’s not only the White House, and how a White House operates,” Dowd adds, “but I think when you get beleaguered and you feel like you’re under fire, then everybody who’s not agreeing with you, or not on the program, is part of the problem.”

The entire White House machine is designed to preserve, protect, and defend a president’s distance from friends and enemies alike. Just knowing that plainclothes guards lurk everywhere, even if unseen and sworn to secrecy, is guaranteed to disturb the coolest head in unpredictable ways. (One of the Kennedys’ favorite Broadway songs was the First Daughter’s plaintive lament from Irving Berlin’s Mr. President, “The Secret Service Makes Me Nervous.”) Until Bill Clinton demanded a change, in 1993, the president’s telephones did not even have direct-dial buttons to make outside calls. All calls to and from the president had to be routed to the switchboard, and through a communications-staff person with a designation out of a Cold War novel: Operator 1. Only a few of the president’s closest friends and family members know the direct-dial numbers that will reach his office or the residence, and only a few know the private Zip Code that, in theory, makes it possible for mail to reach the president directly (though even then it must first be subjected to tests for anthrax and who knows what other threats). The current president himself pointed out, on taking office, that he would have to give up the pleasure of e-mailing with family and friends, because their idles musings would become presidential documents, subject to scrutiny and review. (Some of Bush’s closest aides, including Karl Rove, did...)

T

stent armies. More and more of his subordinates soldiers on, with his lady and his loyal dog.

ometimes sees. But down a stairwell in the East Wing, near the mily movie theater and the visitors’ office, and past the elaborate water-filtration system that purifies every drop flowing toward White House taps and tubs, is a parallel universe that no tidser so much as glimpsed until a few years ago, when several photographs were released of Vice President Dick Cheney work there right after the World Trade Center fall. This is the Residential Emergency Operations Center, or REOC—the president’s secure, bombproof underground redoubt. The atmosphere kept sanitized by air locks and an independent ventilation system. Generators are on standby to provide backup electricity. Emergency escape routes lead underground from the bunker points unknown. Besides meeting rooms, there are spartan, dormitory-style accommodations for the president, his top aides, and his family. It is here that the president’s on-duty military de—the officer who carries the “football,” the briefcase containing authorization codes for launching nuclear weapons—spends his 24-hour shift.
BILLIONS OF

BAGHDAD AIRLIFT

In the occupation’s first 14 months, C-130 cargo planes flew 363 tons of U.S. currency to Iraq.
Between April 2003 and June 2004, $12 billion in U.S. currency—much of it belonging to the Iraqi people—was shipped from the Federal Reserve to Baghdad, where it was dispensed by the Coalition Provisional Authority. Some of the cash went to pay for projects and keep ministries afloat, but, incredibly, at least $9 billion has gone missing, unaccounted for, in a frenzy of mismanagement and greed. Following a trail that leads from a safe in one of Saddam’s palaces to a house near San Diego, to a P.O. box in the Bahamas, DONALD L. BARLETT and JAMES B. STEELE discover just how little anyone cared about how the money was handled.
plain sight. 10 miles west of Manhattan, amid a suburban community of middle-class homes and small businesses, stands a fortress-like building shielded by big trees and lush plantings behind an iron fence. The steel-gray structure, in East Rutherford, New Jersey, is all but invisible to the thousands of commuters who whiz by every day on Route 17. Even if they noticed it, they would scarcely guess that it is the largest repository of American currency in the world.

Officially, 100 Orchard Street is referred to by the acronym EROC, for the East Rutherford Operations Center of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. The brains of the New York Fed may lie in Manhattan, but EROC is the beating heart of its operations—a secretive, heavily guarded compound where the bank processes checks, makes wire transfers, and receives and ships out its most precious commodity: new and used paper money.

On Tuesday, June 22, 2004, a tractor-trailer truck turned off Route 17 onto Orchard Street, stopped at a guard station for clearance, and then entered the EROC compound. What happened next would have been the stuff of routine—procedures followed countless times. Inside an immense three-story cavern known as the currency vault, the truck’s next cargo was made ready for shipment. With storage space to rival a Wal-Mart’s, the currency vault can reportedly hold upwards of $60 billion in cash. Human beings don’t perform many functions inside the vault, and few are allowed in; a robotic system, immune to human temptation, handles everything. On that Tuesday in June the machines were especially busy. Though accustomed to receiving and shipping large quantities of cash, the vault had never before processed a single order of this magnitude: $2.4 billion in $100 bills.

Under the watchful eye of bank employees in a glass-enclosed control room, and under the ever steadier gaze of a video surveillance system, pallets of shrink-wrapped bills were lifted out of currency bays by unmanned “storage and retrieval vehicles” and loaded onto conveyors that transported the 24 million bills, sorted into “bricks,” to the waiting trailer. No human being would have touched this cargo, which is how the Fed wants it: the bank aims to “minimize the handling of currency by EROC employees and create an audit trail of all currency movement from initial receipt through final disposition.”

Forty pallets of cash, weighing 30 tons, were loaded that day. The tractor-trailer turned back onto Route 17 and after three miles merged onto a southbound lane of the New Jersey Turnpike, looking like any other big rig on a busy highway. Hours later the truck arrived at Andrews Air Force Base, near Washington, D.C. There the seals on the truck were broken, and the cash was off-loaded and counted by Treasury Department personnel. The money was transferred to a C-130 transport plane. The next day, it arrived in Baghdad.

That transfer of cash to Iraq was the largest one-day shipment of currency in the history of the New York Fed. It was not, however, the first such shipment of cash to Iraq. Beginning soon after the invasion and continuing for more than a year, $12 billion in U.S. currency was airlifted to Baghdad, ostensibly as a stopgap measure to help run the Iraqi government and pay for basic services until a new Iraqi currency could be put into people’s hands. In effect, the entire nation of Iraq needed walking-around money, and Washington mobilized to provide it.

What Washington did not do was mobilize to keep track of it. By all accounts, the New York Fed and the Treasury Department exercised strict surveillance and control over all of this money while it was on American soil. But after the money was delivered to Iraq, oversight and control evaporated. Of the $12 billion in U.S. banknotes delivered to Iraq in 2003 and 2004, at least $9 billion cannot be accounted for. A portion of that money may have been spent wisely and honestly; much of it probably wasn’t. Some of it was stolen.

Once the money arrived in Iraq it entered a free-for-all environment where virtually anyone with fingers could take some of it. Moreover, the company that was hired to keep tabs on the outflow of money existed mainly on paper. Based in a private home in San Diego, it was a shell corpora-
To the Iraqi people by General Tommy Franks, commander of the coalition forces. A week after mobs ransacked Iraq's National Museum of its treasures, unchallenged by American troops, General Franks flew in Baghdad for a six-hour whirlwind tour. He met with his commanders in one of Saddam Hussein's palaces, held a video conference with President Bush, and then flew off. “Our stay in Iraq will be temporary,” General Franks wrote, “no longer does it take to eliminate the threat posed by Saddam Hussein’s weapons of mass destruction, and to establish stability and help Iraqis form a functioning government that respects the rule of law.” With that in mind, General Franks wrote that he created the Coalition Provisional Authority “to exercise powers of government temporarily, and as necessary, especially to provide security, to allow the delivery of humanitarian aid and to eliminate weapons of mass destruction.” Three weeks later, on May 8, 2003, the U.S. and British ambassadors to the United Nations sent a letter to the U.N. Security Council, effectively delivering the C.P.A. to the United Nations as a fait accompli.

The day before, President Bush had appointed L. Paul Bremer III, a retired diplomat, as presidential envoy to Iraq and the president’s “personal representative,” with the understanding that he would become the C.P.A. administrator. Bremer had held State Department posts in Afghanistan, Norway, and the Netherlands; had served as an assistant to Henry Kissinger and Alexander Haig; and had closed out his diplomatic career in 1989 as ambassador-at-large for counterterrorism. More recently, he had been the chairman and chief executive officer of a risk-management business called Marsh & Isidis Consulting. Despite his State Department background, Bremer had been selected by the Pentagon, which had elbowed aside contenders for authority in post-invasion Iraq. The C.P.A. itself was a creature of the Pentagon, and it could become Pentagon personnel who did the C.P.A.'s hiring.

Over the next year, a compliant Congress gave $1.6 billion to Bremer to administer the C.P.A. This was over and above the $12 billion in cash that the C.P.A. had been given to disburse from Iraqi oil revenues.

**FOLLOW THE MONEY**

1. The East Rutherford Operations Center, in New Jersey, source of the banknotes bound for Iraq.
2. Returning home, L. Paul Bremer III, the former administrator of the Coalition Provisional Authority, meets with President Bush.
4. The block of post-office boxes in Nassau, the Bahamas, that contains Box N-3813, the offshore home of NorthStar Consultants.
5. 5468 Soledad Road, in La Jolla—the business address of NorthStar Consultants.

F OR A Q&A WITH DONALD L. BARLETT AND JAMES B. STEELE ABOUT THIS ARTICLE, GO TO VF.COM.

O C T O B E R 2 0 0 7
Her shrewd, unnaturally wide eyes ringed by a thick fringe of false eyelashes, Zsa Zsa Gabor has been carefully arranged on a chair in her living room. Prince Frederick von Anhalt, the aging German stud who is Zsa Zsa's ninth husband, has set up this photo shoot to counter a gossip-column report that he is keeping his disabled wife a virtual prisoner in their decaying Bel Air mansion. Not so, says Zsa Zsa, who was in a devastating car accident in 2002 and suffered a massive stroke in 2005. "That was a stupid article," she says. "We have a very good marriage." The prince maintains that he is actually the prisoner of Zsa Zsa's infirmity. "I gave up my life," he says. "It's very tough on me, but I have no choice." And yet he does get away at times, judging from his claim to have fathered Anna Nicole Smith's baby. Although DNA tests proved otherwise, the prince says his affair with Smith spanned a decade and "30 or 40" trysts. Smith begged him to make her a princess, says the prince, who acquired his title when he was adopted by a bereaved German widow, but he refused to divorce Zsa Zsa, whose age has been estimated at anywhere from 80 to 100.

No matter how lurid, his escapades—including his recent claim of having been robbed, stripped naked, and handcuffed to the steering wheel of his Rolls-Royce by three women—will never rival those of Zsa Zsa, whose lovers made up an international Who's Who of Hollywood, politics, and jet-set society. Her second husband was hotel magnate Conrad Hilton, great-grandfather of Paris, whose publicity-seeking antics have reminded many of Zsa Zsa herself. In fact, it was publicity that brought Zsa Zsa and her prince together; upon arriving in Los Angeles, he paid a celebrity photographer $10,000 to introduce him to the Hungarian pinup and photograph them together. Zsa Zsa promptly took the bait, but they didn't marry until the prince was publicly accused of seducing, impregnating, and abandoning a teenage Miss Hungary, who then committed suicide. Zsa Zsa was famously possessive—when asked on television how to keep a man, she once replied, "Shoot him in the legs"—and the ensuing scandal prompted her to announce publicly that she and the prince were engaged.

The prince attributes the success of their 21-year marriage to his skill at handling women. Zsa Zsa has her own definition of what makes a good husband. "A nice, faithful man," she says.

—Leslie Bennetts
Z. Z. DOES IT!

Zsa Zsa Gabor and her ninth husband, Prince Frederick von Anhalt, at home in Bel Air.
THE MAN IN THE IRONY MASK

Like Sacha Baron Cohen as Borat, Stephen Colbert so completely inhabits his creation—the arch-conservative blowhard host of *The Colbert Report*, his *Daily Show* spin-off hit—that he rarely breaks character. As Colbert’s new book, *I Am America (And So Can You!)*, is published, SETH MNOOKIN gets a revealing interview with the real thing: a master comedian, forever altered by family tragedy.

I used to make up stuff in my bio all the time, that I used to be a professional ice-skater and stuff like that. I found it so inspirational. Why not make myself cooler than I am? I told an interviewer that I’d been arrested for assaulting someone with a flashlight. And I said that I drove a Shelby Cobra, like the Road Warrior, like Mel Gibson. I said, “I’ll like you to know I drive a Shelby Cobra.” They totally swallowed it, and I felt bad. Then I thought, It doesn’t matter. It’ll make a better story.


Stephen Colbert, holding a glass of champagne in one hand and a fluorescent-pink smiley-face cookie in the other, stood behind his desk, which functions as the nerve center of *The Colbert Report*, the faux newscast on which he plays a blindly egomaniacal, Bill O’Reilly-esque talk-show host also named Stephen Colbert. The majority of the show’s 86 staffers—the writers and producers and stagehands and bookers and interns and assistants who ensure that the show makes it on the air every Monday through Thursday night at 11:30—sit in front of Colbert in the bleachers that would soon be filled with 110 foot-stomping, hand-clapping, screaming members of Colbert Nation.

Moments before, Colbert had finished showering and shaving in his second-floor, brick-walled office. He’d changed out of the chinos, rumpled short-sleeved button-down shirt, and black Merrell slip-ons he’d worn to the office and into his costume for the evening: a crisp, white Brooks...
THE REAL DEAL

Stephen Colbert, photographed in New York City.
Brothers dress shirt, a bold (but not too bold) Brooks Brothers tie, and a conserva-
tive, pin-striped Brooks Brothers suit. Colbert has a square jaw and thick, black hair.
and he wears fashionable, rimless glasses. His getup, combined with the swagger he
affects onstage, made him seem like Clark Kent, if Clark Kent acted more like Superman
in his everyday life.

The show’s set is designed to emphasize
the notion of Colbert as the supreme mas-
ter of this self-created, enthusiastically nar-
cissistic universe. Behind his desk, a faint,
almost subliminal outline of a star frames
Colbert’s head. A series of lines that bisect
a ring of concentric circles on the floor
converge where Colbert is seated, as if he
were a black hole toward which all matter
and energy are drawn. His anchor desk is
shaped like a giant C, and the Colbert
REPORT is plastered on more than a dozen
places on the set.

The Report (pronounced with a soft t, as
is Colbert) debuted in the fall of 2005 as a
spin-off of Comedy Central’s The Daily
Show, the critical and popular success that’s
often referred to by its host, Jon Stewart, as
a “fake news” show. Stewart has turned The
Daily Show into a cultural touchstone in the
eight years he’s been there, and has become
such an icon that he hosted the Academy
Awards in 2006. But The Colbert Report
couldn’t take a page from its forebearer’s
playbook. Stewart plays himself on TV—a
smart, witty, liberal Jew who’s alternately
amused and enraged by the political real-
tities of our time—and a large part of The
Daily Show’s popularity stems from his
personal appeal.

Colbert’s character, which grew out of
his role as the most noxious and ill-informed
of Stewart’s on-air correspondents, is most
definitely not the type of guy you’d want to
share a beer with after work. If Colbert’s
show were to succeed, it would need its
fans to embrace the type of grating know-
it-all they would normally disdain. One
of the ways the show attempted to do this
was by having its audience affect the mob
mentality from which Colbert’s character
drew his power. That way, viewers weren’t

just in on the joke, they were part of it.

“This show is not about me,” Colbert
explained his first night on the air. “No,
this program is dedicated to you, the
heroes…. On this show your voice will
be heard, in the form of my voice.” Col-
bert went on to define the show’s ruling
ethos as “truthiness,” an almost Nietz-
chean philosophy inspired by President
Bush’s faith in those that “know with their
heart” as opposed to those who “think
with their head.” If one part of the sub-
text here was how terrifying “truthiness”
was in a world leader, another was the
having the will to bend reality to real-
your every desire actually sounded pro-
cool—as Colbert’s id-driven charac-
practiced to demonstrate night after night.

This conceit has worked far better to
anyone expected. Almost immediately, The
Report attracted an audience of more than
one million viewers a night. (Today, the show
erages about 1.3 million viewers and draws
more young men than Letterman, Letterman,
or Conan.) And by about 10 more
into his run, something else emerged, something that was
more powerful and more compel-
ing than anything as prosaic as a late
night, basic-cable hit. Colbert was
just getting people to watch his show;
he was convincing them to join him
as he used the truthiness of his word to
influence the real one. After
constructing his fans to enter his name
in a Hungarian-government-sponsored
online poll to determine the name
of a new bridge over the Danube
River, Colbert beat the runner-up—
16th-century Croatian-Hungarian
war hero Nikola Šubić Zrinski—
more than 14 million votes. (The
Hungarian ambassador came to the
Report to explain that the win-
er had to be, among other things,
dead.) Colbert eventually coined
neologism to reflect this truthin-

WHEN HE WAS GROWING UP,
STEPHEN COLBERT
USED TO JOKE ABOUT
HOW HE “WANTED TO MAJOR IN
MASS PSYCHOLOGY
AND START A CULT.”
More demeaning— to Colbert's character. anyway — was that he lost out to Barry Man-illow for best individual performance in a variety or music program.

This year he's up against Tony Bennett in that same category. Colbert took a sip of champagne before raising his glass. "And the winner is ... Tony Bennett!" The show's staff, all of whom seem to truly both like and admire Colbert, let out a combination giggle-groan. "Who's going to give it to me over Tony Bennett? Nobody. Are you kidding? It's Tony Bennett." By this point, Colbert had taken a seat behind his desk in preparation for a quick rehearsal of that night's show. After he got comfortable, he brought his champagne up to his nose. "Yummmm ... that smells like Tony Bennett's aged sack." More groans. "Come on! That wouldn't be so bad, if your aged sack smelled like champagne." (Don't be surprised if Bennett ends up as a guest on the show: after countless gibes, Manillow came on the Report and agreed to share his Emmy, which he admitted he "stole" from Colbert. Then the two men sang a duet of "I Write the Songs").

As soon as the run-through ended, Colbert and his writers disappeared into a claustrophobic, windowless room with blood-red walls to make a series of final, frenzied changes to that night's script—a night, incidentally, that would conclude an unusually difficult week. A slip onstage a little while back had resulted in a broken wrist Colbert hadn't yet had set. His 12-year-old daughter, Madeline, had been in and out of the hospital with a crippling ear infection, and Colbert hadn't gotten a full night's sleep in days. (Colbert himself is deaf in his right ear due to a childhood tumor.) And he still hadn't fully recovered from the round-the-clock heave required to get I Am America (And So Can You!) to the printer on time for its October publication date; the book, Colbert's first, lays out his character's thoughts—er, feelings—about life. (Sample chapter titles: "Hollywood: Lights! Camera! Treason!" and "Sports: When It's Okay to Shower With Men.")

Despite all this, Colbert seemed happy, even excited. "I love being onstage," he said. "I love the relationship with the audience. I love the letting go, the sense of discovery, the improvising." Colbert also loves the freedom his television persona gives him this down-to-earth, all-around decent guy to indulge his most narcissistic fantasies. "I get to piggyback my own ego on the character's unlimited ego," he says. This theme of porous but distinct personas is one Colbert returns to often. That night, when an audience member asked him about the differences between him and "Stephen Colbert" during a pre-taping Q&A, he replied, "I wouldn't want to be that asshole. He's got a tremendous ego. I get to pretend I don't." Colbert's infectious enthusiasm is felt by everyone who comes in contact with the show. "That was the most fun I've ever had on television," says Holbrooke. "There's this great sense of groundbreaking adventure, this feeling that it's on the cutting edge, that it's the hottest thing in America. And at the center of it all is Colbert himself. I have never seen a television performer about to go on live television who's enjoying himself so much."

Colbert has not always been so content. By his own admission and according to those who know him best, it wasn't until he was in his 20s that he began to develop a sense of who he really wanted to be; before that, he had gone through periods of being everything from a science-fiction geek to a tortured (and bearded) poet. And now? Stephen Colbert is your basic well-grounded, Sunday-school-teaching, authority-distrusting, intensely loyal, 43-year-old man who's happiest when he's either spending time with his wife, Evelyn, and their three children, or playing an obnoxious, over-the-top alter ego that makes fun of the world and has the world join in the game.

I watched the movie All That Jazz and I thought, Well, I'd like to do that. I'd like to live that dark life. That kind of appeals to me. I liked how damaged they were and they used that to ... create art, create something beautiful. There was something viscerally attractive to me about living this sort of life that might kill you young. I liked these unhappy people. There's [also] lots of drinking and fucking. And that was appealing.

At around six in the morning on September 11, 1974, Dr. James Colbert, the vice president of academic affairs for the Medical University of South Carolina, and two of his sons left the family's house on James Island and headed to the Charleston International Airport. Paul, 18, and Peter, 15, were the second-and-third-youngest of the 11 Colbert children, and Dr. Colbert was taking them to New Milford, Connecticut, where they were to enroll at the Canterbury School, a prestigious Catholic institution founded in 1915. Once they were gone, only the Colberts' youngest son, 10-year-old Stephen, would remain at home with his parents, both of whom were in their early 50s.

The three Colberts were booked on Eastern Airlines Flight _continued on page 332_
NEW VERSUS NEWER

K.K.R.'s Henry Kravis.
"Go ask Henry if he's going
to do another club deal
with Steve," says a Kravis
friend. Opposite, Blackstone
chairman and C.E.O.
Stephen Schwarzman.
oping each other's
ks—$31.4 billion! $39 billion!
 billion!—K.K.R.'s Henry
avis and the Blackstone
oup's Stephen Schwarzman
locked in combat at the top
he private-equity heap.
rialry has only sharpened
Blackstone's I.P.O. sparked
olic outrage over the low
es on such vast profits. As the
kets convulse, MICHAEL
AYERSON profiles the two
, their wives, and their
yles, revealing the speed
ich today's newest
ney becomes just new

THE TOWN
CTOBER 2007
Later, the date of the dinner would come to seem apt in ways no one could see at the time.

On June 18, 2007, the trustees of the New York Public Library welcomed 400 titans of business and New York society into the Bryant Park building’s Astor Hall for drinks, then into the Celeste Bartos Forum for dinner, to honor Stephen A. Schwarzman, C.E.O. and co-founder of the Blackstone Group, the biggest and most successful private-equity firm to go public in the U.S., launching its stock on the New York Stock Exchange—with the symbol BX—at $31 per share. The offering would raise $4.6 billion. But the stock sold would represent only 10 percent of the firm. Schwarzman kept a 23 percent interest, currently worth $6 billion. Just for fun, he took out $677.2 million on the day of the issue—in cash. Whatever happened to the stock, he would keep that money—perhaps minus a small slice for the New York Public Library?

Yet only five days before the dinner, a most unfortunate profile of Schwarzman had appeared in The Wall Street Journal, one that presaged tougher public scrutiny of Blackstone and Schwarzman to come. In that article, Schwarzman acknowledged that he viewed business as war, with each deal a duel to the death. “I want war—not a series of skirmishes,” he declared. “I always think about what will kill off the other bidder... I didn’t get to be successful by letting people hurt Blackstone or me. I have no first-strike capability. I never choose to go into battle for the sake of a few dollars. But according to one friend, The Journal piece had upset him deeply, knew exactly how Schwarzman’s comments were already playing out in Washington, where lawmakers were mulling at Schwarzman’s intention to pay a 15 percent capital-gains tax on that $5 million and any future stock he cashed in. Hadn’t the Blackstone chieftain done enough damage already with his splashing 60th-birthday party? “He was pretty unhappy,” says the friend of Kravis, “in the way Steve was making the industry a target.”

Somewhere in the past year or so K.K.R. had become more than the most venerable of Schwarzman’s enemies in the private-equity wars. This rivalry was personal now. Because it was, the two found firms appeared to be taking special pains to outdo each other—to raise the biggest funds, to do the biggest deals, and now to be the best other with their I.P.O.’s: K.K.R. was about to announce its own. Other firms were raising tens of billions, too, and doing spectacular deals. But it seemed, in these tumultuous days mid-2007, that the head butting between Blackstone and K.K.R. was dominating the market—and endangering it, too.

A Buyout by Any Other Name

To anyone not on Planet Private Equity or one of its satellites—investment banking, hedge funds, corporate levered firms—the headlines of the last year have come and gone in a blur of bizarrely big numbers. Even the term can seem bewildering: what is private equity?

Note to mere mortals (gods of finance skip down): private equity is just the sanitized term for leveraged-buyout firm or LBOs, which Henry Kravis made famous with the 1988 RJR Nabisco deal immortalized in Barbarians at the Gate by Bryan Burrough (now a Vanity Fair special correspondent) and John Helyar. In the go-go 1980s, LBOs became associated with hostile takeovers and corporate greenmail. Hence the reassuringly proper

"HENRY WAS PRETTY UNHAPPY SAYS A KRAVIS FRIEND, “WITH THE WAY STEVE WAS MAKING THE INDUSTRY A TARGET"
private equity.” Now, as then, although a firm such as K.K.R. raises its war chest of billions of dollars and is in search of underperforming and undervalued public companies to buy. It spends a bit of its war chest as money down on the deal, then leverages that cash, or equity, by getting investment banks to lend it the rest. It then takes its target company private, then, in theory, gives the relieved managers several years to run the company in a wise and farsighted way, free of the awful pressure public companies are under to produce ever higher quarterly earnings. Finally the company is taken public again at a fat profit and, in an ideal world, everybody wins: the early investors put in cash for the war chest, the banks that lent the rest of the money, the company that got transmuted, and, of course, the partners K.K.R. or whatever private-equity firm idee the whole miracle happen (which likely take 20 percent of the profit).

The more unscrupulous private-equity firms, however, merely strip and flip the companies they buy, forcing them to borrow huge amounts of money—thereby saddling their futures with enormous debt that causes them to forgo research and fire employees—and then taking much of that money for themselves in fees and bonuses. K.K.R. and Blackstone are just two of the top private-equity firms that have done huge deals in these last 18 months. Texas Pacific Group, the Carlyle Group, Apax Management, and Goldman Sachs's private-equity arm—these, by most reckonings, are the other members of the top-tier club. Other firms have smaller war chests that dominate one field or another. Silver Lake is one of the smartest at buying technology companies; Providence Equity takes the savviest media plays. All compete fiercely for the next big deal, bidding one another up at auction. All may just likely partner up the next time, pooling their capital to do a “club deal.”

To a lot of private-equity players, the rivalry between K.K.R. and Blackstone looks no different from the jockeying they do with the rest of the pack. Top managers at Blackstone dismiss the notion of a feud. The two largest market sharers watch each other very carefully,” says one. But, he adds, “I don’t think decisions are being biased on Steve versus Henry.” Indeed, this and other managers note, the two firms have worked together on more than one club deal. “This K.K.R.-versus-Blackstone stuff,” says another Blackstoner, “is a questionable premise.”

But up on the mountaintops, in the rarefied air that only gods of finance breathe, that’s not the consensus view. One person close to both Schwarzman and Kravis describes, with a sigh, a “complicated relationship.” Another goes further. “Oh, absolutely!” he says when asked if there’s a rivalry. “There’s probably something inherent in it, promoted by media and friends’ gossip.” The two have been professional rivals for years, the friend adds. The personal edge to it, he says, is new. “I don’t recall when it started, but it’s on both sides now…. I think it was less on Steve’s side initially. I mean, Henry is a very competitive person. A lot of it comes from that.”

In the last 10 years, Blackstone has overtaken K.K.R. to be the dominant player, with $98 billion in assets under management versus K.K.R.’s $53.4 billion. But that’s not it, says the friend. “It’s much narrower than that. It’s not ‘His firm is bigger than my firm.’ There’s no one thing.” Although, as the friend points out, Schwarzman’s comments in The Wall Street Journal, with the attention they brought from Washington, exacerbated the problem. “He was very upset,” says the friend of Kravis’s. “He knew immediately what impact it would have on the in-

HIGH PROFILE
Clockwise from top: Schwarzman in his Park Avenue office; 740 Park Avenue, where Schwarzman owns the 34-room triplex that once belonged to Saul Steinberg; with his wife, Christine, at a 2006 MoMA benefit; with author and socialite Kalli Karella at a 1994 New York City Ballet gala.
er, in 2005. In the relationship between Schwarzman and Kravis, it seems a long time ago.

**Tale of the Tape**

In Hollywood, on-screen rivals always end up seeing how much they’re alike—after all, Stephen Schwarzman and Henry Kravis may never get to that point, but they have a lot in common.

Neither is tall, though Kravis appears to be slightly shorter: about six feet six inches. Both well-educated—Schwarzman at Yale and Harvard Business School, Kravis at Columbia Business School—both took to Wall Street with their ambition. Another similarity that astonishes even longtime friends: both men is that they’re almost the same age. Schwarzman is 60, Kravis 63. They seem—and are, in a sense—a generation apart. Kravis did his first LBO in 1973, when he was in his late 30s; 30 years old. Schwarzman’s year was a young banker among many at Lehman Brothers. By the mid-1980s, Kravis was a billionaire newly married to fashion designer Carolyne Roehm, giving $10 million to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Schwarzman was still at Lehman Brothers, doing mergers and acquisitions deals. He was modestly wealthy— but anonymous.

In this ever-faster-moving world, Kravis is old money, Schwarzman is new. And the clash between them is nothing less than the struggle that’s fascinated writers from Baz Luhrmann and Stendhal to Henry James, William Dean Howells, and Edith Wharton: the struggle of new money to supplant the old.

Schwarzman’s emergence as a social contender occurred on the fall day in 2001 when he moved into 740 Park Avenue,arguing Manhattan’s most prestigious apartment building. He and Christine took over the 34-room triplex that corporate raider Saul Steinberg and his wife, Gayfryd, had had to sell after Steinberg’s financial reversals. Schwarzman didn’t tell people he’d paid $3 million for it, he didn’t dispute the figure, either. According to Michael Gross, author of the best-selling 740 Park, the Schwarzman reportedly paid closer to $30 million.

The Steinberg apartment—Schwarzman preferred calling it the Rockefeller apart-

**OUR CROWD**

Clockwise from top: Kravis, Diana Beattie, Francesca Stanfill, Peter Tufo, Carolyne Roehm, Dick Beattie, and Marie-Louise Scio in Tuscany, in 1986; Saul and Gayfryd Steinberg, Kravis, and Nina Griscom in 1990; Kravis and his wife, Marie-Josée, in 2006; 625 Park Avenue, where Kravis lives.
Aptments

T

The reigning and future kings of private equity shared more than the goal of making enough money to preside from 740 Park. They had, in one sense at least, parallel personal lives. Both had first marriages behind them. At 25, Kravis had married Helene Shulman, known as Hedi, the daughter of a New York psychiatrist. The couple had three children before Hedi tired of living with a man she found cold and remote—a workaholic far older than his years. In 1983, according to Bartlett, she demanded, and got, 30 percent of Kravis’s worth, a figure agreed upon by both sides to be somewhere between $3 million and $4 million. Right after that, Kravis began to do the huge LBOs that made him astronomically rich. Hedi went to court to demand more, claiming that her ex-husband had defrauded her; in 1989 she lost her suit.

Schwarzman had been at Harvard Business School when he met Ellen Jane Philips, whose job as a grader of student papers be

I was there,” he says. “There were other people who were much more disturbing or troublesome to Henry in that regard.”

Both first wives had been petite—shorter than their husbands. Both second wives were taller than their new spouses. And while both in a sense were trophy wives, admired in their social circles, both were self-invented characters.

Carolyne Roehm had begun life as Jane Smith, daughter of a teacher and school administrator in Kirksville, Missouri. Her first job in New York had been in polyester skirts for a company that sold to Sears. Only when Oscar de la Renta took her under his wing did she start to design haute couture. And only after a quick marriage to German aristocrat Axel Roehm did she become Carolyne Roehm, international jet-setter.

In Christine Hearst, Schwarzman found an intelligent, attractive blonde with a trophy name—but Hearst was no more Christiane’s own than Roehm was Carolyne’s. Christine was the daughter of a New York City Fire Department lieutenant named Peter Mular-

contrast, is from a middle-class Jewish family outside Philadelphia. His father owned a wuzzy, a curtain-and-linen shop. Initially, Stephen had further to climb.

And yet, in some ways, when he moved to 740 Park, Kravis was even less worldly. Carolyne Roehm reportedly had to teach her new husband to appreciate opera—a shared passion for entering New York society. She dragged him to Salzburg, Austria, each year for its famous music festival. They took him to Italy, too, for a forced march through museums and churches. Carolyne knew so much and I knew so little, Kravis told a reporter at the time.

One morning, he left Roehm choose the decorator—society darling Vincent Fourcade— to redress the paintings for their new apartment. He kept index cards in his breast pocket so he could identify the works for his curious hosts. A number of paintings were of royal figures. Perhaps the most striking was an enormous portrait by John Singer Sargent of the couple’s peach-colored dining room. The Kravises gave lots of dinner parties; casually they threw a “theme” party as if one was based on Gone with the Wind.

ied her family wealth: her father manufactured windows and doors for trailer homes. Their marriage of some 20 years produced three children. By the time it ended, in 1991, Schwarzman, like Kravis, had started to make real money, and had to part with a lot of it: in his case 50 percent of his net worth at the time, or $20 million. By then, Kravis was a billionaire.

Curiously, Schwarzman came to know the embittered Hedi Kravis in the middle-1980s. With her close friend Ellie Cullman, she had begun an interior-decorating partnership. “They were among a new breed of interior designer—young, chic, energetic and enterprising—who were part of the society they designed for,” The New York Times later noted. Among their clients were Steve and Ellen Schwarzman, who had Cullman and Kravis do their Fifth Avenue apartment. Steve became a fairly close friend of Hedi’s, and one friend from the time suggests that the bad blood between Kravis and Schwarzman may trace to Kravis’s feeling that Schwarzman was in his ex-wife’s circle, perhaps urging her on with her suit. A close friend of Kravis’s disputes that.

“HENRY IS A LION IN WINTER: HE’S NOT GOING TO CEDE HIS KINGDOM IF HE CAN HELP IT.”

he parallels don’t stop there. Both Kravis and Schwarzman owed their LBO careers to mentors. For Kravis and his cousin George Roberts, the mentor was Jerome Kohlberg, who actually invented the LBO game as a little sideline he called “bootstrapping.” All three men were at Bear Sterns. When they left to form Kohlberg Kravis Roberts the order of names was more than alphabetical: Kravis and Roberts were Kohlberg’s apprentices until they learned the game well enough to play it themselves. Eventually they played it so aggressively that Kohlberg took umbrage.

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and a painful rupture led to his departure.

Schwarzman owed at least as much to his own mentor, Peter G. Peterson. Peterson was the man with the golden Rolodex: commerce secretary under President Nixon, former C.E.O. of Bell & Howell, and senior director at Lehman Brothers until, in 1984, he lost a power struggle at the firm and left to start his own. Peterson was then 57. Schwarzman 36, and anyone could see the two were very different: Peterson patrician and rather reserved. Schwarzman brimming with restless energy and ambition. Actually, that made for a good partnership, though one insider notes that Schwarzman did have a tendency to tell the Blackstone story with himself in the starring role as chief fundraiser and deal-maker, and Peterson as the Rolodex guy making the occasional call.

So it was with a key meeting to raise a first, modest fund to save the Blackstone Group from failure. One door after another shut in their faces, until the meeting with Garnett Keith of Prudential, one of the principal lenders of war-chest money to K.K.R.

"Garnett Keith was eating a tuna salad sandwich," Schwarzman recalled for the Financial Times earlier this year. "It was a Friday in Newark and I was not expecting success. He took a bite out of his sandwich and said, 'I will give you $100 million.' I was shocked into silence. I was so grateful, so appreciative...I knew others would follow."

The interesting thing about that account—at least the part the F.T. reprinted—was that it failed to mention that Peterson was in the room as well. "It's not only that Pete was there, too," recalls Keith, laughing. "There wouldn't have been a meeting without him." Keith knew Schwarzman as a smart young M&A guy at Lehman. But without Peterson as a counterweight, he wouldn't have given the fledgling Blackstone a penny.

Jockeying for Position

For both Kravis and Schwarzman, the last two decades have been a time of tremendous, almost unbelievable growth. But the two haven’t grown at equal rates, and that’s where the rivalry—at least the professional rivalry—began.

Through the 1990s, K.K.R. did LBOs—and little else. "K.K.R. wanted to keep doing what it did well—stick to its knitting," says one of Kravis’s close colleagues. But the firm had rough years. RJR Nabisco was a bust, after all: K.K.R. had taken on too much debt to buy it, and tobacco lawsuits against RJ Reynolds drained away profits. Kravis and Roberts took a $500 million loss in a movie-theater company, Regal Cinema, and lost nearly as much buying the Spalding sporting-goods company. As the Internet bubble continued. On page 198

nese actresses—Gong Li, Maggie Cheung, Bai Ling—have come this close to capturing the attention of hard-to-please American audiences. Ziyi Zhang, who stars in two new movies—The Horsemen, a thriller with Dennis Quaid, out in December, and Mei Lan-Fang, a biopic about China’s most famous opera singer—may well close the deal. Likely, you remember this former ballerina’s dazzling martial-arts feats while flying through the air in Ang Lee’s Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon (2000), or how she pretended to be blind in Zhang Yimou’s House of Flying Daggers (2004). Her role as a headstrong geisha in Rob Marshall’s Memoirs of a Geisha (2005) earned her a Golden Globe nomination. Currently in production, Mei Lan-Fang, in which she plays an opera singer who’s a male impersonator, is requiring the same kind of physical exactitude as playing a geisha—without the silly giggles and dainty pouring of tea. Under the tutelage of two Peking Opera masters, she’s learning how to tilt her head, adjust her clothing, and own the stage like a confident member of the opposite sex. "This kind of training usually starts at a very young age, and it lasts a lifetime," says Zhang. "Here, I am learning it in a few months."

Once reluctant to learn English and having little use for Hollywood, Zhang, who lives in Beijing, now understands the appeal. For one thing, there are days off, and everyone is constantly doing out praise. As for Hollywood the town, she looks on it with healthy bemusement. "Everyone is running around every day, all day long, but you don’t know what they are doing. Good thing they never tire!"

—EVGENIA PERETZ

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL ROBERTS
BELLE OF BEIJING

Among the many debis America owes China is Zizi Zhang, whose mystique has captivated audiences.
Al Gore couldn’t believe his eyes: as the 2000 election heated up, The New York Times, The Washington Post, and other top news outlets kept going after him, with misquotes (“I invented the Internet”), distortions (that he lied about being the inspiration for Love Story), and strangely off-the-mark needling, while pundits such as Maureen Dowd appeared to be charmed by his rival, George W. Bush. For the first time, Gore and his family talk about the effect of the press attacks on his campaign—and about his future plans—to EVGENIA PERETZ, who finds that many in the media are re-assessing their 2000 coverage.
Al Gore is the Tin Man: interesting, decent, badly in need of a can.

George W. Bush is the Scarecrow, farming, limber, cocky, fidgety, looking to stuff his head with a few more weighty thoughts. (Darrell, Quayle and Gary Bauer are, of course, the Tin Monkeys.)

Al Gore is so feminized and diversified, he’s practically lactating.

George Bush is all swagger. He’s more to the corporate world, m-m-made ostrich-leather boots with “G.O.P.”

First debate last week turned out to be untrue—and that has put straw on a fire that Republicans have been trying to feed all year. The GOP team now believes the question of casual lying by Gore will finally give them traction in their campaign.

Campaign Gore will finally give age on the issue. “It’s dangerous because it reinforces a dangerous perception that Gore is just another arrogant politician, and we have eight more years of lies ahead of us.”

Republican vice president nominee Richard B. Cheney fanned the flames Friday, saying of Gore: “This is a man who’s got sagging...
As he was running for president, Al Gore said he'd invented the Internet; announced that he had personally discovered Love Canal, the most infamous toxic-waste site in the country; and bragged that he and Tipper had been the sole inspiration for the golden couple in Erich Segal's best-selling novel Love Story (made into a hit movie with Ali MacGraw and Ryan O'Neal). He also invented the dog, joked David Letterman, and gave mankind fire.

Could such an obviously intelligent man have been so megalomaniacal and self-deluded to have actually said such things? Well, that's what the news media told us, anyway. And on top of his supposed pomposity and elitism, he was a calculating dork: unable to get dressed in the morning without the advice of a prominent feminist (Naomi Wolf).

Today, by contrast, Gore is "the Goreacle," the elder statesman of global activism, and something of a media darling. He is the Bono of the environment, the Cassandra of Iraq, the star of an Oscar-winning film, and a nominee for the Nobel Peace Prize. To the amazement of his kids, people now actually consider him cool. "If you told me 10 years ago that people were going to be appealing to me for tickets to a hot rock concert through my parents, I would have fallen over," says his daughter Karena Gore Schiff, 34, referring to the Live Earth 24-hour extravaganza in July.

What happened to Gore? The story promulgated by much of the media today is that we're looking at a "new Gore," who has undergone a radical transformation since 2000—he is now passionate and honest and devoted to issues he actually cares about. If only the old Gore could have been the new Gore, the pundits say, history might have been different.

But is it really possible for a person—even a Goreacle—to transform himself so radically? There's no doubt that some things have changed about Al Gore since 2000. He is now more passionable and honest and devoted to issues he actually cares about. If only the old Gore could have been the new Gore, the pundits say, history might have been different.

Rather, who was then anchoring for The New York Times, urged us to consider that "someone draws a caricature, and it's not very good, and at least whimsical. And at first sort of say, 'Aw, that's too simple; that's not the course of the campaign, that been accepted wisdom.' He notes, "I do not see myself from this criticism."

In 2000, the media seemed to focus on personality contest between Bush, the formidable Texas rogue, and Gore. But in 2008, Gore and Obama were cis-male, that is, white, male, and middle-aged. And in 2000, Bill Clinton seemed to have won the media contest, and Gore was left with a bad look at who the candidates were.

George Bush made it easy—he had them a character on a plate. He had slogans—compassionate conservatism—people would buy. Bill Clinton: to restore honor and integrity to the White House. He was also perhaps fun to be fun to be with. For 18 months, pinched cheeks, bowed with oranges in aisles of his campaign plane, and played flight attendant. Frank Bruni, now the restaurant critic for The New York Times, then a novice national political-beat reporter for the same newspaper, wrote affectately of Bush's "folksy affability," "distinct charm," "effortless banter," and the feel-good pillow that he traveled with.

But Gore couldn't turn on such charisma on cue. "He doesn't pinch cheeks," says Tipper. "Al's not that kind of guy." Widespread, Gore was the vice president, there was a certain built-in formality and distance that Gore's personality contest with Bush had to endure. Having served in the public for nearly 25 years in different roles from congressman legislating the toxic-waste Superfund to vice president leading the charge to go into Bosnia—Gore could not be reduced to a sound bite. As one porter put it, they were stuck with "the government nerd." "The reality is," says John Attie, who was Gore's chief speechwriter and traveled with him, "very few reporters covering the 2000 campaign had much interest in what really motivated Gore and the way he spent most of his time as vice president: the complexities of governance and policy, and not just the raw calculation of the campaign trail."

Muddying the waters further was the fact that the Gore campaign early on went into a state of disarray—with a revolving door of staffers who didn't particularly see the value in happy chit-chat. "We basically treated the press with a whip and a chair," says Gore strategist Carter Eskew, "and made no real effort to schmooze at all," says Gore strategist Carter Eskew. "It was plain to the reporters that this was not the tight ship of Bush campaign, led by..."
Last Night


If he doesn't stop turning off women, he'll never be president.

Nothing seems to help. He got buff. He put on a pair of prosthetics, looked younger. He shook his hand, but no one seemed interested.

In a desperate move, he hired Hollywood actresses. After the spray was applied, the delighted candidate gushed to his makeup artists, "These women have never looked better."

Republicans mocked him for using a make-up artist.

First 'Love Story,' Now Love Canal

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PRINCESS RIDE

Rising star Amy Adams enjoys the view from a 1960 Cadillac convertible in Beverly Hills.
Looks like the year of the redhead: her name is Amy Adams, and she’s in a hard-to-ignore lineup, starting with November’s fantasy *Enchanted*, opposite Patrick Dempsey. KRISTA SMITH checks out the girl from Castle Rock, Colorado

ABOUT AMY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NORMAN JEAN ROY • STYLED BY SARAJANE HOARE
Amy Adams has moved up the Hollywood food chain at lightning speed. Gone are the days of Cruel Intentions 2 and episodic television, thanks to her breakout opposite Leonardo DiCaprio in Catch Me If You Can (2002). In 2005 she received an Oscar nomination, in the best-supporting-actress category, for her performance in Junebug as a naive southern girl obsessed with her sophisticated sister-in-law. “It was pretty surreal bringing my couture Carolina Herrera dress into my apartment and not wanting it to touch any of my grubby stuff,” she remembers. “I felt like the little kid that was allowed to sit at the big kids’ table on Thanksgiving.” This November the 33-year-old stars as Princess Giselle in the Disney fantasy Enchanted, opposite Patrick (McDreamy) Dempsey. Then, in December, she plays Tom Hanks’s devoted “congressional administrative aide” in Mike Nichols’s Charlie Wilson’s War. Next year she pairs up with Frances McDormand in Miss Pettigrew Lives for a Day and Emily Blunt in Sunshine Cleaning, then joins Meryl Streep and Philip Seymour Hoffman in the film version of John Patrick Shanley’s Tony- and Pulitzer-winning play, Doubt. Not bad for a girl from Castle Rock, Colorado, who honed her chops in community theater. One of seven children raised in a Mormon household, Amy, born right in the middle, discovered her love of performing through her father. “My dad was a singer in nightclubs,” she says. “He would write us musicals and stuff to sing at the school talent show. You can imagine, we were very popular. There’s a picture of me in velvet knickers with bowl-cut bangs.” Adams was discovered in a Minnesota dinner-theater production of Brigadoon, and cast in Drop Dead Gorgeous (1999). After that, she made the actor pilgrimage to Los Angeles. Now her career looks set to follow the arc traced by other famous redheads of the silver screen. Like them, she has the rare ability to play comedy and drama without ever letting the audience see her work. KRISTA SMITH
ADAMS WAS DISCOVERED IN A MINNESOTA DINNER-THEATER PRODUCTION OF "BRIGADOON."

REDHEAD ALERT

On being nominated for an Oscar, in 2005, Adams says, "I felt like the little kid that was allowed to sit at the big kids' table."
In 1950, General Douglas MacArthur was hell-bent on chasing the retreating North Koreans to the Chinese border. Nothing would stop him—not orders from Washington, not intelligence reports that Mao’s troops were building up in the area. Which is how hundreds of Americans got slaughtered at Unsan, one of the worst defeats of the Korean War. In an excerpt from his new, and final, book, DAVID HALBERSTAM weaves the tale of hubris, deception, and death.
DRIVING FORWARD

General Douglas MacArthur in Seoul, South Korea, 1950. During the time he commanded there he never spent a night in the country, preferring to return to his headquarters in Japan.
In October 20, 1950, the word was out: there was going to be a victory parade in Tokyo, and the U.S. First Cavalry Division (or Cav, as it was nicknamed)—because it had fought so well for so long, becoming the first to enter the North Korean capital of Pyongyang, and also because it was a favorite of General Douglas MacArthur’s—was going to lead it. The word coming down was that they had better be prepared to look parade-ground sharp, not battlefield grizzled: you couldn’t, after all, march down the Ginza in filthy uniforms and filthy helmets. The men of the Cav were planning to strut a bit when they passed MacArthur’s headquarters in the Dai Ichi Building. They deserved to strut a bit.

The mood in general among the American troops in Pyongyang just then was a combination of optimism and sheer exhaustion, emotional as well as physical. The Korean War had begun in June, when Soviet-allied North Korea invaded American-allied South Korea. The Communists wanted to re-unite the country, partitioned since the Japanese surrender, under North Korean prime minister Kim II Sung. During the first phase of the war, they had gained victory after victory over weak and ill-prepared American and South Korean forces. But then more and better American troops arrived, and in September, MacArthur had pulled off a brilliant stroke at Inchon, landing his forces behind the North Korean lines to retake the South Korean capital of Seoul. With that, the North Korean forces had unraveled. That had been a great success for MacArthur, perhaps the greatest triumph of a storied career, all the more so because he had pulled it off against the opposition of much of Washington.

Now betting pools were being set up among the soldiers in Pyongyang on when they would ship out. For some of the newest men, the replacements, who had only heard tales about how hard the fighting had been from the Pusan Perimeter, in southeast Korea, to Pyongyang, there was relief that the worst of it was past. A young lieutenant named Ben Boyd, from Claremore, Oklahoma, who had joined the Cav in Pyongyang, was given a platoon in Baker Company of the First Battalion. Boyd, who had graduated from West Point only four years before, wanted this command badly, but he was made nervous by its recent history. “Lieutenant, do you know who you are in terms of this platoon?” one of the senior officers had asked. No. Boyd answered. “Well, Lieutenant, just so you don’t get too cocky, you’re the 13th platoon leader unit has had since it’s been in Korea.” Boyd suddenly decided didn’t feel cocky at all.

The mood was so optimistic that Bob Hope was holding a show in Pyongyang for the troops. Now, that was really something: the famous comedian, who had done show after show after shows in World War II, telling his jokes in the North Korean capital. That night many of the men in the Cav gathered to hear Hope, and then, the next morning, they set out for a place north of them called Unsan, to protect a South Korean, or ROK, unit, led by General Paik San Yup, which was under fire. Sure, all they would have to do was clean up a small mess, the kind the American soldiers were always getting into.

When they headed off, they were not particularly well prepared. Yes, they had gotten some of their ammo back, but they had been the question of uniforms. Should they take the ones they would wear on parade in Tokyo or winter clothes? Somehow, choice was made for the dressier ones, even though the Korean winter—and this was to be one of the coldest in a hundred years—was fast approaching. And there was their mood: a sense on the part of officers as well as troops, even as they headed for an perilously close to the Yalu River, the border between Korea and Chinese Manchuria, that they were out of harm’s way. Many of them knew a little about the big meeting that had just occurred on Wake Island, between President Harry Truman and General MacArthur, and the word filtering down was that MacArthur had promised to give Washington back an entire American division then being used in Korea and ticket it for Europe.

MacArthur himself had shown up in Pyongyang right after the First Cav arrived there. “Any celebrities here to greet me?” he he asked when he stepped off his plane. “Where is Kim Buck Tooth?” he joked, in mocking reference to Kim II Sung, who was seemingly defeated. Then he asked anyone in the Cav who had been with the unit from the beginning to step forward. Of the roughly 20 men assembled, only 4 took that step; each had been wounded in some point. Then MacArthur got on his plane for the flight back to Tokyo. He did not spend the night in Korea; in fact, he did not spend the night there during the entire time he commanded there.

As MacArthur headed back to Tokyo, it was becoming increas- ingly clear to some officials in Washington that he was planning to send his troops farther and farther north. They were encountering very little resistance at that point, and the North Koreans had been in full flight, so he was stretching his orders, which in this case were much fuzzier than they should have been. A prohibition issued by the Joint Chiefs of Staff themselves against sending American troops to any province bordering China seemed not to slow MacArthur down at all. There was no real surprise in that: the only orders Douglas MacArthur had ever followed, it was believed, were his own. He had told the president at Wake Island that the Chinese would enter the war. Besides, if they did, he had already boasted of his ability to turn their appearance into one of the great military slaughters in history. To MacArthur and the men on his staff, wonderfully removed from the Alaska-like temperatures and Alaska-like topography of the desolate part of the world, these were to be the final moments of the great victory march north that had begun with the seaborne Inchon landing. But the general’s confidence about what the vast Ch

Excerpted from The Coldest Winter: America and the Korean War, by David Halberstam, published this month by Hyperion; © 2007 by the Amateurs, Ltd.
A Marine sergeant interrogates a Chinese prisoner with the help of a South Korean interpreter, November 17, 1950.
nese armies poised just beyond the Yalu River would not do was far greater than that of the top officials of the Truman administration.

No less nervous were some of the men and officers who were leading the drive north. Colonel Percy Thompson, G-2 (intelligence officer) for First Corps, under which the Cav operated, had good reason to be uneasy. His early intelligence reads were quite accurate: the Chinese were already in the country, waiting patiently. They knew the difficulty of the march north would make their own job easier. "On to the Yalu," General Paik's ROK soldiers had shouted in late October, "on to the Yalu!" But soon after, on October 25, the Chinese struck in force. It was like suddenly hitting a brick wall. Paik later wrote. At first the ROK commanders had no idea what had happened. Paik's 15th Regiment came to a complete halt under a withering barrage of mortar fire, after which the 12th Regiment, on its left, was hammered, and then his 11th Regiment, the division reserve, was hit on its flank and attacked from the rear. The enemy was clearly fighting with great skill. Paik thought it must have been the Chinese who had ambushed them. He reacted by reflex, immediately pulling the division back to the village of Unsan, thereby saving most of his men. It was, he later said, like a scene from an American Western, when the white folks, hit by Indians and badly outnumbered, circled the wagons.

On the first day of battle, some troops from the 15th Regiment had brought in a prisoner. Paik did the interrogation himself. The prisoner was about 35 and wore a thick, quilted, reversible winter uniform, khaki on one side, white on the other. It was, Paik wrote, "a simple but effective way to facilitate camouflage in snowy terrain." The prisoner also wore a cap, thick and heavy, with earmuffs of a sort they would soon become all too familiar with, and rubber sneakers. He was low-key and surprisingly forthcoming in the interrogation: he was a regular soldier in the Chinese Communist Army, from Guangdong Province. He told Paik in passing that there were tens of thousands of Chinese in the nearby mountains. The entire First ROK Division might be trapped.

Paik immediately called his corps commander, General Frank "Shrimp" Milburn, and took the prisoner back to Milburn's headquarters. This time Milburn did the interrogating while Paik interpreted. It went, he later wrote, like this:

"Where are you from?"
"I'm from South China."
"What's your unit?"
"The 39th Army."
"What fighting have you done?"
"I fought in the Hainan Island battle [in the Chinese civil war]."
"Are you a Korean resident of China?"
"No, I'm Chinese."

Milburn immediately reported the new intelligence to Eighth Army headquarters. From there, it was sent on to Major General Charles A. Willoughby, Douglas MacArthur's key intelligence chief, a man dedi-
cated to the proposition that there were no Chinese in Korea, and that they were not going to come in, at least not in numbers large enough to matter. That was what his commander believed, and MacArthur’s was the kind of headquarters where the G-2’s job was first and foremost to prove that the commander was always right. The drive north to the Yalu, involving a limited number of American, South Korean, and other U.N. troops spread far too thinly over a vast expanse of mountain range, was premised on the idea of Chinese abstinence. If MacArthur’s headquarters suddenly started reporting contact with significant Chinese forces, Washington, which had been watching passively from the sidelines, might bestir itself and demand a major role in the war. That was most decidedly not what MacArthur wanted, and what MacArthur wanted was what Willoughby always made come true in his intelligence estimates.

When the first reports about Chinese forces massing north of the Yalu had come in, Willoughby was typically dismissive. “Probably in the category of diplomatic blackmail,” he reported. Now, with the first Chinese prisoner captured, an unusually talkative one at that, the word soon came back from Willoughby’s headquarters: the prisoner was a Korean resident of China, who had volunteered to fight. The conclusion was bizarre, and it was deliberately aimed at minimizing the prisoner’s significance.

In the coming weeks, American or ROK forces repeatedly took Chinese prisoners who identified their units and confirmed that they had crossed the Yalu with large numbers of their compatriots. Again and again, Willoughby downplayed the field intelligence. Thus the men of the Eighth Cavalry Regiment were convinced, as they moved from Pyongyang to Ulsan to rescue Pak’s ROK units, that they were pursuing the last ragtag remnants of the North Korean Army and would soon reach the Yalu itself and, if at all possible, piss in it as a personal symbol of triumph.

Know Your Enemy

Of the many professional sins of which Douglas MacArthur was guilty in that moment, including hubris and vanity, none was greater than his complete underestimation of the enemy. As Bruce Cumings, a historian of the Korean War, noted, Asians in MacArthur’s mind were “obedient, dutiful, childlike, and quick to follow resolute leadership.” MacArthur’s China had not been touched by the Communist revolution. He seemed not to care how and why Mao had the two great Asian armies fighting in two very different wars. World War II, the Japanese had fielded a traditional army, fighting a conventional war, vulnerable not because of the limits of the individual soldiers’ abilities, but because of the limitations of the country’s industrial base. The Chinese, on the contrary, were the least industrialized of major nations, understood their vulnerabilities too well, and adjusted their tactics accordingly in Korea. Their effort to shift vast forces without detection—moving some of their isiungs up to 15 miles at night without a single cigarette’s brief puff, then burrowing into handmade caves during the day—caught MacArthur and his immediate staff completely by surprise.

The year before, when Lei Yingfu, the Chinese military advisor, had given Mao his briefing on MacArthur’s likely assault on the DMZ, the Chinese leader peppered him with questions not about the general’s tactics in the past, but about his personality, his thought process, his intensity. He was, Lei answered, “famous for his arrogance and stubbornness.” That intrigued Mao. “Fine! Fine!” he said. “More arrogant and more stubborn he is the better.” “An arrogant enemy,” he added, “is easy to defeat.”

The General’s Court

To Joseph Alsop, a nominally sympathetic columnist, the manner of MacArthur’s staff in the Tokyo years seemed like nothing so much as what Alsop had read of the court of Louis XIV. The Dai Ichii Building, which housed the Eighth Cavalry’s field intelligence, was “proof of the basic rule of armies at war: the farther one gets from the front, the more laggard toadies and fools one encounters.” No one had more toadies than MacArthur, and their tone with him was “aloof and wholly simpering and reverential, and I have always held that this sycophancy was what tripped him up in the end.”

At the start of the Korean War, a disproportionate number of his top men had been with MacArthur since the late 1930s. It was the most exclusionary of groups: anyone who was not an insider was suspect. If he smiled, they smiled; if he frowned they frowned. If things worked out well, it was because he was a great man; if not, it was because of sworn enemies in Washington. He had “surrounded himself,” the historian William Stueve wrote in a particularly apt phrase, with men “who would not disturb the dreamworld of self-worship in which he chose to live.”

Never would the weakness of his staff come back to haunt him as in Korea, especially with regard to Charles A. Willoughby. He was not just MacArthur’s principal personal intelligence man, he was the only intelligence man who mattered in Korea. Most commanders wanted as many good sources of information as possible. MacArthur was focused on limiting and controlling the sources of intelligence. His desire was to have no dissenting or even alternative voices on his watch. It was always important to him that intelligence reports blend seamlessly with what he had intended to do in the first place. In MacArthur’s view, professional and unrefined intelligence estimates of the kind generated by the C.I.A. might have prevented him from doing what he wanted most: moving the final drive to the Yalu. But only after Willoughby’s great and catastrophic failure on the whereabouts and intentions of Chinese armies would the C.I.A. finally be allowed into the region.

Willoughby was a Prussian-born man of the far right, “all ideology and almost never any facts,” in the words of Frank Wisner.

"YOU COULD ALMOST SEE IT COMING, THOSE CURRENT EVENTS..."
NARROW ROAD TO THE DEEP NORTH

(1) Men of the First Cavalry Division make their way across the Taedong River, near Pyongyang, October 27, 1950. (2) Aboard the U.S.S. Missouri as it traveled toward Chinese waters, October 21, 1950. (3) Comedian Bob Hope with U.S. Marines of the First Division, in Wonsan, South Korea, October 26, 1950. (4) Chinese troops captured in North Korea, November 4, 1950. (5) Major General Charles A. Willoughby, MacArthur’s intelligence chief in Korea, testifies before the Senate, August 9, 1951.
"FINE! FINE! AN ARROGANT ENEMY," SAID
head of the C.I.A.'s Directorate of Plans. Willoughby's great—other than MacArthur—was the Spanish dictator Francisco Franco, a true Fascist who had been supported by the Nazis in his power in the 1930s and who then tilted to the Germans in World War II. The higher Willoughby rose, the more Prussian he became. On occasion, he even wore a monocle, although, as fellow officer put it, he was more like Erich von Stroheim, movie director, than Karl von Rundstedt, the head of the Old War II German General Staff.

Apparently he had come to America from Heidelberg, Germany, in an 18-year-old in 1910 and entered the army as Adolf Charles denbach. In three years he made sergeant, then left the army, to get to Gettysburg College. did some graduate studies at the University of Kansas, and taught languages at girls' schools in the Midwest. He re-entered the army in 1916, served on the Mexican border, eventually went to France, but did not see combat. After the war, he served as an intelligence attaché in Venezuela, Colom-

and Ecuador. Eventually he became a self-styled military historian and intelligence officer. Somehow in the mid-1930s, while he was teaching at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, a place where the army's most promising mid-career officers for extra training, he cot-

ted with MacArthur, and in 1940 he joined the general in the Philippines, soon becoming the intelligence expert on his staff.

The intensity of Willoughby's ideological biases made even other on the MacArthur staff uneasy, and he was despised by a vast number of other men in the command. "I was always afraid he would be found murdered one day, because if he was, I was sure they would come and arrest me, because I hated him so much, had been so outspoken about him," Lieutenant General Wil-

lard J. McCaffrey, deputy chief of staff of 10th Corps, once said. In the internal staff struggles over the future of Japanese dec-

racy, Willoughby was an unusually passionate player, trying to headquarter the New Deal liberals whom he tended to see as fellow travelers or Communists. He was also always on the alert for any journalistic transgression against either the occupation or eArthur personally. "Willoughby was absolutely convinced that cause I was doing a good deal of original reporting on those di-

ons, reporting what neither he nor MacArthur liked, that I was a communist," said Joseph Fromm, of U.S. News & World Report. I remember one day he called me for a special one-on-one meet-

ing and it was a truly crazed scene. All he wanted to do was talk to Lenin and Marx, man-to-man, like we both knew what the he was, he the anti-Communist and the man of the law and me, his mind, the Communist, and thus the outlaw, and we would equal in this sparring, sophisticates about it, men of the world, in the end his view of Communism would trump mine." Years after, Fromm got hold of his security file through the Freedom of Information Act. What stunned him was the amount of garbage a -about him, all of it collected by Willoughby and his people in G-2 section, reams and reams of it, much of it incredibly inac-

urate. "the kind of thing that could ruin a person's career if it was racist, and anti-Semitic articles. When Eisenhower was about to get the Republican nomination in 1952, Willoughby told Mac-

Arthur that this proved the Republicans were part of a "clever con-

spiratorial move to perpetuate the vampire hold of the Roosevelt-

Truman mechanism."

That was the intellectual prism through which all critical in-

telligence on Korea would pass in Tokyo, but the key to the im-

portance of Willoughby was not his own self-evident inadequacy; it was that he represented the deepest kind of psychological weakness in the talented, flawed man he served—the need to have someone who agreed with him at all times and flattered him con-

stantly. "MacArthur did not want the Chinese to enter the war in Korea. Anything MacArthur wanted, Willoughby produced intelligence for... In this case Willoughby falsified the intelligence reports... He should have gone to jail," said Lieutenant Colonel John Chiles, 10th Corps G-3, or chief of operations.

**Rout at Unsan**

The men of the Eighth Regiment of the First Cavalry Di-

vision reached Unsan without difficulty. Sergeant Her-

bert "Pappy" Miller had taken the news philosophically that they were to leave Pyongyang and head north to Unsan to steer the ROKS. Miller was an assistant platoon sergeant in Love Company of the Third Battal-

ion of the Eighth Cav. He might have liked a few more days in Pyongbuk, but these were orders and that was the business they were in, plugging holes. He had never understood why the brass had thought the ROKS could lead the way north in the first place. Miller wasn't worried about the Chinese coming in. What worried him was the cold, because they were still in summer-weight uni-

forms. Back at Pyongyang they had been told that winter clothes were on their way, already in the trucks, and supposed to arrive the next day, or the one after that. They had been hearing that for several days, but no winter uniforms had arrived.

Miller was from the small town of Pulaski, in upstate New York. He had served with the 42nd Division in World War II, gone back to Pulaski, found little in the way of decent employ-

ment, and rejoined the army in 1947. He was part of the Sev-

enth Regiment of the Third Infantry Division, which had been detached and assigned to the First Cavalry, and he had only six months to go on a three-year enlistment when he was ordered to Korea in July 1950. In World War II, he thought everything had always been done right, but in Korea, damn near everything was done wrong. He and his company had almost immediately been rushed to the front line near the village and key junction of Taejon, and had been thrown into the line that first day. He had been through everything ever since, which was why his men called him Pappy, though he was only 24 years old.

On the day they reached Unsan, Miller took a patrol about five miles north of their base, and they came upon an old farmer, who told them that there were thousands of Chinese in the area, many of whom had arrived on horseback. There was a simplicty and a conviction to the old man that made Miller al-

most sure he was telling the truth. So he brought him back to his headquarters. But no one at battalion headquarters seemed very interested. Chinese! Thousands and thousands of Chinese? No one had seen any Chinese. On horseback? That was absurd. So
nothing came of it. Well, Miller thought, they were the intelligence experts. They ought to know.

On the afternoon of November 1, Major General Hobart R. "Hap" Gay, the First Cav division commander, was in his command post with General Charles Palmer, his artillery commander, when a radio report from an observer in an L-5 spotter plane caught their attention: "This is the strangest sight I have ever seen. There are two large columns of enemy infantry moving southeast over the trails in the vicinity of Myongdang-dong and Yonghung-dong. Our shells are landing right in their columns and they keep coming." Those were two tiny villages five or six air miles from Unsan. Palmer immediately ordered additional artillery units to start firing, and Gay nervously called First Corps, requesting permission to pull the entire Eighth Cav several miles south of Unsan. His request was denied.

About 1:30 in the morning of November 2, it all exploded. The Chinese hit the Third Battalion of the Eighth Cav. One moment the battalion headquarters was a center of American military activity; the next, it had been completely overrun and was filled with Chinese. At the same time, about 350 yards away, the Chinese hit Love Company and overran it. Pappy Miller was wounded and captured and would spend two years as a P.O.W., during which time he was tortured.

Of the Eighth Cav, when it was all over, there were some 800 casualties among the estimated 2,400 men in the regiment; of the ill-fated men of the Third Battalion, 800 strong when the battle began, only an estimated 200 made it out. It was the worst defeat of the Korean War thus far, doubly painful because it had taken place after four months of battle, when, it seemed, the tide had finally turned, when victory was in sight, and it had been inflicted on a much-admired American unit.

Intelligence Designs

Willoughby did all he could to minimize the overwhelming evidence that the Chinese had been the ones who struck the rooks and the Eighth Cavalry near Unsan. A good many men who fought there came to believe that his refusal to act quickly on the evidence presented by the first captured Chinese prisoners and his unwillingness to add a serious note of caution to his intelligence briefings were directly responsible for the devastation inflicted on not just the Cav at Unsan but upon the Eighth Army soon after, for the loss of so many buddies, and, in some cases, for their own long tours in Chinese and Korean prisons. To them, what he represented came perilously close to evil, someone who blurred about the dangers of Communism and the Chinese, but then ended up making their work so much easier by setting the U.N. forces up for that great ambush. He was, thought Bill Train, a bright, young, low-level G-3 (or operations) staff officer who fought against Willoughby's certitudes in those critical weeks, "a four-flusher—someone who made it seem like he knew what he was doing—but in the end what he produced was absolutely worthless; there was nothing there at all. Nothing. He got everything wrong! Everything! What he was doing in those days was fighting against the truth, trying to keep it from going from lower levels to higher ones, where it would have to be acted on."

The importance and value of a good, independent intelligence man in wartime can hardly be overemphasized. A great intelligence officer studies the unknown and works in the darkness, trying to see the shape of future events. He covers the sensitive ground where prejudice, or instinctive cultural bias, meets reality, and he must stand for reality, even if it means standing virtually alone. Great intelligence officers often have the melancholy joy of telling their superiors things they don't want to hear. A great intelligence officer tries to make the unknown at least partially knowable; he tries to think like his enemy, and he listens carefully to those with whom he disagrees, simply because he knows that he has to challenge his own value system in order to understand the nature and impulse of the other side.

In all ways, Charles Willoughby not only failed to fit this role, but was the very opposite of it. He would have been considered a buffoon, thought Carleton Swift, then a 31-year-old intelligence officer, if the impact of his acts had not been so deadly serious. Swift, a C.I.A. man (who had come out of the Office of Strategic Services, the forerunner of the C.I.A.), operated with State Department cover as a consul in the U.S. Embassy in Seoul and so was beyond Willoughby's reach. "There was an arrogance to Willoughby that was completely different from the uncertainty—the cautionousness—you associate with good intelligence men," he recalled. "It was as if he was always right, had always been right. Certitude after certitude poured out of him." Swift had been in Kunming during the Chinese civil war and had come away with a healthy respect for the military abilities of the Communists. He still had some good sources in China, and in dealing with your sources in those days, he believed, it was all about instinct and trust.

He knew that the Chinese were gathering along the Yalu in huge numbers, and that their leadership had said they were going to enter the war. Best to take those promises seriously—especially since everything he picked up from his agents indicated that they were going ahead with their plans to enter the war. But Swift knew something else as well.

"None of this was going to affect Willoughby. The Chinese were not going to in. He knew it. And he was never wrong".

In fact, Willoughby was not only stonewalling the combat-level intelligence machine from sending its best and most consequential material to the top in Korea, he was blocking other sources of intelligence keeping a careful eye on the small, bones C.I.A. operation that in 1950 existed in Tokyo. It was being run by a man named William Duggan, an intelligence officer who had worked previously in Europe. From late September well into October Duggan was receiving some exception formation from his colleagues in Taiwan about what the Chinese Communist army was up to. Some of the old Nationalists now incorporated into the People's Liberation Army, still had their radios. Sometimes they would manage to slip away at night and make contact with Taiwan to describe where they were and what they were doing. The messages all had a theme: we are heading north to the Manchurian border, the field-level officers believe the decision has already been made to cross the Yalu. Young C.I.A. operative on Taiwan named Bob Myers was also picking up these ports from some of the Nationalists he was working with and passing them on to his superiors, and he knew that they reached Duggan in Japan. What he did learn until later was that Willoughby found out about this and had threatened to close down Duggan's tiny shop and him out of Japan unless he stopped trying to notify anyone higher up about the intelligence he had.

Meanwhile, within the Eighth Army a fierce bureaucratic battle over the intelligence was taking place. The unfortunate man caught between Willoughby above and the growing doubts among intelligence men working on the ground in North Korea was the Eighth Army's G-2, Clint Tarkenton. "He was a Willoughby man ... and you must not underestimate the importance that. You must remember the enormous power that Willoughby had in that overcommand structure," said Bill Train, a young officer in the First Cav's G-3 shop, who was convinced that the Chinese had entered the country in force, and that a major tragedy was in the making. "It was MacArthur's command, not a U.S. Army command, and if you crossed Willoughby it was not just a ticket out of there, it was probably a ticket straight out of your career."

So Tarkenton followed the line from Tokyo that, as Willoughby had reported in an intelligence estimate on October 28, three days after the capture of the first Chinese prisoner in the Unsan area, "the auspicious time of such intervention has long since passed.

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difficult to believe that such a move, if
made, would have been postponed to a
time when remnant NK forces have been
reduced to a low point of effectiveness."

Train, however, was quite alarmed about
what had happened at Unsan. Technically,
intelligence was not even Train's area, but
he could do plans as a G-3 if you did
know who or where the enemy was? He
had been pulled into some of the Intelligence
because the G-2 section was short-
ded. Now he saw undeniable evidence of
it appeared to be a large-scale Chinese
invasion into the war. It was not something
you scoffed at, as Willoughby's shop
was doing; it was something that sent a chill
through you and made you want to come up
with even more information.

But whatever they came up with in terms
of the Chinese presence, Willoughby had
answer for. If the ROKs reported killing
Chinese during a battle, and the bodies
were still on the battlefield, then the answer
would be back that it was all just an Oriental
attempt to save face, that the ROKs had fought
poorly they had to claim a certain number
of dead Chinese as a matter of pride. If
in came up with evidence that seemed to
point to the presence of five or six Chinese
regiments in a given area, the answer was
inevitable that these were different, smaller,
units from different Chinese divisions, now
anchored to a North Korean unit.

A Deadly Discrepancy

On October 30, after the attack at Unsan,
Everett Drumright, in the Seoul bazaar,
reflecting the G-2 position quite
cisely, cabled State that two regiments' worth
of Chinese, perhaps 3,000 men, were
engaged in the North. That was
honest attempt to answer what was the
meaning question of the moment for his su-
ior. The next day he cabled again, giving
a smaller figure of only 2,000 Chinese
troops. By November 1, after lower-level
interrogators showed that there were troops
from several different Chinese armies,
Tarkenton, following the Willoughby line,
said that it was because smaller units from
these armies but not the full armies them-
selves had showed up.

On November 3, as the reality of Unsan
gradually set in, Willoughby upped
figures slightly. Yes, the Chinese were
there in country, minimally 16,500 of them,
a maximum 34,000. On November 6,
Tarkenton placed the total figure of Chinese
invading against both the Eighth Army and
7th Corps at 27,000. In reality, the number
of the country was already closer to 250,000,
and growing. On November 17, MacAr-
tur told Ambassador John Muccio that
there were no more than 30,000 Chinese in
the country, while the next day Tarkenton
revised the number at 48,000. On November
24, the day the major U.N. offensive to go to
the Yalu kicked off—instead of sensing how
large the Chinese presence was and getting
into strong defensive positions—Willoughby
placed the minimum number at 40,000, the
maximum at 71,000. At the time there were
300,000 Chinese troops waiting patiently
for the U.N. forces to come a little deeper
into their trap. It was, as Train put it, "the
saddest thing I was ever associated with
because you could almost see it coming,
almost know what happened was going to
happen, those young men moving into that
awful goddamn trap."

It was as if one vast part of the army, the
part not commanded by Douglas Mac-
Arthur, knew that trouble was imminent as
the other part kept moving forward. On
Thanksgiving Day, General Al Gruenther
visited Dwight Eisenhower, his old boss
from Europe, at Eisenhower's residence at
Columbia University, of which Eisenhower
was, biding his time for a run at the White
House, was then president. Gruenther's old-
est son, Dick, class of 1946 at West Point,
had a company in the Seventh Division,
some of whose men were very far north and
headed for the Yalu. On November 17,
four days before his senior officers reached
the Yalu and pissed in it, Dick Gruenther (who
had been sure they were already fighting
the Chinese) was severely wounded in the
stomach in one of the small battles that
preceded the main Chinese offensive. Al
Gruenther, Eisenhower's former chief of
staff, had just finished a tour as director of
the 100-man Joint Chiefs staff, which meant
that he was aware of all the warning signals
that MacArthur was now ignoring.

At first General Eisenhower's 28-year-old
son John thought it odd that Gruenther was
there for Thanksgiving, because Gruenther
had a family of his own. But later he decided
that Gruenther was there because Eisen-
hower was still the man you talked to—he

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had that special status—when something this serious was going wrong at so high a level. John remembered that a shadow hung over that Thanksgiving Day meal, something that he himself did not entirely understand. Gruenther had told his father that the American forces were simply too exposed and far too vulnerable. When Gruenther left, the general turned to his son and said, “I’ve never been so pessimistic about this war in my life.” John was teaching at West Point at the time, and when he left his father’s residence to drive back to the academy, he turned on the car radio and heard a report about how MacArthur was warning the war would be over by Christmas.

In late November, the Chinese and North Koreans launched a major offensive, driving the U.N. forces south and eventually taking back Seoul. General MacArthur was removed from command for insubordination by President Truman in April, causing an uproar in the U.S. The front line now shifted back forth until the conflict became a stalemate in July, with the front eventually settling around the 38th parallel. Peace negotiations began, but major combat operations, including large-scale bombings of North and its population, continued. In March 1953, a cease-fire agreement was reached that time 36,940 Americans had died. About 92,000 had been wounded.

Missing Iraq Billions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 319 and unfrozen Iraqi funds. Few in Congress actually had any idea about the true nature of the C.P.A. as an institution. Lawmakers had never discussed the establishment of the C.P.A., much less authorized it—odd, given that the agency would be receiving taxpayer dollars. Confused members of Congress believed that the C.P.A. was a U.S. government agency, which it was not, or that at the very least it had been authorized by the United Nations, which it had not. One congressional funding measure makes reference to the C.P.A. as “an entity of the United States Government”—highly inaccurate. The same congressional measure states that the C.P.A. was “established pursuant to United Nations Security Council resolutions”—just as inaccurate. The bizarre truth, as a U.S. District Court judge would point out in an opinion, is that “no formal document. . .plainly establishes the C.P.A. or provides for its formation.”

Accountable really to no one, its finances “off the books” for U.S. government purposes, the C.P.A. provided an unprecedented opportunity for fraud, waste, and corruption involving American government officials, American contractors, renegade Iraqis, and many others. In its short life more than $23 billion would pass through its hands. And that didn’t include potentially billions more in oil shipments the C.P.A. neglected to meter. At stake was an ocean of cash that would evaporate whenever the C.P.A. did. All parties understood that there was a sell-by date, and that it was everyone for himself. An Iraqi hospital administra-
tor told The Guardian of England that, when he arrived to sign a contract, the army officer representing the C.P.A. had crossed out the original price and doubled it. “The American officer explained that the increase (more than $1 million) was his retirement package.” Alan Grayson, a Washington, D.C., lawyer for whistle-blowers who have worked for American contractors in Iraq, says simply that during that first year under the C.P.A. the country was turned into “a free-fraud zone.”

Bremer has expressed general satisfaction with the C.P.A.’s work while at the same time acknowledging that mistakes were made. “I believe the C.P.A. discharged its responsibilities to manage these Iraqi funds on behalf of the Iraqi people,” he told a congressional committee. “With the benefit of hindsight, I would have made some decisions differently. But on the whole, I think we made great progress under some of the most difficult conditions imaginable, including putting Iraq on the path to democracy.”

The Bottomless Vault

To be fair, the C.P.A. really did need money desperately, and it really did need to spread it among the traumatized Iraqi population. It also needed to jump-start Iraq’s basic services. As the C.P.A. demanded ever greater amounts of cash, the pallets of $1, $5, and $10 bills were soon replaced by bundles of $100 bills. During the C.P.A.’s little more than a year of life, the New York Federal Reserve Bank made 21 shipments of currency to Iraq totaling $11,981,510,000. All told, the Fed would ship 281 million individual banknotes, in bricks weighing a total of 363 tons.

After arriving in Baghdad, some of the cash was shipped to outlying regions, but most of it stayed in the capital, where it was delivered to Iraqi banks, to installations such as Camp Victory, the mammoth U.S. Army facility adjacent to the Baghdad airport, and to Saddam’s former presidential palace, in the Green Zone, which had become the home of Bremer’s C.P.A. and the makeshift Iraqi government. At the palace the cash disappeared into a vault in the basement. Few people ever saw the vault, but the word was that during one short period it held as much as $3 billion. Whatever the figure, it was a major repossession from a banknote from America during brief time the cash was under the care of the C.P.A. The money flowed in and out rapidly. When someone needed cash, a unit called the Program Review Board, composed of several C.P.A. officials, reviewed the request and decided whether to recommend a disbursement. A military officer would then present that authorization to personnel at the vault.

Even those who picked up large sums did not actually see the vault. Once the disbursement had been made, the cash was brought to an adjoining room for pickup. The “secure room,” as one military officer called it, looked a lot like a vault itself: a thick metal door at the entrance, with the room being starkly furnished with only a table and chair. The table would be piled high with cash. Authorized officer would sign papers for money, then begin carting it upstairs—sometimes in sacks or metal boxes—to the Irmin or C.P.A. office that had requested it. Upon turning over the cash, the officer would be required to obtain a receipt—nothing more.

C.P.A. officials tried to keep a roughearing tab on the amount disbursed to individual Iraqi agencies such as the Ministry Finance ($7.7 billion). But there was little detail, nothing specific, on how the money was actually used. The system basically operated on “trust and faith,” as one former C.P.A. official put it. Once the cash passed into the hands of the Iraqis or any other party, they knew where it went. The C.P.A. turn over $1.5 billion in cash to Iraqi banks, banks, but later auditors could account for less than $500 million. The United Nations retained a team of auditors to look over American shoulders. They didn’t see much because they were largely cut off from access while the C.P.A. held power. As a report the U.N.’s accounting consultant, KPMG noted dryly, “We encountered difficulties performing our duties and meeting with the C.P.A. personnel.”

“There was corruption everywhere,” says one former military officer who worked wi
C.P.A. in Baghdad in the months after invasion. Some of the Iraqis who were put charge of ministries after Saddam’s fall I never run a government agency before. Their inexperience aside, he said, they lived constant fear of losing their jobs or their jobs. All many cared about, he added, was taking care of themselves. “You could see a lot of them trying their best to a quick retirement fund before they were fired or killed.” he added. “You just get at you can while you’re in that position of power. Instead of trying to build the nation, I build yourself!”

Did any withdrawals from the vault pay secret activities by government personnel? an obvious possibility. Much of the cash was cleared for American contractors or Iraqi subcontractors. Sometimes the Iraqis gave the vault to the palace to collect their cash; other times, when they were reluctant to show up at American compound, U.S. military personnel had to deliver it themselves. One of the Iraqis jobs for some U.S. military men was to up a car with bags of cash and drive the money to contractors in Baghdad neighborhoods, handing it over like a postal worker doing mail.

A fraud was simply another word for “business as usual.” Of 8,206 “guards” draw paychecks courtesy of the C.P.A., only 602 bodies could be found; the other 4,046 were ghost employees. Halliburton, the government contractor once headed by Vice President Dick Cheney, charged the C.P.A. 42,000 daily meals for soldiers while it serving only 14,000 of them. Cash was added out from the backs of pickup trucks. Once a C.P.A. official received 73 million in cash with the expectation he could shell it out in one week. Another time, the C.P.A. decided to spend $500 million on “security.” No specifics, just a half-billion dollars for security, with this cryptic explanation: “Composition TBD”—that is, “to be determined.”

The pervasiveness of this Why-should-I-care? attitude was driven home in an exchange with retired admiral David Oliver, the C.P.A.’s director of management and budget. Oliver was asked by a BBC reporter what had happened to all the cash airlifted to Baghdad:

Oliver: “I have no idea—I can’t tell you whether or not the money went to the right things or didn’t—or do I actually think it’s important.”

Q: “Not important?”

Oliver: “No. The coalition—and I think it was between 300 and 600 people, civilians—and you want to bring in 3,000 auditors to make sure money’s been spent?”

Q: “Yes, but the fact is that billions of dollars have disappeared without a trace.”

Oliver: “Of their money. Billions of dollars of their money, yeah. I understand. I’m saying what difference does it make?”

The difference it made was that some American contractors correctly believed they could walk off with as much money as they could carry. The circumstances that surround the handling of comparatively small sums help explain the billions that ultimately vanished. In the south-central region of Iraq a contracting officer stored $2 million in a safe in his bathroom. One agent kept $678,000 in an unsecured footlocker. Another agent turned over some $23 million to his team of “paying agents” to deliver to contractors. But documentation could be found for only $63 million of it. One project officer received $350,000 to fund human-rights projects, but in the end could account for less than $200,000 of it. Two C.P.A. agents left Iraq without accounting for two payments of $715,000 and $777,000. The money has never been found.

To Frank Willis, a senior adviser to the Iraqi transportation ministry, the presence of so much cash circulating so freely gave the Green Zone a “Wild West” feel. A moderate Republican who worked for Reagan and voted for George W. Bush, Willis spent many years in executive roles in the State Department and the Department of Transportation before leaving government service in 1985. He was a top executive of a health institute in Oklahoma when, in 2003, an old friend from Washington called and asked if he would come to Iraq to help the C.P.A. get the various transportation systems running again.

“You’ve got to be crazy,” Willis told him at first. He says he was talked into going for 30 days, but once in Baghdad became caught up in the work and stayed for six grueling months. Willis says he wasn’t there a month before he felt the way things were being done was “terribly wrong.” One afternoon he returned to his office to find piles and piles of shrink-wrapped $100 bills stacked on a table. “This just got wheelbarrowed in,” one of his American colleagues explained. “What do you think of two million bucks?” The money had been “checked out” of Saddam’s old vault in the basement, two floors below, in order to pay a U.S. contractor hired by the C.P.A. to provide security.

The neat bundles of cash looked almost like play money, and the temptation to handle them was irresistible. “We were all in the room passing those things around and having fun,” Willis remembers. He and his colleagues played a game of football, tossing the bricks back and forth. “You could spin them but not throw a spiral.” Willis says with
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a laugh. When he called the American contractor to come get his money, Willis advised him, “You better bring a gunnysack.”

"Integrity Is a Core Principle"

The American contractor needing the gunnysack was a company called Custer Battles. The name was derived not from Little Big Horn but from the names of the company’s owners, Scott K. Custer and Michael J. Battles. Both were former army generals in their mid-30s, and Battles also had once been a C.I.A. operative. The pair showed up on the streets of Baghdad with the blessing of the White House at invasion’s end, looking for a way to do business. At the time, the only American civilians who could gain access to the city were those approved by President Bush’s staff.

The Battles half of the team brought the White House access, secured when Michael Battles became the G.O.P.-backed candidate in the 2002 Rhode Island congressional primary for the privilege of losing to the Democratic incumbent, Patrick Kennedy. Battles not only lost the primary but was fined by the Federal Election Commission for misrepresenting campaign contributions. Nevertheless, he forged important political connections. His contributors included Haley Barbour, the longtime Washington power broker and former chairman of the Republican National Committee, who is now governor of Mississippi, and Frederic V. Malek, a former special assistant to President Nixon, who survived the Watergate scandal and went on to become an insider in the Reagan administration and both Bush administrations.

The C.P.A. awarded Custer and Battles one of its first no-bid contracts—$16.5 million to protect civilian aircraft flights, of which at the time there were few, into Baghdad International Airport. The company faced immediate obstacles: Custer and Battles didn’t have any money, they didn’t have a viable business, and they didn’t have any employees. Bremer’s C.P.A. had overlooked these shortcomings and forked over $2 million anyway, in cash, to get them started, simply ignoring long-standing requirements that the government certify that a contractor has the capacity to fulfill a contract. That first $2 million cash infusion was followed shortly by a second. Over the next year Custer Battles would secure more than $100 million in Iraqi contracts. The company even set up an internal Office of Corporate Integrity. “Integrity is a core principle of Custer Battles’ corporate values,” Scott Custer stated in a press release.

The U.S. business community was impressed by this upset. In May 2004, Ernst & Young, the global accounting firm, announced the finalists for its New England Entrepreneur of the Year Awards, honoring an ability “to innovate, develop, and cultivate groundbreaking business models, products, and services.” Among the honorees were Scott Custer and Michael Battles.

Four months later, in September 2004, the air force issued an order barring Custer Battles from receiving any new government contracts until 2009. The company had come to epitomize the way business was done in Baghdad. Custer Battles had billed the government $400,000 for electricity that cost $74,000. It had billed $432,000 for a food order that cost $33,000. It had charged the C.P.A. for leased equipment that was stolen, and had submitted forged invoices for reimbursement—all the while moving millions of dollars into offshore bank accounts. In one instance, the company claimed ownership of forklifts used to transport the C.P.A.’s cash (among other things) around the Baghdad airport. But up until 2004 the forklifts had been the property of Iraqi Airways. They were “liberated,” along with other Iraqi people, following hostilities. Custer Battles seized them, painted over the old names and transferred ownership to its offshore businesses. The forklifts were then leased back to Custer Battles for thousands of dollars a month, a cost that Custer Battles passed along to the C.P.A. In 2006, a federal-court jury in Virginia ordered the company to pay $10 million in damages and penalties for defrauding the government. The jury found more than three dozen instances of fraud in which Custer Battles used shell companies in the Cayman Islands and elsewhere to manufacture phony invoices and pad its bills. During the same period Battles personally withdrew $3 million from the company coffers as a kind of bonus or, as he put it, “a draw.” The jury decision in the whistle-blower lawsuit was subsequently overturned when the trial judge set the verdict aside, pointing out that the C.P.A. was not in fact a U.S.-government entity and hence Custer Battles could not be tried under the federal fraud act. That decision is under appeal.

The NorthStar Contract

How can billions of dollars simply vanish? Wasn’t there any accounting mechanism in place to keep track of the money?

La Jolla, California, is about as far away from Iraq in both distance and mindset as one can get. The house at 5468 Soledad Road is a two-story dwelling with six bedrooms and five and a half baths, a typical California home of beige stucco under a red-tiled roof. The neighborhood is lush and well kept. By one respect 5468 Soledad is not a typical suburban house at all.
On October 25, 2003, the C.P.A. awarded a 1.4 million contract “to provide account and audit services” to help “in the management and accounting of the Development and for Iraq.” In other words, the purpose was to help Bremer and the C.P.A. keep tabs on the billions of dollars under their control, and to help make sure that the money was properly spent. The one-year C.P.A. contract was awarded to a company called NorthStar Consultants.

When a request was made to the U.S. government for a copy of this contract, officials at the Pentagon, which has oversight, rigged their feet for weeks. The document eventually supplied had been strategically redacted. Nearly all the information about the contractor had been blacked out, eluding the name and title of the company. But who had executed the contract, the name of the person to call for information about the company, the last four digits of the company’s phone number, and the name of the U.S.-government official who had awarded the contract in the first place. But by cross-referencing public records and other sources there was possible to fill in some of the missing data. One path led to 5468 Soledad Road.

The house is owned by Thomas A. and Konsuelo Howell, according to San Diego County records. The couple apparently bought it new in 1999. State records indicate that several companies operate from the house. One of them is called International Financial Consulting, Inc., though it isn’t clear what this company actually does. Incorporated in 1998, I.F.C. was described as a venture in “business consulting,” according to papers Howell filed with the state. The Howells are listed as the only directors.

Another company operating out of 5468 Soledad is called Kota Industries, Inc., whose stated business is the “sale of furniture, home furnishings, flooring,” according to California records. Numerous business directories in the San Diego area ascribe similar activities to Kota, listing it as a remodeling, repairing, or restoration contractor. One directory describes its specialty as “kitchen, bathroom, basement remodeling.” Again, the Howells are the only officers and directors.

In January 2004, the business-names index of San Diego County, Thomas Howell indicated that a third company was now based at 5468 Soledad, noting that it was owned by International Financial Consulting. This new company was NorthStar.

How did someone whose line of work includes home remodeling end up getting the contract to audit the billions being airlifted to Iraq? Thomas Howell is 60; he and his wife have lived in San Diego for at least two decades. Over the years, the couple has also maintained addresses in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, and Laredo, Texas. Neighbors describe the Howells as pleasant, but can add little else. “I know them, but I don’t know what they do,” said one. “That’s all I can tell you.” Two others could say only that they saw the Howells occasionally in the neighborhood. Were they aware that a company with an Iraqi contract had operated from the house? “Really?” said one. “No, I didn’t know that.”

Thomas Howell refuses to discuss the NorthStar contract in detail. A telephone exchange with him, reached at 5468 Soledad Road, went as follows.

A woman answered, “Kota Industries.”

“Could I speak with Mr. Thomas Howell?”

“May I ask who is calling?” the woman asked.

“My name is Jim Steele.”

“Wait just a second,” the woman said.

A few moments later, a man came on the line. “Tom Howell,” he said.

“My name is Jim Steele, and I am a writer with the magazine Vanity Fair. I would like to talk to you about NorthStar Consultants.”

Howell said, “Well, let me find a contact who can talk all this stuff with you. What is your phone number, Jim?”

Howell repeated the number and added, “O.K. Let me get somebody who can discuss all this stuff for you.”

“I’d just like to make sure here. Aren’t you president of the company?”

“That’s right,” said Howell.

“But you can’t…”

“Well, I’m not… I can’t… You want to talk about the D.F.I. [Development Fund for Iraq] and that sort of stuff?” asked Howell.

“Well, yeah.”

“O.K…” Howell replied, “I’ll get someone who’s authorized to talk about all that. I’ll have them give you a call or I’ll call you and give you their number.”

“Is this the military or your lawyer?”

“The military,” said Howell, abruptly ending the conversation with “O.K. Thanks. Good-bye.”

The next attempt was a visit to Howell’s home the following day. A stylishly dressed woman emerged from behind a locked fence. “May I help you?” she asked.

The woman confirmed that she was Konsuelo Howell, and explained that it would be impossible to speak with her husband. “He is out of the country.”

He never did call back with the name of a Pentagon official “authorized” to speak about NorthStar. Nor did anyone from the Pentagon call. When a Pentagon public-affairs officer was queried about who might be able to discuss the contract, the officer said she needed...
Missing Iraq Billions

a name, which, as it turned out, only Howell could provide. The Pentagon also failed to respond to a request for the information deleted from the NorthStar contract and the name of the person who had ordered it deleted.

When Howell was contacted again, three months later, he stated that the Department of Defense had told him that “they didn’t have anybody anymore specifically tasked with answering these questions.” As far as D.O.D. was concerned, Howell added, the issue was “closed.” Once again he refused to discuss the NorthStar contract in any detail: “The way I normally work with all my clients is: my work is confidential,” he said. “If they want to let it out, that’s fine. But I work for them. It’s their business.” Howell did say that NorthStar was his one and only U.S. government contract. How did he land it? “I saw it published on the Web, that it was out for bids,” he said.

As for how much auditing NorthStar really did in Iraq, the missing billions provide the best answer. The company did have personnel in Baghdad, though how many, and for how long, and for what purpose, is not known—another point Howell declines to discuss. Under the terms of C.P.A. Regulation No. 2, signed by Bremer on June 15, 2003, money coming into Iraq was supposed to be tracked by an “independent certified public accounting firm.” Howell was not a certified public accountant, nor were any of the people who worked for him. Bremer seems to have been unaware of this detail. When he was asked at a congressional hearing earlier this year about NorthStar, he answered, “I don’t know what kind of firm it was, other than it was an accounting firm.” Would it upset him, a congressman asked, if he found out there were no accountants on NorthStar’s staff? “It would,” Bremer answered, “if it were true.”

It is true. And rather than reissue the contract to a certified public accountant, someone in the government contract office simply eliminated the requirement, thereby making Howell eligible for the work.

The Baghdad-Bahamas Connection

When an unknown official at the Pentagon methodically went through the NorthStar contract and used a thick-tipped marker to black out Thomas Howell’s name, title, office address, and phone number, he or she neglected to conceal one of the most intriguing aspects of the contract: NorthStar’s mailing address. It was P.O. Box N-3813 in Nassau, in the Bahamas.

High on a hill in Nassau, the main post office commands panoramic views of the capital city—the pink stuccoed Parliament building, bustling Bay Street with its hordes of tourists, and, beyond it, the giant cruise ships that dock in Nassau’s harbor. Just as you enter the post office, on a sprawling plaza beneath an overhanging awning, protected from the tropical sun and rain, are several rows of metal boxes, each bearing the letter N followed by a series of numbers. These are the private post-office boxes of Nassau. Because there is no home delivery in the city, it is the way people in the capital get their mail.

Box N-3813, four inches wide by five inches high, looks like all the other post-office boxes. It harbors many secrets that its users want to keep. No one knows whether anyone at the C.P.A. or the Pentagon questioned why one of its contractors used an offshore post-office box. It is undeniably true, however, that foreign clients often use post-office boxes in the Bahamas and other tax havens for three purposes: to conceal assets, to avoid taxes, and to launder money. NorthStar would not be the only unusual among Iraq contractors in setting up its affairs this way. Post-office boxes in tax havens around the world have been flooded with contractor business based in Iraq.

Box N-3813, it turns out, has been the focus for all sorts of transactions by American and others looking to move money offshore. In addition to Howell’s NorthStar, this particular box also served as the address of record for a man named Patrick Thomson an his Bahamian business called Lions Gate Management. Both figured prominently in one of the more spectacular offshore frauds of recent years, the collapse of Evergreen Securities. The Caribbean-based Evergreen enticed thousands of investors, many of them U.S. retirees, to pour money into its so-called sheltered offshore funds, with the promise of handsome returns. Some of the money came from hundreds of Caribbean trusts for which Thomson acted as trustee. A Ponzi scheme masquerading as a mutual fund, Evergreen siphoned $200 million from investors in the United States and two dozen other countries. One of its ringleaders was William J. Zylka, a New Jersey “con artist who falsified his background, credentials and wealth in order to perpetrate elaborate schemes,” according to court documents. He pocketed $277 million of Evergreen’s money.

Throughout the looting of Evergreen Thomson was one of the firm’s three directors. During that time he also arranged for Howell to establish the same Nassau post-office box as NorthStar’s legal home. Identified in Nassau as a member of one of Scotland’s oldest publishing families, Thomson has operated out of one or more office buildings in the heart of Nassau for many years. Like most of those in the shadowy world of offshore deals, he has generally kept a low profile, the scandal...
Thomson incorporated NorthStar
Howell in the Bahamas in January of
2007, as what is known as an "international
business company," or I.B.C. Despite their
respective name, I.B.C.'s are little more than
operations. As a rule, they don't carry
any business; they are empty vessels that
be used for anything. They have no real
executive officer or board of directors,
they don't publish financial statements.
I.B.C.'s books, if there are any, can be
anywhere in the world, but no one can
see them. I.B.C.'s aren't required to file
reports or disclose the identity of their
owners. They're shells, operating in total
tacy. In the last two decades, they have
out from the hundreds of thousands in tax
ens worldwide.

In a telephone interview, Thomson dis-
with great reluctance his role in creat-
NorthStar for Thomas Howell. How did
they meet?

I believe I was introduced to him through
friend of Citibank," Thomson replied. "believe Howell used to work for Citibank.
and it was his recollection that Howell ini-
established NorthStar because of some
suing work he was doing in the Far East,
the Middle East. "This was before the
war started," he noted. "All we did was
a company name." Thomson said he
had no contact with Howell in years. He
heard that Howell was in Iraq, but de-
ed to discuss the matter further.

Turning Off the Spigot
by the spring of 2004 the clock was
winding down for L. Paul Bremer and
C.P.A. Within several months—on June
the Authority was scheduled to turn
ment operations over to the Iraqis, at
least formally. There was palpable anxiety
among officials and contractors about what
would happen under the new Iraqi regime,
and they launched an aggressive effort to get
as much money into the pipeline as possible.
On April 26, another shipment of cash-laden
pallets, this one holding $750 million, ar-
ived at Baghdad International Airport. On
May 18 the Fed made a $1 billion shipment,
which was followed on June 22 by the big-
est single shipment ever made by the Fed
anywhere—$2.4 billion. Another $1.6 billion
arrived three days later, bringing the total of
cash shipments to Iraq to $5 billion in the
C.P.A.'s final three months.
The C.P.A. sought to make one more huge
withdrawal. On Monday, June 28, as Bremer
stole away from Baghdad unannounced—two
two days ahead of the scheduled handover of au-
tority—another C.P.A. official put in hurried
pleas to the Federal Reserve Bank for an ad-
ditional $1 billion infusion, hoping to get the
money before an Iraqi provisional government
came to power. Internal e-mails from the Fed-
eral Reserve Bank show that the requests for
money came from Don Davis, an air-force
colonel serving as the C.P.A.'s comptroller
and manager of the Development Fund for
Iraq. But the Fed would have no part of the
plan. Because Bremer had already "trans-
ferred authority (which is being reported in
the press at 10:26 a.m. in Baghdad)," a Fed
official explained, "the C.P.A. no longer had
control over Iraq's assets.

In one of his last official acts before leaving
Baghdad, Bremer issued an order—prepared
by the Pentagon, he says—declaring that all
coalition-force members "shall be immune
from any form of arrest or detention other than
by persons acting on behalf of our Sending
States." Contractors also got the same get-out-
of-jail-free card. According to Bremer's order,
"contractors shall be immune from Iraqi legal
process with respect to acts performed by
them pursuant to the terms and conditions of a
Contract or any sub-contract thereto." The
Iraqi people, who had had no say over Saddam
Hussein's illegal conduct during his dictator-
ship, would have no say over illegal conduct
by Americans in their new democracy.

And the "Sending State" itself is not inter-
ested in pursuing misconduct. With the excep-
tion of a few low-level individuals, the Bush
administration's Justice Department has reso-
lutely avoided the prosecution of corporate
fraud stemming from the occupation of Iraq.

"In our fifth year in the war in Iraq," ac-
cording to Alan Grayson, the attorney for
whistle-blowers, "the Bush administration has
not litigated a single case against any war prof-
iteer under the False Claims Act." This at a
time. Grayson told a congressional committee,
when "billions of dollars are missing and many
billions more wasted." Grayson knows what he
is talking about. He represented the whistle-
blowers in the Custer Battles case brought un-
under the False Claims Act—a case in which the
Justice Department refused to get involved,
and the only one that has gone to trial.

There is no true method of calculating the
human cost of the war in Iraq. The monetary
cost, grossly inflated by theft and corruption,
is another matter. One simple piece of data
puts this into perspective: to date, America
has spent twice as much in inflation-adjusted
dollars to rebuild Iraq as it did to rebuild Ja-
pan—an industrialized country three times
Iraq's size, two of whose cities had been incin-
ated by atomic bombs. Understanding how
and why this happened will take many years—
if understanding comes at all. There has been
no rush to explain even this one small part of
the story, that of the missing Iraqi billions. No
one in the U.S. government wants to talk about

T E A L I G H T
battery-powered LED tealights glow and
flow out just like a real candle. 4 pk. 6.99

M E T H O D F L O O R M O P
From the ergonomic pole to the compostable
corn-based cloths, Method is well, methodical
about smart, sustainable design. 24.99

N A T U R A L
Erba Organics created a line of environmentally
friendly products for Baby and Mom that take
care of you, and the planet. 11.99
Missing Iraq Billions

NorthStar Consultants, much less about the money that disappeared. Bradford R. Higgins was the C.P.A.'s chief financial officer, on loan from the State Department, where he is assistant secretary for resource management and chief financial officer. Higgins says it was "a Department of Defense–managed operation"; he says that "I don't know anyone at NorthStar" and that he did not oversee its operations. The C.P.A.'s comptroller and D.F.I. fund manager during the NorthStar days in 2003 was air-force colonel Don Davis. Through the air-force public-affairs office in the Pentagon, Davis declined to comment. L. Paul Bremer III, who wrote a 400-page book on his experiences as the C.P.A.'s administrator, stated in an interview that he had no input in the decision to hire NorthStar. He explained that "all of the contracting was done, by order of the secretary of defense, by the department of the army. They were our contracting arm...I don't think I ever heard of NorthStar until some questions came up after I left." Nor did he have any dealings with NorthStar's Houston office, he said. "If I met him, I have no memory of him."

Queries sent repeatedly to the army's public-affairs desk in Baghdad and the Pentagon have gone unanswered, as have those to the office of the secretary of defense.

The simple truth about the missing money is the same one that applies to so much about the American occupation of Iraq. The U.S. government never did care about accounting for those Iraqi billions and it doesn't care now. It cares only about ensuring an accounting does not occur.

Nicole Kidman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 370 are times when you go, 'Gosh, I wish I could have played Nina in The Scagull.' Still, she says, "I don't measure life by youth. I think in terms of the grandeur of the journey. The only way you can understand things is through contrast, so you've got to have youth to have age. Give me sadness so I can have happiness."

Throughout her career, she has worked hard not to be defined by her looks, and she has made a point of alternating between major studio movies and art-house pictures. "My commitment is to films that are about the human psyche, where you can delve into it and explore it and not make a judgment on it," she says. "People behave in the most terrible ways and the most glorious ways, and I think your job as an artist is to illuminate those things."

This year she hits both the big and the small categories. In August, Warner Bros. released The Invasion, starring Daniel Craig and directed by Germany's Oliver Hirschbiegel, whose previous movie, Downfall, about Adolf Hitler's final days, was nominated for the best-foreign-language-film Oscar in 2004. The Invasion is a remake of the 1956 horror classic Invasion of the Body Snatchers. "The thing that appealed to me was that Oliver said, 'I want to do it with no special effects,'" Kidman recalls, "'and I loved Downfall, so I went, 'O.K., how would you do that?'"

In November, Kidman will appear in Margot at the Wedding, directed by Noah Baumbach. She plays Margot, who disapproves of the man (Jack Black) who is about to marry her sister (Jennifer Jason Leigh). "I've wanted to work with Nicole for a long time," Leigh says. "She takes incredible risks, but in a very pure way. I felt like she made me better." The movie, which makes its debut this month at the Toronto International Film Festival, was shot on a minimal budget, and Kidman earned scale wages of less than $1,000 a week—a far cry from her usual asking price of $17.5 million, which she received for The Witches and The Interpreter, both in 2005.

The actress has a history of working with interesting directors on their follow-up features—Birth was Jonathan Glazer's first film after Sexy Beast, Fur succeeded Secretary, Steven Shainberg, and The Others (Kidman's biggest commercial hit) followed Open Your Eyes for Alejandro Amenábar. Her relationships with directors are intense, and mirror those in her personal life: if you're willing to be there for her, she'll go there for you. "I have to be coaxed as an actress, to be brought out of my shell," she says. "I need to feel safe and protected. But that's probably my personal general. I don't do well being pushed a being told what I have to do. I do much better when someone's very gentle."

Margot at the Wedding comes on the he...
Noah Baumbach's critically acclaimed film, 2005's The Squid and the Whale. "I had clearly written it for her with thinking about it," says Baumbach, who finally called the script Nicole in the Country. "I wanted someone you would really stick with and connect to, and at the same time someone who would disappear into the role. I think she's one of the best actors of her age range or period. She is completely real in every take."

I just place myself completely in the director's hands," Kidman says, "so if I'm not willing to do that, I shouldn't be in the movie. I'm being under somebody's control. I love being under a director's control. I just do it. I love and I love being there to help their vision."

Kidman originally arrived in Hollywood as a young up-and-comer who had caught Tom Cruise's eye with her performance in Australian thriller Dead Calm. While filming Days of Thunder together, the pair started a relationship, and by the time the movie was released, Cruise had divorced his first wife, Mimi Rogers. Six months later, he married Kidman. It was a development that threatened to stunt her career just as it was beginning.

"My agents told me, 'Once you become Mrs. Tom Cruise, you do know your career is going to die,'" she recalls. "'You're going to absolutely shoot yourself in the foot.' I was appalled. I was like, 'Hello? I'm in love, and I don't care if it's shooting myself in the foot. I'd much rather be married and have a family.'"

Kidman's success continued with her two biggest successes, Moulin Rouge! and The Others. "After I came out of it, you know. I was like, 'O.K., what do I focus on now?' And that's when my career suddenly came together." She received her first Oscar nomination, for Moulin Rouge!, and won over millions of Americans when she told David Letterman how refreshing it felt to be back in high heels. (Cruise is a good four inches shorter than his ex-wife.)

Sustained since her breakup with Cruise, Kidman has made 12 films, some of which have been lackluster. "Part of that was avoidance," says Kidman. "I'd love to say it was all creatively driven, but part of it was just 'I don't really have a life, so I'll do it through this.'"

She spent most of her time either on a set or with her children. "That was my choice and that's what I wanted," she says. "I slowly healed, and then I was able to come and say, 'Here, this is what I have to offer.'"

Over time, Kidman was romantically linked with the rocker Lenny Kravitz and the movie producer Steve Bing, but she says she dated very little. "I didn't really want a relationship. I just wanted my kids to have me, and I didn't feel comfortable having some person in that small hubbub. And then I got engaged to somebody . . . but it just wasn't right. I wasn't ready. We weren't ready." I ask who this mystery fiancé was, but she declines to say. "I get engaged and I get married—that's my thing," she tells me. "I don't want to date. I'm interested in a very, very deep connection."

She continues: "I probably haven't done the things that somebody else in my position would have done. The opportunities are extraordinary. I mean, many times I've chosen to go home to my hotel room and be alone, and that's partly to do with shyness and it's partly to do with fear, but I certainly have all..."
Nicole Kidman

of the desires and a very vivid imagination. Someone I read recently said, 'Live a bourgeois life and do the rest in your art.' I'll take the risks, but in my art.'

Today, Kidman is getting a second chance to experience some big firsts. Her first wedding anniversary just passed, and her desire to have a child with Urban is palpable. "I'm yearning to have one. I think I would be very sad if I wasn't able to have a baby," she says. "Keith knows I want one, and he has been getting there slowly." In the meantime, she is clearing her schedule. "Since getting married, I've passed on things," she says. "I do not want to be living my life away from the person I love. I just won't do it."

As we sit eating lunch, talking in the view from her dining room, and listening to an eclectic mix CD that her husband made for her, she tells me that they plan to buy more property in Tennessee, so they can have horses and lots of space. She also intends to spend more time in L.A., where Cruise lives, because they have joint custody of the children. The ex-couple seem to have put their differences behind them; in fact, Cruise sent her flowers for her 40th birthday.

Kidman has not owned a house in L.A. since her divorce. Last year she rented her friend Naomi Watts's house in Brentwood while Watts was in New York with fiancé Liev Schreiber. "The two of us should probably swap places, because she will probably be spending far more time in New York," Kidman says. "My kids want to live in L.A. and they've hit a certain age where they do their own stuff. Keith is very obliging with that."

Despite all the change, complications, and challenges, Kidman seems settled and at peace. "I still have a certain amount of it in terms of the unpredictability of our lives," she says. "I had big expectations and dreams. Now I have more of a..." She throws up her hands and laughs, finding herself at a rare loss for words. After a pause, she continues. "I kept looking for happiness and then I realized: This is it. It's a moment, and it comes, and it goes, and it'll come back again. I yearn for things, but at the same time, I'm just peaceful."}

Stephen Colbert

Jim Reeves and First Officer James Daniels were wrapping up a rambling and wide-ranging conversation.

"One thing that kills me so damn much is all this shit that's goin' on now," Daniels said, according to William Stockton's 1977 book, Final Approach. (Stockton's transcripts are drawn from the flight's cockpit voice recorder.) "We need to be takin' definite steps to save the economy of this damn country. I think the A-rabs are takin' over every damn thing." The fog in Charlotte was obscuring the ground, and instead of relying on visual cues, the pilots were now conducting an instrument approach.

Less than three and a half miles from the runway, the DC-9 crashed into the earth. The impact and resulting fire destroyed the plane and killed 71 of the 82 passengers onboard, including the three Colberts. The National Transportation Safety Board report on the accident blamed the disaster on the pilots' discussion of "non-operational subjects." (In 1981, partially in response to a crash of EA 212, the Federal Aviation Administration instituted the Sterile Cockpit Rule, which forbids all "non-essential activities" below 10,000 feet.)

In 1974, Charleston's population was fewer than 70,000. "It was really wrenching for the entire community," says Benjamin Hill, the chorale director at Charleston's Portico Church from 1969 to 1985. "But it was worse for the Colbert family than anyone else." After Peter and Paul died, Stephen Colbert's closest sibling was nine years his senior. Until he left for college, eight years later, Stephen, who spent the first year of his life in a household overflowing with brothers and sisters, lived alone with his mother.

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Colbert isn’t a big fan of discussing his sonal life with the media. He’s compared press to a “lambrey that latches onto a ject and just sucks and suks suks il your brain and your soul is as dry as a aton.” That’s one of the reasons he does ny of his interviews in character. “I like servong the mask,” he says. “Stepping out ehind it doesn’t do me any good.” But also recognizes that he is expected, as an eaising well-known public figure, to let world know at least a little bit about his vate life, and he’s spoken about how the ths of his father and brothers forever ald the direction of his adolescence. After ing stricken with a “blazing headache” owing their funerals, Colbert picked up a noce-fiction novel to distract himself from pain. He soon was tearing through a ok a day. He detached from his peers and re less ignored school.

He also struggled with his identity. He ed with changing the pronunciation of last name from Col-bert to Col-bear. veral years earlier, after realizing that bular culture employed thick southern ents as a kind of shorthand for stupidity, had decided to get rid of it. He threw self into the alternative realities of role-ying games, becoming an aficionado of science-fiction-based Metamorphosis ha and fantasy world of Dungo & agons.

“The D&D phase and all that, that was ially a function of his loss,” says Chip I, who has been friends with Colbert almost 30 years and is the godfather of bert’s nine-year-old son, Peter. Hill and bert were part of what became a closest group of high-school friends. “The ng about Colbert is he’s fucking brilliant.” So Sectar Wherry, another friend from high school and the godfather of Colbert’s five-year-old son, John. “He was always the smartest guy in the room, and he was always smart enough not to let you know he was the smartest guy in the room.”

After high school, Colbert and Wherry enrolled at Virginia’s Hampden-Sydney College, an all-male school with a social life that centers on fraternities. Colbert never embraced that scene, and after two years, he transferred to Northwestern University, to enroll in its prestigious theater program. It was on his flight to Chicago that he decided once and for all that he was going to change the way his last name was pronounced. He was bumped up to first class and seated next to an astronaut. “I thought, well, if I’m ever going to do it, it’s going to be now.” Colbert says. “I talked to [the astronaut] about it, and he said, ‘Well, I think you know.’” When Colbert had boarded the plane, he had a hard t at the end of his name. When he got off, it was gone.

With the new pronunciation came a new focus. The Stephen Colbert who had once lost himself in science-fiction novels and role-playing games and more or less ignored academics had found something he was willing to devote his life to: acting as if he were someone else.

“There’s a great line by Elvis Costello: “And I tried so hard just to be myself but I keep on fading away.” Sort of like, “Who am I?” You’re continually asking yourself that question, which actors are supposed to do to act as a character in performance. So especially for students of performance, you ask yourself that all the time. That isn’t a bad thing, but it can make you insufferable. I was a poet-slash-jerk.”

Unlike many of his friends, Colbert did not return to Charleston after graduation, instead staying in Chicago. He cut a distinctly un-southern look: he wore black turtlenecks, had what he describes as a “Jesus beard,” and grew his hair out. “I didn’t want to play Hamlet. I wanted to be Hamlet,” he says. The comedian Amy Sedaris, one of Colbert’s closest friends and a longtime collaborator who to this day insists on pronouncing a hard t at the end of “Colbert,” describes him affectionately as “pretty awful” during that time. Despite his determination to become a “real” actor, Colbert joined the training center of Second City, the legendary Chicago improvisational-sketch-comedy venue that has launched the careers of Alan Arkin, Bill Murray, John Belushi, Joan Rivers, and Tina Fey, among many, many others. In 1987, when he was 24 years old, Colbert was hired as one of the troupe’s full-time touring members, along with Sedaris, Paul Dinello, and Chris Farley.

“He showed up with really high hair and an actor’s attitude,” says Dinello. “[Sedaris and I] were more like clowns. We tried to corrupt him.” It didn’t take long for them to succeed. “As soon as he realized he could relax on stage, he got more playful and became sillier and sillier,” Sedaris says. Even though Colbert remained torn for several more years between comedy and “straight” acting—on several occasions, Sedaris and Dinello had to persuade him to come back to Second City after he’d quit to do what he thought of as serious theater—he came to embrace his comedic and improvisational skills.

Colbert, Dinello, and Sedaris kept working together after they left Chicago, and eventually launched two shows on Comedy Central in the 1990s—Exit 57, a half-hour absurdist sketch-comedy series, and the cult hit Strangers with Candy, a surreal take on 70s
Stephen Colbert

after-school specials. (In that show, Sarahis played a 46-year-old ex-con runaway high- school freshman and Colbert and Dinello played teachers engaged in a secret homo- sexual affair.) In between, Colbert worked on the short-lived Dana Carvey show, a Craig Kilborn–hosted version of The Daily Show, and, improbably, Good Morning America.

When Bush's campaign was canceled, in 2000, Colbert went back to The Daily Show, which by then was hosted by Stewart. It turned into the most satisfying and secure job of his career, and, along with Steve Carell (now the star of NBC's The Office), Colbert became one of the show's primary corres- pondents, occasionally subbing as anchor when Stewart was away. By the time the 2004 elec- tion cycle was in full swing, Colbert's persona—somebody who "is a fool and has spent a lot of his life playing not the fool"—was fully developed. When the election concluded, however, Colbert, despite loving his job, real- ized he was ready to move on.

"He's been there a long time," says Ben Karlin, who left The Daily Show in December after eight years as head writer and execu- tive producer. (Karlin recently signed an exclusive production deal with HBO.) "He was never going to be the host—it was Jon's show. But we didn't want to lose him, so we tried to figure out what else could someone like Stephen do."

The answer lay in a series of short pieces that were dropped into The Daily Show when it was running short. The original iteration of the Report was a series of fake advertisements for a talk show, in which Colbert would ampli- fy his character into an even more ridiculous caricature of odious talk-show hosts, with Fox News's Bill O'Reilly (or, as Colbert's character calls him, "Papa Bear") as the main inspiration. When Karlin and Stewart started cast- ing about for another show they could create and produce, they sat down with Colbert, and the three men decided to take those fake adver- tisements and turn them into something real.

I'm a satirist, so I've got boxing gloves on if the person is worthy of satire. But I'm not an assassin. If that ever happens, it's only because something happened during the interview that got me going, and then I had to translate my feelings to the mouth of the character. Something the person said and I just got blindsided by how I felt about it, and then I have to immediately encapsulate how I feel as the character or else I'll reveal myself.

In the summer of 2005, The Colbert Report set up shop in The Daily Show's old studios on West 54th Street. The show, which is pro- duced by Stewart's Busboy Productions, was scheduled to launch in October. In addition to his responsibilities on The Daily Show, Colbert would help run the Report as well, and he and Colbert hired former Daily Show and Late Night with Conan O'Brien writer Allison Silverman and former Onion editor Richard Dahlm as head writers.

The Report, which was guaranteed only an eight-week run, debuted on October 17. Be- fore it aired, Doug Herzog, Comedy Central's president, had wondered whether the pre- mise of the show provided enough material for a four-nights-a-week project. "It became so clear so quickly that it was going to work so it was kind of astounding," Herzog says. "I remember at the time the show debuted thinking that it had been birthed fully baked. That's so rare—I don't know if I've ever seen it before. The whole thing fits him like a glove. It's really a virtuoso performance."

A large part of Herzog's confidence was inspired by Colbert's remarkable ability to take in information, determine the reaction his character would have, and improvise. "[The whole show] depends on Stephen's ability to process information as this other person," says Stewart. "I've seen talk-show hosts who can't do that for real.... And then you watch Colbert and it's like the first time you use broadband: 'How the fuck did that happen?' He's rendering in real time. He's basically doing his show in a second language."

It was on the Report's second show, when it aired the first "Better Know a District" segment, that Colbert demonstrated the extent to which he could use those improvisation- al skills to hilariously, and uniquely, lampoon the fatuousness of American politics. In the course of the four minutes, Colbert, after learning that Georgia Republican Jack Kingston had lived in Ethiopia, asked the bespectacled, milquetoast, white congress- man to talk about the "African-American experience" and implied that Kingston had been raped at his college fraternity. ("I don't know what your pledge week was like," Colbert said, "but it was more horrific than you knew.")

In later installments, he combed New York Democrat Eliot Engel's mustache, and after expressing surprise that California Democrat Brad Sherman had ever seen a naked woman in the flesh, Colbert asked him repeatedly to star in a porn movie. (Sherman's district in the San Fernando Valley is considered the Hollywood of the country's adult-film indus- try.) He coaxed Florida Democrat Robert Wexler, who was running unopposed and therefore there's no way [he could] lose," to say that he enjoyed hookers and cocaine because they were "fun thing[s] to do." (Col- bert concluded that segment by saying, "We better finish this interview quick because I'm not sure how long you're going to be in Congress.") But the best-known segment to date is likely one with Georgia Republican J. Westmoreland that included this excha- 

Stephen Colbert: You co-sponsored a bill re- questing the display of the Ten Commandments in House of Representatives and in the Senate. Lynn Westmoreland: Um, hum. S.C.: Why was that important to you? L.W.: Well, the Ten Commandments is not a thing for people to understand and to re- S.C.: I'm with ya. L.W.: What better place could you have something like that than in a judicial building or courthouse? S.C.: That is a good question. Can you think of any better building to put the Ten Comm- S.C.: What are the Ten Commandments? L.W.: What are all of them? [Colbert nods] L.W.: You want me to name them all? S.C.: Yeah, please. L.W.: Ummm. [Colbert holds up two fists, wa- S.L.W.: Don't murder. Don't lie. Don't S.L.W.: Uhhhh... I can't name them all. S.C.: Congressman, thank you for taking time away from keeping the Sabbath Day holy, to talk to me.

"Don't you think he should have mentio- nied those before he came on?" Colbert asked a year later in his office. The answer is not as simple as it might appear. Before Westmore- land's appearance on the Report, he'd never encountered a reporter who'd had the temer- ity—or, as Colbert would put it, the balls—to ask such an obvious question. Still, Westmore- land should not have been surprised: Colbert had already demonstrated, in his infamous April 2006 keynote address at the White House Correspondents Dinner, that he had no fear of lampooning politicians even if they were right beside him. (Referring to President George W. Bush, who was seated just feet away, Colbert said, "I stand by this man. I stand by this man because he stands for things. Not only the things, he stands on things. Things like air- craft carriers, and rabbles, and recently flood- ed city squares. And that sends a strong message: no matter what happens to America, she will always rebuff—with the most powerful staged photo ops in the world." While neither the president nor the Washington press corps was amused, the speech turned Colbert into a kind of folk hero for the left. Six months later, Frank Rich christened Colbert's speech a son of "cultural primary" and the "defining mo- ment" of the 2006 midterm elections.

Despite all these experiences like West- moreland's, many congressmen are eager to go on the show. (Robert Wexler actually ap- peared again, although he didn't discuss any illicit activities his second time around.) Even after being called "a poor man's Ted Ken- nedy" and "the Mike Tyson of the House of Represen- tatives," Virginia Democrat Jim Moran says that appearing on the Report "was a positive experience." (He also compared to

Even while playing a character who has described for his audience every squirm-inducing detail of his stalking of an ex-girlfriend named Charlene, Colbert has for the most part kept his actual private life just that—private. That could be because it’s not very exciting—he really does teach Sunday school, which isn’t going to make many tabloid headlines. It could also be because, as

he got his audience to scream in unison and then go utterly silent with a wave of his hand. “And you wonder how Hitler took power?” he asked.

The rest of the media world is increasingly playing along. In 2006 the American Dialect Society named “truthiness” its word of the year. Colbert was named one of People’s Sexiest Men Alive, one of GQ’s Men of the Year, and one of Time’s 100 most influential people. When he finally got around to getting a cast for his wrist, the news was reported on the wires. And in August, Richard Branson christened one of the planes used for Virgin America’s inaugural flights “Air Colbert.”

It is into this already pumped-up atmosphere that I Am America (And So Can You!) will be launched, and judging from the reaction at last summer’s BookExpo, it will be a smash hit on par with Stewart and The Daily Show’s 2004 best-seller, America (The Book):
Stephen Colbert

Amy Sedaris says it’s easier for Colbert to be funny when he’s doing so in character. “I am always surprised that he can get up in such a good mood,” she says. “He has had so much sadness in his life.”

In early July, during the show’s two-week summer break, Colbert and his family went to Charleston, where they spend most of their downtime. While they were there, Chip Hill helped Colbert build a 12-foot rowboat. The two men recently began taking their sons on an annual fishing trip. “He obviously comes from a large family, and his own family is very, very important to him,” Hill says. “You know, the typical story is a guy gets famous and loses perspective on their life. He works very hard to stay grounded.”

“I get away with a lot,” Colbert says. “My character gets to ask for a free iPhone [on-air] and I actually get to use it. I have an ice cream with Ben & Jerry. And that’s exciting . . . but that character’s not hard to drop. This guy, the guy who’s talking to you right now, that’s harder to drop. Being a writer and executive producer and the star requires a great deal of my focus. . . . Letting go and not letting the boss is much harder at the end of the than letting go of my character.

“That’s why I drive myself home tonight,” adds Colbert, who lives on a de-sac in suburban Montclair, New Jersey. “The network would happily—they’d want me tired; they don’t want me running off the road—they’d happily send me home in a car. But I’d work the entire way home and I need more than the 30 seconds it takes to get the car to the front door to become a husband and a husband again. So I drive home a crank my tunes. And by the time I get there, I’m normal again.”

Wall Street Titans

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 352 Swelled, K. R. made bad tech choices along with everyone else, and got slammed for them. “They had some hard slogging,” says the head of one rival private-equity firm. “I’m not sure that Steve has had that sort of breaking encounter with the humble side of life.” Indeed, says the rival, “there’s not an introspective bone in his body.”

Personally, Kravis had rough times, too. The worst was the death of his son Harrison, at 19, in a car accident, in July 1991. (Hedi—Harrison’s mother—died of cancer in 1997.) In the aftermath of that tragedy, his marriage to Roehm crumbled. In 1994, he married Marie-Josée Drouin, a Canadian economist; 13 years later, the marriage apparently remains a strong and happy one.

It was when Kravis married Drouin that he sold his apartment at 740 Park and moved down the avenue to 625, a much less distinguished building but one with an extraordinary triplex apartment, including a 68-foot ballroom, that had belonged to cosmetics mogul Helena Rubinstein, then to Princess Ashraf Pahlavi, twin sister of the late Shah of Iran. In making the switch, Kravis went from 19th-century to 18th-century French furniture and art: richer, but quieter. He lowered his social profile too. With Marie-Josée, he’s cultivated intellectuals, rather than the socialites Roehm prized, and the dinners they give are among New York’s most coveted invitations. “It’s the best of everything—the finest porcelain, the best silver, big staff, everything delicious,” says one frequent guest. “The people are fascinating.” On one recent evening, the group included Foud Ajami, the Palestinian author and professor, and Middle East expert Bernard Lewis. “Toward the end of dinner, either Henry or Marie-Josée might raise a subject,” says the guest. “When you have such terrific guests, it would be a crime not to.”

Kravis remains a major philanthropist, but the days of flashing $10 million to get a Henry R. Kravis Wing at the Metropolitan are long gone. Now he and Marie-Josée put in significant time with the causes they espouse. She is currently MoMA’s president and goes there every day. She’s also an active member of the right-leaning Hudson Institute, and a member of the Council on Foreign Relations—as is Kravis. Of the other boards Kravis is on, the one he cares most about is the Fund for New York, which he started: a nonprofit that makes economic investments to help revitalize moribund neighborhoods.

Kravis has become—by New York standards, at least—old money, even while retooling K. R. to make a lot more new money in the last five years. His funds have tripled in size; his deals have ballooned, too. They’ve had to: Schwarzman and Blackstone, along with the rest of the big private-equity players, have been right on his tail.

At the time Schwarzman moved into 740 Park, in 2001, Blackstone was still a blip in K. R.’s rear-view mirror. But it was gaining fast. Along with doing ever larger LBOs, Blackstone, unlike K. R., had diversified. That was Schwarzman’s vision. He tapped Tom Hill, a famously slick dresser from Shearson Lehman, to start an “alternative assets” operation: basically, investing in stocks. Hill started with $1 billion in assets in 2000; he has $24 billion now, along with a lineup of in-house hedge funds. From his own growing ranks of young private-equity bankers, Schwarzman selected Jonathan Gray to start a real-estate arm. Gray bought the Savoy Hotel group, in England (which included Claridge’s and the Connaught), spruced it up (with help from Schwarzman, who became fascinated by the details of hotel décor), and sold it for a windfall profit. Other hotel turnarounds followed. K. R. did none of this. Unable to resist crowning Schwarzman told BusinessWeek that K. R. was a “one-trick pony.” Kravis took no

Schwarzman was a good leader, but a managing partner. “Not a great people person,” says one Blackstoner dryly. To its growing cadre of bankers and deal-makers, the Blackstone culture was: What have you done for me lately? The “me” was Schwarzman. The more troops did, the more Schwarzman prospered, since he retained a larger interest in the company than anyone else, and took that price age of every deal that came in the door. Turnover was high—much higher than at K. R., though younger partners there would mutt that Kravis and Roberts kept too much of their founders’ equity, too. Finally, Schwarzman was persuaded to hire a number-tman: Hamilton “Tony” James, who’d start a private-equity operation at Donaldson, L. kin, Jenrette and kept it going after D.L. was bought up by Credit Suisse First Boston.

“Historically, Blackstone has had a reputation,” James admitted one typically meetin packed evening in mid-July, “for having a cult that was successful, but very intense and personal, at times sort of edgy.” James set out to make his troops “comfortable,” as he put it. Now, says proudly, “our turnover is almost nothing.

No one profited more from the improving culture than Schwarzman. As Blackstoner rolled up larger funds—and higher profit margins—than K. R. he spent his 23 percent of those profits living well. Like Kravis, he was after French antiques. ("It’s a good thing Har rys was in the French-antiques market before Steve made money," says one Kravis friend. "Both of them would have gone bankrupt buying up the prices.") But about art, he seemed almost as clueless as Kravis had been a generation before. "Henry has a huge art collection," says one New Yorker who has seen but Kravis’s and Schwarzman’s homes. “He an Marie-Josée have one room with just one painting after another. There must be 15 major paintings in there. Steve has . . . a Twombly, it’s not Matissé. Like Kravis, Schwarzman has a large portrait painting, but it’s not a Sa
It's a portrait of Schwarzman, by a little-known artist. "It's an enormous, full-lengthrait over the fireplace," recalls one guest, makes Schwarzman look like a giant." as their wealth grew, the Schrzmanns brated by throwing ever more elaborate parties. There was the millennial party, at the Ivy Hotel; the 56th-birthday party, at 740, one floor of the triplex was decked out look like his favorite club in St. Tropez, Le b 55; and for each of the last few Christm a Casino Royale party, for which the ritment is transformed into a gambling no. (House profits go to charity.) "You're ated at the door by six-foot showgirls," exs one guest, "who lead the way in." The warzmanns' holiday greeting card last year a composite of snapshots taken at the party, a Schwarzman in the middle in a white tux Bond, and Christine beside him as his girl.

more and more New Yorkers have come to know them, the Schr]manns' garnered mixed reviews. "Stephen Schwarzman has no intellectual rest at all," sniffs one New York hostess. Marie-Josée is a serious reader, and so is tary. Steve just wants to go to a disco all I've eat next to him. It wasn't remem hel. "The Schwarzmanns' greater crime, says, is abusing the help. "They're hell t for if you're a domestic. They change r for minds all the time: 'Two for dinner. No, for dinner. No, we're going out.' "Why hat inconceivable?" asks a Blackstone kepsor. "Every busy C.E.O. is going ave changes of plans; it's a fact of life." A bragart," says another well-known New York hostess. "He's very splashy and s the sort of things that Henry would nev lo." Recently, the Schwarzmanns agreed to attend a seated dinner at the annual Artsel Miami Beach. A few days before the eter, they called the organizers to ask if y could bring friends. The seating was ady done, but the Schwarzmanns were amodated. That night the friends showed e-and the Schwarzmanns didn't. (A Blacksekepsor says the Schwarzmanns' he was delayed for hours in New York b weather that night. "They did have every onging of it ")

Others find the Schwarzmanns charming and self-deprecating. "I think they're quite uous people," says one young womandown-town. "They like to meet young people, they both ask me for my opinions on this ha. I think Steve and Christine are very ng like a couple too. The first time I heard se talk about his wife was what a smart wson she was." As for the parties—why "Christine is one of those people who, en she has a party, really goes at it," says young friend. "She'll dress up, she's very v in a way, and she's not afraid." The Ca sino Royale Christmas card, says the friend, is a perfect example: "They took the piss out of themselves. I don't think you'd find MarieJosée doing that. She'd be sending out the extra-thick cardboard. She's an ice queen.

"Steve is a lovable guy," says another New York hostess. "The problem is just that he's obsessed with telling everyone he has the trophy this and that.

God knows he has enough of them. In St. Tropez, Schwarzman bought one of the largest houses on the cove. The house has a fa- mous garden, where the Schwarzmanns, when they're not dancing the night away at local discs, entertain friends such as New York socialite and wedding-style-book author Alli ope Karella. "They give credit to anyone they meet," says one St. Tropez friend, "as long as they are young, happy, and good-looking." The Kravises, by contrast, have a home in Paris's stately Seventh Arrondissement.

The Kravises were first, in a sense, to pitch their flag in Palm Beach: Henry's parents, Ray and Besse Kravis, retired and died there, leaving the Kravis Center for the Performing Arts as their legacy. But Schwarzman made the bigger splash when he bought a three-acre landmarked oceanfront estate called Four Winds for $20.5 million in June 2003 and proceeded to raze it, causing widespread outrage. An in- vestigation by the town's architectural board eventually ruled that Schwarzman had acted in his rights. "He saved what he could," says panel member and architect Bruce McAllister. "He removed a lot of the siding and preserved it in a warehouse." The old house was simply too fragile to withstand an additional story, so the rest had to be demolished. More recently, with no fanfare, the Kravises paid $50 million for a five-acre estate on Lake Worth—a record for houses there. No demolition has occurred.

In the Hamptons, the same pattern has unfolded. Kravis has a large but unobtrusive Southampton house. Schwarzman recently bought the house in Wainscott that once belonged to the late Carter Burden. Burden was a descendant of Commodore Vanderbilt, and a New York City councilman, with impeccable manners and taste. His wood-shingled house on Mecox Bay is, in its understated way, one of the most elegant in the Hamptons: as much a trophy of Waspdom as the Rockefeller apartment at 740 Park.

Schwarzman, like Kravis, has joined prominent boards, though one friend describes Schwarzman's choices as "trophy boards," where the obligation is just to write a check, not spend time starting or sustaining an institution. In the spring of 2004, Schwarzman com- mitted to donate $10 million to the Kennedy Center in a raw push to become its chairman. One of his private-equity rivals, David Rubenstein, of the Carlyle Group, was said to have wanted the post, too, and had the logical advantage of actually living in the Washington, D.C., area. But Schwarzman's $10 million pledge won out. Since then there has been grumbling that Schwarzman is taking only minimal interest in the center. "There are people on the board who can't believe that," says one Kravis friend, who adds, "They were talking to Marie-Josée too: they would have gotten a lot more money out of her." A Blackstone spokesperson says that Schwarzman's $10 million is to be given over a period of years, and that Schwarzman is adhering rigorously to the agreed-upon schedule. Kennedy Center president Michael Kaiser confirms that. As a New Yorker, Kaiser acknowledges, Schwarzman has been a different kind of chairman than others in the center's past, but a very effective one. "In his three years as chair- man, fund-raising has gone up 30 to 35 per- cent, and a lot of that is due to his efforts."

All this was the backdrop—the prelude—to this past year, when the rivalry grew sharper, and more personal, beginning with K.K.R.'s Amsterdam surprise.

Private Equity Goes Public

For some time, Henry Kravis and his cousin George Roberts had been pondering how to alleviate the endless pressure of need- ing to raise billions of dollars for each new LBO fund. Even after 30 years, Kravis still had to work the circuit. Once in a while he can just make a call, "but usually," says a colleague, "he has to go through the whole process. They all have gatekeepers." Going public somehow—issuing stock—would give the firm permanent capital. And the more capital the better, given how beautifully the financial stars were aligned for LBOs: low interest rates for LBO loans, and lots of undervalued targets.

One day in May 2006, K.K.R. startled the private-equity world by announcing its first public offering. Instead of taking itself pub lic, however, K.K.R. launched a public fund on the Amsterdam exchange. Small-fry investors could buy stock in that fund. They could be part of the private-equity game just like big institutional investors. The offering was—at first—a huge success. Intended to raise $1.5 billion, it netted $3.5 billion. Schwarzman was angry. "K.K.R. destroyed the market for any one else," a Blackstoner rails, meaning any other private-equity firm that wanted to suck up European money with a public offering, "which I think was their objective."

Soon, though, K.K.R.'s share price dipp d, and stayed down, as investors realized how long they'd have to wait for returns. As one Blackstoner says, "What you're investing in Amsterdam is a vehicle that has no existing cash flow, it's all on the come [based on future LBOs], and it takes a while for the cash, which is raised up front, to be invested."

Instead of copying K.K.R. with a public fund that might meet the same fate, Schwarz man began plotting how to take Blackstone itself, or part of it, public, raising the same
Wall Street Titans
permanent capital that K.K.R. wanted, but doing it in the U.S.—and doing it first.

For nine months, the I.P.O. talks were top secret. Publicly, Blackstone answered K.K.R.'s Amsterdam offering by announcing the largest-ever private-equity fund, at $15.6 billion. Almost immediately, K.K.R. responded that its next fund would exceed $16 billion. That fall, the two firms bid against each other for Freescale Semiconductor, a particularly juicy deal. Blackstone bid $16.8 billion and seemed poised to win when K.K.R. declared it would make a counter-offer. With the leverage of an offer on the table, Schwarzman sweetened the pot with an additional $800 million, but told the company's board it had 24 hours to make a decision or he would quit the auction. The board caved; K.K.R. lost. Nearly two decades before, that was exactly the card Henry Kravis had played to win RJR Nabisco.

The new year began with a brilliantly successful I.P.O.—but it wasn't Blackstone's, and it wasn't K.K.R.'s. Fortaleza, a major U.S. hedge fund and private-equity fund, saw its share price rise from $18.50 to $25 in a February launch-day frenzy, then stabilize in the low $20s. It was Fortress's precedent-setting I.P.O. that settled the internal debate at Blackstone, and likely at K.K.R. as well. But it was also Fortaleza that first drew the attention of Washington lawmakers, particularly Senator Max Baucus (Democrat, Montana), by the disclosure, in its I.P.O. prospectus, of its partners' stratospheric compensation—and low tax rates.

Four days later, with lawmakers' eyebrows raised high, came the now infamous 60th-birthday party of Stephen A. Schwarzman.

In fairness, Schwarzman wasn't the first private-equity titan to throw himself an over-the-top 60th-birthday party. That honor went to David Bonderman, of Texas Pacific Group, better known as "Bondo," who paid the Rolling Stones more than $5 million to play for his birthday guests at a Las Vegas hotel. But timing is everything. Saul Steinberg, at his own 50th-birthday extravaganza, during the height of 1980s excess, looked out over the guests grouped in tableaux vivants and sensed the fall to come. "Honey, if this moment were a stock," he famously told his wife. "I'd short it." In retrospect, Schwarzman picked a similarly bad time to give a blowout party in the middle of Manhattan and to invite pretty much everyone, as one rival put it, who made more than $100,000 a year.

Pretty much everyone—but not quite. As social figures such as Dixon and Arianna Boardman, and Sherrill and Muffie Potter Aston, entered the immense Seventh Regiment Armory, on Park Avenue at 67th Street, along with banking's top tier—J. P. Morgan Chase's Jamie Dimon, Goldman Sachs's Lloyd Blankfein, Apollo Group's Leon Black, the Carlyle Group's David Rubenstein—a perceptive guest might have noticed that one Wall Street titan was missing: Henry Kravis.

Perhaps, given the distractions, no one did. In the area set aside for cocktails, guests found themselves beneath huge indoor canopies that replicated the décor of the Schwarzman's living room and library. There was the Twomblly and the portrait of Schwarzman over the fireplace! The tiered dining area was made to look like a Parisian disco, circa 1979, complete with revolving mirrored ball. Comedian Martin Short offered quips, singer Patti LaBelle-led a gospel choir, and rocker Rod Stewart performed for a reported $1 million. Estimates of the party's cost ranged from $3 million to $10 million. But, apparently at Schwarzman's insistence, no old friends or colleagues stood up to toast or roast him. "It was very impersonal," one guest recalls. "Just lots of money."

The party came only days after Blackstone's record-breaking $39 billion takeover of Equity Office Properties, the country's largest owner of office buildings. The record broken was K.K.R.'s $31.4 billion RJR Nabisco deal, which had stood since 1988. And so, by chance or not, the party seemed more than a celebration of Schwarzman's birthday. It seemed a self-given coronation for the new king of private equity.

"I don't know if he got invited or not, but he's not going," Kravis's secretary said tersely to a reporter some days before the party. In fact, Kravis hadn't been invited. Schwarzman, as The Wall Street Journal later reported, was asked by a friend before the party why he'd left Kravis off the list; Schwarzman replied coolly that Kravis had never invited him to his apartment for dinner. According to the New York Post, hours before the party, Kravis was overheard at the Council on Foreign Relations marvelling that he hadn't been invited. For Kravis, revenge was a dish best served not quite cold; less than two weeks after the party, K.K.R. smashed Blackstone's E.O.P. record with a $45 billion takeover of Texas utility TXU.

The deal was astounding, and not only for its scale. In response to environmental lobbying, Kravis and his club-deal partner, TPG's Bonderman, forced the utility to scrap a number of planned coal-fired power plants; a financial sacrifice for all concerned that made Kravis and Bonderman environmental heroes. But even as they basked in the flattering coverage, Blackstone retaliated with its big bomb: the I.P.O.

To the private-equity world, the 383-page prospectus was gripping. It confirmed that Blackstone had $8.84 billion in assets then under management—far more than any of its rivals. It noted that Schwarzman's compensation in 2006 was $298 million—a shock even to his well-paid peers. Shocking, too, was his decision to take nearly $700 million out in the offering. At least Schwarzman wasn't cashing out his 23 percent share of the firm. But Peterson was tiring his own stake of $1.9 billion. Though he would steer a substantial portion of it to charity, that was still an eye-popping figure.

Blackstone declared that as a public company it would remain a partnership. The part would pay regular corporate taxes on the percent annual fee they take off the top for all the money they manage. But they felt should be allowed to keep paying a low 15 percent capital-gains tax on all inside income associated with the risky business of buying and selling companies. After all, that was what the carry tax was for; to reward risk-takers whose risks would grow the economy. But tradition the "carried interest" that an entrepreneur gets after selling a company was profit on his own investment. For the most part, Blackstone was investing its limited partners' money, not its own.

Schwarzman, in pushing Blackstone to do its I.P.O., brought harsh light onto a costly setup that private equity had enjoyed—certainly for decades. Kravis was furious as the LLC makers began debating the "Blackstone tax." to raise taxes on carried interest from 15 percent to 35 percent. He thought that within the birthday party lawmakers might have grumbled but not taken action. "Groups—people—politicians—rarely do things for a reason," suggests a Kravis friend. "It tends to be an accumulation of things." May 2007, though, Kravis also felt having eclipsed Blackstone.

Resolutely, Kravis embarked on a dizzy buying spree. In the first six months of 2007, K.K.R. spent and borrowed billions more in dollars for deals than in its last two decades combined. Almost every auction it entered was won—by paying more than any of its rivals. Perhaps, bankers began muttering to one another, Kravis was paying too much. The more he paid, the more debt he had to take on. The more debt he took on, the more banks had to show to hedge funds and the more people the companies might have to cut to pay the interest.

In one sense, says the head of another private-equity firm, Kravis had no choice. "Blackstone had built a bigger business, and as a result of that being known, K.K.R. had to respond with more deals. It's a difficult position to be the leader. K.K.R. was dominating now; it's a leading force. It's very difficult to dominate an industry as it matures. But Henry's a lion in winter; he's not going to cede his kingdom if he can help it." (A Kravis colleague denies that K.K.R.'s deals were related to the Blackstone I.P.O.) That spring, K.K.R. matched the announcement that its next fund would exceed $16 billion. Blackstone replied that its own latest fund would top out at $21.7 billion.

Party's Over

Stephen Schwarzman was not on hand to ring Wall Street's opening bell on the morning of Friday, June 22—the tradition for heads of companies going public. The news poster boy for greed had been "buried," as one
kstone colleague put it wryly. Meanwhile, Warm- man flew off to spend July in St. Tro- ves as he does every summer. In his absence, kstone's stock charged out at $31, briefly headed, then dipped. Within a day, Wall Street's underwriters had soured on the deal. n, it would be seen as the worst-performing D. of the year. Still, Blackstone's partners and big winners: they'd taken in $4.6 billion— first 10 percent of Blackstone. In a separate t, the company had sold another chunk of rice to the Chinese government for $3 bil- so the total take was $7.6 billion.

or Kravis and K.K.R., the question now less about the wisdom of whether to go in—the barn door was open—than about timing. "Henry even thought about put- the public offering off," says one friend, cause of his concern that, by filing so e after Steve, that would be the focus. or story wouldn't be a story of K.K.R. filing what a great company it was. It would be re versus Henry." But with the tom-toms ring in Washington for a Blackstone bill, vis knew there was a compelling reason ct rather than wait. Despite the bill's nick- ne, Blackstone would almost certainly be their friend in—the bill proposed by Sena- Baucus and Chuck Grassley (Republican Iowa) would give the company five years omply with the law if it passed. It if hur- K.K.R. would get the same break.

K.K.R. filed its I.P.O. on July 3, pleging raise just $25.5 billion. None of the partners could take out any money—a not-so-subtle dig at the trough. In its prospectus, K.K.R. had to acknowledge that in 2007, Blackstone's was 22.6 percent. As Wall Street tried to digest the drama K.K.R.'s I.P.O. versus Blackstone's, a quiet over the July Fourth holiday weekend set low LBO record. But the deal wasn't done K.K.R. or Blackstone, or even Carlyle or G. or Goldman Sachs. It was done by key Providence Equity, based in Rhode Island. Jonathan Nelson, the firm's publicity- founder, orchestrated a $48 billion buy- of the Bell Canada Enterprises telecom company. Perhaps because the target was Can- nian, perhaps because Providence Equity n't one of the big New York firms, the deal de almost no news. But, if private equity's one was to go to the biggest deal-maker, Schwarzman and Kravis had just been planted.

Only one week later, the market began to linger. And suddenly, incredibly, the "gold- ogie" of private equity, as Kravis had called it weeks before, came crashing to an end.

like all market crises, this one came as a shock yet seemed, with just a few days' insight, inexorable. Debt had been traded a whole new currency between banks, between banks and hedge funds, between hedge funds and institutional investors. As long as there were buyers for that debt, the system kept working, keeping the market afloat and sus- taining one deal after another. But when some of that debt began to look bad—like counter-feit bills—buyers stopped buying, and almost overnight, the whole game came to a halt.

The bad debt wasn't in deals done by the private-equity firms. It was in huge bundles of subprime residential mortgages. Companies such as American Mortgage issued a lot of home mortgages at low, variable rates to mostly poor people who shouldn't have taken them, because when the rates rose, they couldn't afford the higher monthly payments. American Mortgage then sold bundles of those mortgages to banks and hedge funds, which bought them because the bundles generated higher interest rates than treasury bonds. But more and more mortgage holders were defaulting on their payments, moving out of their houses, sometimes vandalizing them as they went. The banks and hedge funds were getting no in-terest at all from those mortgage defaulters. All they were left with was real estate in bad neighborhoods that no one wanted to buy. They were screwed.

The bellwether warning had come in the spring, when Bear Stearns acknowl- edged deep losses in two in-house hedge funds that had bought up lots of those subprime mortgage bundles. Smart investors began wondering how many other institutions held worthless subprime, too. No one knew, because the market in subprimers was un- regulated. Through July, the market held its breath, hoping the Bear Stearns funds were a blip. By mid-August, the Dow was wildly gyrating with rumors that one well-known hedge fund after another held subprime bundles that would soon go belly up, poten- tially forcing the funds to fold. The market might just be experiencing "indigestion," as one market chieftain put it. But for the mo- ment, at least, no one wanted to buy debt, and so no one could sell it. Without that easy flow of debt, banks and hedge funds, among other institutions, would have trouble raising cash to meet their obligations. A chain reac- tion of bankruptcies might follow.

In this new climate of fear and uncertain- ity, the last thing banks wanted to do was sue more loans for private-equity LBOs. Un- fortunately, they had committed to do just that. They had agreed to float $225 billion in loans for deals that hadn't yet closed. About $40 billion of that was in the 11 deals, large and small, that K.K.R. had just racked up in its record buying spree. There was a lot of buzz that, as rates spiked in reaction to the credit crunch, K.K.R. would have to pay much more to finance its still-open deals—the $45 billion TXU utility for one, the more recent $26 billion First Data for another. But the banks had agreed to make those loans at pre-arranged rates. And K.K.R. was hang- ing tough. "If banks go to K.K.R. and say, 'Gee, you should help us,' it would be quite fair for K.K.R. to say, 'Hey, who's going to help me pay $69 a share to shareholders based on what you promised me?,'" explains one professional involved with K.K.R.'s deals. "People are unhappy, but in terms of the deals, K.K.R. is safe."

The debt might be locked in, but Kravis's bankers would have to sell it all somehow, at some price. "They will have a stench from these deals," says one Blackstone source about the K.K.R. debt. "They're going to trade like crap, and you don't want your old debt selling at 80 cents on the dollar when you go back to the market and try to sell your new ones at par." Not only that: Kravis had bought his new companies at the height of the market. They were worth a lot less money now. So he would have that much harder a time turning a profit when he tried to sell them down the line. "They ac- celerated their purchases into the decline," says the Blackstone source. "Blackstone was more nimble." As Vanity Fair went to press, K.K.R. was struggling with the news that its West Coast financial arm, K.K.R. Financial, had $5.1 billion in short-term, mortgage-backed debt that it was starting to sell at a loss to oblige panicked lenders who no longer trusted mortgage-backed debt.

The next casualty might well be K.K.R.'s I.P.O. One analyst after another declared it dead in the water. Who would want to buy stock in a public company that focused almost exclusively on LBOs, when the credit crunch all but doomed any new LBOs, at least for the foreseeable future? It seemed only a matter of time before Kravis made the painful and embarrassing decision to postpone the launch date—indefinitely. But a K.K.R. source notes that for any I.P.O. the period between filing and launch is roughly three months. A lot could change in that time. "Why make a decision in August," the source asks rhetorically, "that doesn't need to be decided before October?" For K.K.R., the best course of action may be to go full steam ahead and hope for the best.

Of the two titans of private equity, Schwarz- man was clearly the winner—for now. He'd shown the same exquisite instinct for market timing as he and Pete Peterson had shown two decades before, when they closed their first fund days before the crash of October 1987. Blackstone had issued its I.P.O. right at the crest of the private-equity wave. K.K.R. had missed the wave altogether.

But what did winning really mean? In Congress, the bipartisan Blackstone bill had a fair chance of passage, despite furious Washington lobbying by private equ- ity's various chieftains—including Kravis,
Wall Street Titans

who reluctantly came down to Capitol Hill
himself one day, doubtless cursing Stephen
Schwarzman under his breath. Another bill,
put forth by Congressman Sander Levin
(Democrat, Michigan), declared that all part-
nerships should pay full corporate taxes on
carried interest. An entire industry might
now have Schwarzman to thank for raising
their taxes—not just those going public, but
those remaining private too. Even among
his incredibly wealthy peers, the Blackstone
C.E.O.’s now public compensation figures had
stirred irritation and envy. Outside of Black-
stone, he wasn’t a very popular guy. And for
all the stock he’d given out to Blackstone’s
400 or so employees, he might not be too
popular inside the company, either—however
much they got, Blackstoners now knew ex-
actly how much more he got. The longer the
stock stayed down, the less popular he’d be.

The fact was that both titans were hard-hit.
So was the whole private-equity field. With
the fear of bad debt now so widespread, in-
terest rates had spiked, so neither Blackstone
nor K.K.R. nor any of the other big private-
equity firms was likely to do any more mega-
deals soon. Mega-deals were what had kept
the stock market charging up to 14,000. With
out those boosts, the whole market might
guish for many months to come.

For both Kravis and Schwarzman, LBO
game was over, at least for a while. So
both had lost, if losing meant not hav-
ing the chance to make more billions of
dollars. But perhaps Kravis, with his far lower
profile, had lost less. Schwarzman was
postponer boy for greed now. A generation
Kravis had learned how valuable a low
file could be. In the months to come, it
be up to Schwarzman to learn that less
too; and in so doing, commence the ache
of turning new money into old.

Bush’s Bunker

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 335 AN END RUN 
AROUND that problem by conducting White
House business on Republican National Com-
mittee e-mail accounts, which are not subject
to the same recordkeeping requirements.)

I magine, for a moment, that one of George
W. Bush’s oldest friends—say, his Yale
classmate Roland Betts—wants to reach him.
How does he go about it? Here is roughly
what might happen: Betts’s name is on a short
list of known presidential friends. Betts may
ev en know the direct number of the Oval
Office suite, where he might get the president’s
personal secretary, or the director of Oval
Office operations, on the phone. She in turn
might ask the advice of the president’s per-
sonal aide, known in Clinton White House
parlance as “the butt boy.” If the president is
not doing anything in particular, and the two
aides agree that he might like to talk to his
old friend, the call might be put through.
Or they might take a number and arrange a call-
back, perhaps from the president’s limousine
on his way to a public appearance. Getting in
touch is almost never a one-step process.

Now imagine that the mayor of a big Ameri-
can city—New Orleans, for instance—is trying
to reach the president. Let’s say the mayor is
upset and, in a break with protocol, somehow
manages to be connected to the Oval Office
suite. What would happen next? First, his call
would be routed to the office of Intergovern-
mental Affairs, the unit in the West Wing that
handles presidential relations with states and
municipalities. With luck, the mayor may ac-
tually know someone in that office. Maybe he
blows his top and talks his way into being con-
ected with one of the deputy chiefs of staff.
Maybe, eventually, he makes it to the chief
of staff himself (after asking a friendly senator
or G.O.P. fat cat to intercede). And maybe then,
just maybe, the chief of staff calls the presi-
dent’s office. (The chief of staff is one of the
tiny handful of people whose calls are always
put through.) And maybe, if all goes well, the
chief of staff suggests that the president call
the mayor back. And if all continues to go well,
after two or three missed attempts they con-
nect, and the president says he’ll see what he
can do about whatever it is the mayor wants.
And then the process starts all over again.

For the president—any president—to re-
duce reliable, unvarnished, outside informa-
tion about what’s really going on in the world
requires an enormous personal effort. Ron-
ald Reagan and George H. W. Bush sent out
handwritten notes by the thousands to keep
lines open to friends and acquaintances, and
to remind themselves of the utter vastness
of life outside. Bill Clinton made it his busi-
tess to telephone old pals and fellow polls, ofen late at
night, to test his assumptions, ask for advice,
get a reality check. He brought his friend the
historian Taylor Branch to the White House
for freewheeling conversations on nearly 80
occasions. Clinton also read voraciously, in-
cluding his own press clippings, which sometimes
enraged him. Ronald Reagan’s newly released
diaries suggest that he watched Meet the Press
and 60 Minutes more faithfully each Sunday
than he went to church: more than once, while
watching Jerry Lewis’s annual Labor Day tele-
sion for muscular dystrophy, he picked up the
phone, asked to be connected to the number
on the screen, and had trouble persuading
stunned operators that it was indeed the presi-
dent trying to make a pledge.

Bush’s aides maintain that he keeps up with
a network of friends around the country, and
often frustrates White House operators by pick-
ing up the phone to dial directly. But Bush has
never made a public point of demonstrat-
ing that he cares about openness or is deter-
mined to stay in touch. To the contrary, even in
symbolic ways he has erected barriers. Bush
administration appears to be the first
history to have posted a formal dress code
for anyone wanting to set foot in the West
Room jeans, sneakers, shorts, miniskirts, T-shi-
tank tops, or flip-flops. More seriously,
administration has placed strict new lin-
ons access to presidential papers, including
his own. The president himself, meanwhile,
confirmed that he ignores most newspa-
ers and television news programs, prefers
to get his information from the White Hous
“objective sources,” meaning the peo-
land around him. Bush also insists that he igno-
polls, which Dowd, his former pollster, says
a grave mistake. “How do you, when you
sitting in a very tight, circled place, where
have a black limousine to a helicopter to
a big airplane—how do you keep in touch with
what people think? One of the ways to tell wit-
people think is, basically, by polls. For all that
we can fault Clinton—and I never voted for a
mayor—at least he had a sense, and one of his
parameters was where the American people
wish to go.”

It’s hard to imagine that Bush doesn’t at le-
ast at the carefully collated daily White
House news summary, a digest of the day’s
top stories and editorial comment stapled
gether in a fat, legal-size pile. At a minimum
he reads enough of it to have recommend-
last July that his staff check out an upbeat
report on the situation of the Iraqi war in
The Washington Post’s Outlook section written by William
Kristol, one of the war’s intellectual cheerle-
ders. This, to be sure, is the kind of news the
Bush wants to hear. When the news is som-
thing else, he may simply choose not to hear
it. According to the reporter Ron Suskind,
August of 2001 a C.I.A. analyst was sent to
the Bush ranch, in Texas, to brief the presi-
about indications of an imminent threat from
al-Qaeda. The president heard him out at
then sent him packing with the words “A
right. You’ve covered your ass, now.”
The Bush White House has its own cablevision system, with a custom lineup of channels (Homeland Box Office, it might be led). When he travels out of town, Vice President Cheney demands, according to written instructions that recently became public, that the television sets in his hotel suite be turned on to the right-wing Fox News before arrises. The TVs in the Bush presidential suite are so routinely fixed on Fox that when President gave Nancy Reagan the use of his official 747 for her husband's funeral, 23 years ago, she had to ask the stewards to change the channel, noting pointedly that her son was affiliated with MSNBC. During 2004 re-election campaign, presidential staff teams expelled from public events one they suspected might not quietly toe the party line. Since then, Bush has rarely appeared before any group, big or small, whose duties and questions were not pre-screened and pre-approved. In the course of a Bush trip to Rhode Island in June, Jarrod Holbrook, a representative for WPRF-TV in Providence, had to call out "Mr. President!" at an airport photo op where no one had told him questions were off limits. Holbrook, a former Marine originally from Texas, told me he had merely intended to ask how Bush was paying his first visit to Rhode Island as president. A member of the White House entourage had an earpiece and security pin immediately joked Holbrook's press credential off his belt, I disappeared with it into Air Force One. In end, insularity becomes inertial, feeding on itself to create ever more isolation.

The Great Desert

The isolating nature of the White House is, at its most extreme in a second term, all the presidents lucky enough, or cursed, to win a second term, probably none would claim that the second time around was easier. Sometimes the falloff has been pronounced. Woodrow Wilson won re-election in 1916 on the platform that "he kept us out war," but the United States entered World War I anyway, and Wilson left office humiliated by the failure of America to join the League of Nations and brutally crippled by a stroke. Right D. Eisenhower's first-term achievement in ending the Korean War and presiding over a booming consumer economy faded in sixty years ago, Sputnik abroad, civil rights at home, and his own multiplying medical problems. Richard Nixon's travels with Watergate were for themselves, as do Ronald Reagan's the Iran-contra scandal and Bill Clinton's the Lewinsky affair and impeachment. By any measure, the failure of George Bush's second term has been spectacular. Winning re-election in 2004, he bragged in a post-victory conference that he had accumulated a passing quantity of political capital and now ended to spend it. The political capital has been squandered. Bush's grand plan to overhaul Social Security by creating private investment accounts never got off the ground. His effort to reform immigration law resulted in bitter denunciations by conservatives in his own party and a humiliating defeat in Congress. His pathetic response to Hurricane Katrina exploded any claim he might make, as the first president in history with a business degree, to managerial competence. Ever since the Democrats took control of Congress in the midterm elections, the administration has faced slow death by subpoena on a dozen fronts. Hangering everything has been the debacle of Iraq, a failure acknowledged everywhere in Washington except the Oval Office. The recognition of failure is so pervasive that when the president went looking for a new "czar" to oversee the war effort, he ended up with a man, Lieutenant General Douglas Lute, who had actually opposed the president's policy of "surging" more American troops into Baghdad.

The paradox of second terms—of second terms in general, and of this one most acutely—is that just when a president most needs an A Team of trusted, experienced aides around him, willing to puncture wishful thinking, he is all too apt to be surrounded by an F Troop of third- and fourth-tier appointees who have been brought in as neophytes or who had simply hung around long enough to move up the ladder.

Bush's first White House domestic-policy adviser was the capable Margaret Spelings. That job was later given to Claude Allen, who resigned in the shadow of criminal charges involving a department-store refund scam, and it is now held by Karl Zinsmeister, a stern but erratic ideologue imported from the world of right-wing think tanks. If Bush's first-term surgeon general, Dr. Richard Carmona, did not inspire confidence with his recent admission that administration officials muzzled him on hot-button issues like the morning-after pill, then what is the country to make of Bush's current nominee for the job, Dr. James W. Holsinger Jr., who helped found a church that ministers to people who no longer wish to be gay or lesbian? How about Michael Baroody, a senior lobbyist at the National Association of Manufacturers, who was forced to withdraw as Bush's nominee to head the Consumer Product Safety Commission last spring after it came out that the association was preparing to give him a $150,000 send-off payment? (As C.P.S.C. director, he would be regulating products made by its members.) Or Henrietta Holman Fore, nominated by Bush to replace Randall Tobias, deputy secretary of state for foreign assistance, after Tobias was forced to resign in an escort scandal? It turned out that Fore once told a college audience that she had tried to retain black employees when she was president of a small wire-products company near Los Angeles but that they preferred selling drugs; that Hispanics were lazy; and that Asians, while productive, favored professional or management jobs. (Her nomination is pending in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.) You can multiply such examples by several score. These may not be officials at the apex of power, but the functioning of any presidency depends on people at this level, and the steady degradation of their ranks is corrosive.

The desertsions from Bush's innermost circle have been, if anything, more pronounced. By the end of Franklin D. Roosevelt's tenure in the White House, some loyalists lamented that the aides most able to save him from trouble, or at least from himself—people such as his political adviser, Louis Howe; his secretary, Missy LeHand; and his all-purpose confidant, Harry Hopkins—were all gone from the scene. The same is true for Bush: absent now are most of the aides who knew him best, served him longest, and could give it to him straightest—people such as his old friend and former commerce secretary, Don Evans; his counselor Karen Hughes; and his longest-serving aide, Dan Bartlett. Unlike his father, who had in men such as James Baker and Brent Scowcroft genuine peers whose unvarnished advice he trusted totally, George W. Bush has never had advisers whom he regarded as true equals, so the loss of those few who came close is a calamity.

By all accounts Bush's chief of staff, Joshua Bolten, who took the job last year and freshened up the White House operation with a new press secretary and other changes, is a skilled Washington player, unafraid to give Bush bad news or challenge prevailing thinking. But, as a range of Republican insiders told me, Bolten was no match for Karl Rove. Various nicknames—"Boy Genius" and "Turd Blossom"—by Bush, Rove remained the president's chief political strategist and the dominant internal White House force (read: schoolyard bully), despite having longed for the White House to replace Bush and policy portfolio lightened by Bolten—and despite having seen his hopes for a permanent Republican majority repudiated last fall. Rove was able to interpret Bush's moods and thinking better than anyone, which gave him extraordinary power. But his effectiveness was ultimately diminished by the cloud of controversy that surrounded him, and one White House veteran told me that Republican candidates around the country had begun to shun his advice. To the surprise of many, Rove announced his resignation in August, his voice cracking in an emotional news conference with Bush. The blossoms may be off the bud, but the bunker Rove helped Bush build remains very much in place.

Karen Hughes, one of the most prominent among the former Bush aides, and well known for being an effective counterforce to Rove's partisan machismo, was the first to leave the White House inner circle (in 2002, to spend more time with her family), though she remained plugged in enough to be the one to tell Bush that, whatever he thought, he did look defensive and impatient in his first 2004 debate
Bush's Bunker

against John Kerry. Matthew Dowd not only left the fold but went above it: in a front-page interview with The New York Times last spring, Dowd detailed chapter and verse of his disappointment with the president's policies. Nicolle Devenish Wallace, a canny, candid communications aide who once worked for Jeb Bush, was a mainstay of the re-election campaign and actually seemed to enjoy the company of journalists; she left the White House last year out of frustration with Rove's iron rule, his refusal to brook criticism, and his tendency to mock and humiliate anybody who disagreed with him.

Even more striking was the departure of counselor Dan Bartlett, the man sometimes described as the son Bush never had. Though Bartlett, who had worked for Bush since 1993, always kept a discreet and loyally low profile, he was understood to have been willing to tell the president unpleasant truths. It was Bartlett who assembled a compilation reel of post-Katrina news coverage in a last-ditch effort to make Bush understand what everyone else in America knew: that the president had a crisis on his hands. Bartlett announced his resignation in June, on his 36th birthday, looking at least half again that age, and told reporters that the birth of his third son, in January, meant it was past time for a change. Bush issued a statement praising Bartlett as a "true counselor." But there was, all the same, something grudging in Bush's body language and a poignant trace of abandonment in Bartlett's departure, which came a full year after Bolten had asked senior aides either to leave immediately or pledge to stay the remainder of Bush's term.

So most of the grown-ups are gone. In the end, Bush is left tethered to the most bunkered subordinate of all, Dick Cheney, who, according to The Washington Post, squirrels away even the most routine office documents in "man-sized Mosler safes" and who reaches down into the tiniest capillaries of the federal bureaucracy to assert his will. Bush and Cheney have always presented Cheney's lack of presidential ambition as an asset, one that has allowed Cheney to serve the president with unquestioned loyalty and singular effectiveness. The truth is precisely the opposite. As the 2008 election approaches, it is obvious that Cheney's willful political tone-deafness has become one of Bush's biggest liabilities. A vice president with his eye on the prize would operate with more astuteness and delicacy, if only for the sake of his own objectives. And a president determined to ensure his vice president's prospects could never afford to be as stubborn, as seemingly oblivious to the physics of electoral reality, as Bush has chosen to be. Despite reports of supposedly diminished influence, and of occasional losses to Defense and State on policy questions, Cheney remains the most powerful vice president in history—all the more powerful for the total privacy of his relationship with the president. One Bush-administration veteran had this to say by way of summary: "The guy scares the crap out of me."

Deluder in Chief

At a formal White House dinner last spring, President Bush made friendly small talk about one of the White House's latest technological marvels: the secure digital videoconferencing system, through which Bush can consult with far-flung aides or with world leaders such as Iraqi prime minister Nuri Kamal al-Maliki at any hour of the day or night. The picture and sound quality are so lifelike, Bush told those around him, "I can see Maliki quake when I chew him out!"

The reality of Bush's isolation in the bunker is that the reverse happens to him only rarely. Communication is a one-way street; Bush himself never gets a talking-to. "When people
go in to see him now to discuss Iraq," a long-
time Washington Republican who served both
Ford and Reagan told me, "he has this kind
of Churchillian riff that he goes into. But he
doesn't really talk about it. He will receive peo-
ple. But that doesn't mean he hears people."

When he was Ronald Reagan's White
House political director, Ed Rollins used to
arrange occasional, informal focus groups
with ordinary people—truckdrivers, nurses—
whose anecdotal histories were Reagan's
lifeblood. Rollins sees no equivalent effort in
Bush's White House. In fact, he told me, he
has heard from well-known people who were
brought to the White House to present their
views on policy questions and instead got a
piece of Bush's mind. One businessman from
New York was asked to the White House
to offer his views on stem-cell research—"a
major C.E.O., a hospital board chairman,"
Rollins recalls. The man told Rollins that,
after he spoke up, Bush "put his finger in my
chest" in angry disagreement.

One longtime former Republican official,
who held senior posts in both the first and
second Bush administrations, was bluntest of
all. "My question is," this former official told
me, "does he expose himself to people who
respectfully disagree, or thoughtfully disagree,
or may have a legitimate suggestion? Not a lot,
no. I think some of us are just born with a real-
ly, really active curiosity. If you're on a farm,
you ask, 'How does this irrigation system
work?' I think he has a very narrow curiosity.
He's polite. He was raised to be polite. But you
just never sense a deep curiosity. His interests
are exercise and chopping wood."

A t the height of the Civil War, Abraham
Lincoln sought convivial company where-
ever he could find it. A couple of nights a week
he might head to the home of his sophisticated
secretary of state, William H. Seward, for talk,
companionship, a change of scene. As noted,
in the first six months of this year, excluding
the obligatory press dinners (which he only
suffers) and foreign-summit dinners (ditto),
Bush left the White House to socialize only
three times. According to the CBS correspon-
dent Mark Knoller, who keeps a fastidious rec-
ord of such things, Bush went out for an early
Sunday-night dinner in March at the home of
Karl Rove; in June, he dined at the homes of
Clay Johnson, an old Yale friend who is now
the deputy director of the Office of Manage-
ment and Budget, and of James Langdon Jr., a
lawyer and major Bush fund-raiser who head-
ed the president's foreign-intelligence advisory
board. In all three instances Bush was back at
the White House by around his usual bedtime
of 9:30 P.M.

By comparison, Laura Bush is a good deal
more gregarious, dining out with girlfriends,
attending plays and concerts at the Kennedy
Center, making the occasional getaway to New
York. But she keeps her own counsel, and
whatever she does—or doesn't—tell her husband
remains almost entirely a matter of conjecture.
On the day after last fall's Republican midterm
-election defeat, while the president was holding
a glum news conference at the White House,
Laura Bush was celebrating her 60th birthday
with 25 friends at a lunch at the elegant Inn at
Little Washington, in the Virginia countryside.

"One of the things that has been a failure
of this presidency is a lack of a social presi-
dency," Matthew Dowd says. "To me, it's
one of the greatest advantages a president
can have, building relationships with the op-
posite party, not at the time when you need
their votes but in the course of everyday life,
inviting people out to have dinner at Camp
David, having them over to the White House.
There's basically been none of that. We wear
it as a badge of honor that we don't have
state dinners. We think it's a good thing [that]
when we go into a country, we go in there as
quickly as possible. A lot of people around
Bush's Bunker

him think that's neat. 'He stayed on schedule; he was only here an hour and a half.' When we've needed allies, at home and abroad, we haven't had them.'

Bunkers, by their nature, reinforce the tics, the traits, the tendencies of their occupants. Bush's bunker has reinforced his certitude, his self-confidence, his eerie calm, his conviction that his course is right. A few months ago a visitor inquired sympathetically about the burdens of office, and Bush would have none of it: "It's the best job in the world," he said. Under the circumstances, the effect is to make Bush look...well, odd. Peggy Noonan, the former speechwriter who found for the president's father some of the most effective words he ever uttered, and who has generally been a loyal supporter of the son, recently wrote that she saw Bush's relentless cheeriness in the face of bad news as "disorienting, and strange."

It is a staple of bunker tales: The bizarrely optimistic leader, eyes glassy with resolve. The decision. The deluder in chief. Over the last year Josh Bolten and Dan Bartlett have gone out of their way to help Bush understand and overcome the apparent disconnect. At military bases around the country, and in hotel function rooms, and occasionally in the Oval Office, he meets privately with families of troops killed in Iraq, even some who are bitterly critical of him to his face, aides say. Bolten, Bartlett, and others have invited writers and historians, by no means all of them Bush supporters, to stop in for lunch or informal discussions. These visitors tend to come away with an impression similar to Peggy Noonan's. The historian Alistair Horne told the BBC after an hour-long meeting with the president, "He looked like he'd come off a cruise in the Caribbean and seemed to have none of the worries" one might have anticipated. Irwin Stelzer, a scholar at the Hudson Institute, a right-leaning think tank in Washington, and a writer for the conservative Weekly Standard, was part of a small group invited to lunch with Bush last spring. He was struck, he told me, by "the kind of calm confidence that the president exhibited. I expected to see somebody under severe pressure. None of that is going on. This is a guy who's made his decisions. He seems comfortable in them. I or someone else asked him, 'How are you reacting to the pressure?' and he said, 'I just don't feel any.' He said, for instance, that 'God tells us there's good and evil, but can't tell me to put troops in Iraq; that's for me to figure out within the context of good and evil.' I don't think he has any doubt in his mind that he's made the right choice. On the other hand, he has at least enough doubts that he wants to hear other views.'

A recent White House dinner guest, not a political supporter of the president's, recalled that Bush seemed to take particular comfort from Lincoln's situation in the summer of 1864, before General William Tecumseh Sherman had taken Atlanta, when some fellow Republicans were warning that Lincoln could never be re-elected if he did not abandon his insistence on emancipation. Historians might well debate the appropriateness of the analogy, but the power of such examples seems palpable for Bush.

In a telephone conversation last summer, a few weeks after he left the White House, Dan Bartlett told me that "the grossest misimpression" about Bush is that he doesn't understand the depth of opposition to his policies and the intensity of public feeling on the war, and that he is somehow unwilling to hear bad news. "The irony is, for the most part that's all he gets," Bartlett says. "From the start of the day to the end of the day, it's 80-20. When things get to the president, it's usually because it's bad news. He gets a morning report that's on his desk every morning with casualty reports. And another in the middle of the day. And another before he goes to bed. The notion that everybody tiptoes around the crux of issues or controversies is parently false."

What Bush chooses to say publicly, or even privately, is another matter entirely. "My sense is that if he expressed public doubt it would crumble like a house of cards, what public support he has left," Bartlett says. "What kind of message is that? In his mind, he's just one of those people who, once he makes his mind up, he's not going to be one who's second-guessing himself." Another former senior Bush aide made the same point this way: "I don't ever get a panicked call from anybody in the White House. They don't call and say, 'Oh, my God, I need a reality check.' I think they have an extraordinary awareness of how troubled some people are by their decisions, but they work for the one person who's got his eye on how history will judge him."

Doris Kearns Goodwin, the historian who began her writing career helping Lyndon Johnson with his memoirs and went on to write in-depth accounts of the wartime presidencies of Abraham Lincoln and F.D.R., has seen this trait firsthand. In Lyndon Johnson and the American Dream, she wrote that the lower Johnson's popularity fell, the more he proclaimed confidence in the righteousness of his decisions on Vietnam. "He had committed everything he had to Vietnam," she writes. "Regardless of all evidence, he simply had to be right. To think otherwise, to entertain even the slightest doubt, was to open himself to the pain of reliving old decisions, options and possibilities long since discarded. 'No, no, no!' Johnson shouted at me one afternoon as I tried to discuss earlier opportunities for peace. 'I will not let you take me backward in time on Vietnam. Fifty thousand American boys are dead. Nothing we say can change that fact. Your idea that I could have chosen otherwise rests upon complete ignorance."

For if I had chosen otherwise, I would have been responsible for starting World War III. Dowd observes that when presidents make such thinking they really get in trouble. me, it feels a lot like what they call in business 'the fallacy of sunk costs.' You've spent 75 or 80 percent of your money and you've put the building in the wrong place. So you end up putting 20 percent more in failure because you're afraid to say you spent the 80 percent. He adds: "I know the president and Karl that they view an mission of a mistake as a sign of weakness. Not interestingly enough, the American public view that as a sign of strength. People ask me what advice I'd give a politician. I say I'd have to make a mistake every week and apologize."

The aide to both Bushes who described current president's lack of curiosity said it extends to the most important single act of his presidency, the decision to go to war in Iraq. "I don't think we will ever, ever, have George Bush level and say how he did this," the aide says. "I think he has drunk the Kool-Aid and that's all there is to it."

The Last Battle

"Whatever it all comes down to," a presid once said, "is the man at the desk."

The words are those of the first Pres Bush, who memorably declared in his 1948 campaign, "I am that man." His son won second term that the father was denied, a second term that seemed guaranteed to have a consequence, a presidency, one that would count in the history books. It will count in the history books, right. So on that January morning 15 mon men who, when he sits down to compute his thoughts, what will George W. Bush, youthful failure who succeeded beyond his family's wildest imaginations, only to fail again, says to his successor? Will he write of the burdens of the job? Will he offer guidance about the pitfalls? Will he make a joke? Will he praise the virtues of perseverance? After all the Resolve itself was stuck in the Arctic ice for two full winters, until finally drifting frozen.

On the surface, Bush remains as confid" as cocky, as ever. At the White House pre Christmas party last year, my wife, Dee Dana Myers, a former Clinton White House press secretary, to whom Bush has been unfailing gracious over the years, shook his hand and asked how he was. "I like a challenge!" he replied, his face crinkling into a grin. Photographs of the president may tell a different story: all the compulsive exercise in the world, all the discipline, all the public projection of confidence and bonhomie, cannot keep him from looking gray and tired and haggard and, at last, every second of his 61 years. Even so, he is not an old man. If the actuarial tables hold true, it will be his lot to see his legacy bitterly debated for many years. He professes to be at peace with the prospect. "I guess I'm like any other political figure,
ad during a rambling news conference July, after being asked by Edwin Chen of amberg News how he could hope to prose the war in Iraq without public support. Everybody wants to be loved. Just sometimes decisions you make, and the consequences, enable you to be loved. And so when it's hid and done, Ed, if you ever come down to the old, tired me down there in Crawford, I'll be able to say I looked in the mirror and made decisions based upon principle, not based in politics. And that's important to me.

t ever mind, for the moment, that Bush's administration has been as political as other. By some measures it has been the most politically motivated presidency of modern times, with policy on issues from science axes dictated by considerations of partisan advantage and ideological dominance. Bush's ament is interesting for what it says about self-image and about how he parses his fate. This is another staple of mythic buntales: the fearless leader, abandoned by the titudes, facing the end with a remnant of loyal band. Like a character in one of the ft Behind" novels, Bush is waiting for the

Rapture, confident that he will be saved, validated, the unpleasant earthly realities of the moment be damned. Delayed vindication may even be more satisfying, something to relish. A few months ago, when a very senior Reagan-administration official sought to counsel Bush that it was not too late to retool his presidency, reminding him that Ronald Reagan recovered from the disaster of Iran-contra to reach a 68 percent job approval rating on his last day in office, Bush cut the official off. No, he insisted, Reagan's ratings rebounded only later, after he had left office. The official happened to be absolutely correct, but no amount of argument could dislodge Bush from his view. His eyes were on his presidential afterlife.

Ken Adelman, the Reagan-era arms-control negotiator and longtime hawk, whose distress at Bush's mishandling of the Iraq war is so intense that it has poisoned his once close friendship with Dick Cheney, is a Shakespeare buff who makes good money by lecturing on what Shakespeare can teach modern managers. I asked him if Bush reminds him of any character in Shakespeare. "Richard II," he answered instantly, explaining that Richard was surrounded by sycophantic advisers—Bush, Bagot, and Green—and that he alienated his people with a wasteful war against Ireland, and lost his throne to Henry IV.

"Not all the water in the rough, rude sea can wash the balm off an anointed king," Richard proclaims in defiance at one point, sounding very much like the Decider we know so well. "The breath of worldly men cannot depose the deputy elected by the Lord." But a few short passages later, Richard is reduced to acknowledging. "You have but mistook me all this while: I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief, need friends—subjected thus, How can you say to me, I am a king?"

Every president, every person—even one as bunkerized and blinkered as George Bush—feels want, tastes grief, needs friends. Bush is hardly immune to emotion. Like all the men in his family, he is known to cry easily, if not comfortably or publicly. He has built the political and emotional prison of his bunker, policy by policy and partisan stone by partisan stone. Like all presidents, he alone holds the key. Don't count on him to turn it on January 20, 2009, when he puts down his burdens and picks up his pen.

**ORE AND THE MEDIA**

**GOING AFTER GORE**

TRIMMED FROM PAGE 355 the "iron triangle" of Karl Rove, Karen Hughes, and Joe Baugh.

The campaign went through several official slogans," says The New York Times's mar ine Seelye, who would become one of more critical reporters who covered Gore. They had a hard time latch ing onto a clear of what the campaign was about. [Democratic strategist] James Carville once said to that if you want reporters to write about hambur, you give them hamburger. You *don't give them French fries and ice cream.*

Gore needed to give them hamburger, as Carville put it—a simple, dramatic charac ter, a simple, dramatic story line, a 10-word slogan. If Gore couldn't provide it, the press said. As the campaign wore on, the media and a groove they could settle into: wonk so operate to become president he'll do or say thing, even make stuff up. It complemented perfectly the other son of a politician running for president: irresistible frat boy who, when it came to the presidency, could take it or leave it.

The seeds of Gore's caricature had been planted in 1997 when he, the presumptive candidate for 2000, made a passing comment about Erich Segal's Love Story, over the course of a two-hour interview with Time's Karen Tumulty and The New York Times's Richard Berke, for profiles they were writing. Tumulty recounts today that, while casually reminiscing about his days at Harvard and his roommate, the future actor Tommy Lee Jones, Gore said, It's funny—he and Tipper had been models for the couple in his friend Erich Segal's Love Story, which was Jones's first film. Tumulty followed up, "Love Story was based on you and Tipper?" Gore responded, "Well, that's what Erich Segal told reporters down in Tennessee."

As it turned out, The Nashville Tennessean, the paper Gore was referring to, had said Gore was the model for the character of Oliver Barrett. But the paper made a small mistake. There was some Tommy Lee Jones thrown in, too. "The Tennessean reporter just exaggerated," Segal has said. And Tipper was not the model for Jenny.

In her story, Tumulty and co-author Eric Pooley treated the anecdote as an offhand comment. But political opinion writers at The New York Times, it seems, interpreted the remark as a calculated political move on Gore's part. "It's somewhat suspicious that Mr. Gore has chosen this moment to drop the news—unknown even to many close friends and aides," wrote Times columnist Maureen Dowd. "Does he think, going into 2000, that this will give him a romantic glow, or a romantic afterglow?"

Times columnist Frank Rich followed it up. "What's bizarre," he wrote, "if all too revealing... is not that he inflated his past but that he would think that being likened to the insufferable preppy Harvard hockey player Oliver Barrett 4th was something to brag about in the first place."

Tumulty says she was stunned at seeing Gore's remark being turned into a "window onto his soul" in the pages of The New York Times and elsewhere: "I'm in the middle of this gigantic media frenzy. It had truly, truly been an offhanded comment by Gore. And it suddenly turns into this big thing that probably continues to dog him for the rest of the campaign."

**Caught in the Web**

The Love Story distortion set the stage for the "I invented the Internet" distortion, a devastating piece of propaganda that damaged Gore at the starting gate of his run. On March 9, 1999, CNN's Wolf Blitzer conducted an interview with Gore shortly before he officially announced his candidacy. In answer to a question about why Democrats should support him, Gore spoke about his record. "During my service in the United States Congress, I took the initiative—politic-speak for leadership—in creating the Internet," he said, before going on to describe other accomplishments. It was true. In the 1970s, the Internet was a limited tool used by the Pentagon and universities for research. As a senator in the 80s, Gore sponsored two bills that turned this government program into an "information su-
Gore and the Media

perhighway," a term Gore popularized, and made it accessible to all. Vinton Cerf, often called the father of the Internet, has claimed that the Internet would not be where it was without Gore's leadership on the issue. Even former Republican House speaker Newt Gingrich has said that "Gore is the person who, in the Congress, most systematically worked to make sure that we got to an Internet."

The press didn't object to Gore's statement until Texas Republican congressman Dick Armey led the charge, saying, "If the vice president created the Internet, then I created the interstate highway system." Republican congressman James Sensenbrenner released a statement with the headline, DULLIONS OF GRANDEUR: VICE PRESIDENT GORE TAKES CREDIT FOR CREATING THE INTERNET. CNN's Lou Dobbs was soon calling Gore's remark "a case study ... in delusions of grandeur." A few days later the word "invented" entered the narrative. On March 15, a USA Today headline about Gore read, INVENTING THE INTERNET; March 16 on Hardball, Chris Matthews derided Gore for his claim that he "invented the Internet." Soon the distorted assertion was in the pages of the Los Angeles Times and The Boston Globe, and on the A.P. wire service. By early June, the word "invented" was actually being put in quotation marks, as though that were Gore's word of choice. Here's how Mimi Hall put it in USA Today: "A couple of Gore gaffes, including his assertion that he 'invented' the Internet, didn't help." And Newsday's Elaine Povich ridiculed "Gore's widely mocked assertion that he 'invented' the Internet." (Thanks to the Web site the Daily Howler, the creation of Bob Somerby, a college roommate of Gore's, we have a chronic of how the Internet story spiraled out of control.)

Belatedly attempting to defuse the situation, Gore joked about it on Inaus in the Morning, saying that he "was up late the night before...inventing the camcorder." But it was too late—the damage had been done.

The Beat Goes On

As with all campaigns, the coverage of the 2000 election would be driven by a small number of beat reporters. In this case, two women at the most influential newspapers in the country: Seelye from The New York Times and Ceci Connolly from The Washington Post.

A prominent Washington journalist describes them as "edgy, competitive, wanting to make their mark," and adds that they "reinforced each other's prejudices."

"It was like they'd been locked in a room, and they were just pumping each other up," says Gore strategist Carter Eskew.

"They just wanted to tear Gore apart," says a major network correspondent on the trail. "Both refute such characterizations of themselves. "Why would reporters [from] major news organizations confer with the competition on such a fiercely competitive story?"

asks Connolly.

Building on the narrative established by the Love Story and Internet episodes, Seelye, her critics charge, repeatedly tinged what should have been straightforward reporting with attitude or hints at Gore's insincerity. Describing a stump speech in Tennessee, she wrote, "He also made an appeal based on what he described as his hard work for the state—as if a debt were owed in return for years of service." Writing how he encouraged an audience to get out and vote at the primary, she said, "Vice President Al Gore may have questioned the effects of the internal combustion engine, but not when it comes to transportation to the polls. Today he exhorted a union audience in Knoxville, Iowa, to pile into vans—not cars, but gas-guzzling vans—and haul friends to the Iowa caucuses on January 24." She would not just say that he was simply fund-raising. "Vice President Al Gore was back to business as usual today—trolling for money," she wrote. In another piece, he was "over on the prowl for money."

The disparity between her reporting and Bruni's coverage of Bush for the Times was particularly galling to the Gore camp. "It's one thing if the coverage is equal—equally tough or equally soft," says Gore press secretary Chris Lehane. "In 2000, we would get stories where if Gore walked in and said the room was gray we'd be beaten up because in fact the room was an off-white. They would get stories about how George Bush's wing tips looked as he strode across the stage." Melinda Henneberger, then a political writer at the Times, says that such attitudes went all the way up to the top of the newspaper. "Some of it was a self-loathing liberal thing," she says, "disaining the candidate who would have fit right into the newsroom, and giving all sorts of extra time on tests to the conservative from Texas. Al Gore was a laughline at the paper, where Bush was concerned we seemed to suffer from the soft bigotry of low expectations." (Seelye's and Bruni's then editors declined to be interviewed for this article.)

Connolly, too, at The Washington Post, wrote about Gore's "grubbing for dollars inside a monastery," and "stretching the [fund-raising] rules as far as he can." Her stories about the distortions extended the life of the distortions themselves. In one article, she knocked Gore for "the hallucination over the Internet—from [his] inflated claim to his slowness to tamp out the publicity brush fire." In another, co-written with David Von Drehle, she claimed, "From conservative talk radio titan Rush Limbaugh and the New York Post (headline: 'Liar, Liar') to neutral papers across the country, the attack on Gore's credibility is resonating."

When Lehane and his commune partner, Mark Fabiani, selectively granted access, Connolly, for reasons Gore staff are obvious, was rarely favored and cursed it as an attack. The 'Masters of Ter,' as [Lehane and Fabiani] like to be spent an inordinate amount of time at various reporters and pitting journalists and each other and generally trying to stem subject away from a troubled campaign," Connolly says today. (Lehane had no comment.)

But eventually, Gore staffers came to feel that if Connolly was denied the access she wanted there would be a price to pay in terms of her coverage. In one of her pieces Carter Eskew, a former top industry adviser, was described in a column as being "single-handedly accountable for dicting another whole generation of America kids" to smoking. When asked about the column, Eskew recalls how Connolly had called him the day before for a comment about environmental group's endorsement of Bradley. After he gave her something peremptory, he says, she went after him. "She said, 'That's all you're going to say?'" recalls Eskew. "And I said, 'Yeah, that's all we're going to say.' And she goes, 'Do you know how stupid that is, Carter?' And then she threatened, "Well, if that's the kind of relationship you want to have with me, then you'll find out the kind of relationship we're going to have—sometimes to that effect." ('I never threatened Carter, says Connolly. 'It's possible I pressed him for something more than a perfunctory answer... It's odd that he would think my story was journalistically out of bounds or a contribution for something as trivial as a media quote.')

Toxic Coverage

On December 1, 1999, Connolly—a Seelye—misquoted Gore in a damn way. Their error was picked up elsewhere and repeated, and snowballed into a political nightmare. Gore was speaking to a group of students at Concord High School, in New Hampshire, about how young people could effect change. He described a letter he had received as a congressman in 1978 from a girl in Toone, Tennessee, about how her father and grandfather had gotten mysteriously sick. He had looked into the matter and found that the town was a toxic-waste site. He went on:

"I looked around the country for other sites like that. I found a little place in upstate New York called Love Canal. I had the first hearings on that issue and Toone, Tennessee. This was the one you didn't hear of, but that was the one that started it all.... We passed a major legislative to clean up hazardous dump sites, and we had new efforts to stop the practices that ended up poisoning water around the country.... It all happened because one high school student got involved."

Jill Hoffman, a high-school senior in
A study conducted by the nonpartisan Pew Research Center and the Project for Excellence in Journalism found that 76 percent of stories about Gore in early 2000 focused on either the theme of his alleged lying or that he was marred by scandal, while the most common theme about Bush was that he was “a different kind of Republican.”

At the time, the only people seeming to notice the media’s missteps were journalists at the fringes or out of the mainstream, including Somerby of the Daily Howler, Robert Parrony on consortiumnews.com, and Eric Boehlert on Salon, as well as mere citizens who had no outlet but the telephone. These last included the Concord High students, who were trying to correct the record on Love Canal. The footage was reviewed by a teacher, Joanne McGlynn, the day after the initial Love Canal stories ran. McGlynn spotted the discrepancy between Gore’s actual words and what was being reported, and phoned the relevant news outlets to alert them. The Times and the Post printed the correction... about a week later. But by that time the story had been echoed widely and was accepted as fact.

Connolly contends that the misquote “did not dramatically change the point he was trying to make” and that “the Love Canal reference was near the end of a story that ran deep inside the paper.” (Page A-10)

At least one reporter who either made or repeated the misquote was not thrilled to have been corrected by high-school students and their teacher. Sommerfield, who covered the high-school stories for the Charlotte Observer, remembers his reaction. “I think it was the first time I was corrected by high-school students and their teacher,” he says. “I was embarrassed.”

The move has been repeated many times in the media. Seelye would later write a story with John Maker under the headline QUESTIONS OF VERNACULARITY have LONG DOGGED GORE and produced “familiar and fairly trivial examples,” including his “taking credit for inventing the net or being the model for... Love Story.”

But today, when Seelye’s column appeared, the New York Times was at the time, “You can actually disprove the notion of Bush lying about the wiretaps by going to the wiretaps and looking at the transcriptions,” says Gabe. “It’s a really easy story to do. We’re after the story, we’re after the public, and we’re after the media.”
Gore and the Media

on about what he wants to do as president," wrote Broder. "I almost nodded off." As for the environment, while Gore was persuaded by his consultants not to talk about it as much as he would have liked, whenever he did, many in the media ignored it or treated it as comedy. Dowd wrote in one column that "Al Gore is so feminized and diversified and ecologically correct, he's practically lactating." In another, referring to his consideration of putting a Web- cam in the Oval Office, she wrote, "I have zero desire to see President Gore round the clock, putting comely interns to sleep with charts and lectures on gaseous reduction.

The trivial continued to dominate during the postmortem following Gore and Bush's first debate, on October 3, 2000. The television media were sure Gore won—at first. But then Republican operatives promptly spliced together a reel of Gore sighing, which was then sent to right-wing radio outlets. Eighteen hours later, the pundits could talk of little else. "They could hear you audibly sighing or sounding exasperated as Governor Bush was answering questions," Katie Couric scolded him the next day on the Today show. "Do you think that's presidential behavior?" For the Times's Frank Bruni, the sighs weren't as galling as Gore's familiarity with the names of foreign leaders. "It was not enough for Vice President Al Gore to venture a crisp pronunciation of Milosevic, as in Slobodan," he wrote. "Mr. Gore had to go a step further, volunteering the name of Mr. Milosevic's challenger Vojisav Kostunica." As Jonathan Alter points out, "Overall, the press was harder on Gore than it was on Bush... The consequences of [that] in such a close election were terrifying."

Gore couldn't believe his eyes when he read distortions about him printed in the country's most respected newspapers, say those in his inner circle. "It stung to have the political media, the elite political media, buy into this crap," says Roy Neel, his close friend and adviser of 30 years, about the press coverage. "But I don't recall him ever blaming the media for the problems he was having."

Indeed, Gore accepts responsibility for not being able to communicate more clearly with the public. He admits, however, that the tendency of the press to twist his words encouraged his ability to speak freely. "I tried not to let it affect my behavior," Gore says. "But if you know that day after day the filter is going to be so distorted, inevitably that has an impact on the kinds of messages that you try and force through the filter. Anything that involves subtlety or involves trusting the reporters in their good sense and sense of fairness in interpretation, you're just not going to take a risk with something that could be easily distorted and used against you... You're reduced to saying, 'Today, here's the message: reduce pollution,' and not necessarily by XYZ out of fear that it will be, well, 'Today he talked about belching cows!'"

According to Gore, bringing up the Internet again in public was like stepping on a verbal land mine. "If I had tried in the wake of that to put expressions about the Internet in campaign speeches, it would have been difficult," he says. "I did, of course, from time to time. But I remember many occasions where I would say something about the Internet, and as soon as the word 'Internet' came from my lips, the press would be snickering and making mention. Not everybody in the press, but the Zeitgeist was polluted, and it never dissipated, because the stream of pollution coming into it was constant, constant.

The notion that he was prickly or unpleasant to reporters doesn't jibe with what Tipper witnessed. From her viewpoint, he remained gracious with the reporters—even at an event during the campaign, when Maureen Dowd sidled up in the middle of a conversation he was having with two other reporters. "He stood up and got her a chair and said, 'Please, join us.' After Dowd had written about him "lactating," he agreed to an interview with her, answering questions about his favorite this, his favorite that. According to his staffers, she was a fact of life that would have to be endured.

The Gores, a famously close-knit family, could laugh at the coverage some. They joked around at the nonstop talk about which president you'd want to have a beer with. The Gore's middle daughter, Kristin, pointed out, "Gee, I want the designated driver as my president." But down deep they weren't laughing. "The sighs, the sighs," says Gore, of the debate coverage. "Within 18 hours, they had turned perception around to where the entire story was about me sighing. And that's scary. That's scary."

The Comeback

After the election the Gores, heartbroken, traveled in Europe for two months. "We were roadkill," admits Tipper. "It took a long time to pick ourselves up from what happened." Gore grew a beard while he was there. After he stepped back onto U.S. soil, the press began knocking him around again for his latest "re-invention." Ceci Connolly, who had become a contributor to Fox News in 2000, said, "Looks like he's ready to go, but go where? Back to Europe with his backpack?" Later, in the Los Angeles Times, Jack Germond wrote, "He should have shed the beard before coming back. Instead, he continues to wear it in what is being interpreted as a signal of another 'new' Gore."

Over the course of Bush's early months in office, the Gores watched in profound disappointment as Bush rolled back many important environmental regulations of the Clinton-Gore years. But, as Karenna says, "my set the tone for our whole family in not ing. The way he publicly put his weight on George Bush in the beginning, did all the flamed, did not cause division—and was every opportunity to do that—sent a message to all of us not to be dragged down into anger and sadness about it but to try to make the best of it." After Septem ber, Gore stood by Bush, saying, "George is my commander in chief."

By September 2002, the country was a march to war. Against the advice of some- bods, who suggested he might turn out on the wrong side of history, Gore spoke against the invasion—fervently. On September 23, 2002, he articulated all the dangers we have now come to pass. The Washington Post's Michael Kelly wrote about the speech, "I wretched. It was vile. It was contemptible (Kelly was killed on April 3, 2003, in Iraq by his Humvee crashed while trying to evade fire.) Fineman didn't hold back in des cribing how the Beltway/Broadway clan nerved Gore: "an annoying and una l bone who should have the decency to get it."

In order to diversify and open up the sages coming out of the news media, Gore helped launch Current TV, an altern an channel that features viewers-generated content, thereby providing a dialogue with the med. He also taught journalism, began working for Apple, and co-founded a business called Creation Investment Management. And, the encouragement of Tipper, he dusted the global-warming slide show in the atrium their Arlington, Virginia, home, the one he had been delivering for 25 years to audiences as small as 10 and as large as 10,000. The first time he showed it, at Middle Ten- see State University, the slides were in both a ward and upside down. It would be turned An Inconvenient Truth, win an Oscar, and wake up the world to a global crisis.

Over the years since 2000, some jour nalists have attempted to reach out to the Gore. At a pro-choice event a few years ago, Tipper Tumulty gave Tipper her card and asked her if she would ever want to talk. "When I saw her that night, she looked though a gigantic weight had been lifted," calls Tumulty, who'd recently seen the couple agonizing over Gore's political future, the East Coast premiere of An Inconvenient Truth, the Gores bumped into Finema who recalls, "I said to [Gore], on a personal level, I want you to know that I admire you for the way you have stayed in the game, a taken the mess of a few years ago and turn it around and become such a leader in it debate." At the time, Tipper just said than and moved on, thinking to herself, Too lit too late, buddy. In retrospect, she appreciated the gesture.

Katharine Seelye, who still writes abo
nal politics for The New York Times, had time to reflect on her work: “I think there were times my phrasing could have been better—you’re doing this on the fly, sometimes you’re just looking for a different description of something you have to convey over and over again,” she says. “I think overall my coverage was toughed. A presidential campaign is for the important, hardest job in the world. Isn’t the coverage tough?” Connolly, a staff writer at the Post but on a leave of absence, maintains that “the Washington Post editorial team, myself and a dozen other jour- nalists, approached the Gore campaign no more thoughtfully than any other—with aggressive, tough, objective reporting.”

For Dowd, a Democratic operative running into her and having an argument with her about columns on the Gore campaign, in which he felt she devoted more attention to Gore’s sinking as she did to Bush’s not knowing that Social Security was a federal program, “I basically said, ‘well, could you equate the two?’ He recalls, “how could Gore’s personal ties deserve as much column inches as the other guy being hit?” And her defense was ‘Well, I voted for Gore.’ I thought, well, that’s great. But thousands of thousands of people who read column probably didn’t.” (A source close to Dowd says that she does not write in a partisan column, keeps her votes private, and certainly would not have disclosed that information to a political aide.)

Thanks to his newfound status, speculation about Gore’s entering the presidential race has refused to die down. Alas, he’s not going to announce his candidacy in the last paragraphs of a Vanity Fair article. “Modern politics seems to require and reward some eccentricities that I don’t think I have in abundance,” says Gore, “such as a tolerance for spin rather than an honest discussion of substance. Apparently, it comes easily for some people, but not for me.”

Gore says he has made zero moves that could suggest a run for the presidency, but that if he turned to her one night and said, “I had to work, she’d get on board, and I’d discuss how to approach it this time around, given what they’ve learned.”

His reporters and opinion-makers have chewed over the possibility. After all, now a star. In step with the new enthusiasm for Gore, Dowd, in a February 2007 interview, described him as “a man who was obsessed with climate change, the Internet, and Iraq,” a sentiment echoed by the pundits, however, invariably come to the same question: “But if he ran, would he revert to the ‘old Gore’?” Another question—in light of countless recent stories on John Edwards’s hair—might be: would the media revert to the old media?
Setting Powder in Translucent; on her cheeks, Cheek Colour in Orange Blossom; on her eyes, Mascara in Black; on her lips, Lip Colour-Crème in Beige-Nude-Crème; Charlotte Reid for Aveda and Laura Mercier/Revlonmakeup.com. PAGE 178: David Cox for Urban Experiment/celesteagency.com (family and dog). PAGE 178: David Cox for Urban Experiment/celesteagency.com (Gesner study and family). PAGE 184: Top left, FREDERIC FEKKAÏ's grooming by Scott McManan for artistsbytimothypriano.com.

FREDERIC FEKKAÏ Coiff from Frédéric Fekkai salons. Top right, GIVENCHY Parfums from Neiman Nordstrom stores, or go to nordstrom.com. Bottom, AMOREPACIFIC Time Response Pure Essence 100 Skin Renewal Serum from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; the Eye Concentrate by LA MER from Saks Fifth Avenue and Neiman Marcus stores nationwide, and Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; ORLANE Crème Royale from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide, or go to neimanmarcus.com; for REVIVE Intensité Volumizing Serum, go to reviviskincare.com; SHISEIDO Bio-performance Intensive Skin Corrective Program from fine department and specialty stores nationwide. PAGE 198–205: Grooming by Helen Jeffers for cloutieragency.com.

PAGE 226: Grooming by Danielle Becker for artmixbeauty.com. PAGE 244: Hallie Bowman at the Wall Group; Fabiola Arancibia at the Wall Group. PAGES 244-245 and 252: Cher Keating for Worth Management. PAGE 38: ALICE EYE'S hair styled with NUXXUS Absolute Finisher, Nectar of the Gods Deep Treatment, and FHI Heat, Campbell McAusley for solartist.com/Nuxxus. Makeup products by Dior; on her face, Diorskin Pure Light in Peach and Diorskin Poudre Libre in Transparent Light; on her cheeks, Dior Bronze Makeup Harmony de Blush in Sunset Fiesta; on her eyes, Eyeliner Pencil in Black. 5 Colour Eyeshadow in Night Dust, and Diorshow Mascara in Black; on her lips, Dior Addict Rouge À Lèvre in Positive Red; Fraz Cooper for Dior/artistbeauty.com; on her nails, MAC Nail Lacquer in Shirelle, Melissa Bozant for MAC artmixbeauty.com. PAGE 328: SARAH SILVERMAN'S hair styled with KERASTASE VInyl Nutri-Sculpt, and Spray Volume volumizing. Makeup products by GIORGIO ARMANI on her face, MUA Silk Foundation in Shade 4, Micro-Fil Loose Powder in Shade 1, and Sheer Bronzer in Shade 5; on her eyes, Maestro Mascara in Shade 1; on her lips, Lipstick Mania in Shade 23. Hair and makeup by Gina Monaco for Kerastase and Giorgio Armani.


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AVEDA, Aveda stores nationwide, or go to aveda.com. BUMBLE AND BUMBLE, Bumble and Bumble stores nationwide, or go to bumbleandbumble.com. CHANEL, go to chanel.com or sephora.com. COVER GIRL, drugstores nationwide. DERMALOGICA, go to dermalogica.com. DIOR, boutiques and major department stores in Nationwide. FREDERIC FEKKAÏ, Frédéric Fekkai salons, N.Y.C. and L.A., or go to sephora.com. GIORGIO ARMANI, Giorgio Armani, N.Y.C., and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. JOHN FREDGA, drugstores nationwide, or go to drugstore.com. KERASTASE, selected hair salons, or go to kerastase.com. LAURA MERCIER, Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Barney's New York and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide, MAC, MAC stores and department stores nationwide, or go to maccosmetics.com. NUXXUS, drugstores nationwide, or go to nuxxus.com.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND MISCELLANY

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
I'm a moron when it comes to mathematics.

What is your greatest extravagance?
The blue suit I only wore once.

What is your favorite journey?

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Humility, unless you really need it.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
It ain't what it used to be.

Which living person do you most despise?
He knows who he is.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"It's for you, hon."

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
My first wife and my current wife.

Which talent would you most like to have?
To dance like Astaire.

What is your current state of mind?
Re-writes, re-writes, re-writes.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
Smile a good deal more.

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
That I didn't have more.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
That I went from there to here.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
Me again; I can't shake him.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
Taller, younger, smarter, and braver.

What is your most treasured possession?
The first painting I bought in Paris. Not expensive.

Where would you like to live?
One sixty-five East 62nd Street, again.

What is your favorite occupation?
Watching young and old people in Central Park.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Looking for a better line. Better than this one.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
That she's not a man.

What do you most value in your friends?
What friends?

Who are your favorite writers?
Dickens, Shakespeare, and Mel Brooks.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Dr. Watson, I presume.

Who are your heroes in real life?

What is it that you most dislike?
The middle toe of my left foot.

How would you like to die?
Never knowing it.

What is your motto?
"Try to wake up each day. If not, call 691-7330."

Neil Simon

Lauded for creating hit after hit onstage and on-screen, Neil Simon has established himself as a true rarity in show business and remains beloved by critics and audiences alike. A master of comedy and an observer of the human condition, the Pulitzer-winning playwright, who turned 80 this year, takes a moment to reflect on re-writes, Fred Astaire, and East 62nd Street.
Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit.
EXCLUSIVE
UNSEEN CAMELOT
THE NEVER-BEFORE-PUBLISHED KENNEDY FAMILY ALBUM
BY RICHARD AVEDON
WITH TEXT BY ROBERT DALLEK AND ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER JR.

AL GORE AND THE CLINTONS
HOW IT ALL WENT WRONG
By Sally Bedell Smith p. 294

THE U.S.'S NEW WHITE-ELEPHANT
GHADAD EMBASSY
By William Langerwiesche p. 200

TOM STOPPARD
ON PINK FLOYD'S FORGOTTEN GENIUS p. 190

ERIC CLAPTON
THE DEATH OF HIS SON
Exclusive Book Excerpt p. 304

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NEIL SIMON

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What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Being aware that I am experiencing it.

What is your greatest fear?
"Listen, I have bad news."

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Age-wise, Moses.

Which living person do you most admire?
Mr. or Bloomberg.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
I'm a moron when it comes to mathematics.

What is your greatest extravagance?
The blue suit I only wore once.

What is your favorite journey?

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Humility, unless you really need it.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
It ain't what it used to be.

Which living person do you most despise?
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"It's for you, hon."

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
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What is your current state of mind?
Re-writes, re-writes, re-writes.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
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If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
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How would you like to die?
Never knowing it.

What is your motto?
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DOLCE & GABBANA
the one
282 SCENES FROM A WHITE HOUSE President-Elect John F. Kennedy was determined to project a wholesome healthy image to the nation. So, on January 3, 1961, he posed with his young family for Richard Avedon. Robert Dallek tells how the photos—many published here for the first time—helped position an American dynasty. Plus candid moments from the diaries of White House insider Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.

294 WHITE HOUSE CIVIL WAR Their image as chummy baby-boomer couples helped bring the Clintons and Gores to power in 1992, but the foursome would splinter as Hillary and Al vied to be Bill's right hand. In an excerpt from her forthcoming book about the Clintons' White House years, Sally Bedell Smith discovers how the triangle sapped Gore's 2000 campaign.

300 SOME ENCHANTING EVA Patrick Demarchelier and Steven Daly spotlight Eva Green, who plays a 300-year-old witch in this winter's fantasy event, The Golden Compass.

304 ERIC CLAPTON'S SALVATION ROAD On the heels of his 1985 Behind the Sun tour, Eric Clapton dove back into booze, attempted suicide, and left his wife for an Italian beauty. Now, in an excerpt from his memoir, the guitar god comes clean about his downward spiral, and how his son's birth—and shocking death—helped turn him around.

308 THE WILSON DOCTRINE Brigitte Lacombe and Michael Hogan spotlight Mike Nichols's latest, Charlie Wilson's War, starring Tom Hanks and Julia Roberts.

310 YA YA VON FURSTENBERG Barry Diller's not the only one in his family with a high-style Manhattan headquarters. Ingrid Sischy visits the radiant new space of Diane von Furstenberg, fashion's comeback queen. Photographs by William Waldron.

314 DOROTHY PARKER'S WEEKEND GETAWAY Edward Sorel provides an illustrated anecdote of literary mischief, involving Dorothy Parker, George S. Kaufman, and Lillian Hellman.

316 ALL OVER THIS LAND Where have all the folk singers gone? Look no further. From Joan Baez and Joni Mitchell to Feist and Devendra Banhart. Annie Leibovitz captures the legends and newcomers whose honest sound is still a-changin' the times.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33  NOVEMBER 2007
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OCTOBER

On the Silver Screen

Reese Witherspoon, Jake Gyllenhaal, Meryl Streep, Peter Sarsgaard, and Alan Arkin star in *Rendition*, a thriller from director Gavin Hood (Tsotsi). Witherspoon plays the American wife of an Egyptian-born chemical engineer who disappears on a flight from South Africa to Washington. She desperately tries to track him down, while a C.I.A. analyst (Gyllenhaal) at a secret detention facility becomes party to the husband’s unorthodox interrogation. *Rendition* releases on October 19.

Dillard’s is pleased to introduce L, the new L.A.M.B. fragrance by Gwen Stefani. The iconic style of Gwen Stefani pushes boundaries beyond music and fashion in this debut scent. The signature fragrance is a masculine and feminine fusion. The luscious floral scent is bursting with sparkling freshness and notes of watery greens, and wraps you in the warmth of sensual musks. L, an L.A.M.B. fragrance by Gwen Stefani, is available as eau de parfum spray, shower gel, and body lotion at Dillard’s, dillards.com, or by calling 800-345-5273.

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From June 15 to 17, NetJets chairman and C.E.O. Richard Santulli, Warren Buffett, and Steve Wynn hosted the third annual NetJets Poker Invitational at the Wynn Las Vegas. More than 300 NetJets fractional aircraft owners, including a who’s who from entertainment, sports, and business, participated in the no-limit Texas Hold’Em tournament, featuring prizes worth over $1 million. The first-prize winner was NetJets owner Sam Rose, of Maryland, who received 20 hours of flight time on a NetJets Boeing Business Jet.

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336 REMEMBRANCE OF THONGS PAST
Patrick Demarchelier spotlights six supermodels who mark the 12th annual Victoria’s Secret spectacular by leaving their renowned dainty washables behind.

338 THE SECRET WORLD OF SERGE GAINSBOURG
After France’s beloved singer-songwriter Serge Gainsbourg died, in 1991, his daughter Charlotte kept his Paris house untouched. Lisa Robinson gets an exclusive tour of its black felt-lined rooms and hears from Gainsbourg amours Jane Birkin and Brigitte Bardot, among others, about his generous, bon vivant allure. Photographs by Jean-Baptiste Mondino.

FANFAIR

133 30 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE

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172 A DEATH IN THE FAMILY
As America struggles with losses in Iraq, one in particular has given Christopher Hitchens pause: a young soldier named Mark Daily, killed in Mosul, who cited the V.F. columnist as an inspiration to sign up.

180 A TWIST IN TIME
The Peppermint Lounge, New York City, 1960: a social phenomenon known as “the Twist” is born. James Wolcott revisits the frenzied, euphoric moment when the nation’s most glamorous pelvises got rhythm.

190 HERE’S LOOKING AT YOU, SYD
Dropped by Pink Floyd in 1968, Syd Barrett vanished from the public eye and died in obscurity last year. Tom Stoppard explains how a photo of the rock star as a middle-aged man named Roger was key to his new play, Rock ‘n’ Roll.

194 GUILTY FEELINGS
In anticipation of the verdict in the Phil Spector murder trial, Dominick Dunne describes how the high-priced defense team stooped ever lower, even as Spector iced out a top legal star.

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200 THE MEGA-BUNKER OF BAGHDAD The new U.S. Embassy in Iraq is a $600 million compound, fortified to the teeth and lavished with all the amenities—from movie theater to food hall to tennis court. But it sure isn’t built for diplomacy, William Langewiesche writes.

212 THE PEOPLE VS. THE PROFITEERS Everyone knows that defense contractors are gouging U.S. taxpayers. Shouldn’t the Justice Department be doing something about it? David Rose meets one man who wants Halliburton spin-off KBR to give a couple of billion dollars back. Photographs by Gasper Tringale.

236 BECOMING ADOLF Adorning Hitler’s lip, the Toothbrush mustache became synonymous with evil. Rich Cohen learns the power of a few bristles.

242 HALL OF FAME Leslie Bennetts nominates seven women crusading for global justice. Photograph by Jillian Edelstein

244 MOMS GONE WILD As Paris Hilton, Lindsay Lohan, and Britney Spears slip further into tabloid infamy, someone should give them a time-out. But, Judith Newmai reports, their mothers may be part of the problem.

252 MAD ABOUT THE BOYS Lou Pearlman, the impresario behind the Backstreet Boys and ’NSync, now sits in jail accused of embezzling more than $300 million. But insiders tell Bryan Burrough that may not be Pearlman’s only sin, as allegations surface that he was a sexual predator too.

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On August 4, HBO Video teamed up with Barneys New York to celebrate the DVD launch of *Rome: The Complete Second Season*, at Barneys in Los Angeles. *Rome* cast members Kevin McKidd, James Purefoy, and Polly Walker were on hand to toast the event, and the Emmy®-nominated *Rome* costume designs by April Ferry were on display in the Barneys windows.

**EVENTS**

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A President by Any Other Name

We had George W. Bush on the phone the other day, and when the subject of the Iraq war came up he was surprisingly measured and thoughtful. "As far as the war goes, I initially was very supportive, but less so over time," he said. "There's a civil war, and we know how that goes. Once we do leave, once the support is gone, those people in Iraq will be in a bad spot." Wise words. Alas, they came not from the George W. Bush of Washington, D.C., and Crawford, Texas, but rather the George W. Bush from Columbus, Ohio, who is an engineer. According to public-records search engines, there are more than 200 similarly named fellows in America, and like men with back hair, troublesome urinary problems, or faltering eyesight, they have their cross to bear. "I don't want to get involved in anything at my age," says George W. Bush, 83, of Melbourne, Kentucky. "Having my name is bad enough."

Well, of course it's difficult having the same name as someone in the news or someone who is on television with some regularity. There are at least a dozen Joe Bachelors out there; 500 James Bonds; 12 dozen Tom Cruises (one has a son named Connor, just like the movie star); two dozen Oprah Winfreys; and, for you Washington Irving buffs, a half-dozen Ichabod Cranes—one of whom lives in the epicenter of Irving country, Kinderhook, New York.

As expected, there are many Homer Simpsons across this fair land of ours (197 at last count), and many of them live in towns named Springfield. A few have humorously listed their addresses as Stupid Drive, Dumb Street, and Lazy Lane—begging, no doubt, for a call from Matt Groening next time the show is trolling for writers. The Homer Simpson who lives in Loudon, Tennessee, is 80. "I didn't even know there was a program called The Simpsons, but people kept calling me from pay phones at odd hours," he said, sounding an awful lot like the TV Homer's father, Abe. "I've seen the show now—there are too many characters." FYI, there are at least 45 Ned Flanderses in the U.S. as well, including one who supposedly lives next door to one of the Homer Simpsons in Springfield, Illinois.

You can find 144 Brad Pitts in America. Chevy Chase has one—that's the Maryland suburb, not the former Saturday Night Live star. So does Hollywood (Florida) and Beverly Hills (Texas). There is a Brad Pitt in Dallas and one in San Antonio. Which is interesting because there is an Angelina Jolie in each of those two cities as well. There is also one on a Burning Bush Lane in a small city in Illinois.

You want Britney Spears? We've got more than a hundred of them, along with four Lindsay Lohans and 34 Paris Hils, not counting the one who recently sued Hallmark over a greeting card that had a cartoon likeness of her saying, "That's hot"—a phrase she trademarked earlier this year. A Britney Spears and a Paris Hilton both live in North Carolina, just 170 miles away from each other on Route 85. So if you drive that particular section of the highway with any frequency, I'd buckle up.

There are 15 Adolf Hitlers in America (two of them in New Jersey), four Osama bin Ladens, and more than 70 Mohammad Attas. (You think you get the bum's rush from airline reservation people?) By the way, the president should take comfort in the fact that he has one supporter down in Murphy, North Carolina. Fellow by the name of Charles Manson. He has the misfortune to have the same name as the mass murderer, but this Charles Manson is confident about the Iraq strategy of George W. Bush (the president, not the engineer from Columbus, Ohio). "Well, I support the president's policy, as far as that is concerned," Manson said. Asked if he would do the war all over again, he answered "yes"—sounding an awful lot like Dick Cheney of Washington, D.C., and Casper, Wyoming. There you have it, the people have spoken.

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Eric Clapton

Eric Clapton’s life, with all its triumphs and tragedies, is the stuff of rock ’n’ roll legend, inspiring several books and countless magazine articles.

Now, just after his first wife, Pattie Boyd, gave fans a glimpse into her relationship with Clapton in her memoir, Wonderful Tonight, published in August, the guitar great tells his story in his own words in Clapton: The Autobiography (Broadway). Excerpted beginning on page 304, the book is a brutally honest and revealing exercise in self-examination, covering everything from Clapton’s stratospheric highs of young love and pop stardom to his abysmal lows of drug abuse and personal loss. Even from an artist who has seemed to put a part of himself into every song, it represents an unprecedented confessional.

Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.

Although historian Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., a remarkable intellectual, renowned social critic, and passionate liberal champion, passed away last February at age 89, his legacy lives on through many books and numerous pieces that examine America’s past, with subjects ranging from presidential administrations to the Iraq war. A fervent writer throughout his life, Schlesinger, who twice won the Pulitzer Prize, in 1946 for The Age of Jackson and in 1966 for A Thousand Days, was also a fixture on the Washington political scene for years, notably as a special assistant at the White House (where this photograph was taken) during President Kennedy’s administration. This month, Vanity Fair excerpts diary entries from his last book, Journals: 1952–2000, which provides intimate insights into his time with the Kennedys and other moments throughout history. The book is available now from Penguin Press.

Tom Stoppard

In Tom Stoppard’s latest play, Rock ’n’ Roll, the revered playwright and Oscar-winning screenwriter brings to the stage a story, layered with rock music, that takes place in his native Czechoslovakia and in England between 1968 and 1990. In Prague, the last years of Communist rule are experienced through a Czech rock fan; in Cambridge, a Marxist philosopher of the “science of consciousness” has to come to terms with his “God that failed,” while the verities of death and love shape the lives of his wife and daughter. “Rock ’n’ Roll also touches on what consciousness consists of, where it comes from, and how you can account for it,” Stoppard says. In his first contribution to Vanity Fair (page 190), Stoppard reveals a part of his inspiration: the original front man for the rock band Pink Floyd, Syd Barrett. “A late photograph I saw of Syd made me think about how time and the constant mutability of everything is actually the underlying story of all the stories we write,” Stoppard says. Rock ’n’ Roll opens at the Bernard B. Jacobs Theatre, in New York City, this month.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94
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Annie Leibovitz

From Africa to Hollywood to the New Establishment, contributing photographer Annie Leibovitz has compiled an unforgettable array of portfolios for Vanity Fair. This month, she turns her lens toward folk music's classic stalwarts and newest sensations. "Since Annie was a teenager, she's been a huge fan of folk music, and now she's introducing it to her children," says Kathryn MacLeod, her Vanity Fair producer. "The portfolio was a reunion for Annie with many of these artists, like Joan Baez and Joni Mitchell, but she was also excited to meet the new musicians carrying on the strong songwriting traditions of the older legends." Leibovitz (seen here at far left, with Mary and Paul of Peter, Paul and Mary, at the Carter Barron Amphitheatre, in Washington, D.C., circa 1966) lives in New York City with her three children.

Sally Bedell Smith

The author of 2004's Grace and Power: The Private World of the Kennedy White House, Vanity Fair contributing editor Sally Bedell Smith is no stranger to the political struggles inside the White House. "I hoped to apply my knowledge of presidential relationships to another, very different White House couple," she says. In an excerpt from her new book, For Love of Politics—Bill and Hillary Clinton: The White House Years (page 294), Smith explores the Clintons' shared political ambitions, which drove a wedge between Bill and his other political partner, Al Gore. Smith believes her research into the Clintons' past could shed light on their future: "Both Clintons are deeply invested in their political sequel."

Robert Dallek

For decades, a clan of family friends refused researchers access to John F. Kennedy's medical records. But five years ago, historian and presidential biographer Robert Dallek persuaded the protective committee to make him privy to the information—and discovered that J.F.K. had been far sicker than was previously believed. Dallek was recently given the opportunity to see another set of long-hidden artifacts: Richard Avedon's photographs of J.F.K., alongside Jacqueline, Caroline, and John junior. This time he saw evidence not of an ailing prince but of a shrewd politician about to become the youngest elected president in history. "The photos are an expression of the political wisdom J.F.K. had. He knew he needed to persuade the country that he would be an authoritative presence in the White House; he also knew that his family's appearance would be a great boon to him."

The photos, set to be released this month in The Kennedys: Portrait of a Family—of which Dallek has written the foreword—make clear the Kennedys' singular status as America's royal family. "No other president since has come close to J.F.K. in this regard—none of the successor families have enjoyed the appeal his has."
William Langewiesche

As the extravagant, sprawling, 104-acre U.S. Embassy in Baghdad prepared to commence operations this month, V.F. turned to international correspondent William Langewiesche, who chronicles the rise of U.S. diplomacy through the use of embassies in "The Mega-Bunker of Baghdad" (page 200). "At $600 million to build and another $1.2 billion to operate yearly, the embassy is obviously a questionable addition to America's diplomatic presence in Iraq," Langewiesche says. "But more to the point, it stands as a monument to American embassy construction worldwide, and it raises some simple questions: What are we doing with these facilities today? And what are we hoping to gain other than safety for safety's sake?" Langewiesche's most recent book, The Atomic Bazaar: The Rise of the Nuclear Poor, was published in May by Farrar, Straus and Giroux.

David Rose

Contributing editor David Rose's articles in Vanity Fair have exposed some of the more disgraceful actions of the U.S. government—the silencing of whistle-blowers, the abuses at Guantanamo Bay, the use of depleted-uranium munitions that may sicken and even kill the soldiers who deploy them.

Still, he says, "I remain fundamentally optimistic about America." That is partly because of people such as Alan Grayson, an attorney and retired telecom entrepreneur, who, as Rose reports in "The People vs. the Profiteers" (page 212), is on a one-man crusade against Iraq-war profiteering. "One of the most impressive things about Grayson," says Rose, "is the extent to which he is prepared to risk very large sums of his own money"—$10 million, Grayson estimates—"in support of a cause he believes is right."

Bryan Burrough

In this month's issue, special correspondent Bryan Burrough delves into the hidden world of boy-band super-producer Lou Pearlman. Pearlman, creator of *NSync and the Backstreet Boys, was recently arrested on fraud charges, but Burrough discovers an even more perversely side to him. "I started out researching a fairly typical case of business fraud and soon realized it was a far more interesting story," Burrough says. "an untold story of a man who, at the very least, made many of his young singers uncomfortable with his odd backrubs, a man who many around him felt was a sexual predator." Burrough's next book, The Big Rich, which tells the stories of the wealthiest Texas oil families, is due out next year from Penguin Press.
Fearless exploration of the unknown is something Sean Penn and Jon Krakauer share. The Academy Award-winning actor has ventured into risky territory with maverick roles and edgy investigative reporting. Krakauer is a highly regarded author whose best-selling work has taken him to the far corners of the earth. Together, they visit Alaska, the scene of the in-directed film adaptation of Krakauer's 1996 bestseller, Into the Wild, and reveal a shared fascination with extremes and people and an uncompromising approach to storytelling.

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HOWARD SCHULTZ + NORMAN LEAR  
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WYNTON MARALIS + JOHN BESH  
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WYNTON MARSALIS + JOHN BESH

Wynton Marsalis — artistic director of Jazz at Lincoln Center and Pulitzer Prize-winning musician and composer — and James Beard-award winning chef John Besh are friends who share a passion for New Orleans. Devotees to the city where they grew up, Marsalis and Besh have committed themselves to fostering its cultural life, particularly after Hurricane Katrina. Join these two remarkable artistic and cultured individuals as they cook, hang out and enjoy music — while sharing their inspirations and love of improvisation along the way.

Premieres on Sundance Channel
Thursday, November 22 at 10:00 PM ET/PT.
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William Langewiesche

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NOVEMBER 2007
Howard Schultz, the vision and voice behind the Starbucks® brand — has revolutionized the global business of coffee. Schultz’s longtime friend, legendary Hollywood writer and producer Norman Lear, shares in his spirit of entrepreneurship and creativity, with shows like All in the Family, Good Times and The Jeffersons, some of the most progressive, beloved and controversial programs ever to have been broadcast.

Discover how these two pioneers continue to transform our cultural landscape as they reflect on their professional achievements and philanthropic endeavors.

Premieres on Sundance Channel
Thursday, November 15 at 10:00 PM ET/PT.
MIKE MYERS + DEEPAK CHOPRA

Mike Myers is one of the most versatile performers of his generation. From his memorable roles on the big screen, including the Austin Powers trilogy to the voice behind Shrek, Myers continues to make millions laugh. Deepak Chopra, one of the world’s pre-eminent mind-body specialists, has illuminated the role of consciousness in healing—and, in the process, helped lighten the existential weight in people’s daily lives. Discover surprising insights as these two mavericks, whose paths have crossed both socially and professionally, reveal the essential role that humor plays in their quests for peace, happiness and creative transformation.

Premieres on Sundance Channel
Thursday, November 8 at 10:00 PM ET/PT.
MIKE MYERS + DEEPAK CHOPRA

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Premieres on Sundance Channel
Thursday, November 8 at 10:00 PM ET/PT.
Alicia Keys and Ruby Dee share a common spirit that bridges their generational gap. Grammy Award winner Alicia Keys's diverse accomplishments as a musician, songwriter, author and actor are rivaled only by her dedicated work as a hands-on philanthropist. Ruby Dee is a noted actress, author and activist who in her career of over six decades has been widely acclaimed for her many contributions to stage, screen and "the Struggle." Together, these two performers explore how their creative energies have been influenced by the social climates of their times and how the urban landscape continues to fuel their passion today.

Premieres on Sundance Channel
Thursday, November 1 at 10:00 PM ET/PT.
WYNTON MARSALIS + JOHN BESH

Wynton Marsalis — artistic director of Jazz at Lincoln Center and Pulitzer Prize-winning musician and composer — and James Beard-award winning chef John Besh are friends who share a passion for New Orleans. Devotees to the city where they grew up, Marsalis and Besh have committed themselves to fostering its cultural life, particularly after Hurricane Katrina. Join these two remarkable artistic and cultured individuals as they cook, hang out and enjoy music — while sharing their inspirations and love of improvisation along the way.

Premieres on Sundance Channel
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THE MODERN ELEGANCE FROM THE FRENCH RIVIERA
MIKE MYERS & DEEPAK CHOPRA

Mike Myers is one of the most versatile performers of his generation. From his memorable roles on the big screen, including the Austin Powers trilogy to the voice behind Shrek, Myers continues to make millions laugh. Deepak Chopra, one of the world’s pre-eminent mind-body specialists, has illuminated the role of consciousness in healing—and, in the process, helped lighten the existential weight in people’s daily lives. Discover surprising insights as these two mavericks, whose paths have crossed both socially and professionally, reveal the essential role that humor plays in their quests for peace, happiness and creative transformation.

Premieres on Sundance Channel
Thursday, November 8 at 10:00 PM ET/PT.
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Secretary Madeleine Albright and Ashley Judd are strong women who’ve used their personal successes as a platform for making the world a better place. After serving as a U.S. Representative to the United Nations in 1997, Dr. Albright was named the first female Secretary of State and became, at that time, the highest ranking woman in the history of the U.S. Government. Ashley Judd, who grew up in a family of strong women, has become not only one of today’s leading actors but a major force in the fight for women’s health and children’s issues. Through tenacity and self-determination, both women have grown into their voices on the world stage, dedicating their lives to helping those in need. Together, they share their commitment to global causes and show how women of will and independence have made achieving lofty goals possible.

Premieres on Sundance Channel
Thursday, November 29 at 10:00 PM ET/PT.
THE MODERN ELEGANCE FROM THE FRENCH RIVIERA
Lisa Robinson

“I became fascinated with Serge Gainsbourg after seeing the outside of his house,” says contributing editor Lisa Robinson (pictured at Gainsbourg’s house at 5 bis Rue de Verneuil, in Paris). “No one except family had been allowed inside since his death, in 1991, and I wanted to see it. But more than that.

I wanted to talk to the women who had figured so dramatically in the life of this extraordinarily innovative and complex singer-songwriter.” Robinson’s story on Gainsbourg revisits a glamorous, hedonistic time and reveals a talented, provocative man who continues to influence contemporary musicians, including Beck, Sean Lennon, Michael Stipe, Regina Spektor, and Air. This month, Robinson also writes about new music in her Hot Tracks column and worked with Annie Leibovitz to organize the Folk-Music Portfolio. “There is a resurgence of folk music right now,” says Robinson, “and we’ve come full circle, with a portfolio that showcases some younger singers with some of folk’s greatest influences. Given the times, this is the perfect year to celebrate those who sing about love and peace.”

James Wolcott

V.F. contributing editor James Wolcott’s wistful memorial to the Twist in this month’s column is as much a paean to the dance itself as it is a recommendation for dance as diplomacy. “To me, the fact that Chubby Checker is still out there Twisting, at the age of 66, is proof of its rejuvenation powers! This would clearly be a happier, healthier nation if we could set aside our petty differences and Twist,” says Wolcott. To the hipper among white-tink Americans, the Kennedys’ embrace of the Twist sent the dance packing from pop culture. One wonders how the Bushes would fare on the dance floor, but Wolcott doesn’t see it. “Jackie Kennedy may have enjoyed the Twist and the Frug, but it’s hard to picture Laura Bush—who’s suffered from a pinched nerve in her neck—getting a major groove on.”

Jean-Baptiste Mondino

Photographer Jean-Baptiste Mondino has always been inspired by music, which often comes across in his work. Well known for shooting musicians such as Keith Richards and Mick Jagger with their guitars, Mondino has made an impact on both the rock and pop worlds throughout the past 20 years with his bold and dynamic images. This month, the Paris-based lensman fuses music and photography again by capturing Serge Gainsbourg’s house and the pivotal women in his life, Jane Birkin and Charlotte Gainsbourg, for Lisa Robinson’s article about the late French singer. “I was very honored to be invited to shoot Jane and Charlotte,” Mondino says. “We were all very happy that Vanity Fair decided to show Serge’s talent to the world.” Mondino, whose book Guitar Eros was published last year by Schirmer/Mosel, is also an award-winning music-video director who has worked with Madonna, David Bowie, and Sting, among others.
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FOLK ON FILM

From top: Annie Leibovitz captures herself and Feist on a Greenwich Village stoop; Arlo Guthrie and granddaughter Jacklynn in Washington, Massachusetts; J.F. senior style editor Jessica Diehl and Hugh Taylor on set in Richmond, Massachusetts.

Folk Heroes

With a folk-music revival brewing, Annie Leibovitz went back to her roots, with a cross-country blitz of the genre's stars, from high priestess Joan Baez to reclusive Ray LaMontagne, to new sensation Feist. The team sang along

By Lisa Robinson

All music is folk music. I ain’t never heard no horse sing a song.
—Louis Armstrong

When Graydon Carter said we should do a Folk-Music Portfolio this year, who knew that the music scene would soon be in the midst of a folk resurgence? It was in the air: Coffeehouses and acoustic clubs were springing up all over the country. Former Byrds guitarist Roger McGuinn has a popular "Folk Den" Web site. Woody Guthrie's lyrics have been used for new songs—most notably Dropkick Murphys' "I'm Shipping Up to Boston," featured in last year's Oscar-winning movie The Departed. Even the radical electric guitarist Tom Morello put away the effects box on his days off from the Rage Against the Machine reunion shows to moonlight with his solo, acoustic "Nightwatchman" project. The music and style of "freak folk"—Devendra Banhart, CocoRosie, and others—received worldwide atten-
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tion. And once again, the cries of "the new Dylan." Folk music is hard to pin down. It's much more than hootenannies. And more than politics and protests, but if ever there was a time that was ripe for marching in the streets, this is it. Finally, some conscientious objectors got fed up and started to speak and sing out. Of course, some—like Joan Baez—have never stopped. For photographer Annie Leibovitz, fresh off a year that saw her taking photos of Queen Elizabeth (with and without her tiara) and shooting 20 separate covers for V.F.'s Africa issue, this portfolio was a return to her roots. She was delighted to focus on many musicians who had inspired her when she was the president of her high school's folk-music club. And while it was impossible to cover everyone who represents this world, what you'll see on pages 316 through 335 is an exclusive selection of some musicians who matter.

We started outside San Francisco at the home of Joan Baez. She lives in a large, wooded compound of several houses, and she was game to trek down to the creek and climb a tree for our photos. To go from Joan Baez, the all-time priestess of the acoustic folk ballad, to Devendra Banhart, the new darling of alt-folk, wasn't that much of a leap. They're both more than just in the same universe. Banhart lives in Topanga Canyon, California, with his band, but he might as well be living in Woodstock in 1969, such is his style and the atmosphere in his house. He has a huge collection of records and books, and he is probably the only person under 30 I've ever seen who has both a Biff Rose LP and a Cockettes VHS in his collection. He's enthusiastic, has a tremendous intellectual curiosity, and is child-like and fun. (It's no surprise that he's been adopted by fashionistas such as Karl Lagerfeld and John Galliano.)

The image of the folk-singer princess flies right out the window when it comes to the ultra-sophisticated Joni Mitchell, who quite rightly defies categorization—unless you want to put her somewhere between Thelonious Monk and Prince. Joni is always at the top of our list (we would have included her in the Hip-Hop Portfolio if we could have), and even though she's been out of sight for a while, she never stops working. This is a big year for her: a show of her art recently opened in New York, she has a new record deal with Starbucks (her new album is Shine), and the Alberta Ballet performed to her music in Canada. Joni drove herself and her dog, Coco, to our shoot at Hollywood's Chateau Marmont, where, shockingly, some ridiculous goons "guarding" the driveway treated her rudely. What were they guarding against? Paparazzi on the lookout for LiLo? We brushed past this homeland security, went into our suite, and

HOW SWEET IT IS (TO BE SNAPPED BY YOU)

From top: Kate, James, and Hugh Taylor at Bartlett's Orchard, in Richmond, Massachusetts; Annie Leibovitz and Judy Collins on the beach in Montauk, New York; Leibovitz and James admire his twin boys; Adam Green, Ben Kweller, Becky Stark, Lisa Robinson, and Leibovitz on set in Brooklyn.
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Occupation .................. **Singer / Actress**

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Perfect day .................. **Lounging in the sun, on a boat, in the middle of nowhere, with the people I love.**

Most unusual gift .................. **Rhinestone Studded Pedicure Toe spacers**

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had a party. It's always a party with Joni, because she's hilarious, we hate all the same people, and we were joined by her fun friend the makeup artist extraordinary Paul Starr. Joni drank sake, Annie wanted margaritas, and after the shoot we all stayed up for hours watching the DVD of the Alberta Ballet dancing to Joni's music.

Back in New York City, we engineered a Peter, Paul and Mary reunion. Unbeknownst to Annie when she chose it for the shoot, the White Horse Tavern was where Mary Travers hung out as a young woman before she was in the trio that had huge 60s hits with "Puff, the Magic Dragon" and "Blowin' in the Wind," so it was a homecoming of sorts. Since the 1960s, longtime friends Richie Havens and Buffy Sainte-Marie have never stopped recording and performing. We were lucky to be able to get them in between their concert dates to pose together in the William H. Pouch Scout Camp, on Staten Island. In Massachusetts we orchestrated two other reunions: in a rare photo, James Taylor posed with his brothers, Livingston and Hugh, and sister, Kate, on a farm, standing in front of James's 1958 Studebaker pickup truck (also on hand: James's twin boys, Rufus and Henry). Several miles away in Washington, Massachusetts, we visited the homestead of Arlo Guthrie, where 14 members of his family congregated on the porch for our photo. Arlo's song "Alice's Restaurant" has now achieved classic status alongside his father Woody's "This Land Is Your Land," and all of the adults and some of the children in our picture sing, play instruments, release their records on the Guthrie-family label, perform together every Christmas season at Carnegie Hall, and keep the legacy alive.

It was back to the streets of Brooklyn to photograph four young singer-songwriters: Ben Kweller, who's been recording since he was 15; Becky Stark, the ethereal singer of Lavender Diamond; Adam Green, formerly of Moldy Peaches and now on his own; and Fionn Regan, the Irish singer who's being called "the new Dylan" by the British press. In Montauk, Annie photographed the incredible, and very shy, singer-songwriter Ray LaMontagne, who lives a reclusive life in Maine and hardly ever agrees to have his picture taken. Also in Montauk: Judy Collins, whose five-decade career has been topped off by her critically acclaimed, sold-out appearances at New York's Café Carlyle. The Canadian singer Feist, who has been compared to singers from Astrud Gilberto to Carole King, was shot by Annie in New York City.

As always, deputy editor Aimée Bell, design director David Harris, and photography director Susan White were crucial in putting the portfolio together. Deputy editor Bruce Handy and contributing editor Jim Windolf wrote the captions. Once again, research consultant Deane Zimmerman made hundreds of phone calls and sent countless e-mails to track people down. Senior photography producer Kathryn MacLeod and associate photo editor Jessica Dimson, senior style editor Jessica Diehl, fashion assistant Amanda Fiola, and Karen Mulligan and Georgina Koren from the Leibovitz Studio were all indispensable. We shot this portfolio during a brutally hot summer, and there were places where the bugs were plentiful and we had to climb up and down rocky terrain, not always wearing the correct shoes. But at the end of the long days, there were van rides with people bursting into sing-alongs (true) of old Peter, Paul and Mary and Woody Guthrie songs, to remind us of what brought us all here in the first place.
"I LIKE THEIR POSITION ON THE ENVIRONMENT. I'D VOTE FOR THEM."

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I found “God Bless Me, It’s a Best-Seller!,” by Christopher Hitchens [September], to be somewhat unbalanced. I agree with much of his critique of organized church structures. However, I found Hitchens’s mocking references to scared, narrow-minded Fundamentalist Christians to be both disrespectful and shallow. He trivializes our innate need to search for a role in the universe that is grander than anything science or logic can deal with. Many holy teachers have helped us try to make sense of our world. Wanting to connect with a transcendent creator is integral to what makes us human. The fact that the human religious machines have erred terribly over the years is no more reason to give up on God than the pain and struggle of everyday existence are reasons to give up on life. Hitchens should realize that denying God absolutely is as absurdly conservative as trying to define him absolutely. The reality is that we should not fear our uncertainty while we continue to search for what God means to us.

CHARLES FALZON
Toronto, Ontario

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND why Christopher Hitchens’s arguments against religion are thought to be arguments against the concept of a creator. To postulate a creator is not at all the same thing as worshipping that creator. Set all the religions aside and it’s still possible that through a guided evolutionary process the mind of a creator might have brought the universe into existence—or even multiple universes into existence. Maybe ours is a failed universe, or one he came close to getting just right. In any case, it sure looks to me as if there’s a mind behind it all. But that doesn’t mean I should worship him, her, or it. Nor that he, she, or it wants me to. Trying to figure out the attributes of such a hypothetical creator has been the work of many philosophers and those who think a creator exists and ought to be worshipped—and do so in their own, faltering ways.

DENNIS KRABBENHOFT
Tacoma, Washington

OVER THE LAST FEW YEARS Christopher Hitchens has come out in favor of the war in Iraq, declared women to be humorless, and toured the United States and Canada gathering nonbelievers to hear why God is not so great. Yet I continue to be charmed by him. Conclusion? Christopher Hitchens is the Antichrist.

HEATHER DE LONG
Vancouver, British Columbia

I FIND IT INTERESTING that Christopher Hitchens would use Lou Dobbs as a model.
of rational discourse. Perhaps he missed the commentary where Dobbs blamed illegal immigrants for spreading leprosy. I agree with some of Hitchens’s points. In particular the absurdity of teaching intelligent design. However, I also believe that he is too quick to dismiss the value of the moral instruction that religion provides. In the course of human events, religion has played a great role in moral teachings. It was, after all, British Evangelicals who first studied slavery is immoral.

STEVE LANDAU
Los Angeles, California

IN RESPONSE to Christopher Hitchens’s challenge to “name an ethical statement or action, made or performed by a person of faith, that could not have been made or performed by a nonbeliever,” the answer is simple: prayer.

CAROLINE AMBS NIESLEY
Lansdale, Pennsylvania

THE ANSWER to Christopher Hitchens’s challenge is that, indeed, none of us can identify an ethical statement or action done by a person of faith that could not have been done by a nonbeliever. But the reason is not that God does not exist but that such a nonbeliever—as envisioned by Hitchens—doesn’t. My understanding of my own faith is that God created all of life and gave human beings the freedom to choose to love or hate. God seeks to act on people, whether they believe in him/her or not, which is why a nonbeliever can behave just as ethically as a person of faith. God loves humankind. After all, God took the trouble to create all of us.

W. D. JOHNSON
New York, New York

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS is demanding an answer to an irrelevant question. The issue is not whether a nonbeliever can live by the same ethics as a believer. The issue is: Will he? The reality Hitchens fails to face is that an uncountable number of people in every era have faithfully engaged in innumerable ethical acts they would never have done had it not been for their belief in a holy God, to whom they are ultimately held accountable. Similarly, innumerable unethical acts would have been done had it not been for their belief in a holy God, whose approval on Judgment Day will have a far greater value than any advantage in this life that could be gained from unethical words or deeds.

DON CLARK
Director of development
The Bakersfield Rescue Mission
Arvin, California

ARThUR millER’S SILENT TrAGEDY

ARTHUR MILLER lived in a time when public figures were entitled to private lives (“Arthur Miller’s Missing Act,” by Suzanna Andrews, September). A time before exhibitionism was de rigeur. Think Katharine Hepburn, not Paris Hilton. Suzanna Andrews’s article was predicated on the premise that a public figure owes both his inner life and his personal life to the public. There is a difference between secrecy and privacy. The distinction eludes Andrews. It is foolish to think that members of the public have any sense of what goes on in the private lives or in the minds of public figures. To ascribe emotion and intention to Arthur Miller’s actions is irresponsible. Furthermore, it is cruel to barge into the life of a private person who only by accident of birth has any relationship to a public figure.

MICHAEL COLBERG
New York, New York

SUZANNA ANDREWS handled a delicate subject so well that I had to write. I grew up in the town where Daniel was institutional-

MORE FROM THE V.F. MAILBAG

M y favorite part of the magazine is Letters. It’s the first section I read.” Bless you, Deborah Mallahan, of Window Rock, Arizona. And Rhiannon Hutchinson, of Rapid City, South Dakota, writes, “I read with soul-crushing dismay of the V.F. Mailbag’s resolution to be less sarcastic. The wit of the Mailbag is among the chief virtues of Vanity Fair; it has enriched my life with belly laughs beyond the counting, and its beautiful, intelligent writing takes me back through the years to a time when I was faithfully reading Spy: Any reader who writes to the Mailbag should consider himself fair game.” Rhiannon Hutchinson (and, by the way, does V.F. have a more astute and intelligent reader? Save, perhaps, Deborah Mallahan) has made the Mailbag blush. But, honestly, Spy’s Mailroom column was meaner and funnier, not to mention slimmer and a little less gray around the temples.

Divided opinion regarding “Giuliani’s Princess Bride,” by Judy Baurch. “Excellent and most informative,” says Elizabeth Kripp Dorsch, of Glen Mills, Pennsylvania. “As a lifelong conservative (not radical) Republican, I can only hope that Giuliani will never be our First Lady. Her behavior is appalling. I have always liked Mr. Giuliani, however.” William Hathcock, of Toney, Alabama, felt “the article was mean-spirited and totally out of line.” And Jennifer Brule, of Zurich, says, “I enjoyed every scorching word. But after reading it I felt a bit icky. V.F. has bigger (more intelligent) fish to fry.”

In certain quarters, confusion still reigns over Craig Brown’s monthly Diaries of Parodies in Vanities. From Marilyn Steg, of Blue Bell, Pennsylvania: “While reading Tina Brown’s Diary [August]

at the pool yesterday, I realized I didn’t know what she was talking about. She’s certainly no David Sedaris!” And—here’s a clue—she’s certainly no Tina Brown! “It wasn’t until I read Nancy Jo Sales’s ‘I’m with Her’ [September] that I learned what the term ‘B.F.F.’ means.”

desses Donna Dunbar, of South Pasadena, California. “Can you explain ‘emo’ and ‘ frenemie,’ also?” The Mailbag is happy to assist: ‘emo,’ pronounced em-oh, is a variation of “m-o.” (not “modus operandi,” but “mo-say off”). And ‘frenemie’ is simply a misspelling of ‘frenemy’ (as in “He was a frenemy”). You can now pepper your conversations with these hip, “young people’s” terms with confidence.

Finally, some early returns regarding the future of Graydon’s hair (see V.F. Mailbag, August): “Shave it all off” (Ron Schumestear, Edina, Minnesota). “Compare Clooney in the 80s, with his long hair and mullet, with his current, classic Hollywood cut. Need I say more?” (Elizabeth Gadoth, Stowe, Vermont). “He should not snip at this uniquely fluffy bouffant” (Katia Hadidian, London). “Bono may think it’s rock-star-like, but I think it’s a little more like A Flock of Seagulls. Please, do something” (Gina Rindfleisch, Mosinee, Wisconsin). “Graydon needs to let his hair fly” (Sally Jo Davis, Ramah, New Mexico). “Shave the damn stuff off! Forget a trim. Bald is beautiful. Go for it!” (Heather Waters, Los Angeles). “Rethink the hair” (A. J. Goodman, La Jolla, California). “I like his hair as it is” (Amy Phillips, Tucson, Arizona). “Keep that startling silver sweep. It suits you!” (Linda Kirby, Boise, Idaho).

The Mailbag counts five urging change, four in favor of the status quo. To be continued.
UGG
australia
ized. In fact, my father was a director at the Southbury Training School for a brief period, and Daniel's presence there was no secret. I interviewed a number of past employees for a recent screenplay, and Daniel's name came up more than once. He was adored there as a boy, but his father's name was mud to some people. Reading Andrews's piece made me wonder if many of us connected to the Training School had colluded by containing this "secret," that protecting a famous man's privacy was more important than raising the hard questions she was able to in print. I was relieved to read about Daniel's life now and those who continue to care for him, close family included. But my sadness and confusion linger—not for a famous writer and his son but for the compromises too many employees tolerated under the guise of helping their disabled clients.

MARTHA PICHLEY
London, England

ISN'T IT IRONIC that Arthur Miller made a choice to disavow the existence of his "mongoloid" son while also writing the following: "Everything we shut our eyes to, everything we run away from, everything we deny, denigrate or despise, serves to defeat us in the end. What seems nasty, painful, evil, can become a source of beauty, joy and strength, if faced with an open mind." Too bad he didn't take his own words to heart.

ALLEN HAY
Missoula, Montana

I AM NOT SURE why the tone of Suzanna Andrews's article on Arthur Miller and his Down-syndrome son is so disapproving. The fact that Southbury Training School exists shows that many parents of Down-syndrome children have chosen not to care for them at home. Today pregnant women are encouraged to test their fetus for the presence of chromosomal abnormalities, and many elect to abort upon a Down-syndrome diagnosis. I don't think this indicates any more of an open or accepting attitude than Arthur Miller seems to have had. But in Daniel Miller's case, at least, he was allowed to live.

HEATHER BUTLER
Portland, Oregon

INSTEAD OF DISCREDITING MILLER, his family, and his renowned works, Suzanna Andrews would have done better to shovel that amount of guilt onto the broader shoulders of society and the medical profession, which promotes the institutionalization of tens of thousands of people with disabilities. Andrews misses the point by not celebrating the Miller family, and now the Day-Lewis family, as being a part of a unique societal and systematic change brought about by the 1999 Olmstead Act, which allows people with disabilities to live in the community, hold employment, pay taxes, and go about our lives on our own terms.

SALLY BAKER
Philment, New York

NOT EVERYTHING IS BUSH'S FAULT

AS NOTED in Graydon Carter's September Editor's Letter ["Three Horsemen of the Apocalypse"], arrogance, ignorance, and incompetence are the hallmarks of the Bush administration. What Carter fails to mention, however, is that the American people are well aware of this fact and yet the hallmarks of Congress are: ignore, deny, and repress any attempt to correct this problem. When this country falls, we are all to blame, not just Bush and his pathetic Republican cronies.

LARRY POLSKY
Boise, Idaho

REVENGE OF THE JUDI

I ENJOYED reading Judy Bachrach's in-depth article ["Giuliani's Princess Bride," September] on Judi. I mean Judith. Giul-

V.F. CLASSIC

M eet the "furries"—thousands of people, such as Marshall Woods, or "Ostrich" (here at his house in Fairlawn, Ohio, January 2001), who identify very strongly with animal creatures and characters. In March 2001, George Gurley, reported on this proud and passionate subculture by stationing himself at Chicago's Midwest FurFest, a four-day-long extravaganza where dressing up in animal garb is the norm, and stuffed animals—or "plushies," as the furries call them—are objects of erotic desire. But as Gurley's field notes reveal, members of the furry fandom are more than just in touch with their inner bears, foxes, or wolves: they're part of an organized pack that has its own way of life. To read Gurley's "Pleasures of the Fur," please visit VANITYFAIR.COM.
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LETTERS

JUDY BACHRACH’S lengthy article on Judith Giuliani strung together’s compendium of lies, distortion, and gossip—attributed to anonymous sources and an estranged ex-husband—to paint a false portrait that bears no resemblance to the woman I have come to know so well.

The article is riddled with inaccuracies, one of which I’ll now cite to prove the larger point. The piece claims that Judith put her husband in harm’s way by asking him to get her a health bar during a trip to Mexico City. The head of Rudy Giuliani’s security division has since publicly denounced that false assertion and further explained that Judith insisted on accompanying her husband on that trip, knowing that he faced credible death threats—and therefore put herself at risk to protect him, bringing health bars with her because one of those threats involved poisoning. This is but one example of Bachrach’s twisted take on her subject.

To those of us who know her, Judith Giuliani is a gracious, thoughtful person and a loving, loyal wife and mother. In her life, she has distinguished herself as a nurse, a

POSTSCRIPT

In January 2001, special correspondent Bryan Burrough unearthed the extraordinary life story of a dashing young French con man named Christopher Rocancourt, who, masquerading as millionaire playboy “Christopher Rockefeller,” fleeced dozens of gullible Americans from the Hamptons to Beverly Hills (“The Counterfeit Rockefeller”). The son of a prostitute and an alcoholic father who froze to death after a wintry drinking bout, Rocancourt had risen from a Normandy orphanage to the streets of Paris, to Rodeo Drive, where he rubbed elbows with the likes of Mickey Rourke and Jean-Claude Van Damme. In a memorable side trip to the mansions of eastern Long Island, he succeeded in enticing any number of people to “invest” with him. Needless to say, no one ever saw their money again.

Facing criminal charges in New York, Rocancourt fled to Britain, Columbia, where, he was arrested in April 2001. From jail he gave interviews to outlets as varied as 60 Minutes and The New Yorker and became a celebrity in his native France. Before his extradition to the U.S. in 2003, he wrote a book, J.

Christopher Rocancourt: Orphan, Playboy, Prisoner, that became a French best-seller. Rocancourt pleaded guilty to fraud charges and served part of a four-year sentence in the federal prison at Allenwood, Pennsylvania, before being placed on a plane back to France in early 2006.

In Paris, Rocancourt received the full star treatment, waving to paparazzi at the airport, selling interviews to the French media, even striking a deal to place his name on a clothing line. His celebrity has proved surprisingly enduring: the French, more than any other commentator notes, never tire of hearing a countryman’s stories of outwitting rich Americans. Rocancourt’s second memoir, My Lives, topped the French best-seller list last year; a third book followed. Today he lives in Paris with a former Miss France and their infant daughter. He has a Web site, christopherrocancourt.net, and a press agent. A movie of his life is now in the works, with Edward Norton and Heath Ledger rumored to be in the running to play Rocancourt.

To read the original story, please visit VANITYFAIR.COM.

In 1937, 20-year-old dancer Patricia Douglas was raped by an MGM salesman at a wild studio party. Though she brought suit, the studio smeared her and got the complaint dismissed. After 65 years of silence, Douglas told her story to David Stenn for Vanity Fair (“It Happened One Night ... at MGM,” April 2003). On November 10, 2003, when Stenn phoned Douglas and read her the letters to the editor his article had prompted, she told him, “Thank you, I can go now.” She died the following day. Stenn’s documentary about the case, Girl 27—which includes video footage of his interviews with Douglas—premiered at Sundance in January and is out on DVD this month.
manager, and a philanthropist—and she will make a terrific First Lady when Rudy Giuliani is elected our next president.

RANDY M. MASTRO
Deputy mayor under Rudy Giuliani
New York, New York

JUDY BACHRACH REPLIES: I did not write that Judith Giuliani succeeded in putting her husband in harm's way in Mexico during a time of extreme danger. I reported that she ordered him to get out of the armored car to get her bag of misplaced health bars. Her request was ultimately overruled, and others had to put themselves at risk to retrieve the snacks. As to Mrs. Giuliani's behavior toward staff these days, Mr. Mastro left the Giuliani administration in 1998.

JUDITH GIULIANI may be all of the things that Judy Bachrach indicated, but when an article is full of statements attributed to "former friends" and "friends from that time period." I always wonder whether the talk is true. It feels like the real agenda of the article was to undermine Rudy Giuliani's chances in the upcoming election. Giuliani is a gentleman who rose to the occasion on 9/11. Love him or hate him, there is respect for this man that transcends politics. Degrading him will not win you any fans.

CLAUDIA GREEN
Ravenna, Ohio

BRAZIL IN BLACK AND WHITE

BEING A BRAZILOPHILE, I was excited to see the article about Brazil's fashions and models in the September issue ("Blame It on Brazil," by A. A. Gill)—until I saw that the bulk of those photographed were white, white, white! I have made six lengthy trips to Brazil and it is very obvious to me that Brazil is not a "white" country. Your article does not fully give the true picture; it reinforces the erroneous idea that only the white people in this country are beautiful. Vanity Fair should have been more aware of this form of racism and should have declined to support it.

ROSE DILISCIA-EVERETT
Ann Arbor, Michigan

MORE ON AFRICA

WHILE I AGREE with some of the negative letters about your Africa issue [Letters, September], we should not ignore the suffering of the rest of the world—which, last time I checked, we are still a part of. The most offensive letter of all was from James Dixon, self-appointed spokesperson for America, who declared without offering any evidence that "the vast majority of Americans couldn't care less about Africa." Well, most of the other letters about the Africa issue confirm otherwise. And unless there was some special election I don't know about, I don't need Dixon to speak for me. As for the abundance of poor people in this country, my question is: What's he doing for them?

RENEE NEWBOLD
Newport News, Virginia

I MAY BE ONLY 17 years old, but I think that Africa, the United States, and the world in general would be in much better condition if people such as James Dixon did not exist.

MAIRI MACDONALD
Jodique, Nova Scotia

AS AN AFRICAN-AMERICAN woman, I take great offense at James Dixon's statement that he speaks for all Americans and that Americans don't care about the plight of the African continent. Based on the various organizations I belong to, such as Save Darfur and the Enough Project, I am personally aware that there are quite a few Americans concerned with the plight of Africans. Are there individuals in the U.S. who are struggling? Sure there are. But are they living in a state of continuous crisis? I don't think so. I suggest the next time Dixon decides to speak for the "vast majority of Americans," he stop and realize that he can speak only for himself.

CATHY L. FORD
West Carrollton, Ohio

I HAVE TO AGREE with reader James Dixon, among others. The U.S. has many underprivileged children, but celebrities don't seem concerned with helping them; it is not chic enough. They should start adopting American kids instead of African children. My mother always said, "Sweep in front of your own door before all else."

MONA PORTER
Forest Hills, New York

CORRECTION: On page 205 of the September issue ("The 68th Annual International Best-Dressed List"), H.R.H. Princess Axanda of Greece's shoes are misidentified; they are by Christian Louboutin.
hypnôse
HOMME
THE HYPNOTIZING POWER OF SEDUCTION
LANCÔME
PARIS
TRANSYLVANIA MANIA

The cast of Mel Brooks and Susan Stroman's Young Frankenstein, opening on Broadway November 8, includes, from left, Megan Mullally as Elisabeth, Roger Bart as Dr. Frederick Frankenstein, Sutton Foster as Inga, and Andrei Martin as Frau Blücher. For more, turn to page 150.
David Maysles, in New York City promoting Salesman, in 1968.

In A Maysles Scrapbook (Steidl/Kasher), a unique compilation of film frames, photographs, and personal correspondence, the remarkable careers of brothers David and Albert Maysles, who became key figures in the “direct cinema” movement, are eloquently captured. Their monograph memoir, with an introduction by Martin Scorsese, contains images from such films as Gimme Shelter, Dali, and Grey Gardens. Coinciding with the November 14th date, a show at the Steven Kasher Gallery, in New York’s Chelsea.

Muffin tops, the Soup Nazi, Yada yada—Seinfeld DVD box set includes all 180 episodes of the beloved show about, well, not much.

**Café Carlyle**

Renowned entertainers Woody Allen, Eartha Kitt, Barbara Cook, Elaine Stritch, Steve Tyrell, and Judy Collins will be performing at the elegantly refurbished Café Carlyle, in New York, from now till March 2008. Against a backdrop of restored Vertes murals, there’s a new sound system and an updated menu, featuring the Carlyle’s signature Dover sole.

**PAS DE DEUX**

New York City Ballet corps dancer Kyle Froman brings his stage experience to life in his beautifully photographed new book, In the Wings (Wiley).

**THE CULTURAL DIVIDE**

November

**TIME TRAVEL**

Dent & Co., the legendary clockmaker and chronographer to the Royal Navy when Britannia ruled the waves and the empire spanned the globe, has installed an impressive new clock high above the platform of the restored St. Pancras station, the new terminus for the Eurostar, which has its own dedicated track to the Channel Tunnel. The Queen of England will preside over opening-day pomp and circumstance on November 14.

* St. Pancras rail station, London
* Dent & Co.’s commissioned clock for the terminal

**0-1**

The Ullens Center for Contemporary Art, opening November 4 in an abandoned factory in Beijing’s Dashanzi Art District, will house the most comprehensive collection of contemporary art in all of China. (ullens-center.org)
liberty and justice for all? That’s rich! In Independent Days (Viking), Lou Dobbs argues that the only way we can regain the civil liberties we’ve forfeited and win back our souls is to elect new leaders with fresh ideas. Mental note: Elect new administration!

Before First Daughters Amy, Chelsea, and those wild and crazy Bush girls, there was Teddy Roosevelt’s Alice (Viking); Stacy A. Cordery captures the savvy, high-spirited, wickedly smart girl. Barbara Slavin pinpoints the power struggles between those Bitter Friends, Bosom Enemies (St. Martin’s), Iran and the U.S. Boondocks creator Aaron McGruder’s always provocative strip is always All the Rage (Crown). Ken Foster recounts tales of canine rescue in Dogs I Have Met (Lyons).

Michael Ruhlman’s The Elements of Cooking (Scribner)—a Strunk and White’s The Elements of Style for chefs—tutors cooks in such fundamentals as the five essential tools. A moment of silence for the Veg-O-Matic. In My Last Supper (Bloomsbury), 50 sucy chefs unveil their farewell menus for Melanie Dunoe, in The Rest Is Noise (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), New Yorker music critic Alex Ross plays the history of the 20th century through the speakers of modern music.

Check into Legends of the Chelsea Hotel (Thuder’s Mouth), Ed Hamilton’s chronicle of living in the fabled “rebel mecca.” Sebastião Salgado presents his most prized shots of Africa (Taschen). Michael Chabon gallops along the ancient Silk Road with Gentlemen of the Road (Del Rey). Jann Wenner and Corey Seymour shoot off an oral biography of Gonzo The Life of Hunter S. Thompson (Little, Brown). Two beastly brothers meet their untimely end in Joe McGinniss’s true crime tale, Never Enough (Simon & Schuster). According to Simon Sebag Montefiore, before Young Stalin (Knopf) turned into a mass-murdering beast, he was a talented poet and a Casanova.

Alison Jackson peeps on Bush and Blair gossiping in a sauna, Mick Jagger doing gymnastics, and the Queen perched on the porcelain throne—or at least their look-alikes—in Alison Jackson: Confidential (Taschen).

Unsparingly frank and perceptive, the essays in Amy Goldwasser’s Red (Hudson Street) take on politics, pop culture, and body image—and, oh yeah, they’re written by teenage girls. Long underestimated and undervalued by society, they emerge as literature and society’s great hope. Oh yes, hope, that thing with wings...

In the 1960s, Kenneth Koch and John Ashbery dumped classic poetry’s favorite muses—subjects like love, death, and going toward Ithaca—to embrace, as Ashbery said, “the experience of experience.” Under the influence of Abstract Expressionists such as fellow New York School member Jackson Pollock, Ashbery and Koch cherry-bombed form, syntax, and meaning to create a fresh new form, an undorned style possessed of a beautiful, surreal looseness. What resonates in both Ashbery’s Notes from the Air (Ecco), a favorite-hits compilation from the last 20 years, and the posthumous collection of Koch’s long poems, On the Edge (Knopf), is the constant state of wonder and longing through which these poems see the world. —E.S.
Very famous amongst very few people

BEDAT & CO
GENEVE

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
BAR HOPPING

BAR NINETEEN12
THE BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL
9641 SUNSET BOULEVARD
BEVERLY HILLS

WHY NINETEEN12: The bar is named after the year the Beverly Hills Hotel opened.

WAIT, WHERE’S THE POLO LOUNGE: It’s still there.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TWO BARS: The Polo Lounge is classic. People have been hanging out there since the 40s. Bar Nineteen12 is more modern. It’s got a sexy, swingy vibe, and there’s lots of table-hopping.

DESIGN: Post-Deco. Lots of mirrors. Color scheme is sunset hues with amber, ivory, and burgundy accents.

WHEN TO GO: Between five p.m. and two a.m.

BEST FEATURES: The booths on the terrace. And battle service is delivered via old-fashioned bar carts.

BEST DRINKS: The sliders, crispy Asian calamari, and hanger-steak-and-roasted-onion quesadillas.

SIGNATURE COCKTAIL: The “Bite”—a presentation of five jelly shots (yes, jelly): mojito, bubble gum, blueberry, B-52, and pear martini. Looks questionable but tastes good.

BUSIEST NIGHTS: Thursday, Friday, Saturday. Things get hoppin’ around 10 p.m.

Y.P.S. SEATING: No.

AVAILABLE FOR PRIVATE PARTIES: Yes.

WHO TO KNOW: Bar manager Philip Spee or Mitchell Armstrong, at the concierge desk.

PARKING COST: $5 with validation.

THE BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL; ABOVE, BAR NINETEEN12 MATCHBOXES.
euphoria
live the dream
Calvin Klein
Art of Darkness

WALTON FORD'S PROVOCATIVE SYMBOLISM

The matter-of-fact cruelty of the animal kingdom has never seemed more disturbingly beautiful than in the outsized watercolors painted by Walton Ford. The pictures collected in *Pancha Tantra,* newly published by Taschen and named for an ancient Indian text of animal fables, brim with predatory violence, much of it humanized. A panther that's escaped from a Swiss zoo prowls in the snow like Frankenstein's monster. A parakeet dies surrounded by his friends—like Nelson at Trafalgar—as three-masted ships lurk ominously in the bay beyond. A grinning lion strides over Delacroix's corpse. A gorilla clutches the skull of Carl Akeley, the explorer-taxidermist whose dioramas at the American Museum of Natural History, in New York, enthralled Ford as a boy. Ford's art riffs ironically on the colonialist naturalism of men like Akeley, Sir Richard Burton, and John James Audubon. Says Walton, "When I became aware I wanted to paint animals, it seemed a perfect opportunity to use the visual language that went along with the colonial enterprise of collecting animals in the 19th century. It wasn't an intellectual lock for me—it just seemed to fit."

—GRAHAM FULLER

MAD FOR MUJI

Ikea, beware. Martha, take cover! Muji, the Japanese manufacturer and retailer of products so basic in their stylistics that they look almost accidentally chic, is coming to America. Muji—the company's original name, Mujirushi Ryohin, means no-brand, quality goods—began marketing its wares in the economically troubled early 1980s. It was Japan's version of American supermarket generics meant to appeal to strapped customers. The company, from the start, has had a strong idealism in its approach, and secured a solid pro-consumer reputation, supported by good design philosophy as well as eco-friendly policies. Over time, Muji gathered so much cheap-chic allure, it became a house brand of the Museum of Modern Art's design store. This month, the first Stateside Muji store will open in New York's SoHo, and another in the new New York Times Building in 2008. The stores are Lilliputian versions of their sister outlets all over Japan, which carry more than 5,000 items from the World of Muji—everything from Muji beds to Muji food, Muji bikes, Muji flowers, even a Muji car. In Japan there are Muji campgrounds you can visit with your Muji tent. Mujification is just starting here. If Muji U.S.A. makes waves, the company plans 25 to 30 more shops in the U.S. later in the decade.

—MATT TYRNAUER
GUCCI
SIGNORIA COLLECTION
stainless steel with black mother of pearl dial
on't be fooled by the California Regency façade of the new Juicy Couture store on Rodeo Drive. The elongated stone niches and reserved limestone facing is not a sensitive restoration of a Gucci or Giorgio boutique. It's an entirely new construction, an idealized bring-Rodeo-back-to-what-it-used-to-be vision, developed by Commune, the Los Angeles design firm run by partners Pamela Shamshiri, Ramin Shamshiri, Roman Alonso, and Steven Johanknecht. Commune, according to Johanknecht, takes a “holistic approach” to designing diverse projects. One day it may be a Hush Puppies shoe boutique; the next, the interior of the luxurious sex shop Kiki de Montparnasse. “We help clients find their genetic makeup and develop their own language and style,” says Alonso, who is also creative director of L.A.'s Greybull Press. The design collective's motto: “We are facilitators not dictators.” The group came together in 2002, and in the intervening years has worked with Quicksilver, the Standard Hotels, Barneys New York, and Tod's, as well as Juicy Couture stores worldwide. “We like clients to have an idea of what they want. Maybe they are unable to get their identity out there into the world,” Alonso says. “We really make them talk to us. We have almost therapy sessions and bring in totemic objects.” And that's why Commune's projects have so many different looks. Juicy Couture swings toward rocking Regency manor house, while their new Oliver Peoples store in Malibu was inspired by a gas station. Commune wants to design everything that has to do with a company's identity: interiors, packaging, logos, stationery, even wallpaper and carpets. “There was a period of retail design we were perhaps reacting against,” says Johanknecht. “When everything got so cleaned up and devoid of personality you didn't know whose shop you were walking into. We want you to know, in an instant, where you are.”

—MATT TYRNAUER
he song remains the same... again?

What do we learn from the simultaneous releases of Led Zeppelin's Mothership—two CDs of 24 remastered tracks—and an expanded DVD and accompanying CD of the 1973 Madison Square Garden concert that became the movie The Song Remains the Same? A great band is a great band. Frankly, it doesn’t matter how many times these guys re-release this stuff; it always sounds better, still sounds modern, and still combines hard rock with blues, acoustic songs, and Eastern influences. We are reminded why they were so important to begin with—and why there is so much excitement about their performance on November 26 at the Ahmet Ertegun tribute concert, in London. Not content, however, to live in the past, Robert Plant has collaborated with Alison Krauss for an unexpected masterpiece, Raising Sand, produced by T Bone Burnett, with songs written by Townes Van Zandt, Tom Waits, Doc Watson, and the Everly Brothers.

There’s a lot more remastered, repackaged music coming in the hopes of luring buyers into what record stores are still in business. Top of the list is a two-CD Aretha Franklin collection with previously unreleased demos, outtakes, and B sides. Dreams to Remember: The Legacy of Otis Redding is a DVD with performances from one of the greatest-ever soul singers. The Very Best of Mick Jagger features work from his solo albums, but the highlight is a previously unreleased track Jagger did in the 1990s with a Los Angeles blues band called the Red Devils; one day, he should release that entire album. Bob Dylan’s Dylan is a three-disc greatest hits in a big new box. Matchbox Twenty release their greatest hits, Exile on Mainstream. The original “Jersey boy,” Frankie Valli, has Romancing the 60s, with classic love songs, and on the four-CD set A Voice in Time, that other Jersey boy, Frank Sinatra, showcases his early big-band hits with Harry James and Tommy Dorsey.

When you’ve loved and lost the way Frank has, then you know what life’s about.

R
do Stewart had a second career when he segued from rock to standards, but where do rappers go when they’ve grown up? In the case of Queen Latifah, she’s right at home with Travlin’ Light, her second CD of jazz, soul, and blues. On Rock N Roll Jesus, Kid Rock has made a real rock record, reminiscent of Lynyrd Skynyrd, AC/DC, and early Aerosmith. Former punk queen Siouxsie releases her solo debut, the beguiling, contrary, mysterious, and rocking Manta Ray. Evocative of early Siouxsie and the Banshees and a standout in the kid-core scene is the trio of 12-year-old girls Care Bears on Fire, who release their second album, I Stole Your Animal. The piano-heavy White Chalk sounds like nothing PJ Harvey has ever done before. Annie Lennox is emotional and dramatic on Songs of Mass Destruction. The beats and tunes on Songs About Girls, the solo debut from will.i.am, are bouncy and infectious. After producing Aimee Mann, Solomon Burke, and Elvis Costello, Joe Henry has done his best work on his own new album, Civilians. The latest from Duran Duran, who know whereof they speak, is aptly titled Red Carpet Massacre. Patti Scialfa has released her third solo album, the soulful Play It As It Lays, and her husband, Bruce Springsteen, re-unites with the E Street Band for some high-energy rock on Magic. All is well with country music: Shooter Jennings’s new one is The Wolf. London trio Some Velvet Morning release Silence Will Kill You. Wyclef Jean releases The Carnival II: Memoirs of an Immigrant. Rock and Roll Hall of Famer Levon Helm’s new one is Dirt Farmer. And Dropkick Murphys are back with the catchy, punk-fueled The Meanest of Times.
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Dishy Chicks
THE CW'S GOT GOOD GOSSIP

It’s hard to imagine Serena van der Woodsen, Blake Lively’s sophisticated, sexy, Upper East Side alter ego on the new CW series Gossip Girl, batting a single perfect eyelash over something as trivial as a Broadway musical. “I’m a huge Rent-head,” says Lively. “I met Adam Pascal the other night and I got all goofy and weird.”

Goofy and weird don’t cut it in the Gossip Girl milieu. Based on the novels by Cecily von Ziegesar and executive-produced by The OC’s Josh Schwartz, the series dwells on a clique of unbelievably attractive Manhattan girls and boys, their rich-kid problems, and their too-rich parents. It’s all a bit rich, but just try prying your daughter away.

It’s also a world away from Burbank, where Lively enjoyed a childhood that sounds disturbingly normal for someone with an actor dad, four siblings in the business, and a mom who managed child stars. Lively sang in the high-school choir and, on school-spirit days, dressed head to toe in Bulldog blue and white. She bakes. She still says, “Oh my gosh.”

Her first professional acting job was playing the laser-guided soccer vixen Bridget in 2005’s The Sisterhood of the Traveling Pants. The sequel is due out next summer. So what’s her plan for not falling into the young-celebrity rabbit hole, the one monitored by TMZ and littered with undergarments, D.U.I.’s, and the residue from Wilmer Valderrama’s hair products?

“You just behave yourself. How about that?”

How novel. Listening to Lively, you actually believe she will.—JOHN ORTVED

EVERYBODY’S ALL-AMERICAN

M ad magazine, roller coasters, Route 66, and the holy trio of American sports—baseball, basketball, and football—are just some of the more than 400 cultural symbols captured in the latest glossy pop-culture bible, Iconic America (Universe), out this month. The compendium of nostalgic favorites that turned American cool into international style has been woven together by fashion designer Tommy Hilfiger and advertising pioneer George Lois, whose 1960s Esquire covers, as The New York Times crowned them, “icons of the age.” —PUNCH HUTTON
the fragrance BILL BLASS

wear the dream

BILL BLASS FRAGRANCE AVAILABLE AT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
ballon bleu de Cartier

18K yellow gold 42 mm case and bracelet. Self-winding mechanical movement, Cartier calibre 049 (21 jewels, 28'800 vibrations per hour), date aperture. Blue sapphire cabochon set on a fluted crown. Silvered opaline guilloché dial. Rounded scratchproof sapphire crystal.
even with a résumé that includes Your Show of Shows, Blazing Saddles, The Producers, and now the musical of his 1974 film. Young Frankenstein, Mel Brooks still thinks it's difficult to be funny. “One guy was in the lobby during previews and said to me, ‘Mr. Brooks, you have the Midas touch,’” he recalls. “And I said, ‘No, no, no. It’s hard work, with a little inspiration and a small gift for comedy from my ancestors.’ I feel more like a farmer, sweating, plowing, and seeding for that row of corn.”

In this season's crop of Broadway musicals, Young Frankenstein is expected to plow through box-office records and bring in rabid fans who crack up when they hear lines like “Ovaltine?” and “Put... ze candle... back!” The cast includes Roger Bart as Dr. Frederick Frankenstein (“That’s Frankenstein”), Will & Grace’s Megan Mullally as his glacially chaste fiancée, Sutton Foster as lusty lab assistant Inga, and SCTV’s Andrea Martin as “Frau Blücher” (cue terrified horses whinnying).

Brooks works closely with collaborators, such as librettist Thomas Meehan and director-chooreographer Susan Stroman, much like author Mary Shelley, whose 1818 gothic novel, Frankenstein; or, the Modern Prometheus, came out of a ghost-story writing contest with Lord Byron and other 19th-century intellectuals. Brooks thinks Shelley would have loved the musical, and is betting that sight gags, catchy tap numbers, and occasional goose bumps will make Young Frankenstein a hit one more time. “Listen,” he says, “the reanimation of dead tissue is important philosophical thought—and it’s still good for a laugh.”

—— SUGAN KITTEPLAN

STAGING A BROADWAY SPLASH

Stage a musical that takes place underwater is enough to confound anyone, so the Broadway version of Disney’s 1989 animated movie, The Little Mermaid, languished for years—until the globe-trotting director Francesca Zambello came up with a concept. “No water, no wires,” says Thomas Schumacher, president of Disney Theatrical Productions. “She had this jewel-box idea for the show, this opalescent, almost Venetian-glass-like setting.”

Zambello also had an international reputation for directing major operas and theatrical productions everywhere from the Metropolitan Opera (“She got Plácido Domingo to sword-fight in Cyranoid” says Schumacher) to Disneyland, where she staged Aladdin. At 51, Zambello—an American who grew up in Paris, Vienna, and London, studied in Moscow, and speaks French, Italian, Russian, and German as well as English—has won awards all over the world. “I’m a traveler,” she says.

But it was the universal themes in The Little Mermaid that hooked her. “It’s about a young girl who wants to change herself to become something else,” Zambello says. “It’s also a metaphor about tolerance—about two worlds that don’t like each other but come to embrace each other.”

When the $15-million-plus production opens on Broadway, in November, audiences will find an updated plat line. No longer is Ariel the drippy fairy-tale heroine who has to wait for the prince to save her. “She’s a rebel, and I thought it important that she not be passive, so I’ve tried to give it more of a girl-power twist,” Zambello explains. “In the movie, the prince destroys Ursula the Sea Witch, but in this version Ariel does it herself. She gets her own voice back, and she saves her father.”

There are, however, some things you can always count on. “She’s a Disney heroine, so she gets the big pink ball gown,” Zambello admits.

—— LESLIE BENNETS

UNDER THE SEA

Sierra Boggess as Ariel in The Little Mermaid, at the Elie Caulkins Opera House, in Denver; left, Francesca Zambello at the Temple Buell Theatre, Denver.
THE MOTHER OF ALL VODKAS FROM THE MOTHERLAND OF VODKA

CHOOSE AUTHENTICITY

STOLICHNAYA RUSSIAN VODKA
The Kite Runner is a transcendent journey into an unfamiliar world. Directed by Marc Forster and based on Khaled Hosseini's 2003 novel—the first published in English by an Afghan author—this lyrical and profound tale explores the power of childhood friendships. Amir is a privileged boy, a storyteller, living with the guilt of having betrayed his best friend, Hassan, the illiterate son of his father's servant. Set against the background of the crumbling Afghan monarchy, the Soviet invasion, and the rise of the Taliban regime, the film is a haunting illustration of the collision of ancient and modern cultures. The personal becomes the political for Hosseini's characters. The dialogue is in English and in Dari (Afghan dialect of Farsi) with English subtitles, a brave choice for Hollywood. Beautiful and horrific, this story brings us into a foreign landscape and offers a rare view of this part of the world—so distant and now so changed. Forster (Finding Neverland) is at his best in his evocation of the complex emotional relationships between fathers and sons, and best friends. And as the kite contest unfolds with the full cinematic suspense of Top Gun—style midair combat, The Kite Runner is in the running as one of the year's best films.

—A. M. Homes

Woody Allen's career has often been seen as swinging between the poles of comedy and his "serious" movies. Two years ago, with Match Point, he may have found the perfect equilibrium: a moral thriller brimming with irony and wit if not exactly laughs. His latest, Cassandra's Dream, his third consecutive film shot in London, seems aimed at the same sweet spot. If it doesn't quite hit—the plot, about two working-class brothers of varied degrees of dimness drawn into a murder scheme, isn't believable for a second (but, then, neither was Bonanza)—the film remains gripping and compulsively watchable. It's droll funny, too, though I'm not sure it was intended to be. (Maybe yes, since the biggest joke here, by Allen's lights, would be the suggestion that there is justice in the universe.) Credit should be given to the two leads, Ewan McGregor and Colin Farrell, along with Tom Wilkinson, as the most undeservedly beloved uncle since Shadow of a Doubt; they and the rest of the superb cast play it like they mean it, investing Allen's sometimes shaky conceits with fever-dream conviction. But credit Allen, too, of course. Taken together, Match Point and Cassandra's Dream form a new creative hybrid: Dostoyevsky meets Hitchcock at his winking-est.

—B. H.
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Bustling Budapest

**MYSTIQUE MEETS CULTURE ON THE DANUBE**

Here is nothing like immediate history to stir the blood. It is within touching distance in Hungary, which over the centuries has been conquered by Turks, Habsburgs, Nazi Germany, and Soviet Russia. Here, the cultural heartbeat of Eastern Europe forms the modern, inquisitive traveler’s triangle: Budapest, the city of Liszt, Prague, where Mozart lived and wrote *Don Giovanni*, and glorious Vienna, which was never behind the Iron Curtain.

But it is Budapest that wrings the soul. café in the Liszt Ferenc Tér (square), I pass by gilded youth drinking crisp Hungarian white wine and eating sautéed foie gras under shady trees. I continue down Kertész Utca (street) past a line of perforations in the wall, where a plaque and tiny wreath of flowers have been laid. Jews were lined up here to be executed during World War II. At the great synagogue, there stands the extraordinary metal Tree of Life, the Holocaust Memorial (donated by the actor Tony Curtis, whose father was of Hungarian descent), which has written on it the family names of some of the 400,000 Hungarian victims.

But today’s Budapest is kicking up its heels. You’ll find sushi at Tom George and White Heaven, wicked restaurants near St. Stephen’s Basilica, a Louis Vuitton shop on Andrassy Ut, and wonderful Varga statues of women with parasols in Obuda. There is the vibrant Nagycsarnok food market, brimming with local produce and handsewn linen, and there’s the Callas champagne bar by the State Opera House.

The Four Seasons Hotel Gresham Palace, converted from a 1906 luxury apartment building, is the best hotel in Eastern Europe. It is opposite the Chain Bridge, on the Danube, and has just undergone a $110 million restoration. The sinuous curves epitomize the Art Nouveau—Secessionist movement crystallized when independent Hungary was born, at the turn of the century. Some of the pale-green-colored ceramics are from the original building; others were replicated. Zsigmond Quittner, Hungary’s leading architect of the era, used the most talented decorative-crafts artisans of the era to create the fantastic designs: Miksa Róth did the mosaics and stained-glass windows; Vilmos Zsolnay crafted the ceramic tiles; Gyula Jungfer designed the three wrought-iron “peacock gates.” Later Róth and Jungfer collaborated on the spectacular interiors of the Teatro Nacional, in Mexico City.

In the middle of the Danube, travelers can frolic in the natural hot springs on Margaret Island. And in the hills of Buda, there is the mighty Royal Palace and the magnificent Matthias Church and the Fishermen’s Bastion, and on a medieval, cobbled street, there is Café Pierrot, a restaurant that would not disgrace Manhattan. Ah, a New Europe indeed.
Morning stretch

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Hot Looks

1. Volumize your lashes with Revlon’s waterproof 3D Extreme Mascara.
2. Clé de Peau Beauté’s new Eye Color Quad is a glamorous metallic palette.
3. Guerlain’s Parure Compact Foundation with Crystal Pearls SPF 20 is a powder foundation, in delightfully modern packaging, that gives natural-looking coverage.
4. Get a subtle glow with Estée Lauder’s Signature Shimmer Powder.
5. Yves Saint Laurent’s Fard à Lèvres Rouge Pur No. 137 Red Star is the perfect hue.
6. Lancôme’s Destiny Cube is a clever eye- and lip-color die.

LITERARY SCENTS

Making perfume is “a bridge to my history, but also a way to find my own universe,” says Kilian Hennessy. A grandson of the founder of the LVMH Group, he grew up frisking around the Cognac barrels in the family cellars, on France’s Charente River. Kilian’s interest in perfume peaked while he was attending the Sorbonne. He wrote his thesis on the semantics of smells, and, in turn, he studied with some of the great “noses” in the modern world.

After helping to market the fragrances of Dior, Paco Rabanne, Alexander McQueen, and Giorgio Armani, he was ready to create his own blend—L’Œuvre Noire, or “Black Masterpiece,” a collection of 10 scents (men’s, women’s, and unisex)—which now sells at Bergdorf Goodman, in New York City. The name refers to a Marguerite Yourcenar novel about a medieval alchemist as well as the stark black flacons that contain the “juice,” as perfumers call their product.

Bergdorf Blondes aren’t the only ones with access to John Barrett anymore. This season, the famed New York City hairstylist, whose eponymous salon occupies the penthouse floor of the Fifth Avenue department store, debuts a new hair-care line, Elementage, which protects your locks from day-to-day weathering and natural aging. The sweetly scented, vitamin-enhanced products, ranging from shampoo to styling balm, are definitely cutting-edge.

—JESSICA FLINT

Fragrant Field

Kilian Hennessy at the Tulleries Gardens, Paris; inset, Hennessy’s scents.

The combined shields of Hector and Achilles that adorn the bottle give a nod to Homer’s Iliad. And in a wink to Kilian’s patrimony, there is a $2,500 refillable, Cognac-barrel-shaped fountain, available for all of his fragrances. “It’s not so different, after all. Cognac you smell before you taste. The way they speak about Cognac is almost the same as the way we speak about perfume.”

—MARIACAPITO
"CLEOPATRA" PURE GEOMETRIC SHAPES WISELY COMBINED WITH SAPPHIRE CRYSTAL AND SCRATCHPROOF CERAMIC PYRAMIDAL MOTIFS.
SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21
What a strange turn of events. Just one year ago, you were fiercely fixated on guarding the position you’d coveted for so long. But the minute Saturn moved off your solar midheaven, in September, your attitude toward success changed profoundly. Does your willingness to abdicate the throne mean that you appreciate the need for a private life outside of work? Or is the direct motion of Chiron at the bottom of your solar chart reminding you that, no matter how much money and power you have, you’ve got family issues up the wazoo?

Vine Young
TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20
Whether you’re a romantic fool who’s been that way since age 16 or a buttoned-up cynic who’s never been hurt, you can’t avoid heartbreak during the weeks when your ruler, Venus, is traveling through your solar 5th house and meeting Saturn and the dragon’s tail of the moon. Love hurts, as the song says, and nobody passes through this plane of existence without tasting a bittersweet fruit or two. As for work, we all make goofy gaffes now and then, so smile for the camera if you get caught with your hands in a cookie jar.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21
The past eventually catches up with all of us, which means you can expect hairy political situations at work as well as communication breakdowns with siblings and neighbors. An 8th-house passage of Mars can make you passive when it goes retrograde, but it still stirs passions and turns you on. Meanwhile, the Pluto transit that in recent years has often caused you to shut down will soon be over. Can’t you feel your vitality returning?

Michael Chabon
GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21
Mercury is retrograde in your solar 6th house, which governs work and health. While that doesn’t necessarily mean you’ll get sick or be fired, it does suggest that you should keep paying the premium on your health insurance. The parent-child issues you’re coping with will take time, effort, and possibly a fortune on therapy to resolve. In the meantime, it’s nice to see you socializing and performing as only a Gemini can—family angst be damned.

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19
There’s always some astrological configuration or other to keep a Capricorn up at night staring at the ceiling. If it’s not an asteroid in your 2nd house causing you financial angst, it’s the transit of your planetary ruler with the south node giving you the willies about everything from global warming to your latest wart. If you spend your life waiting for the other shoe to drop (the bad-news one), you’ll never have a moment’s peace. Mars in your 7th house has put people in your path who can challenge your pessimism and give you a lift.

Lindsay Lohan
CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22
What’s really fun about the transit of Mars through your sign is the way it lets you bark like an angry dog at people without suffering a guilt spasm and sheepishly apologizing. On second thought, though, don’t get too out of control and aggressive. Mars will go retrograde soon enough, forcing you to backpedal on the nastiness. The secret to healthy, long-lasting relationships lies in the ability of both parties to communicate their differences and not say things that can’t be taken back, because once it’s out of your mouth ...

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18
Even if your 8th house is currently occupied by planetary malefics, what good can come out of living in a state of constant dread? It does nothing for your spirit—or your complexion, for that matter. You can be the master of your destiny, more or less, as long as you remain in control of your mind. Chiron’s direct motion in Aquarius can slow you down and weaken your resolve, but you mustn’t allow yourself to be plagued or tortured by situations that seem as if they’ll go on forever. The good news: Nothing does.

LINDA GOODMAN
VIRGO AUG. 23–SEP. 22
This is the time to conserve your energy and stick to a regime of consistency and moderation. People may call you selfish, but they have no idea what has transpired in the last couple of months to force you to wall yourself in. If you have anybody working for you, Chiron in your 6th house is giving you trouble there. And the conjunction of Saturn and the south node in your sign is not exactly a recipe for mindful ecstasy. You need to be 100 times more health conscious than ever. Just don’t get too nuts about catching cooties.

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20
Like all Pisces who aren’t completely oblivious to reality, you are now realizing that you can only benefit from a relationship with someone who connects with you emotionally and keeps you grounded. At the same time—savor the paradox—you can’t tolerate what you consider to be petty criticism or manipulative control. Until Chiron finishes its passage through your 12th house, you’ll never know whether you’re just crazy or whether you actually are being targeted behind your back. So if someone offers a reality check, grab it.

Gordon Brown
LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23
You’d better behave yourself. Put a lid on your usual ways of acting out, passive-aggressively or otherwise. If you have children, stop trying to control them. They are your teachers. You’ll soon see that when you love someone, you never escape pain. That’s probably what makes artists artists. As your ruling planet passes through the 12th house and touches the south node and Saturn, your best bet is to forgive and be humble. While you are serving selflessly, try not to grind your teeth and mumble expletives under your breath.

Chris Langford
ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19
Pay close attention to the people you encounter at work, even if they hassle you and give you the creeps. You could be the one with the problem. Although the new moon in your solar 7th house makes you want to be sociable and cooperative with those around you, you are finding it uncomfortable to be in their presence. And no wonder. With Chiron in your solar 11th house and Mars in your 4th heightening your sensitivity to invasions of privacy, even the closest friends can strike you as intrusive. Stop taking everything so personally.
ANGEL
Beware of Angels...

Thierry Mugler
Driving while distracted can result in loss of vehicle control. Even when equipped with voice commands, SYNC by Microsoft® allows you to stay connected with hands-free calling and music control.

Introducing SYNC. The available in-car technology powered by Microsoft® that lets you voice-activate your MP3 player, Bluetooth® phone and much more. syncmyride.com or text "sync" to 4SYNC for info.

You talk. SYNC listens.
Voice-activated in-car technology | Voice-activates your Bluetooth phone

Driving while distracted can result in loss of vehicle control. Even when equipped with voice commands.
say, "call office"

say, "shuffle on"

voice-activates your MP3 player | Speaks 3 languages

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EAST HAMPTON, PAGE 164.
Donna Karan hosts a private movie screening on her terrace overlooking the sea. Photographed by Hannah Thomson and Billy Farrell.

MALIBU, PAGE 166.
Ryan Kavanough and friends gather for sunset cocktails at the beach. Photographed by Just Loomis.

EAST HAMPTON, PAGE 168.
Dinner at Ronald Perelman's Hamptons estate in honor of Jake Paltrow's new film. Photographed by Justin Bishop and Billy Farrell.

NEW YORK CITY, PAGE 170.
Another Magazine's Jefferson Hack hosts a swanky Fashion Week soirée. Photographed by Roxanne Lowit.
[EAST HAMPTON]

SUMMER CINEMA

WHAT

Donna Karan and the Cinema Society screen Kris Carr’s documentary, Crazy Sexy Cancer, under a starry sky.

WHO

Edie Falco, Valesca Guerand-Hermès, Bob Balaban, Olivia Chantecaille, Fern Mallis, Sandy Brandt, Stefano Tonchi, Rocco DiSpirito, and others.

Sonja Nuttal and Christy Turlington

Kelly Klein and Ross Bleckner

John W. Mashek and Jamee Gregory

Fred Schneider

Betsey Johnson

Dick Cavett
**MALIBU**

**TOASTING TWILIGHT**

**What**

Ryan Kavanaugh’s beach house is the perfect backdrop for a cozy party.

**Who**

Jim and Elizabeth Wiatt, Mary Parent, Summer Mann, James Mangold, Cuba Gooding Jr., Dani Janssen, Robert Morton, and more.

Setting the scene.
What
The Cinema Society and Ronald Perelman host an intimate dinner in honor of Jake Paltrow's The Good Night.

Who
Blythe Danner, Zosia Gugelmann, Katie Lee Joel, Billy Joel, Sandy Gollin, Rashida Jones, Candace Bushnell, Lorry Gagosian, Dina Merrill, and Ted Hartley, and others.
FAIRGROUND

Cocktails on the patio overlooking Georgica Pond.

AFTER HOURS

Continued

Donna Karan and Ingrid Sischy

Gwyneth Paltrow and Stella McCartney

Lauren Bush and David Lauren

Edward Burns

Neville Wakefield and Rachel Weisz

Helena Christensen and Michael Stipe

Lily Cole and Irina Lazareanu

NEW YORK

REVELRY ON THE BOWERY

What

Jefferson Hack and de Grisogono's sexy supper party at the Bowery Hotel.

Who

Paz de la Huerta, David Walliams, Lake Bell, Nur Kahn, Alice Temperley, Nick Rhodes, Terry Richardson, Charlotte Tilbury, and others.
A Death in the Family

Having volunteered for Iraq, Mark Daily was killed in January by an I.E.D. Dismayed to learn that his pro-war articles helped persuade Daily to enlist, the author measures his words against a family’s grief and a young man’s sacrifice

I was having an oppressively normal morning a few months ago, flicking through the banality of quotidian e-mail traffic, when I idly clicked on a message from a friend headed “Seen This?” The attached item turned out to be a very well-written story by Teresa Watanabe of the Los Angeles Times. It described the death, in Mosul, Iraq, of a young soldier from Irvine, California, named Mark Jennings Daily, and the unusual degree of emotion that his community was undergoing as a consequence. The emotion derived from a very moving statement that the boy had left behind, stating his reasons for having become a volunteer and bravely facing the prospect that his words might have to be read posthumously. In a way, the story was almost too perfect: this handsome lad had been born on the Fourth of July, was a registered Democrat and self-described agnostic, a U.C.L.A. honors graduate, and during his college days had fairly decided reservations about the war in Iraq. I read on, and actually printed the story out, and was turning a page when I saw the following:

“Somewhere along the way, he changed his mind. His family says there was no epiphany. Writings by author and columnist Christopher Hitchens on the moral case for war deeply influenced him…”

I don’t exaggerate by much when I say that I froze. I certainly felt a very deep pang of cold dismay. I had just returned from a visit to Iraq with my own son (who is 23, as was young Mr. Daily) and had found myself in a deeply pessimistic frame of mind about the war. Was it possible that I had helped persuade someone I had never met to place himself in the path of an I.E.D?

Over-dramatizing myself a bit in the angst of the moment, I found I was thinking of William Butler Yeats, who was chilled to discover that the Irish rebels of 1916 had gone to their deaths quoting his play Cathleen ni Houlihan. He tried to cope with the disturbing idea in his poem “Man and the Echo”:

Did that play of mine send out
Certain men the English shot?...
Could my spoken words have checked
That whereby a house lay wrecked?

Abruptly dismissing any comparison between myself and one of the greatest poets of the 20th century, I feverishly clicked on all the links from the article and found myself on Lieutenant Daily’s MySpace site, where his statement “Why I Joined” was posted. The site also immediately kicked into a skirling noise of Irish revolutionary pugnacity: a song...
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from the Dropkick Murphys album Warrior's Code. And there, at the top of the page, was a link to a passage from one of my articles, in which I poured scorn on those who were neutral about the battle for Iraq... I don’t remember ever feeling, in every allowable sense of the word, quite so hollow.

I writhed around in my chair for a bit and decided that I ought to call Ms. Watanabe, who could not have been nicer. She anticipated the question I was too tongue-tied to ask: Would the Daily family—those whose “house lay wrecked”—be contactable? “They’d actually like to hear from you.” She kindly gave me the e-mail address and the home number.

I don’t intend to make a parade of my own feelings here, but I expect you will believe me when I tell you that I e-mailed first. For one thing, I didn’t want to choose a bad time to ring. For another, and as I wrote to his parents, I was quite prepared for them to resent me. So let me introduce you to one of the most generous and decent families in the United States, and allow me to tell you something of their experience.

In the midst of their own grief, to begin with, they took the trouble to try to make me feel better. I wasn’t to worry about any “guilt or responsibility”: their son had signed up with his eyes wide open and had “assured us that if he knew the possible outcome might be this, he would still go rather than have the option of living to age 50 and never having served his country. Trust us when we tell you that he was quite convincing and persuasive on this point, so that by the end of the conversation we were practically packing his bags and waving him off.” This made me relax fractionally, but then they went on to write: “Prior to his deployment he told us he was going to try to contact you from Iraq. He had the idea of being a correspondent from the frontlines through you, and wanted to get your opinion about his journalistic potential. He told us that he had tried to contact you from either Kuwait or Iraq. He thought maybe his e-mail had not reached you...” That was a gash in my hide all right. I think of all the junk e-mail I read every day, and then reflect that his precious one never got to me.

Lieutenant Daily crossed from Kuwait to Iraq in November 2006, where he would be deployed with the “C,” or “Comanche,” Company of the Second Battalion of the Seventh Cavalry Regiment—General Custer’s old outfit—in Mosul. On the 15th of January last, he was on patrol and noticed that the Humvee in front of him was not properly “up- armored” against I.E.D.’s. He insisted on changing places and taking a lead position in his own Humvee, and was shortly afterward hit by an enormous buried mine that packed a charge of some 1,500 pounds of high explosive. Yes, that’s right. He, and the three other American soldiers and Iraqi interpreter who perished with him, went to war with the army we had. It’s some consolation to John and Linda Daily, and to Mark’s brother and two sisters, and to his widow (who had been married to him for just 18 months) to know that he couldn’t have felt anything.

Yet what, and how, should we feel? People are not on their oath when speaking of the dead, but I have now talked to a good number of those who knew Mark Daily or were related to him, and it’s clear that the country lost an exceptional young citizen, whom I shall always wish I had had the chance to meet. He seems to have passed every test of young manhood, and to have been admired and loved and respected by old and young, male and female, family and friends. He could have had any career path he liked (and won a George C. Marshall Award that led to an offer to teach at West Point). Why are we robbed of his contribution? As we got to know one another better, I sent the Daily family a moving statement made by the mother of Michael Kelly, my good friend and the editor-at-large of The Atlantic Monthly, who was killed near the Baghdad airport while embedded during the invasion of 2003. Mar- guerite Kelly was highly stouc about her son’s death, but I now think I committed an error of taste in showing this to the Dailys, who very gently responded that Michael had lived long enough to write books, have a career, become a father, and in general make his mark, while their son didn’t live long enough to enjoy any of these opportunities. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now...

I n his brilliant book What Is History?, Professor E. H. Carr asked about ultimate causation. Take the case of a man who drinks a bit too much, gets behind the wheel of a car with defective brakes, drives it round a blind corner, and hits another man, who is crossing the road to buy cigarettes. Who is the one responsible? The man who had one drink too many, the lax inspector of brakes, the local authorities who didn’t straighten out a dangerous bend, or the smoker who chose to dash across the road to satisfy his bad habit? So, was Mark Daily killed by the Ba’thist and bin Ladenist riffsflaff who place bombs where they will do the most harm? Or by the Rumsfeld doctrine, which sent American soldiers to Iraq in insufficient numbers and with inadequate equipment? Or by the Bush administration, which thought Iraq would be easily pacified? Or by the previous Bush administration, which left Saddam Hussein in power in 1991 and fatally postponed the time of reckoning?

These grand, overarching questions cannot obscure, at least for me, the plain fact that Mark Daily felt himself to be morally committed. I discovered this in his life story and in his surviving writings. Again, not to romanticize him overmuch, but this is the boy who would not let others be bullied in school, who stuck up for his younger siblings, who was briefly a vegetarian and Green Party member because he couldn’t stand cruelty to animals or to the environment, a student who loudly defended Native American rights and who challenged a MySpace neo-Nazi in an online debate in which the swastika-displaying antagonist finally admitted that he needed to rethink things. If I give the impression of a slight nerd here I do an injustice. Everything that Mark wrote was imbued with a great spirit of humor and tough-mindedness. Here’s an excerpt from his “Why I Joined” statement:

Anyone who knew me before I joined knows that I am quite aware and at times sympathetic to the arguments against the war in Iraq. If you
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.
As one who used to advocate strongly for the liberation of Iraq, I have grown coarsened and sickened by the degeneration of the struggle. He had no doubts at all about the value of his mission, and was the sort of natural soldier who makes the difference in any war.

At the first chance I got, I invited his family for lunch in California. We ended up spending the entire day together. As soon as they arrived, I knew I had been wrong to be so fervent. They looked too good to be true: like a poster for the American way. John Daily is an aerospace project manager, and his wife, Linda, is an audiologist. Their older daughter, Christine, eagerly awaiting her wedding, is a high-school biology teacher, and the younger sister, Nicole, is in high school. Their son Eric is a bright junior at Berkeley with a very winning and ironic grin. And there was Mark's widow, an agonizingly beautiful girl named Snejana ("Janet") Hristova, the daughter of political refugees from Bulgaria. Her first name can mean "snowflake," and this was his name for her in the letters of fierce tenderness that he sent her from Iraq. These, with your permission, I will not share, except this:

One thing I have learned about myself since I've been out here is that everything I professed to you about what I want for the world and what I am willing to do to achieve it was true...

My desire to "save the world" is really just an extension of trying to make a world fit for you.

If that is all she has left, I hope you will agree that it isn't nothing.

I had already guessed that this was no gung-ho Orange County Republican clan. It was pretty clear that they could have done without the war, and would have been happier if their son had not gone anywhere near Iraq. (Mr. Daily told me that as a young man he had wondered about going to Canada if the Vietnam draft ever caught up with him.) But they had been amazed by the warmth of their neighbors' response, and by the solidarity of his former brothers-in-arms—1,600 people had turned out for Mark's memorial service in Irvine. A sergeant's wife had written a letter to Linda and posted it on Janet's MySpace site on Mother's Day, to tell her that her husband had been in the vehicle with which Mark had insisted on changing places. She had seven children who would have lost their father if it had gone the other way, and she felt both awfully guilty and humbly grateful that her husband had been spared by Mark's heroism. Imagine yourself in that position, if you can, and you will perhaps get a hint of the world in which the Dailys now live: a world that alternates very sharply and steeply between grief and pride.

On a drive to Fort Knox, Kentucky, and again shortly before shipping out from Fort Bliss, Texas, Mark had told his father that he had three wishes in the event of his death. He wanted bagpipes played at the service, and an Irish wake to follow.
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If America can spontaneously produce young men like Mark, it has a real homeland security instead of a bureaucratic one.

men like Mark, and occasions like this one, it has a real homeland security instead of a bureaucratic one. To borrow some words of George Orwell's when he first saw revolutionary Barcelona, "I recognized it immediately as a state of affairs worth fighting for."

I mention Orwell for a reason, because Mark Daily wasn't yet finished with sending me messages from beyond the grave. He took a pile of books with him to Iraq, which included Thomas Paine's *The Crisis; War and Peace*; Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged* (well, nobody's perfect); Stephen Hawking's *A Brief History of Time*; John McCain's *Why Courage Matters*; and George Orwell's *Animal Farm* and 1984. And a family friend of the Daily's, noticing my own book on Orwell on their shelf, had told them that his own father, Harry David Milton, was "the American" mentioned in *Homage to Catalonia*, who had rushed to Orwell's side after he had been shot in the throat by a Fascist sniper. This seemed to verge on the eerie. Orwell thought that the Spanish Civil War was a just war, but he also came to understand that it was a dirty war, where a decent cause was hijacked by goons and thugs, and where betrayal and squalor negated the courage and sacrifice of those who fought on principle. As one who used to advocate strongly for the liberation of Iraq (perhaps more strongly than I knew), I have grown coarsened and sickened by the degeneration of the struggle: by the sordid news of corruption and brutality (Mark Daily told his father how dismayed he was by the failure of leadership at Abu Ghraib) and by the paltry politicians in Washington and Baghdad who squabble for precedence while lifeblood is spent and spilled by young people whose boots they are not fit to clean. It upsets and angers me more than I can safely say, when I reread Mark's letters and poems and see that—as of course he would—he was magically able to find the noble element in all this, and take more comfort and inspiration from a few plain sentences uttered by a Kurdish man than from all the vapid speeches ever given. Orwell had the same experience when encountering a young volunteer in Barcelona, and realizing with a mixture of sadness and shock that for this kid all the tired old slogans about liberty and justice were actually real. He cursed his own cynicism and disillusionment when he wrote:

For the fly-blown words that make me spew
Still in his ears were holy,
And he was born knowing what I had learned
Out of books and slowly.

However, after a few more verses about the lying and cruelty and stupidity that accompany war, he was still able to do justice to the young man:

But the thing I saw in your face
No power can disinherit :
No bomb that ever burst
Shatters the crystal spirit.

May it be so, then, and may death be not proud to have taken Mark Daily, whom I never knew but whom you now know, and—I hope—miss.
You have found generosity. You have given me shoulders to stand on to reach for my dreams, dreams I could have never reached without you... Thank you.

Andre Agassi
A Twist in Time

Spreading like wildfire from the tiny dance floor of New York’s Peppermint Lounge, in 1960, a Harlem teen craze set the era’s most glamorous hips gyrating—Norman Mailer and Noël Coward, Marilyn Monroe and Jacqueline Kennedy. Then, almost as suddenly, the Twist was over.

The slick ad executives, their bouffant wives, and the downtown barefoot contassas of AMC’s acclaimed series Mad Men—they were too submerged inside their murky fishbowls of moody regrets and countless cigarettes to sense what was coming, what was waiting on the horizon to tornado into their pants and send their inhibitions packing. Set in the upper canyons of Madison Avenue in the early months of 1960, Mad Men uneasily rides the cusp between two decades, two presidencies. The Eisenhower era is receding into the margins as the presidential race between Richard Nixon and John F. Kennedy gathers pace, the new decade and the upcoming election promising a change of leadership and an infusion of younger energy after two terms of golf puts. On the campaign stump J.F.K. sounded the charge to “get this country moving again,” and the country was ready to answer his inspiring booty call. Even the moody cynics on Mad Men succumbed.

It was in 1960 that R&B-er Hank Ballard recorded a number called “The Twist” after seeing black teenagers churning away on Baltimore’s Buddy Deane Show (the program immortalized in Hairspay as The Corny Collins Show by Baltimore’s patron saint of bad taste, writer-director-raconteur John Waters). The ditty didn’t do much until it was faithfully re-recorded by Chubby Checker, his name a playful nod to Fats Domino, and given the big push on Dick Clark’s American Bandstand. With his beaming smile, booming optimism, and teddy-bear huggability, Chubby Checker was the perfect racial-crossover ambassador, making the dance acceptable for Dick Clark’s faithful assembly of wholesome white teenagers out there in Archie Comics land. But make no mistake, even milked down, the Twist flicked a switch on the body electric. The unlikely Chubby Checker was the great emancipator of the upright American groin, according to an even more unlikely analyst, former Black Panther Eldridge Cleaver, who proclaimed in his memoir Soul on Ice, “It was Chubby Checker’s mission, bearing the Twist as good news, to teach the whites, whom history had taught to forget, how to shake their asses again.”

Shake them they did. They shook them until they nearly fell off. But even cold white asses (to paraphrase Cleaver) are subject
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covering the Twist, after the manner of the first 900 decorators who ever laid eyes on an African mask. Greta Garbo, Elsa Maxwell, Countess Bernadotte, Noel Coward, Tennessee Williams, and the Duke of Bedford—everybody was there, and the hindmost were laying fives, tens, and twenty-dollar bills on cops, doormen and a couple of sets of maître d’s to get within sight of the bandstand and a dance floor the size of somebody’s kitchen.”

Not everyone was entranced. A disapproving Arthur Gelb of The New York Times, descending like an anthropologist into the amoeboic bedlam of the Peppermint Lounge, wrote of the club’s chic-¥ clientele. “Cafe society has not gone slumming with such energy since its forays into Harlem in the Twenties.” Tack the Harlem reference onto Wolfe’s gibes about decorators cramming over the sight of an African mask and the unmistakable inference is that the jet set had gotten jungle fever, this citation of pasty faces mimicking pagan rituals class differences.” Such a silver lining is tarnished, they averred. “Whatever the deep psychological reasons, the example of the Twist and its history points to a new trend of society: Instead of youth growing up, adults are sliding down.” They’ve been sliding ever since, if book-length sermons such as Diana West’s The Death of the Grown-Up are to be believed. But to the social malcontents frowning on the sidelines and clutching their pearls, someone else’s fun always looks suspect, shallow, undignified. Didn’t these Peppermint Loungers have better things to do than break out in public hives? They should be home, improving their minds and practicing the lute. Instead, as Doug McGrath entertainingly showed in Infamous, Babe Paley, Slim Keith, and Truman Capote were trying to learn the dance that was all the talk, a dance that

The Twist was an infectious bug that anybody could catch, regardless of age.

and a tiny dance floor at the back.” The Lounge’s house band was Joey Dee and the Starlighters, whose “Peppermint Twist” topped the charts despite yappy vocals and crenulous lyrics that can still produce cavities today, but the chief draw was the scene itself, the traffic jam of nobodies and special guest stars Twisting madly away as if they’d just been released from bondage. Marilyn Monroe! Shelley Winters! Norman Mailer! The 60s don’t get any 60er than that! “The Peppermint Lounge!” exclaimed Tom Wolfe in The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby: “You know about the Peppermint Lounge. One week in October, 1961, a few socialites, riding hard under the crop of a couple of New York columnists, discovered the Peppermint Lounge and by next week all of Jet Set New York was dist
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It respected personal space. Because the pelvis is tucked back during the Twist, it didn’t tote the erotic aggression or encroaching intimacy of the rhythmic stalkings and grope-fests that would come later, once Baby was initiated into the full-body latherings of Dirty Dancing and hip-hop became a burlesque palace of humongous backfields in motion. “Since couples neither touch nor even look at each other [while doing the Twist], all the shyness some men and women have about dancing—clammy hands, missing a beat, stepping on feet, etc.—is removed and, as one club owner says, ‘Everybody goes off into their own narcissistic bag.’” Time magazine noted, sounding awfully Austin Powers. Yeah, baby! The personal space opened up by the Twist created a neutral field that nourished female empowerment.

As social critic Susan J. Douglas observed in Where the Girls Are: Growing Up Female with the Mass Media: “Chubby Checker’s 1960 hit ‘The Twist’ revolutionized teenage dancing, because it meant that boys and girls didn’t have to hold hands anymore, boys didn’t have to lead and girls didn’t have to follow, so girls had a lot more autonomy and control as they danced. Plus, dancing was one of those things girls usually did much better than boys.” Girls and boys may have orbited separately on the dance floor, but that doesn’t mean their bodies weren’t in satellite communication. It was Marshall McLuhan, the visionary oracle of mass media, who spotted the signal quality of the Twist. “The waltz was a hot, fast mechanical dance suited to the industrial time in its moods of pomp and circumstance.” McLuhan intoned in Understanding Media. “In contrast, the Twist is a cool, involved and chatty form of improvised gesture.” Chatty! Even performed without a partner, McLuhan perceived, the Twist was no exercise in solipsism. The Twister worked his or her hips as if twiddling a radio knob, adjusting volume or frequencies. It was the ideal dance for the transistorized age, converting the body itself into a novelty device—a nifty gadget.
Ray Stark, renowned for her “turbojet action” below the equator. Every movement attracts its fundamentalists, and the Twist was no exception. “Some of the purists wear twist pants under their ballgowns,” Henderson divulgled. The male consorts cited in her article as accomplished Twisters included the actors Cliff Robertson and David Janssen—yes, the future star of TV’s The Fugitive, was capable of expression from the neck down.

The Council of the Organization of American States will be meeting in the [Pan American Union] building at 10:30 this morning to discuss Cuba. And certain diplomats began protesting early Thursday afternoon when it was learned that former United States chief of protocol Wiley Buchanan had been given permission to turn the premises into a duplicate of New York’s famous Peppermint Lounge, where the Twist craze was born.

But the complaints were largely ignored and some of the best-known names in the Social Register and Who’s Who watched with great amusement as the urge to participate in the twist seized V.I.P.s who have never before danced anything more abandoned than the cha-cha.

First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy’s mother, Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss… Time-Life publisher Henry Luce and his famous wife Clare… Senate Foreign Relations chairman J. William Fulbright… were among the sidelines enjoying the impromptu floor show when young and old alike began twisting.


First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy was more than an interested bystander. It was she who stamped the presidential seal on the Twist and turned the White House and Hickory Hill (a mansion in northern Virginia that was owned by J.F.K. and that he later sold to brother Bobby) into the Peppermint Lounges of the Potomac. Under her agegis, Washington, D.C., joined New York and Los Angeles to form the power triad of the Twist.

“Harry Belafonte did the Twist, the social signature of the New Frontier” at one of Hickory Hill’s many wingdings, Sarah Bradford states in her biography of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, America’s Queen. Oleg Cassini, so instrumental in making the Twist the gyre focus of New York nightlife, served as its envoy in the nation’s capital, demonstrating it at Kennedy after-parties and introducing a French import called the Hully-Gully. At a shindig for Jacqueline’s sister, Princess Lee Radziwill, the guests Twisted to the melody of the young, the working class and the marginalised.” I question such socialist dogma. Did “street credibility” even exist as a concept back then, much less a cultural arbiter? After the Peppermint lost its “in” status and its liquor license, it was supplanted by discotheques that catered to the super-chic and super-freak alike—Ondine, Arthur, Stanley’s, Anabelle’s, Whiskey-a-Go-Go and its copycats, and Il Mio. The nightly influx of famous faces to Studio 54—a collage of Interview

Marilyn Monroe! Shelley Winters! Norman Mailer! The 60s don't get any 60er than that!
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The Twist’s easy accessibility made it a wonder drug of sociability.

Way and Monroe, and if they could do themselves in, it didn’t augur well for the bright promise of the sixties. To lose them was to lose deprived of two of our presiding deities. “Hemingway and Monroe. Pass lightly over their names.” Norman Mailer eulogized in the pages of Esquire. “They were two of the people in America most beautiful to us.” In October of 1962, the entire world seemed on the edge of its last eyeblink. American U-2 flights over Communist Cuba had discovered the presence of Russian nuclear-missile installations with an offensive-strike capability. On October 22, President Kennedy addressed the nation and announced a naval blockade of the island, which Russian premier Nikita Khrushchev decried as “pirate actions” that could lead to war between the superpowers. For the first time in history the Strategic Air Command went to DEFCON 2 (the second-highest level of military readiness, just below ultra-scary, premeet-thy-Maker DEFCON 1), and for 13 fraught days it looked as if FailSafe, the nuclear-showdown novel by Eugene Burdick and Harvey Wheeler, which had been published that very October (later made into a cold-sweat study in brinkmanship by director Sidney Lumet), might become incinerating reality. I remember walking home from grade school those October afternoons, checking the sky to see if anything bad was happening. The crisis ended and Armageddon was averted when the U.S.S.R. agreed to withdraw missiles from Cuba in exchange for a pullback of U.S. missiles from Turkey. Since the second part of this deal was kept secret. Kennedy was perceived to have won the nuclear staredown, but the collective sigh of relief was tempered with a fearful understanding of just how close a shave we had had with World War III. One false move or hasty misstep and the weather forecast would have called for radioactive drizzle forevermore. The country’s nerves had been wrung ragged by the Cuban missile crisis, and the initial rush of exuberance and rampant possibility that had greeted Kennedy’s inauguration era reached an early exhaustion stage. With so much looming overhead, it had become harder to Twist with that same happy, heedless bumblebee abandon. To celebrate J.F.K.’s 46th birthday, Jacqueline arranged a party on the presidential yacht, the Sequoia. It was a boozey, rowdy affair, perhaps the Twist’s last hurrah. “Jack, unaware that by 1963 the Twist was going out of fashion, ordered more Chubby Checker tunes every time the band played anything else,” Sarah Bradford wrote in America’s Queen. His insistence must have been painful to Jackie, with her impeccable sense of what was au courant. How she nothave winced inside her fine-china skin. “The Twist, nowadays, is for squares.” Time would declare a year later, consigning it to mothballs.

Decades on, the Twist survives as a cultural souvenir, a baby-boomer flashback of jukebox glory. In Quentin Tarantino’s Pulp Fiction, John Travolta and Uma Thurman performed a methodically devoted Twist, a Twist so dreamily self-conscious it practically floated between quotation marks. Although popular dance has rebounded on network TV through shows such as So You Think You Can Dance and Dancing with the Stars, these contests emphasize sexed-up exhibitionistic displays of acrobatic bombast that nobody at home could emulate without courting traction. We outsource our Dionysian impulses to solid pros. “And yet … it does not go away. This ecstatic possibility,” Barbara Ehrenreich reflects in her recent history of communal celebration, Dancing in the Streets. “The capacity for collective joy is encoded in us almost as deeply as the capacity for the erotic love of one human for another. We can live without it, as most of us do, but only at the risk of succumbing to the solitary nightmare of depression. Why not reclaim our distinctive human heritage as creatures who can generate their own ecstatic pleasures out of music, color, feasting and dance?” Why not indeed? If we can’t Twist again, like we did last millennium, that doesn’t mean we should embrace soft internment inside our own bodies. At some point the talon grip of the War on Terror will relent out of pure tension fatigue, and perhaps then new excitement will bubble up through the floorboards, pour through the speakers, and set us momentarily but exalted free. Because lockstep is no way to go through life, and we’ve been under marching orders long enough.
Here's Looking at You, Syd

How did one of pop music's epic breakdowns—that of Pink Floyd's dashing, mentally ill, drug-addled front man, Syd Barrett—find a place in a drama about Communist Czechoslovakia? The author recalls the genesis of his most recent play, Rock 'n' Roll, a London hit which reaches Broadway this month

By Tom Stoppard

At a certain street junction in Notting Hill in London there is nothing to memorialize what turned out to be one of the defining fractures in the story of rock music. I think about it every time I pass that way. Forty years ago come January, an old Bentley carrying three-quarters of Pink Floyd, plus a new recruit brought in to cover for their hopelessly zonked-out frontman Syd Barrett, was en route to their 242nd gig when...well, here is Tim Willis telling it again in Madcap (2002):

As they crossed the junction of Holland Park Avenue and Ladbroke Grove, one of them—no one remembers who—asked, “Shall we pick up Syd?” “Fuck it,” said the others. “Let’s not bother.”

There are people, says Esme, a 60s-going-on-90s flower child in Rock 'n' Roll, “who think Pink Floyd have been rubbish since 1968.” Barrett, the voice, words, and spirit of the band’s first album and of two solo albums after the split, does that to people, some people, like my friend Charlie, who—years ago now—would groan and shake his head over my constancy to what he called the "lugubrious, pretentious" post-Barrett Floyd and try to convert me to the “lost genius” who’d retired hurt to cultivate his garden in Cambridge.

I didn’t get it, but what I got was the shimmer of a play asking to be written. I like pop music (which is a genus; rock is a species) and I could see and hear the ghost of a play set in a suburban semi (which in England means half a house in a street of houses halved as symmetrically as Rorschach blots and occupied by people who are definitely not rock gods), and here, in my play, the reclusive middle-aged “crazy diamond” would...er, do what, exactly?

Charlie lent me a couple of books about Barrett, and I got hold of a couple more. Books about Barrett go from acid hell to nerd heaven (engineers' reports detailing overdubs and so on), but as
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for writing a play about any of it—well, you'd have to have been there.

There was another little problem too: I have no understanding of music, none at all. Much as I love the noise it makes, I can stare for hours at a guitar band and never work out which guitar is making which bit of noise. Also, my brain seems incapable of forming a template even for sounds I've heard a hundred times. You know how it is at rock concerts when half the crowd starts to applaud the first few notes of what's coming? My brain is like a two-year-old playing with wooden shapes: sometimes I'm still looking for the right-shaped hole when the lyrics finally kick in, and it turns out to be “Brown Sugar.” Me and music. So I put Syd aside, wrote plays about other matters, and listened to a lot of rock and roll as the years went by.

With each play, I tend to become fixated on one particular track and live with it for months, during the writing—my drug of choice, just to get my brain sorted. Then I'd turn off the music and start work. I wrote most of “The Coast of Utopia” between listening to “Comfortably Numb” on repeat. With another play, Aesop, the drug was the Rolling Stones’ “You Can’t Always Get What You Want,” and since that play ends with a couple waltzing to music from an offstage party, I wrote the song into the ending and stayed high on that idea till I'd finished. It was in-}

spiring. When, in rehearsals, it was pointed out to me that “You Can’t Always Get What You Want” isn’t a waltz and that, therefore, my couple would have to waltz to something else, I was astonished, incomprehending, and resentful.

These somewhat humiliating confessions do more than enough to explain why the Syd Barrett play never got started. To explain how Syd then got enmeshed in a play, Rock ’n’ Roll, which is partly about Communism, partly about consciousness, slightly about Sappho, and mainly about Czechoslovakia between 1968 and 1990, is first simple, then difficult. It was because of the photograph of a 55-year-old man wrapped up warm in muffler and gloves, on his bike (below).

When you take away everything plays think they’re about, what’s left is what all plays—all stories—are really about, and what they’re really about is time. Events, things happening—Ophelia doubles! Cailm elfoughs! Somebody has bought the cherry orchard!—are different manifestations of what governs the narratives we make up, just as it governs the narrative we live in: the unceasing ticktock of the universe. There is no stasis, not even in death, which turns into memory.

Barrett died, 60 years old, a month after my play opened, 5 years after that photograph of him cycling home with his shopping from the supermarket. When I first saw the photo—in Willis’s book—I found myself staring at it for minutes, at the thickset body supporting the heavy, shaven potato head, comparing it with images of Barrett in his “dark angel” days, like the shot on this story’s opening page. “He was beautiful,” Esme says. “He was like the concept of beauty,” and, high flown though it might be to apply Virgil’s untranslatable chord “there are tears of things,” sunt lacrimae rerum, to a snatch photo of a burly bloke with Colgate and Super Soft toilet paper in his bicycle basket, that’s what came into my mind in the long moment when I understood that it was this play, the one about Communism, consciousness, Sappho, and. God help us, Czechoslovakia, into which Syd Barrett fitted. The tears of things are in mutability and the governance of time.

Perhaps it was because Barrett dropped out of sight for decades that time seemed not merely to connect the two images in the usual commonplace way (he used to look like this, then later he looked like that, so what?), but also to sever them. A person’s identity is no mystery to itself. We are each conscious of ourselves and there is only one person in there: the difference between this photo of me and that one is unacknowledged. But everyone else’s identity we construct from observable evidence, and the reason I was so fascinated by Barrett on his bicycle was that for a mind-wrenching moment, he was—literally—a different person.

This is not completely fanciful, and barely a paradox. Barrett himself collaborated with it when he answered someone who doorsteped him, “Syd can’t talk to you now,” and long before he was photographed on his bicycle he reverted to his real name, which was Roger. I don’t doubt that in the first instance he was just trying to get rid of an unwelcome caller, and in the second instance he was simply putting his old days and ways behind him: it’s not necessary to infer a dislocation of his self-consciousness. The collision was with the way we adjust our idea of who he is, who anyone is. And this partly how drama works, through constant adjustment of our idea of who people really are under the labels, the “Communist academic,” the “Czech rock fanatic,” the “wife dying of cancer,” and the others.

Every Story, Made-Up or Otherwise, Like Syd Barrett's Own, Is Secretly About Time.

The realization that this was Syd’s play, too, is not as bizarre as it might seem. The lineaments of the unwritten play included a Czech rock fan and an outlaw band, the Plastic People of the Universe, so rock and roll was already part of it. As for the English Communist professor, Cambridge would do nicely for him. Syd’s last gig, in 1972 at the local Corn Exchange, was reviewed by Melody Maker: “A girl gets up on stage and dances; she sees her, and looks faintly startled.” So let’s give the professor a daughter who was that very girl, and let’s see why Syd looked faintly startled. Willis’s short, exemplary book recounts, too, how the student daughter of Syd’s first real girlfriend was walking to lectures one day, wearing one of her mother’s Barbara Hulanicki coatdresses from 30 years before, when “this bald man on a bike pulled up to the kerb.” The man said, “Hello, little Lib.” “Hello,” said the girl and moved on. It was a few seconds before she realized that the man had called her by her mother’s name, and when she turned round, he’d gone. So while Czechoslovakia is going from Prague Spring to Velvet Revolution, let the Cambridge professor’s flower-child daughter have a daughter who grows up and...

And also between the Prague Spring and the Velvet Revolution. In another part of the wood, at some unknown moment, so it seems to us, the beautiful, undamaged young man in velvet and silk who sang, “I've got a bike, you can ride it if you like / It's got a basket, a bell that rings . . .” turned into a very ordinary-looking bloke called Roger, who lived alone, never spoke to the neighbors, tidied his garden, and died from complications of diabetes. In both identities, he stepped out of a stillborn attempt at a play all about himself, and without difficulty entered the dance of made-up characters in a made-up story, which, like every story, made-up or otherwise, like his own, is secretly about time, the disinterested ongoings of everything, the unconditional mutability that makes every life poignant.
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Guilty Feelings

By the time the jury began its deliberations in the Spector murder trial, the author had become highly critical of the defense strategy, fascinated by the antics of Phil Spector’s family, and close to two main characters—one living, one dead.

The gun went off accidentally. She works at the House of Blues. It was a mistake. I don’t understand what the fuck is wrong with you people,” said Phil Spector to the police on February 3, 2003, the night aspiring actress Lana Clarkson was found shot to death in the foyer of his castle, in Alhambra, California. He went on talking as the police went about their business, one standing on Spector’s back to keep him from getting up. “I’m sorry this happened,” he said. “I don’t know how it happened. It scared the shit out of me.” All this and much more was recorded by the police in the castle after the chauffeur, Adriano De Souza, to whom Phil had allegedly said, “I think I killed somebody,” called 911. When the police arrived, 40 minutes after Clarkson’s death, Spector was Tasered. There was no word then that Lana Clarkson, lying dead on a white French bergère chair, had committed suicide. He didn’t say that to the police officers in his house that night. The suicide version of the story came later, at the Alhambra police station, and became the foundation of his defense. Even if it were true that Lana committed suicide, which I don’t believe for a second, the fact is that although Spector, alone with the corpse, allegedly tried to wipe off the blood spilling from her nose and mouth, he never called 911, which should have been a natural reaction. Thank God for the chauffeur, who had a sense of responsibility and called 911 to report the incident.

I must confess that, over the five months I have been in Los Angeles covering this trial, I have become haunted by poor, dead Lana Clarkson. I feel the kind of obsession that Dana Andrews, as a detective, felt for Gene Tierney’s character in the movie Laura, although Laura turned out not to be dead after all, and there was a happy ending. There will be no happy ending for Lana Clarkson. I feel I’ve gotten to know her over the past few months. I have looked at literally hundreds of photographs of her. Like her idol, Marilyn Monroe, she loved having her picture taken. I watched her film debut in Fast Times at Ridgemont High, in which she plays the wife of a biology teacher. She only has one line. “Hi,” but it got her into the Screen Actors Guild. I didn’t find her self-made promotional video, Lana Unleashed, laughable, as some did. The wife of the defendant snickered in her seat when the defense showed the video in court, greatly annoying the prosecution. If she meant to demean the talent of the victim, it backfired. I thought Lana was trying hard to show the variety of roles she thought she was capable of playing. Even when she unfortunately did Little Richard in blackface, there was a niceness about her. I have been to her little cottage in Venice Beach and talked to her landlady, who loved her. I have been to the vault in Hollywood Forever cemetery, on Santa Monica Boulevard in Hollywood, where her ashes lie in an ivory urn, behind glass, in front of a poster for Lana Unleashed. It’s a peaceful place, where a lot of old-time stars are buried. There is a small but steady stream of visitors.

I would describe Lana Clarkson as gallant. She never stopped trying. She was trying when she went to Phil’s house at two in the morning. She couldn’t have desired him. He’s a tiny guy who wears funny clothes and is bad-tempered when he’s drunk, and she was a beautiful blonde, six feet one in heels, who could have beaten him up if she hadn’t been shot. She didn’t need his liquor. I believe she went there because she thought Phil could open some doors for her. I believe Lana’s name will go down in Nathanael West-type Hollywood lore as a great beauty for whom the Hollywood dream had not come true. I spoke with several of her friends, her real friends, who loved her, who were delighted by her presence in their lives. I am not talking about the two “friends,” Jennifer Hayes-Riedel and Punkin Pie Laughlin, who professed to be her friends and then became witnesses for Phil Spector, going on about her depression and despair and poverty on the stand, to help prove Spector’s point that Lana committed suicide. Punkin Pie said Lana had called her four or five days before she died and said, “I can’t take it anymore… I want out… I’m done. I’m done.”

The ladies took the stand for the second time during the surrebuttal and again dumped on Lana shamelessly. This time Punkin Pie’s dress was not as flamboyant realizing as the one she wore during her first appearance. What is so curious about Punkin Pie is that at the time of Lana’s death, she was quoted as saying, “Fry that bastard,” referring to Spector. (She denied on the stand she’d ever said such a thing.) Much later that same year, in her annual Christmas letter, mailed to “between fifty and a hundred people,” she wrote, “My Lana, my best friend, my right arm, my inseparable sister was violently and abruptly taken from me at the hands of Phil Spector.”

It makes you wonder what made her change her mind and become a witness for the very man she had vilified. There is a rumor that she was hurt when she was not included in the inner family circle at the funeral, but that seems an unlikely reason. The Backstage Café, the nightclub where Punkin gives weekly Tuesday-night parties, at which Lana used to be a regular, is partially owned by the Kessel brothers, Daniel and David, whose father, Barney Kessel, was a musician who had recorded with Phil. The bro-
I confess I have become haunted by poor, dead Lana Clarkson.

Phil is furious. Gary also verified the story that Louis had told me at lunch one day, that the twins were occasionally locked in their rooms after school when they were growing up.

After Gary arrived in Los Angeles for the closing arguments, I went with the twins to the Beverly Hills home where they lived from age 5, when they were adopted by Phil, to age 19. The house was used last season in the HBO show Entourage. It is beautiful and empty, and we went through every room. They showed me the vent they used to talk to each other through when they were locked in their rooms. It was an emotional experience for the twins.

It is said to bother Phil excessively that no one of importance in the music industry has come forth to stand by him. He is bitter about people whom he claims helped start and/or influenced, such as Bruce Springsteen, Bono, Mick Jagger, Cher, Tina Turner, Brian Wilson, and others. He says he could understand when, in the beginning, they didn’t support him, but now that some of the most formidable and famous forensic scientists have testified on the stand that he is “innocent” and that Lana’s death was a suicide, he fails to understand their lack of loyalty. It is interesting that the formidable scientists he-names are the expert witnesses whom he has paid so handsomely to testify.

The end is near. My group of media friends and I talk of nothing else besides the trial. The other night Steven Mikan, who writes a column on the trial for LA Weekly, had a group of us to his wonderful house in Echo Park overlooking the Hollywood sign and the Griffith Observatory. We sat in a glass dining room and talked trial. We also watched a 1967 episode of I Dream of Jeannie, in which Phil played himself in a scene with Barbara Eden and a rock band she was promoting.

Not surprisingly, Phil waived his right to take the stand in his own defense. It would have been good theater to see Spector cross-examined by Alan Jackson, the prosecutor, who has an uncanny ability to enrage those he quizzes, but the troubled defense team knew that and did not want it to happen. Defense attorney Linda Kenney Baden, who was out sick for two weeks, returned to the trial on August 21, having missed the terrible drubbing her famous husband, forensic pathologist Michael Baden, took on the stand at the hands of Alan Jackson. (The day afterward, Baden was reportedly invited to be a principal speaker at a California District Attorney Investigators’ Association conference in San Francisco.) Then the mostly absent head of the defense team, Bruce Cutler, left the trial and returned to New York.

Although I’m not one to hang out with defense attorneys, I must admit that I became very fond of Bruce Cutler during his rather disastrous stint as head of the defense team. He didn’t work out from the beginning. He had a New York tough-guy style and a Mafia-type reputation that came from his long legal defense of mobster John Gotti. Judge Larry Paul Fidler seemed to dislike him and bawled him out twice in front of the jury, which is a very bad mark. The other lawyers on the team snubbed him. He was the number-one guy, the head of the team, but he had nothing to do. He just sat there at the defense table next to Phil.

Beneath Cutler’s boisterousness, there is the heart and soul of a very gentle man. One night we were both chatting on the sidewalk outside the courthouse while waiting for our cars. A terribly crippled older woman was trying to manage a walker while climbing up the stairs from the courthouse doors to the street. Without a word to me, Bruce went down the stairway, picked up her walker in one hand, and helped her up the stairs to the sidewalk with his other hand. He then came back to me and finished his story, without once referring to his good deed.

Cutler was never asked to have lunch with any of his defense team. I know this for a fact because I often had lunch with him up in Peter Hong’s office on the 18th floor of the Criminal Courts Building. Hong is covering the trial for the Los Angeles Times. Peter made ham-and-cheese sandwiches on multi-grain bread, with cans of Diet Coke and bags of Fritos. Although Cutler took off from the trial for a long time, he insisted that he would come back to do the closing argument for the defense. As strange as this seemed, as he had formed no real contact with the jury, he maintained that he was determined to see the trial through. But something happened.

On Monday, August 27, as court began, Cutler rose and addressed the judge. He said he was leaving the case. He said, “I’ve stayed here all these months planning to sum up. If that is not the case, there is nothing else I can do for Mr. Spector.”

The judge asked Spector if that was so.

“T’ve never asked you to do anything,” said Spector.

Then Cutler turned and walked out of the courtroom, head held high, stopping only long enough to embrace Phil and receive a farewell kiss from Linda Kenney Baden, a fellow New Yorker, who was chosen to give the defense’s final arguments.

I didn’t get a chance to say good-bye to Cutler, but I called his cell phone and left a long message. I told him I thought he was classy in his farewell in court. No bitterness. No jabs. I said it was a misalliance from the beginning. Later he called me back. “There was no esprit de corps in the defense team. I haven’t had dinner with one of them in the five months I’ve been here.” That really bothered him. He told me, “Phil is not aware of how bad things are. He’s
frightened. He didn’t understand how bad [defense pathologist Werner] Spitz was on the stand. The woman was killed instantly.”

Alan Jackson, a courtroom orator with a theatrical flair, gave his closing arguments in four hours and 13 minutes. He asked the jury, knowing what they knew after five months of testimony, what they would say to Lana Clarkson on the fatal night when she reluctantly got into Spector’s chauffeur-driven Mercedes. Then he answered for them, saying, “Don’t go, don’t go.” He described Spector’s defense as a checkbook defense, noting the size of the team and large number of expensive expert witnesses. He said that Lana Clarkson had been murdered twice, once at the hands of Phil Spector and again in the character assassination of the dead actress by the defense team. He showed video clips of the five women who took the stand to tell of their experience with Phil Spector, each saying a single sentence like “He pressed a gun to my head,” or “He said he was going to blow my fucking brains out.” Jackson brought his summation to a close with 40 seconds of footage from *Lana Unleashed* showing a happy, beautiful woman. Then he showed a still shot of Spector mimicking holding a gun. Below it was a picture of Lana dead in the white French chair in the foyer of Spector’s castle.

Linda Kenney Baden, who talked for just short of six hours, impressed the jurors to seek the truth. She noted that the Los Angeles County District Attorney’s Office was determined to convict a celebrity because of their history of failure to convict in such high-profile cases, alluding to O. J. Simpson and Robert Blake. “Despite the fact that science shows this to be a self-inflicted wound, the government wanted this tragic death to be a murder,” she said.

In the prosecution’s one-hour-and-39-minute rebuttal, Pat Dixon, head of the Major Crimes Division of the District Attorney’s Office, said that Spector’s actions revealed consciousness of guilt. “He did not use any of the more than a dozen phones to call the police. He didn’t call for help. Why? Because he murdered her. He killed her,” he said.

On the morning the jury was to receive their instructions from the judge, Rachelle Spector, Phil Spector’s pretty, 27-year-old bride of a year, who has made herself an increasingly vivid and controversial figure in the courtroom, took to the airwaves in the parking lot behind the courthouse on early-morning Court TV. It started lightly enough, with the subject of Phil’s wigs: Rachelle claims that they are not wigs but her real hair, and that she arranges it each morning. She is insistent on this point. She had previously confronted Beth Karas, of Court TV, for reporting that Phil wore wigs. Yuki, a long-time-favorite hairdresser of Beverly Hills society women, cut and set the latest wig, which is the best and most natural so far. But Rachelle didn’t go on television to talk about wigs. She came to the point of the interview. She said that her husband had been convicted before the trial began, by the government, the media, the public, and the judge. “Judge” is the pertinent word in that sentence.

Judge Fidler, a distinguished and highly respected jurist, was righteously indignant. He admonished her severely in the courtroom. “Mrs. Spector, I want you to hear every comment I am about to make,” said the judge. “Ma’am, I am going to do something I have never done before. ... You will not talk to the press. If you do, you will be in violation of my order.” To the astonishment of the courtroom, she sassed him back. “I’m not a witness,” she called out from her seat, in a disrespectful tone of voice. “Is it okay for [Spector’s son] Louis and all the other bad people to say stuff?”

“If you violate my order, be prepared for the consequences,” the judge said. “You are going to do nothing to upset this trial. If you do, I will hold you in contempt.” One of Phil’s six defense attorneys, Christopher J. Plourd, rushed from his seat, waving his hands in front of him to signal her to shut up. Later in the day she sent the judge a handwritten letter of apology. After the morning session, when the reporters were all having an end-of-the-trial brisket-of-beef lunch in Peter Hong’s office, some of us wondered which of the lawyers had written the letter for her.

On Sunday, September 9, the day before the jury was to go out to deliberate, a long interview with Phil Spector appeared in the magazine section of *The Mail on Sunday*, in London. The article was written by Vikram Jayanti. a highly respected documentary filmmaker who is making a film about Phil for the BBC. Within hours, it was posted on the Internet, and all of us covering the trial had read it. Phil’s main thrust in the interview was “The judge doesn’t like me.” A possible strategy for a mistrial went through my mind. Phil told the paper he had a “very interesting, abrupt, good, honest, accurate, truthful story to tell that proves beyond any question, any reasonable possibility of a doubt that it is impossible for me to have been near the deceased when she died.” It’s too bad he declined to take the stand to deliver this point. Following Rachelle’s lead, he said, “When you are accused, you are guilty, and that’s just the way it goes.” He refers to himself as “the mad genius of rock and roll.”

When Phil entered the courtroom the next day, Linda Deutsch of the Associated Press asked him about the quotes he had given in the interview. He denied having said those things. This statement was backed up by Linda Kenney Baden. Vikram Jayanti maintained the quotes came from interviews over the course of many months. Jayanti wrote in *The Mail on Sunday* about his evolving belief in Spector’s innocence, but in his denial, Phil was effectively throwing Jayanti under a bus. He is said to be disturbed by Phil’s rebuff.

On the same Sunday that Phil’s interview appeared in London, Beth Karas and I drove to Phil’s castle in Alhambra to check out a rumor that the castle was under police surveillance and that black-and-white police cars were parked at the two entrances to his estate to prevent any possible flight risk. We drove round and round but we didn’t see any police cars.

As this story goes to print, the jury has been out for six days. O. J. Simpson has been arrested for armed robbery in Las Vegas. Britney Spears is in a hastily called session in the courthouse next door, where she could possibly lose custody of her children. In this carnival of celebrity justice, everyone is on pins and needles.
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causes you to be a
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The Mega-Bunker of Baghdad

The new American Embassy in Baghdad will be the largest, least welcoming, and most lavish embassy in the world: a $600 million massively fortified compound with 619 blast-resistant apartments and a food court fit for a shopping mall. Unfortunately, like other similarly constructed U.S. Embassies, it may already be obsolete.

By William Langewiesche

When the new American Embassy in Baghdad entered the planning stage, more than three years ago, U.S. officials inside the Green Zone were still insisting that great progress was being made in the construction of a new Iraq. I remember a surreal press conference in which a U.S. spokesman named Dan Senor, full of governmental conceits, described the marvelous developments he personally had observed during a recent sortie (under heavy escort) into the city. His idea now was to set the press straight on realities outside the Green Zone gates. Senor was well groomed and precious, fresh into the world, and he had acquired a taste for appearing on TV. The assembled reporters were by contrast a disheveled and unwashed lot, but they included serious people of deep experience, many of whom lived fully exposed to Iraq, and knew that society there was unraveling fast. Some realized already that the war had been lost, though such were the attitudes of the citizenry back home that they could not yet even imply this in print.

Now they listened to Senor as they increasingly did, setting aside their professional skepticism for attitudes closer to fascination and wonder. Senor’s view of Baghdad was so disconnected from the streets that, at least in front of this audience, it would have made for impossibly poor propaganda. Rather, he seemed truly convinced of what he said, which in turn could be explained only as the product of extreme isolation. Progress in the construction of a new Iraq? Industry had stalled, electricity and water were failing, sewage was flooding the streets, the universities were shuttered, the insurgency was expanding, sectarianism was on the rise, and gunfire and explosions now marked the days as well as the nights. Month by month, Baghdad was crumbling back into the earth. Senor apparently had taken heart that shops remained open, selling vegetables, fruits, and household goods. Had he ventured out at night he would have seen that some sidewalk cafés remained crowded as well. But almost the only construction evident in the city was of the Green Zone defenses themselves—erected in a quest for safety at the cost of official interactions with Iraq. Senor went home, married a Washington insider, and became a commentator on Fox News. Eventually he set himself up in the business of “crisis communications,” as if even he finally realized that Iraq had gone horribly wrong.

Inside the Green Zone the talk of progress slowed and then died. The first of the nominal Iraqi governments arrived and joined the Americans in their oasis. The rest of Baghdad became the feared “Red Zone,” and completely off limits to American officials.
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Although reporters and other unaffiliated Westerners continued to live and work there. Meanwhile, through institutional momentum and without regard to the fundamental mission—the reason for being there in the first place—the Green Zone defenses kept growing, surrounding the residents with ever more layers of checkpoints and blast walls, and forcing American officials to withdraw into their highly defended quarters at the Republican Palace, whereupon even the Green Zone became for them a forbidden land.

That was the process that has led, now, to this—the construction of an extravagant new fortress into which a thousand American officials and their many camp followers are fleeing. The compound, which will be completed by late fall, is the largest and most expensive embassy in the world. A walled expanse the size of Vatican City, containing 21 reinforced buildings on a 104-acre site along the Tigris River, enclosed within an extension of the Green Zone which stretches toward the airport road. The new embassy cost $600 million to build, and is expected to cost another $1.2 billion a year to run—a high price even by the profligate standards of the war in Iraq. The design is the work of an architectural firm in Kansas City named Berger Devine Yaeger, which angered the State Department last May by posting its plans and drawings on the Internet, and then responding to criticism with the suggestion that Google Earth offers better views. Google Earth offers precise distance measurements and geographic coordinates too.

But the location of the compound is well known in Baghdad anyway, where for several years it has been marked by large construction cranes and all-night work lights easily visible from the embattled neighborhoods across the river. It is reasonable to assume that insurgents will soon sit in the privacy of rooms overlooking the site, and use cell phones or radios to adjust the rocket and mortar fire of their companions. Meanwhile, however, they seem to have held off, lobbing most of their ordnance elsewhere into the Green Zone, as if reluctant to slow the completion of such an enticing target.

The construction has proceeded within budget and on time. For the State Department, this is a matter of pride. The prime contractor is First Kuwaiti General Trading & Contracting, which for security reasons was not allowed to employ Iraqi laborers, and instead imported more than a thousand workers from such countries as Bangladesh and Nepal. The importing of Third World laborers is a standard practice in Iraq, where the huge problem of local unemployment is trumped by American fears of the local population, and where it is not unusual, for instance, to find U.S. troops being served in chow halls by Sri Lankans wearing white shirts and bow ties. First Kuwaiti has been accused of holding its workers in captivity by keeping their passports in a safe, as if otherwise they could have blithely exited the Green Zone, caught a ride to the airport, passed through the successive airport checkpoints, overcome the urgent crowds at the airline counters, purchased a ticket, bribed the police to ignore the country’s myriad exit requirements (including a recent H.I.V. test), and hopped a flight for Dubai. Whatever the specific allegations, which First Kuwaiti denies, in the larger context of Iraq the accusation is absurd. It is Iraq that holds people captive. Indeed, the U.S. government itself is a prisoner, and all the more tightly held because it engineered the prison where it resides. The Green Zone was built by the inmates themselves. The new embassy results from their desire to get their confinement just right.

IN A WILD AND WIRED 21st CENTURY THE STATIC DIPLOMATIC EMBASSY IS NO LONGER OF MUCH USE

Details remain secret, but the essentials are known. The perimeter walls stand at least nine feet high and are made of reinforced concrete strong enough to deflect the blast from mortars, rockets, and car bombs that might detonate outside. Presumably the walls are watched over by fortified towers and are set back from a perimeter wire by swaths of prohibited free-fire zones. There are five defensible entrance gates, most of which remain closed. There is also a special emergency gate, meant to handle contingencies such as the collapse of the Green Zone or an American rout. Inside the compound, or very near, there is a helipad to serve the ambassador and other top officials as they shuttle around on important business. Implicit in the construction of such a helipad is the hope in the worst case of avoiding the sort of panicked public rooftop departure that marked the American defeat in Vietnam. Never let it be said that the State Department does not learn from history.

For the most part, however, the new embassy is not about leaving Iraq, but about staying on—for whatever reason, under whatever circumstances, at whatever cost. As a result the compound is largely self-sustaining, and contains its own power generators, water wells, drinking-water treatment plant, sewage plant, fire station, irrigation system, Internet uplink, secure intranet, telephone center (Virginia area code), cell-phone network (New York area code), mail service, fuel depot, food and supply warehouses, vehicle-repair garage, and workshops. At the core stands the embassy itself, a massive exercise in the New American Bunker style, with recessed slits for windows, a filtered and pressurized air-conditioning system against chemical or biological attack, and sufficient office space for hundreds of staff. Both the ambassador and deputy ambassador have been awarded fortified residences grand enough to allow for elegant diplomatic receptions even with the possibility of mortar rounds dropping in from above.

As for the rest of the embassy staff, most of the government employees are moving into 619 blast-resistant apartments, where they will enjoy a new level of privacy that, among its greatest effects, may ease some of the sexual tension that has afflicted Green Zone life. Fine—as a general rule the world would be a better place if American officials concentrated more of their energies on making
love. But unfortunately even within the Baghdad embassy, with its romance-inducing isolation, a sexual solution is too much to expect. Instead, the residents fight their frustrations with simulations of home—elements of America in the heart of Baghdad that seem to have been imported from Orange County or the Virginia suburbs. The new embassy has tennis courts, a landscaped swimming pool, a pool house, and a bomb-resistant recreation center with a well-equipped gym. It has a department store with bargain prices, where residents (with appropriate credentials) can spend some of their supplemental hazardous-duty and hardship pay. It has a community center, a beauty salon, a movie theater, and an American Club, where alcohol is served. And it has a food court where third-country workers (themselves ultra-thin) dish up a wealth of choices to please every palate. The food is free. Take-out snacks, fresh fruit and vegetables, sushi rolls, and low-calorie specials. Sandwiches, salads, and hamburgers. American comfort food. And theme cuisines from around the world, though rarely if ever from the Middle East. Ice cream and apple pie. All of it is delivered by armed convoys up the deadly roads from Kuwait. Dread ripples through the embassy’s population when.

But no matter how sunny they seemed, the U.S. Embassies also embodied darker sides that lay within the very optimism they portrayed. America’s excess of certainty, its interventionist urge, its fresh-faced, clear-eyed capacity for killing. These traits have long been apparent to the world, though by definition less to Americans themselves. It would be illuminating to know how many local interventions—overt and covert, large and small—have been directed from behind U.S. Embassy walls. The count must run to the thousands. An early response was delivered on March 30, 1965, when a Vietcong car bomb destroyed the U.S. Embassy in Saigon, killing 22 people and injuring 186. Referring recently to the attack, the former diplomat Charles Hill wrote, “The political shock was that an absolutely fundamental principle of international order—the mutually agreed upon inviolability of diplomats and their missions operating in host countries—was violated.” A shock is similar to a surprise. Did it not come to mind that for years the same embassy had been violating Vietnam? Hill is now at Stanford’s Hoover Institution and at Yale. Explaining more recent troubles at U.S. Embassies abroad, he wrote, “What the average American tourist needs to know is

for instance, the yogurt supply runs low. Back home in Washington the State Department is confronting the issue of post-traumatic stress after people return.

A merica didn’t use to be like this. Traditionally it was so indifferent to setting up embassies that after its first 134 years of existence, in 1910, it owned diplomatic properties in only five countries abroad—Morocco, Turkey, Siam, China, and Japan. The United States did not have an income tax at that time. Perhaps as a result, American envoys on public expense occupied rented quarters to keep the costs down. In 1913 the first national income tax was imposed, at rates between 1 and 7 percent, with room for growth in the future. Congress gradually relaxed its squeeze on the State Department’s budget. Then the United States won World War II. It emerged into the 1950s as a self-convinced power, locked in a struggle against the Soviet Union.

This was the era of the great diplomatic expansion, when no country was deemed too small or unimportant to merit American attention. The United States embarked on a huge embassy-construction program. The Soviets did, too. The Soviet Embassies were heavy neoclassical things, thousand-year temples built of stone and meant to impress people with the permanence of an insecure state. The new U.S. facilities by contrast were showcases for modernist design, airy structures drawn up in steel and glass, full of light, and accessible to the streets. They were meant to represent a country that is generous, open, and progressive, and to some degree they succeeded—for instance by simultaneously offering access to libraries that were largely uncensored, dispensing visas and money, and arranging for cultural exchanges. A fundamental purpose for these structures at that time remained firm: in

that the American government is not responsible for these difficulties. It is the rise of terrorist movements, which have set themselves monstrously against the basic foundations of international order, law and established diplomatic practice.”

Hill is 71. He was a mission coordinator at the embassy in Saigon, and rose to become the State Department’s chief of staff. After decades of service, he seems to equate international order with the schematics of diplomatic design. His “average American tourist” is young, female, and perhaps less grateful than he believes. U.S. Embassies are not pristine diplomatic oases, but full-blown governmental hives, heavy with C.I.A. operatives, and representative of a country that however much it is admired is also despised. The point is not that the C.I.A. should be excluded from hallowed ground, or that U.S. interventions are necessarily counterproductive, but that diplomatic immunity is a flimsy conceit naturally just ignored, especially by guerrillas who expect no special status for themselves and are willing to die in a fight. So it was in Saigon, where a new, fortified embassy was built, and during the suicidal Tet offensive of 1968 nearly overrun.

T he violations of diplomatic immunity spread as elsewhere in the world U.S. Embassies and their staffs began to come under attack. High-ranking envoys were assassinated by terrorists in Guatemala City in 1968, Khartoum in 1973, Nicosia in 1974, Beirut in 1976, and Kabul in 1979. Also in 1979 came the hostage-taking at the embassy in Tehran, when the host government itself participated in the violation—though in angry reference to America’s earlier installation of an unpopular Shah. In April 1983 it was Beirut again: a van loaded with explosives detonated under the embassy portico.

SOON OUR EMBASSIES MAY REACH A STATE OF PERFECTION: IMPREGNABLE AND POINTLESS.

ANOTHER WORLD Diplomatic relations the old-fashioned way: the American Embassy in Paris.
The U.S. Government Is Itself a Prisoner—in a Prison of Its Own Engineering.

recommending the relocation of embassies and consulates into high-walled compounds, to be built like bunker complexes in remote areas on the outskirts of towns. Equally significant, the report called for the creation of a new bureaucracy, a Diplomatic Security Service to be given responsibility for the safety of overseas personnel.

The program was approved and funded by Congress, but it got off to a slow start and had trouble gathering speed. No one joins the foreign service wanting tounker down in bunkers overseas. The first Inman compound was completed in Mogadishu in 1989, only to be evacuated by helicopter in 1991 as angry gunmen came over the walls and slaughtered the abandoned Somali staff and their families. A half-dozen other compounds were built to better effect—at enormous cost to American taxpayers—but by the late 1990s construction was proceeding at the rate of merely one compound a year. Eager to open new facilities in the former Soviet states, the State Department began putting as much effort into avoiding the Inman standards as into complying with them.

On August 7, 1998, however, al-Qaeda drivers bombed the U.S. Embassies in Nairobi and Dar es Salaam, killing 301 people and wounding about 5,000 more. Both embassies were enlightened center-city designs, and neither had been significantly fortified. Twelve Americans lay dead, as did 39 of the U.S. government’s African employees. In frustration, the Clinton administration fired cruise missiles at Sudan and Afghanistan, and back home in Washington engaged another retired admiral, William Crowe, to look into embassy defenses. In 1999, Crowe issued a scathing report, criticizing “the collective failure of the U.S. government” (read Foggy Bottom), and insisting again on the standards that had been set by Inman 14 years earlier. He demanded that safety now be placed before other concerns—whether architectural or diplomatic. The logic was clear, but the message was about means over mission. A chastised State Department vowed to take security seriously this time. When Colin Powell seized the reins in 2001, he gutted and renamed the agency’s facilities office (now called Overseas Buildings Operations, or O.B.O.), and in early 2001 brought in a retired Army Corps of Engineers major general named Charles Williams to accelerate and discipline an ambitious $14 billion construction program. The main goal was to build 140 fortified compounds within 10 years. Soon afterward came the attacks of September 11, adding further urgency to the plans.

Williams is a steady but graceful man, with an affinity for elegant suits. Though he retired from the military in 1989, he still likes to be called The General. Sometimes, The Director. He has lots of medals and awards. Beneath his good manners he is obviously very proud. Among his many achievements, he won the Distinguished Flying Cross piloting combat helicopters in Vietnam, and in the early 1990s survived an even more dangerous stint running New York City’s public-school construction program. He is an African-American and the chairman of the Mt. Zion United Methodist Church. He has been inducted into the Alabama Engineering Hall of Fame. He is also considered to be one of the most effective executives in the State Department today, praised in Congress for the production-line efficiency he has brought to embassy construction.

The key lies in offering a single standardized model, the New Embassy Compound, or NEC, which is centered around a building with an atrium, and is available in three sizes—small, medium, and large. There are variations in the configurations, depending on the sites and needs, but most of the variations are superficial and amount to differences in the footprints, landscaping, and color schemes. Architectural critics deplore the uniformity, as if the State Department should still be showcasing brave new work—though such ideas, if ever legitimate, are now hopelessly obsolete. NECs cost between $35 million and $100 million apiece. By current government standards that means they are cheap. Williams has finished 50 so far, and is churning out 14 more each year.

These embassies are the artifacts of fear. They are located away from city centers, wrapped in perimeter walls, set back from the streets, and guarded by Marines. On average they encompass 10 acres. Their reception areas are isolated frontline structures where the security checks are done. These armored chambers are designed not just to repel mobs, as in the past, but to contain indi-
individual killers and the blast from their bombs. Visitors who pass muster may be let through, but only to proceed directly to their destinations under escort, and while displaying a badge warning that the escort is required. That badge is the chain with which visitors are leashed. It can be broken by trips to the bathrooms, which however temporarily may provide some relief. The bathrooms are strangely graffiti-free, and contain no hint of the in-house commentary a visitor might wish to see. Metaphorically, the same is true of all the interiors. with their immaculate atriums and conference rooms, their artificial light, their pristine blastproof hallways hung with pre-approved art. The occupants sit at their desks hooked up to computers. They display pictures of their families on foreign holidays: skiing in the Alps last year, or swimming in Bali, or standing outside an African lodge. These are the perks of an overseas job. Meanwhile, the embassy clocks show the passage of time, spinning twice around with every duty day gone by. Is it night yet? The windows are heavy-paned slivers set high in the walls. Is it hot outside, is it cold? The natural air is filtered and conditioned before it is allowed in. People who opt for the uncertainties of the streets may get a better sense for various realities—but so what? Crowe criticized the State Department for not doing enough. The new embassies comply fully with Inman’s standards.

Williams is unnecessarily defensive about this. He is offended by criticism of his NECS as diplomatic bunkers, and as quite the wrong signal to send overseas. In response he points out, correctly, that these are not the brutish fortifications they might have been, and that efforts have gone into reducing the obviousness of their defenses. But then he goes as far as to call the compounds inviting—which by definition they cannot be. It would be better to answer squarely to the criticism, were he in a position to be frank. These embassies are indeed bunkers. They are politely landscaped, minimally intrusive bunkers, placed as far from view as is practical, and dependent as much on discreet technology as on sheer mass—but they are bunkers nonetheless. Those that do not contain official housing (and most do not) increasingly are linked to residential enclaves which themselves are fortified and guarded. And no, this is not how the State Department would choose to conduct itself in an ideal world.

But, again, let’s be frank. The NECS may be artifacts of fear, but it is an exaggeration to suggest that they teach the world that America is hostile or afraid—as if the locals were so simpliminded that they did not understand the reason for the diplomats’ defenses, or were not already forming independent opinions from close observations of the United States. Those observations are rooted in trade and financial ties, immigration, tourism, television and music, the Internet, and news reports of the superpower’s policies and wars—the whole organic mass of globalization that, by the way, has rendered obsolete the role of embassies in providing information of almost any kind. Indeed, the depth and sophistication of foreign views help to explain the fact that ordinary Americans are generally well accepted even where the U.S. government is despised. In any case, Williams’s mandate is not to ponder the fundamentals of a changing world order. His task is practical and narrowly defined. For whatever reasons, the United States has come to the stage where it maintains 12,000 foreign-service officers at diplomatic posts abroad. There is no question that these people are targets, and no evidence that reforms in foreign policy will make them safe enough in the near future. As long as the United States insists on their presence, the State Department has no choice but to protect them. The new fortifications are not a perfect solution, particularly since there will always be the next softer target—whether American or allied. In 2003, for instance, after the U.S. Consulate in Istanbul relocated to a bunker 45 minutes from its old center-city location, Islamist terrorists bombed its former neighbors, the British Consulate and the London-based HSBC bank, apparently because they decided that the American defenses were too tough. Thirty-two people died, including Britain’s consul general, Roger Short. Nonetheless and however sadly, since no American officials were among the dead, within the closed realms of the U.S. government the shift to the new consulate had succeeded. So yes, Williams is right to be proud of his work. When he is done, the State Department should add to his collection of medals.

But his clients in the embassies are in trouble. Their need for protection has limited their views at the very time when globalization has diminished their roles. Security is their requirement and their curse. I first noticed the predicament years ago, in Khartoum, the capital of Sudan. This was in 1994, nearly a decade after the Inman report, and four years before al-Qaeda’s attacks on Nairobi and Dar es Salaam. Sudan at the time was controlled by a revolutionary Islamist regime, upon whose invitation Osama bin Laden had arrived. Perhaps 50 al-Qaeda foot soldiers were staying in my hotel, a run-down establishment where they lived several to a room, squatting late into the night in murmured conversation, without bothering to close the door. We made a wary peace, and over burners on their floors sometimes shared tea. I did not hide my curiosity. These were bearded men dressed in emulation of Muhammad, hardened jihadists who had fought in Bosnia and Afghanistan. Some spoke about their beliefs and their pasts; I did not ask about their plans.

I was in Khartoum for about a month, talking to Islamist revolutionaries and theoreticians, and between appointments walking for hours through the streets. There were hardly any non-Sudanese in sight, though occasionally I saw foreign-aid workers drive by in air-conditioned Land Cruisers, with antennas swaying on the
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roofs. The city was poor. The days were hot. Twice I was detained for being a spy and easily talked my way free. I never felt threatened. One day I walked to the American Embassy, hoping for special insights into the revolutionary scene.

It was one of the old embassies with improvised defenses, standing directly on a street near the city center, and vulnerable to attack. It was visibly sleepy. Inside, a good-humored Marine told me he had pulled the short straw. I met with a foreign-service officer tasked with monitoring political affairs. He was a pleasant man with detailed knowledge of Sudan's formal government but, as it turned out, very little feel for the revolution there. He did not pretend otherwise, and was surprised that I was able to stay in the city without a driver or guards. He had questions that needed to be answered—who really were these Islamists, what was their relationship with the military, how antagonistic were they to American interests, how solid were their popular base, and why had all the jihadists come to town? He was not getting good answers from Sudanese officials, or from the various schemers who showed up at the embassy seeking deals. I could not help him, either. I suggested that he walk around, make friends, hang out in the city at night. He smiled at my naiveté. Khartoum was a hardship post, where the diplomats lived restricted to the embassy and residences, and moved through the city in convoys of armored cars.

His colleagues were growing angry about being “recklessly exposed to danger”—as if the war should have come with warning labels. At least the swimming pool has been placed off limits. Embassy staff are required to wear flak jackets and helmets when walking between buildings, or when occupying those that have not been fortified. On the rare occasion when they want to venture a short distance across the Green Zone to talk to Iraqi officials, they generally have to travel in armored S.U.V.s, often protected by private security details. The ambassador, Ryan Crocker, is distributing a range of new protective gear, and is scattering the landscape with 151 concrete “duck and cover” shelters. Not to be outdone, a Senate report has recommended the installation of a teleconferencing system to “improve interaction” with Iraqis who may be in buildings only a few hundred yards away. So, O.K., the new embassy is not perfect yet, but by State Department standards it's getting there.

What on earth is going on? We have built a fortified America in the middle of a hostile city, peopled it with a thousand officials from every agency of government, and provided them with a budget to hire thousands of contractors to take up the slack. Half of this collective is involved in self-defense. The other half is so isolated from Iraq that, when it is not dispensing funds into the Iraqi ether, it is engaged in nothing more productive than sustaining itself. The isolation is necessary for safety, but again, the process paradox is at play—and not just in Iraq. Faced with the failure of an obsolete idea—the necessity of traditional embassies and all the elaboration they entail—we have not stood back to remember their purpose, but have plunged ahead with closely focused concentration to build them bigger and stronger. One day soon they may reach a state of perfection: impregnable and pointless.

Some months ago I got a call from friend of mine, a U.S. Army general, with long experience in Iraq. He asked me my impression of the situation on the ground, and specifically of the chances that the surge of troops into Baghdad might succeed. I was pessimistic. I said, “Ten times zero is still zero. The patrols don’t connect with the streets.” I might as well have been speaking of embassies too. He seemed to agree, but rather than surrendering to despair, he proposed a first step in the form of a riddle.

“What do you do when you’re digging yourself into a hole?”

I said, “You tell me.”

He said, “You stop digging.” □
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The People vs. the Profiteers

Americans working in Iraq for Halliburton spin-off KBR have been outraged by the massive fraud they saw there. Dozens are suing the giant military contractor, on the taxpayers’ behalf. Whose side is the Justice Department on?

By David Rose

On first meeting him, one might not suspect Alan Grayson of being a crusader against government-contractor fraud. Six feet four in his socks, he likes to dress flamboyantly, on the theory that items such as pink cowboy boots help retain a jury’s attention. He and his Filipino wife, Lolita, chose their palm-fringed mansion in Orlando, Florida, partly because the climate alleviates his chronic asthma, and partly because they wanted their five children to have unlimited access to the area’s many theme parks.

Grayson likes theme parks, too. Toward the end of two long days of interviews, he insists we break to visit Universal Studios, because it wouldn’t be right for me to leave his adopted city without having sampled the rides. Later he sends me an e-mail earnestly inquiring which one I liked best.

He can be forgiven a little frivolity. In his functional home-office in Orlando, and at the Beltway headquarters of his law firm, Grayson & Kubli, Grayson spends most of his days and many of his evenings on a lofty legal campaign to redress colossal fraud against American taxpayers by private contractors operating in Iraq. He calls it “the crime of the century.”

His obvious adversaries are the contracting corporations themselves—especially Halliburton, the giant oil-services conglomerate where Vice President Dick Cheney spent the latter half of the 1990s as C.E.O., and its former subsidiary Kellogg, Brown & Root, now known simply as KBR. But he says his efforts to take on those organizations have earned him another enemy: the United States Department of Justice.

Over the past 16 years, Grayson has litigated dozens of cases of contractor fraud. In many of these, he has found the Justice Department to be an ally in exposing wrongdoing. But in cases that involve the Iraq war, the D.O.J. has taken extraordinary steps to
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THE WAR

Consider the case of Grayson’s client Bud Conyers, a big, bearded 43-year-old who lives with his ex-wife and her nine children, four of them hers, in Enid, Oklahoma. Conyers worked in Iraq as a driver for Kellogg, Brown & Root. Spun off by Halliburton as an independent concern in April, KBR is the world’s fifth-largest construction company. Before the war started, the Pentagon awarded it two huge contracts: one, now terminated, to restore the Iraqi oil industry, and another, still in effect, to provide a wide array of logistical-support services to the U.S. military.

In the midday heat of June 16, 2003, Conyers was summoned to fix a broken refrigerated truck—a “reefer,” in contractor parlance—at Log Base Seitz, on the edge of Baghdad’s airport. He and his colleagues had barely begun to inspect the sealed trailer when they found themselves reeling from a nauseating stench. The freezer was powered by the engine, and only after they got it running again, several hours later, did they dare open the doors.

The trailer, unit number R-89, had been lying idle for two weeks. Conyers says, in temperatures that daily reached 120 degrees.

“Inside, there were 15 human bodies,” he recalls. “A lot of liquid stuff had just seeped out. There were body parts on the floor: eyes, fingers. The guys started seeping toward us. Boom! We shut the doors again.” The corpses were Iraqis, who had been placed in the truck by a U.S. Army mortuary unit that was operating in the area. That evening, Conyers’s colleague Wallace R. Wynia filed an official report: “On account of the heat the bodies were decomposing rapidly.... The inside of the trailer was awful.”

It is not unheard of for trucks in a war zone to perform hearse duty. But both civilian and U.S.-military regulations state that once a trailer has been used to store corpses it can never again be loaded with food or drink intended for human consumption. According to the U.S. Army’s Center for Health Promotion and Preventive Medicine, “Contact with whole or part human remains carries potential risks associated with pathogenic microbiological organisms that may be present in human blood and tissue.”

The diseases that may be communicated include AIDS, hepatitis, tuberculosis, septicemia, meningitis, and Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease, the human variant of mad cow.

But when Bud Conyers next caught sight of trailer R-89, about a month later, it was packed not with human casualties but with bags of ice—ice that was going into drinks served to American troops. He took photographs, showing the ice bags, the trailer number, and the wooden decking, which appeared to be stained red. Another former KBR employee, James Logsdon, who now works as a police officer near Enid, says he first saw R-89 about a week after Conyers’s grisly discovery. “You could still see a little bit of matter from the bodies, stuff that looked kind of pearly, and blood from the stomachs. It hadn’t even been hosed down. Afterwards, I saw that truck in the P.W.C.—the public warehouse center—several times. There’s nothing there except food and ice. It was backed up to a dock, being loaded.”

As late as August 31, 11 weeks after trailer R-89 was emptied of the putrefying bodies, a KBR convoy commander named Jeff Allen filed a mission log stating that it had carried 5,000 pounds of ice that day. This ice, Allen wrote, was “bio-contaminated.” But to his horror, on that day alone, “approx 1,800 pounds [were] used.”

Conyers and Logsdon say that R-89 was not the only truck that was loaded, with ice after being used as a mortuary. They attribute this state of affairs to a chronic shortage of trucks brought about by systemic failures in KBR’s operation. The firm had purchased some 200 reefer units in Iraq, but only a quarter of them worked. “We had crap-assed trucks they’d bought from local dealers,” Logsdon says. “Often you’d be driving one they’d pieced together from several just to get it on the road.” He and other former KBR workers say that even new vehicles, some of which cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, often broke down because of an absence of affordable spare parts. Instead of paying to repair them, the company often burned disabled trucks in pits or by the side of the road. Conyers tried repeatedly to draw his superiors’ attention to these and other alleged abuses, but to no avail. (In an e-mailed statement, KBR denied that it “did or does” order defective vehicles, adding that it disposes of equipment only with “the approval of designated Army personnel.”)

Like many of KBR’s employees, Conyers was risking his life on the job, which paid about $7,000 a month. He had already lost half a leg in an accident—coincidentally, while working for Halliburton—in 1990. Twice, in August and October 2003, his convoy was hit by roadside bombs, and although he was not seriously injured, his prosthetic leg was damaged. A third attack caused swelling and infection, making it impossible to wear the prosthesis. Then, three days after Christmas of 2003, about three months after he’d reported the contaminated ice, he was fired. His superiors accused him of refusing to work, an allegation he denies. Conyers says he had already been warned by KBR management that he was “not a team player,” and he believes that the real reason for his dismissal was...
S o far, Alan Grayson estimates, his efforts to pursue qui tam cases against contractors in Iraq have cost him about $10 million. The severe terms of the False Claims Act mean that he cannot even reveal how many fraud whistle-blowers he represents, but there are dozens. Stuart Bowen is the special inspector general for Iraqi reconstruction (SIGIR), a unique watchdog whose office reports to both the Pentagon and State Department. He reported last year that his office knew of 79 suppressed qui tam cases, some of which have multiple plaintiffs. As of August, 66 are still under seal. There may be many more. (KBR refuses to say how many qui tam cases have been filed against it.)

If some of Grayson’s clients win their cases, he could see a return on his investment, in the shape of reimbursed costs and a percentage of any damages. There is also the possibility that he won’t see a dime. Fortunately for him, he doesn’t need the money. In 1990 he launched a telecommunications company and installed its switching system in a bathroom above a New York funeral home. It grew to become IDT, the world’s largest calling-card corporation, nearly half of which was sold in 1998 to AT&T for $1 billion. More recently, Grayson has realized impressive returns in far-flung locations. He is, for example, the third-largest shareholder in Kentucky Fried Chicken Indonesia. “I made all this money in my spare time,” he says with a shrug. “I don’t quite know how it happens. I’m like Dustin Hoffman in Rain Man.”

He certainly didn’t start with much. Born in 1958, he grew up in the Bronx in a 21st-floor apartment next to an elevated train. His father was the principal of an elementary school where a third-grader once threatened him with a knife. Grayson’s mother spent much of her time attending to her son’s asthma. “I had a lot of trouble breathing, and needed special injections four times a week.” he remembers. “Each time, she had to take me to the hospital. She also made huge efforts to ensure I got a good education.”

Those efforts paid off. Admitted as a student at the highly selective Bronx High School of Science, Grayson went on to Harvard and then Harvard Law School. (While still a law student, he somehow managed to obtain a master’s degree in public policy and to pass the exam for a Ph.D. in government.) But his struggles weren’t over yet. A brief first marriage left him so broke that he once found himself locked out of the motel room where he’d been living.

In 1984, he got a job as a clerk for the D.C. federal appeals court, where he worked for future Supreme Court justices Antonin Scalia and Ruth Bader Ginsburg. The following year, he joined Ginsburg’s husband, Marty, at his renowned Washington law firm, Fried, Frank, Harris, Shriver & Jacobson. “There,” Grayson says, “I learned the smallest details of the law that applies to government contracting.” The Federal Acquisition Regulation, 600 small-type pages of rules governing every aspect of commercial relationships between the U.S. government and private business, became his bible.

A cynic might argue that Grayson is hoping for political dividends from his Iraq-fraud campaign. He mounted a run for Congress last year in his local Florida district and, after joining the race very late, came within 2,000 votes of winning the Democratic primary. But he maintains that his emergence as a whistle-blowers’ white knight was anything but calculated. He had, he says, handled a “trickle” of qui tam cases for years, representing both whistle-blowers and contractors. Many of those cases were swiftly adopted by the D.O.J. But when the Bush administration came to power and the “war on terror” began, he quickly came to realize that the scale of fraud spawned in its wake was of a different order of magnitude. More and more would-be plaintiffs began to contact his firm after hearing about it on the informal whistle-blowers’ grapevine or through nonprofit organizations such as Taxpayers Against Fraud and the Project on Government Oversight, both based in D.C. “I certainly could be doing a lot of different things in my life,” says Grayson. “It’s possible that when all is said and done on these cases I will have lost a substantial amount of money. I’m O.K. with that. Some things you do because they’re really worthwhile and important.”

I t is perfectly normal, Grayson says, for the D.O.J. to seek to extend the seal on a qui tam suit for 6 or 12 months while it carries out investigations. But with many of the Iraq cases it has gone back to court time and again, successfully asking judges for extension for extension. As a result, even many suits first filed in 2003 and 2004 remain entirely secret.

“What you have here is a uniform practice that goes across an entire class of cases, something I’ve never seen before,” says Grayson. “They’re being treated in a fundamentally different way from normal cases that don’t involve fraud in Iraq. They’re being bottled up indefinitely.”

In fiscal year 2006, according to Taxpay-

WOULD IT BE SO OUTLANDISH to suggest that this Justice Department might be suppressing war-related fraud claims for political purposes?

days while the D.O.J. makes up its mind about whether or not to proceed. During this period, anyone who divulged the suit’s contents—plaintiff, lawyer, or journalist—would risk prosecution, fines, and imprisonment. According to court precedents, a violation of the seal might also cause the case in question to collapse. But when the seal expires, the lawsuit’s contents are made public—whether the D.O.J. intervenes or not.

We must assume that Conyers did file his suit, because he now says he’s unable to talk at all about his experiences with KBR in Iraq. This is presumably because the case remains under seal, though neither he nor Grayson can confirm even that. The seal is, in effect, a sweeping gag order, preventing them or anyone else from discussing the case in any way. Vanity Fair is able to publish Conyers’s story only because he told it before any gag was imposed, to a writer for Hustler magazine, and to me. If he spoke about his allegations now, he could go to jail.
ers Against Fraud, the D.O.J. won damages in 95 separate qui tam cases in fields ranging from Medicare to homeland security, recovering a total of almost $3.2 billion. Yet not a cent of this sum arose from suits against contracting firms in Iraq. In four years, the total False Claims Act damages from Iraq amount to just $14 million, the result of four cases that were settled out of court, according to the D.O.J.

Nine other cases have been unsealed, but the D.O.J. decided not to intervene in any of them. Five promptly collapsed, because neither the whistle-blowers nor their lawyers were prepared to bear what might have been huge costs. That leaves four suits that are being fought in public, all by Alan Grayson.

Given that the same lawyers who are suppressing the Iraq cases continue to be cooperative on other matters, Grayson suspects that they are following orders from on high. Would it be so outlandish, he wonders, to suggest that the same Justice Department that has been accused of firing U.S. attorneys for political reasons might be suppressing war-related fraud claims for political purposes?

The Whistle-blowers

KBR's Iraq logistics contract was awarded in December 2001, almost a year and a half before the war started. By August 2007 the company had received about $25 billion from the D.O.J., and the funds continue to roll in at a rate of more than $400 million a month. KBR builds America's bases and trucks in soldiers' food, cooks their meals, washes their laundry, and provides their gyms and Internet connections. When the Pentagon decided to outsource the repair of military communications equipment, this too was assigned to KBR. Soon, as Grayson points out, there will be no one left in the U.S. Army who knows how to fix a radio. This profound shift of duties from the military to private companies was supposed to save the government money, and it is an uncomfortable political fact that it has instead triggered a free-for-all of fraud and waste.

At the same time, the Bush administration has special sensitivities to claims concerning KBR and its former parent company, Halliburton. Dick Cheney's deep connection with the firm is well established. It is less widely known that former attorney general Alberto Gonzales, the Cabinet member who headed the Justice Department until August, when he was forced to resign, also has long-standing links with both Halliburton and its legal counsel, the venerable Texas firm of Vinson & Elkins.

Grayson says that all the qui tam suits he has filed against Halliburton and KBR have been defended by attorneys from V&E. In 1982 it was V&E that gave Gonzales his first job as a lawyer. Nine years later he became one of the firm's first minority partners—a promotion that his biographer Bill Minutaglio would single out as "the defining moment of his life." In 2000, Gonzales amassed a record $843,680 in fees to finance a race for the Texas Supreme Court, even though he had no Democratic opponent. V&E, which had already represented Halliburton for many years, was the source of his biggest donation—almost $30,000. Halliburton executives also stepped up, with a gift of $3,000.

The Justice Department declined to answer detailed questions about the qui tam cases, saying, "We cannot comment on the number of cases that are under investigation or under seal." In an e-mail, a spokesman wrote, "We do not agree with any statement that might suggest that the Department is not giving these cases due consideration for political or other improper reasons, and there is no support for such a conclusion." The cases, he added, "arise from allegations of fraud in a war zone, where acquiring evidence is necessarily more time consuming and complex."

Whatever the government's reason for keeping the qui tam cases under seal, its secrecy has so far obscured the true picture of alleged fraud in Iraq. For now, only slivers of the whole are visible—thanks to the handful of cases that have been opened to scrutiny.

"In my mind, one of the basic reasons, maybe even the basic reason, why the war has gone badly is war profiteering," says Grayson. "You could say that the only people who have benefited from the invasion of Iraq are al-Qaeda, Iran, and Halliburton. America has spent so much money that we literally could have hired every single adult Iraqi and it would have cost less than what it has cost to conduct this war through U.S. military forces and contractors."

In Grayson's view, a nightmare combination of jack-up bids, waste, kickbacks, and inflated subcontracts means that as much as...
half the value of every contract he has seen “ends up being fraudulent in one way or another.” He adds, “Cumulatively, the amount that’s been spent on contractors in the four-plus years of the war is now over $100 billion. Pick any number between 10 percent and 50 percent—I don’t think you can seriously argue that the scale of the fraud is less than 10 percent. Either way, you’re talking cumulatively about something between $10 and $50 billion.”

Indeed, in February, the House Committee on Oversight and Government Reform got the news from Pentagon auditors that contractors in Iraq had claimed at least $10 billion—three times more than previous official estimates—in expenditures that were either unreasonably high or unsupported by proper documentation. Of this amount, $2.7 billion had been billed to the government by KBR.

KBR’s current military-support contract is known as the Logistics Civil Augmentation Program, or LOGCAP. This is the contract’s third incarnation, and, like its predecessors, LOGCAP 3 is a “cost-plus” contract: whatever KBR spends, the government agrees to reimburse, with the addition of a fee of about 3 percent. The more the company spends, the more it makes, so it pays to be profligate. All the former employees I spoke to told of KBR’s over-ordering equipment such as computers, generators, and vehicles on an epic scale. Millions of dollars’ worth of equipment was left to rot in yards in the desert.

LOGCAP is also an “indefinite-delivery, indefinite-quantity” contract, which means that the Pentagon can go on commissioning whatever it wants from KBR whenever it wants. Instead of being subject to competitive bids, fresh items can be added to the contract at will; all officials have to do is issue a “task order.” These can be worth hundreds of millions of dollars—even billions, in the case of Task Order 59, which put KBR in charge of supporting the 130,000 U.S. troops in Iraq.

The first LOGCAP contract dates back to 1992, when Secretary of Defense Dick Cheney paid Brown and Root, as KBR was then known, to devise a contract for providing overseas support services to the military. Under federal law, a firm that designs a contract is prohibited from bidding for it, but this regulation was ignored, and B&R bid for and won LOGCAP 1. (More than a decade later, the rules were breached again when Halliburton designed and then won the $2 billion contract to restore Iraq’s oil industry.) Three years after LOGCAP 1 was awarded, Cheney, who had no business experience, became C.E.O. of B&R’s parent company, Halliburton, where he would collect some $44 million in earnings.

LOGCAP expired in 1997, and Halliburton lost its bid for LOGCAP 2 to DynCorp. By this time, however, B&R was so deeply embedded in Bosnia and Kosovo, where U.S. forces were then concentrated, that the region was exempted from LOGCAP 2 altogether. DynCorp was left fuming on the sidelines while Halliburton remained in the Balkans, reaping a harvest that eventually reached $2.2 billion.

In the April 2005 issue of this magazine, Michael Shnayerson wrote about Bunnaite Greenhouse, a former civilian procurement chief at the Army Corps of Engineers. Greenhouse had been demoted after refusing to give the decision to give Halliburton the Iraqi-oil-industry contract. In the summer of 2001, she had led a team of Pentagon inspectors sent to Bosnia and Kosovo. The team, she says, found that KBR and its bills were “out of control.” The General Accounting Office, now named the Government Accountability Office (G.A.O.), reached similar conclusions, reporting that KBR’s Balkans operation was over-equipped and overstaffed to the point where “half of these crews had at least 40 percent of their members not engaged in work.”

Verdicts such as these should have been devastating, especially since they were deliv-
ered in the fall of 2001, when the Pentagon was about to decide which of several rival corporations should be awarded the new LOGCAP 3. The contract promised to be extremely lucrative: after 9/11, war was looming, and big foreign deployments seemed inevitable. Somehow, KBR’s record of wasting government money was overlooked.

One reason may have been KBR’s shrewd strategy of employing former government regulators. Tom Quigley, Bunny Greenhouse’s predecessor as civilian procurement chief of the Army Corps of Engineers, went on to become KBR’s LOGCAP procurement director in Iraq. Still more senior was Chuck Dominy, who had been a three-star general with the Army Corps when Cheney hired him, at Halliburton, in 1996. When it came time to award LOGCAP 3, Dominy was Halliburton’s vice president for government affairs and chief Washington lobbyist. (KBR denies courting government favor through its hiring practices.)

Although Cheney was by then vice president, he still owned substantial stock options and was receiving deferred salary payments from Halliburton, which have totaled more than $946,000 during his first five years in office. To date, no hard evidence has surfaced to suggest that he or his staff was directly involved in awarding LOGCAP 3. However, as Time first reported, an Army Corps internal e-mail states that the firm’s Iraqi oil contract was “coordinated with the VP’s [vice president’s] office.”

The upshot was that KBR’s past sins were forgiven in 2001. “What is clear is that they took no heed of what I’d been saying about Halliburton in the Balkans,” Greenhouse says. “And they should have. Many of the problems that have become apparent with LOGCAP in Iraq, I had identified years earlier in Kosovo and Bosnia.”

And they were apparent almost from the start of the Iraq war. On November 23, 2004, the SIGIR, Stuart Bowen, complained to the Pentagon that it had proved impossible to determine whether KBR was delivering value for money. He wrote in a memo: “The LOGCAP contract was awarded to KBR even though the contractor did not have certified billing or cost and schedule reporting systems.” In other words, there was no way to track how money was being spent, and those responsible for awarding the multi-billion-dollar contract hadn’t seemed to care.

In the early years of his career, Alan Grayson spent most of his time representing military contractors. “It was the most heavily regulated business in existence anywhere in the world, and the result of that was that it was clean,” he says. “There was a tremendous bureaucracy that existed to make sure that contractors stuck to the rules, and also to punish those who did not stick to the rules very severely.”

In one famous case, he recalls, a uniform manufacturer that had made hundreds of thousands of military garments was investigated because he asked his workers to sew one dress as a gift for his daughter.

Today, such stringency is unthinkable. “What has happened is a systematic dismantling of the protections that kept the system honest,” says Grayson. Between 1991 and 2005, the size of the staff responsible for managing and auditing Pentagon contracts was cut in half. “What we have seen in recent years is an explosion in contracting, while at the same point in time we have seen a contraction of those engaged in oversight of contracting matters,” says Comptroller General David M. Walker, the head of the G.A.O. This, he says, serves “to exacerbate the systemic problems that have existed for years.”

G.A.O. reports on contracting in Iraq describe a state of affairs that borders on the surreal. According to one document, issued in December 2006, the Army Materiel Command—the division that assigned LOGCAP and is responsible for cutting KBR’s checks—was “unable to readily provide [the G.A.O.] with comprehensive information on the number of contractors
they were using at deployed locations or the services those contractors were providing to U.S. forces.

KBR's performance is supposed to be monitored by another part of the Pentagon bureaucracy, the Defense Contract Management Agency. This, says the GAO report, is so short-staffed that one of its officials, who was supposed to be overseeing LOGCAP at 27 separate locations, "told us that he was unable to visit all these locations during his 6-month tour in Iraq." As a result, the GAO remarks dryly, "he could not effectively monitor the contractor's performance at those sites." Then again, at least he got to the Middle East. Other officials from the agency supposedly overseeing KBR in Iraq are based in Germany and the United States.

The D.O.J.'s stifling of fraud claims against the big contracting companies is all the more curious in light of its willingness to prosecute individuals for offenses including bribery and embezzlement. Eight people who worked under LOGCAP are being investigated for such crimes. Two employees of a KBR subcontractor have already pled guilty. In a separate case, a former KBR employee pled guilty in July to participating in a kickback scheme. In August 2007, Bowen reportedly promised that a new task force drawn from several government departments was escalating the fight against fraud and corruption, which he labeled the "second insurgency."

Grayson says that the crackdown on individuals "creates an illusion of activity, but so far they've done nothing against firms such as KBR." When it comes to quiet cases, he adds, the government isn't just hiding the complaints from view; it also appears to be neglecting its obligation to investigate their claims.

In 2006, Grayson filed the most recent version of a suit on behalf of four former KBR employees: Julie McBride, Linda Warren, Denis Mayer, and Frank Cassaday. Their formal complaint, which was sealed for more than a year, focuses on the fall of 2004, when Marines in Fallujah were daily risking their lives in grim street combat. Meanwhile, KBR managers back at their base outside the city were allegedly telling their staff to record grossly exaggerated numbers of soldiers using the Morale, Welfare, and Recreation (M.W.R.) facility, a two-building complex with a gym, a cinema, a game room, and an Internet café.

"Everyone who came through the doors had to sign in," Warren says, "and that was recorded as a user visit. But if they walked from one room to another—say, from the gym to the Internet area—that was supposedly another visit: the same if someone put his backpack down in the movie theater, whether he watched the film or not. If someone wanted a bottle of water, or a towel, the same person who'd already been counted would be counted again. Then there were the hourly counts: everyone using the facility was counted once more as if they'd just arrived. You could easily be counted 12 times in two hours."

According to the complaint, the practice of reporting inflated figures "increases the M.W.R. budget in Iraq, allowing for more KBR facilities, administrators, staff and equipment, and boosting KBR's fee."

(At a hearing in June, KBR denied basing its M.W.R. billing on the number of reported users.)

The practice, the suit alleges, was not confined to Fallujah—which might help explain a September 2006 press statement in which KBR boasted of having served “more than 73.5 million patrons in MWR facilities.” As the complaint notes, "the number of patrons that KBR says it has hosted at MWR facilities is three times the population of Iraq." Given that Iraqis weren't allowed to use the facilities, it's worth noting that the figure is roughly 565 times the total number of U.S. troops deployed in the country.

Linda Warren, a former Marine who brought up five children as a single mother...
in Abilene, Texas, says she “flatly refused” to fill in the bogus head counts. She had gone to Iraq for patriotic reasons, and recoiled at being asked to compile inflated records. Once, she says, “[I] did the head counts accurately. Next day when I got to work I could see that the sheet had been replaced.”

She and her colleague Julie McBride, a former attorney from California, both protested to their KBR bosses. Having filed a formal grievance, Warren was accused of “not getting along with employees” and was fired in January 2005. “They made it clear there was no place for me any longer,” she says. “There was no appeal, no accountability.”

Two months later, the complaint states, McBride was summoned to the office of Kevin Clarke, KBR’s top official at Camp Fallujah. Having repeated her concerns about the M.W.R., head count, she was told she was being fired for “insubordination.” Among her offenses: occasionally using a pencil instead of a pen to fill in her time sheets. Shipped by helicopter to Camp Victory South, near Baghdad, she was told by Ted Kowalski, KBR’s human-resources supervisor in Iraq, that she was under “house arrest.” “KBR guards surrounded McBride,” says the complaint. “They made her ride with them in a sports utility vehicle. They did not tell McBride where they were taking her. She feared for her safety,...

They required her to stay in an isolated trailer, with no amenities. They stood guard outside the trailer throughout the night.” Eventually she was escorted to the Baghdad airport and flown back to America.

Warren and Cassaday both say that neither federal agents nor D.O.J. lawyers have ever made any attempt to ask them about the claims in their suit. Mayer wasn’t interviewed, either, according to Grayson. “The [D.O.J.] investigation consisted of asking KBR for an explanation,” he says. “Then, without checking into its validity, they declined to prosecute. Having spoken to the firm, the government said, ‘Okay-dokey, then we decline the case.’” The suit makes three further allegations, involving overpayments that run into the millions, but the D.O.J. didn’t investigate them at all.

KBR declined to comment on any aspect of the suit’s allegations in its statement. Meanwhile, the Justice Department’s summary investigation has left the four plaintiffs in a bind. “The way this normally works, in non-Iraq cases, is that, even when the government does decline to prosecute, they subpoena records, they interview witnesses, and they tell you what they are doing,” Grayson says. “We could have built on that. Here, too, they screwed us up and put us at a terrible disadvantage.”

Quiet cases from Iraq are investigated by an F.B.I. unit in Rock Island, Illinois. According to Grayson, the unit has a “standing order” to get approval from the attorneys at Vinson & Elkins before questioning anyone at Halliburton or KBR. “F.B.I. agents are not supposed to politely ask permission,” he says. “The most common interview technique by the F.B.I. is a knock on your door at nine o’clock at night. They’re not allowed to do that when it comes to Halliburton and KBR employees.” (In its e-mailed statement, the D.O.J. said it cannot comment on how any Iraq case has been investigated; Vinson & Elkins did not respond to a request for comment.)

Inflated bills are not the only factor driving up the price of LOGCAP. There’s also this astounding fact: according to government auditors, 80 percent of the work under contract is being done not by KBR but by a bewildering array of subcontractors. In essence, Grayson says, LOGCAP is not a contract to provide services but “a contract to shop” — to the tune of some $20 billion.

Some of these subcontracting firms are large and well-established companies from countries such as Britain, Kuwait, and Saudi Arabia; others are fly-by-night outfits owned by Iraqis who insist on having their names concealed, owing to well-founded fears of reprisal. In one place the job of laundering soldiers’
In October 2006 a stinging report by Stuart Bowen, the SIGR, found that this was making it almost impossible to determine whether LOGCAP was delivering value for money, and was "an abuse of the procurement system." Since the report, says Bowen, KBR has begun to make more information available.

On one occasion, the secrecy engendered by multiple levels of subcontracting descended to black farce. On September 28, 2006, Tina Ballard, the deputy assistant secretary of the army, testified to the House committee on government reform about one of the watershed moments in the developing Iraqi insurgency, the lynching of four security contractors on March 31, 2004. The men were employed by the North Carolina security firm Blackwater USA, and Army Secretary Francis J. Harvey had denied in a letter that they had been doing work for KBR under LOGCAP. That would have been a breach of contract, Ballard told the House committee, since LOGCAP prohibits KBR from billing the government for private security.

The company is supposed to rely on U.S. troops for protection.

On February 7, 2007, Ballard came before the committee again to say that her earlier claims, and Harvey’s letter, had been mistaken. After “extensive research,” the army had ascertained that the murdered Blackwater guards were working for KBR under LOGCAP after all—though not directly. They had been engaged by the Kuwait-registered Regency Hotel & Hospital Company, which in turn had been subcontracted by ESS Support Services. ESS had a sub-contract from KBR to build and operate dining facilities for troops. “We understand that these security costs, which were not itemized in the contracts or invoices, were factored into ESS’s labor costs under its… service contracts with KBR,” Ballard said.

KBR had spent an awful lot on these guards it didn’t know it had. Blackwater was paying them $500 a day, but billed their services to Regency at a rate of between $815 and $1,075 a day. Regency was adding a markup of $285 to $425 per guard per day when it in turn billed ESS, bringing the annual cost for each individual to between $401,500 and $547,000—about 4 to 10 times higher than an army sergeant’s salary. All of this was billed to the government by KBR, which naturally claimed its usual fees on top. (In September, the government of Iraq threatened to expel Blackwater from the country after an incident in which at least eight civilians were killed.)

Before she went to Fallujah, Linda Warren had been supervising a KBR military laundry in Baghdad. She says KBR was billing the government $75 per bag, whereas the Iraqi sub-subcontractor whose staff actually did the work got just $12. The laundry workers themselves, several of whom would be killed by insurgents, were paid just $5 a day.

The dirtiest open secret about contracting in Iraq is that much of the real physical work is done not by Americans but by an army of “third-country nationals”—or T.C.N.’s—from places such as India, Nepal, Sri Lanka, and the Philippines. In 2006, a Pentagon investigation found that T.C.N.’s are often subject to abuses, “some of them considered widespread.” In addition to “substandard living conditions” and illegal confiscation of their passports, many workers have had to deal with “deceptive” hiring practices—meaning that they weren’t told that their jobs were in Iraq until they’d been shipped there. According to the State Department, T.C.N.’s seeking employment have been forced to pay large “recruitment fees,” which are deducted from their future earnings. The effect is to reduce them to a state of “involuntary servitude.” (KBR claims to be “an industry leader in implementing a policy in Iraq against trafficking in persons.”)

“There were times when their treatment made me ashamed to be an American,” says Linda Warren, who became especially close to some Filipino women while posted at Radwaniyah, an installation just outside Baghdad. “They’d come into work with a hard-boiled egg and some tea and offer to share it. While Americans were taking enough to feed five people at the chow halls and throwing most of it away. They were virtually imprisoned, told they would lose all their pay unless they served out their contracts.” Several former KBR staff say that the equipment used to protect T.C.N.’s, from blast walls to body armor, was markedly inferior to that of the Americans. As of August, about 1,000 civilian contract workers had been killed in Iraq. Most were T.C.N.’s.

Like many of those who went to work for KBR in Iraq, Barrington Goodman—a naturalized U.S. citizen who was born in Wales—is a military veteran who applied for the job because he wanted to support the war effort. He, too, is a Grayson client, and his suit was kept under seal for well over a year. When the D.O.J. asked for a further extension in April 2007, its lawyers were so continued on page 227.
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GOLF & SPORTS | Of the over 200 courses in Greater Phoenix, The Westin Kierland Golf Club is one of the best and brightest, boasting 27 holes of championship play, top golf instruction, on-site equipment fitting, and the latest in golf technology. Combine offerings like this with events like the FBR Open, the Barrett-Jackson Car Show, plus Cactus League Spring Training, and you’ll see that Phoenix has truly become an oasis for sports and recreation.

DINING | Delicious experiences are always the order of the day in Greater Phoenix, where electric sunsets create colorful ambiance. Among the most delectable discoveries are the ones you’ll find at the Arizona Biltmore Resort & Spa, where the signature Wright’s at the Biltmore always entices diners with its distinctive American Lodge Cuisine, characterized by fresh, local ingredients that are hearty, yet simple and elegant.
Blessed with perennially sunny skies and a mild climate, Arizona prides itself on a relaxing, open-air lifestyle. A place to recharge your batteries, find inner tranquility and your adventurous side, the Grand Canyon State provides a vibrant variety of natural and cultural experiences any time of year. When the sun rises, it all comes to life: first-rate shopping, esteemed spas, fine outdoor dining and an endless array of outdoor escapes. The options for experiencing Arizona are as wide open as the landscape.

Where shopping is an adventure.
Shopping here is world-class and abundant. From local boutiques to designer department stores, Arizona’s variety of retail would satisfy the most extensive of wish lists. Two upscale examples of the Valley’s open-air lifestyle that artfully combines retail shopping, dining and entertainment are Kierland Commons and Biltmore Fashion Park. Smaller specialty boutiques line the streets of Downtown Glendale and Mill Avenue, offering an intimate alternative to larger retail centers.

Venture beyond the greater Phoenix area for a shopping experience uniquely Arizona. Sedona’s Tlaquepaque is one of the shopping jewels of the Southwest, with over 40 specialty shops and galleries filled with spectacular ceramics, blown glass and stunning Southwestern art. Nestled in the Catalina Foothills near Tucson, La Encantada sizzles with all the...
enchantment its name suggests. Offering funky boutiques and vintage stores, 4th Avenue, meanwhile, is a splash of retro with a whole lot of style. With so many places to shop, the only thing you could be left desiring is more time.

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ARTS AND CULTURE | Despite being a young city, Greater Phoenix is home to a very storied culture, as displayed in the beautiful Native American artistry at the world-renowned Heard Museum, the numerous galleries featuring regional talent along the First Fridays Artwalk, and the grand venues like the Phoenix Art Museum.

SHOPPING | If there is one thing that can be said of Greater Phoenix, it is that you can always find everything under the sun. There are shops filled with Native American jewelry, galleries filled with distinctive Southwestern art, eclectic boutiques and charming specialty shops, plus enough open-air shopping venues to house every favorite retailer.

So where will the day take you in Greater Phoenix? Will it send you up a foothill trail to find the peak of exhilaration? Will it provide the opportunity to explore the finer points of poolside rest and spa-induced relaxation? No matter what you choose to explore, you're sure to soak up all the sun-filled joy in the journey.

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Unlike most qui tam plaintiffs, Godfrey managed to retain documentary records, and they reveal just how huge the margins on subcontracts can be. For example, a Kuwaiti subcontractor named ABC International Group was in charge of providing D-Fac labor at H4, a base near Mosul. Between March and November of 2004, ABC sent KBR monthly bills ranging from $756,000 to $1.38 million. Godfrey discovered that the facility employed precisely 137 people, all of them T.C.N.'s. On the most generous assumption, that they were all making $400 a month, the true amount outside Iraq is more than 10 percent, you may well be accused of committing fraud.

Huge labor markups were not the only irregularities Godfrey says he found in the ABC invoices he processed. He also came across blatant accounting inflation of the kind Linda Warren had seen in Fallujah. According to his qui tam complaint, there was a period in 2004 when the D-Fac at H4 was serving 1,000 to 2,000 people a day but billing as if there were 5,400—an extra "10,000 meals a day," the complaint states.

**THE DINING FACILITY AT H4**

served 1,000 to 2,000 people a day but billed as if there were 5,400—an extra “10,000 meals a day,” the complaint states.

PATRIOTIC PLAINTIFFS

Left, qui-tam-suit filer Frank Cassaday; above, Barrington Godfrey, who says his efforts to clean up KBR were thwarted.

In December 2004, a suicide-bomb attack on the H4 dining hall killed 22 people, including 14 troops. Afterward, according to Godfrey’s complaint, ABC was paid not once but twice for new kitchen equipment and a new $2 million facility. The complaint also alleges that a Saudi firm, Gulf Catering Company, used inflated head counts to overcharge KBR by nearly $5.3 million between February and October 2004. He relayed these findings to Quigley, who promised to “forward the matter for further inquiry.” Then, in a separate e-mail, Quigley told Godfrey he felt “submarined” by the disclosures. (KBR refused to comment on the suit to *Vanity Fair*).

Godfrey left Iraq in February 2005, frustrated that the waste he’d encountered seemed uncontrollable. He had come across officials from the Defense Contract Management Agency, his team leader’s former billet, and he had little faith that they would succeed where he had failed. “The ones I met were pathetic,” he says. “Some had no experience; they’d just got their degrees. They didn’t...
ask questions, and they missed the issues that I brought up. They had access to me and my memos, and not once did one ever come to me and say, ‘Can we talk, Barry?’”

Apart from its connections in Washington, there is something else that protects KBR: the perception, widespread throughout the military, that it has provided generally good-quality services in war-zone conditions. As Grayson puts it, DynCorp’s and Fluor’s, will be capped. Over the next 10 years, KBR will have to satisfy itself with charging American taxpayers $50 billion for its services under LOGCAP 4.

These improvements may turn out to be little more than cosmetic. According to Bowen, what’s needed is full disclosure of all subcontracting arrangements and a substantial increase in the number of officials who spend their time designing and policing contracts.

With LOGCAP 4, however, the reverse is about to happen. The government agencies responsible for oversight will be assisted by Serco, a Virginia-based services company that in February was awarded a “planning support contract” worth up to $45 million a year. The Bush administration maintains that hiring Serco to regulate LOGCAP 4 will improve efficiency and counter fraud and waste.

David Walker, of the GAO, fears that the weakened state of oversight is poised to get “much worse.” Not only is there a large “skills gap,” but “a significant percentage of the existing contract workforce is eligible to retire or will be eligible to retire within the next few years.” Outsourcing oversight brings still more problems in its wake, he says, starting with conflicts of interest, which arise whenever the company being monitored has other business, existing or potential, with the one doing the monitoring.

False Claims Act suits could help to remedy these deficiencies, if only the Department of Justice weren’t suppressing them. One day, though, the seals on the complaints will have to be lifted. “I wish I could tell you about the ones that are under seal,” says Grayson, “because some of them really are time bombs. They’re literally burying these cases to keep the public from finding out about them, and to keep anything from being done on them. But it is a time bomb, because any normal amount of attention on these cases would result in massive amounts of money being recovered for the taxpayers.”

There are a few encouraging signs that a day of reckoning is drawing near. Committees in both the House and the Senate have held hearings on contracting in Iraq, and several plans to hold more. Patrick Leahy, the Democratic chairman of the Senate judiciary committee, has introduced a War Profiteering Prevention Act, which would make it much easier to investigate corrupt contractors and call them to account. And in August, the news that tens of thousands of weapons intended for Iraqi security forces had vanished or been stolen prompted the Pentagon to announce that its inspector general, Claude M. Kicklighter, would lead an 18-person team to investigate “contracting practices” in Iraq.

In the more distant future, a Democratic administration might open up the vaults and expose the American public to the scale of what has been looted. “What we have seen up to now is the worst of the worst in terms of a deliberate cover-up,” Grayson says. But if and when it comes to an end, he thinks it’s entirely possible that Congress will appoint a special prosecutor—one whose targets might one day reach “an extremely high level.”

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“YOU COULD SAY THAT THE only people who have benefited from the invasion of Iraq,” Grayson says, “are al-Qaeda, Iran, and Halliburton.”
YOU COULD DRINK THE OTHER VODKA, JUST LIKE THE PERSON NEXT TO YOU

BELVEDERE LUXURY REBORN
Becoming Adolf

Hitler’s Toothbrush mustache is one of the most powerful symbols of the last century, an inch of hair that represents infinite evil. The author had his reasons for deciding to wear one

By Rich Cohen

I decided to grow a Toothbrush mustache. Well, that’s not what I called it. Until I started this story, I had only one name for the thing in mind: a Hitler mustache. An inch of hair that speaks of rootless evil. A few nights earlier, I had seen Richard Dawkins, the author of The God Delusion, interviewed by Bill O’Reilly, who, citing Stalin and Hitler, said he thought atheists, because of their lack of restraining faith, were more susceptible to evil. To which Dawkins (in essence) replied: both Stalin and Hitler wore mustaches—do we therefore think the mustache was the cause of their behavior? I experienced this as an epiphany: By jove! I said to myself. It was the mustache! From that moment, I stopped shaving. From that moment, I started reading. From that moment, I became wrapped up in facial hair, and the role it has played in politics. The Toothbrush mustache offered a new way to look at the past. A pinprick through which I could see the old world from a fresh angle. It was the history of the mustache retold as the story of ‘the ‘stache.

The Toothbrush mustache is the most powerful configuration of facial hair the world has ever known. It overpowers whoever touches it. By merely doodling a Toothbrush mustache on a poster, you make a political statement. Actually wearing a Hitler mustache, as I planned to do—well, that is like yelling racial epithets in a crowded subway. Wasn’t Hitler amazing? Whatever he touched turned to ice. His life ended the long and fabled career of the name Adolf, which had included the stories of Adolph Zukor, Adolphe Menjou, Adolph Ochs, and Adolph Coors. Never again will a pregnant mother innocently consider the name for her son, or imagine shouting it across a teeming playground. As for the Toothbrush mustache, it did not only die with the Führer—it was emblazoned with him. It was his essence, and so it has been relegated to the black book of history.

This is the part where I am supposed to explain just why I decided to write this story now. I might talk about the re-emergence of facial hair on the world stage, or the rise of the “new anti-Semitism,” or Holocaust denial in Iran, but, the fact is, my interest in the Hitler mustache never started and never ends. It is always. If you’re a Jew, the Hitler mustache exists in the eternal present. I grew it for the same reason Richard Pryor said the word “nigger.” I wanted to defuse it. I wanted to own it. I wanted to reclaim it for America and for the Jews. My name is Rich Cohen, and I wear a Hitler mustache.

The Imperial, the Walrus, the Stromboli, the Handlebar, the Horseshoe, the Mustachio (also called the Nosebeard or the Fantastico), the Pencil, also called (by idiots) the Mouthbrow—the catalogue is illustrous. The history of the razors is longer than the history of the mustache, but only by a few minutes.) Most mustaches lie waiting for some Clark Gable or Tom Selleck to fix them in the mind. The greatest are identified with a single man, a bad man, usually, who so wrapped his identity with a particular configuration of facial hair that the two became inseparable. Like the Fu Manchu, in which long tresses hang to the chin, where they can be stroked as the madman laughs. It is named for Sax
BURBERRY
BRIT
THE FRAGRANCES FOR WOMEN AND MEN
NEIMAN MARCUS  JOHN S. BROM SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
MEN'S GIFT SET INCLUDES EAU DE TOILETTE AND AFTER SHAVE SPRAY

WOMEN'S GIFT SET INCLUDES EAU DE PARFUM, ENERGIZING BODY WASH AND REFRESHING BODY LOTION
Rohmer’s (racist) villain from the golden age of Hollywood, the bad guy from the B movies who became a symbol for the creeping Asian menace. Or think of the long, droopy Pancho Villa. It was worn by the pistol-flashing Mexican bandito as he chased gringos through the border towns along the Rio Grande. These days, you see it only on Halloween, or at reunion shows of Crosby, Stills & Nash.

The Toothbrush mustache was first introduced in Germany by Americans, who turned up with it at the end of the 19th century the way Americans would turn up with ducktails in the 1950s. It was a bit of modern efficiency, an answer to the ornate mustaches of Europe—pop effluvia that fell into the grip of a bad, bad man.1 Before that, the most popular mustache in Germany and Austria had been the sort worn by the royals. It was called the Kaiser, and it was elaborate. It was perfumed, styled, teased and trained. It turned up at the ends. It was the old, monarchical world that was about to be crushed by the rising tide of assembly-line America. In other words, in the case of Hitler and his 'stache, America faced an extreme case of blowback.

By the beginning of the century, it had been taken up by enough Germans to draw notice in the foreign press. In 1907, The New York Times chronicled a growing distaste for the import under the headline "TOOTHBRUSH MUSTACHE: GERMAN WOMEN RESENT ITS USURPATION OF THE "KAISERBART."

In the years before the First World War, the Toothbrush was taken up by a German folk hero, which is the moment it became a craze. Before that, it had been an elite fashion shared by the dandies and swells of Berlin and Vienna. After that, it was worn by every yokel who dreamed of greatness. I am imagining young Hitler poring over newspapers in search of any mention of Hans Koeppen, a Prussian lieutenant who had become a pop star in the manner of the solo aviator, the illusionist, or the tightrope walker. Here is how he was described in The New York Times: "Lieut. Koeppen is 31 years old and unmarried. Six feet in height, slim and athletic, with a toothbrush mustache characteristic of his class."

The moment he appeared in the press with the Toothbrush mustache is like the moment Michael Jordan appeared on the basketball court in Bermuda-length shorts, changing the look of the game forever. In early 1908, Koeppen was given leave from the Prussian Army to cover a New York-to-Paris motor race for Zeitung am Mittag, a German newspaper. When I think of the Hitler who must have followed this race, because it was followed by everyone, I think of

the Hitler who loved cars and built the autobahn. (As opposed to the Hitler who killed the Gypsies and the Jews.)

After a disagreement with the German drivers, Koeppen took over. By the time he left Vladivostok, he was a star. The Times: "When he dashes across the German frontier from Russia ... the tall, trim young infantry officer"—with the Toothbrush mustache—"may count upon a greeting hardly less joyful than if he were returning from victorious battle."

By the end of the war, the Toothbrush mustache was being sported even by the defeated royalties. A last image of the Old World is captured in pictures taken in November 1918, when William Hohenzollern Jr., the son of the Kaiser, the heir to an office that had ceased to exist, was sent into exile. He stands on the deck of an imperial steamer. He wears shiny boots, a greatcoat, a military cap, and a Toothbrush mustache. When he turns to look at the people crowding the shore, showing them only his Toothbrush mustache, he is showing them a picture of their future.

I search the photos that survive of Hitler before Hitler was famous for the moment the 'stache appears. Because that is the moment the Devil gets his horns. In early photos, he is barefaced. The first shot that captures Hitler being Hitler was taken in August 1914, at the Odeonsplatz, in Munich. It was photographed from high above the square and shows thousands of people. Hitler, who was nothing and nobody, is no bigger than a cigarette butt, yet he jumps out. Once you see him, you can’t stop seeing him. He wears the sort of grand mustache you expect to see on a barkeep. His eyes glow. A speaker has just read the declaration of war. I shudder when I see this photo, and remind myself he is dead and I am alive.

Experts disagree on the exact year Hitler began wearing the Toothbrush. Ron Rosenbaum, perhaps the only historian to give the mustache its proper due, fixes its appearance with confidence. "It was Chaplin’s first, before Hitler’s," he writes in an essay from The Secret Parts of Fortune. "Chaplin adopted a little black crepe blot beneath the nose for his Mack Sennett silent comedies after 1915. Hitler didn’t adopt his until late 1919, and there’s no evidence (though some speculation) that Hitler modeled his ‘stache on that other actor’s.”

But some suggest Hitler began wearing it earlier. According to a recently re-discovered essay by Alexander Moritz Frey, who served with Hitler in the First World War, Hitler wore the mustache in the trenches. Because he had been ordered to. The old bushy mustache did not fit under his equipment. In other words, the mustache that defines Hitler was cut in a shape to fit a gas mask. Which is perfect. Because Hitler was the bastard son of the Great War, conceived in the trenches, born in defeat. He inhaled mustard gas and exhaled Zyklon B. In another memoir, dismissed by some as a fraud, Hitler’s sister-in-law Bridget claims she was the cause of the mustache. Bridget Hitler was Irish and lived in Liverpool, where, according to the memoir, the young Adolf spent a lost winter. Bridget (or whoever) says she often bickered with her brother-in-law. Because he was disagreeable, but mostly because she could not stand his unruly ‘stache. In one of the great inadvertent summaries of historical character, she writes that in this, as in everything, he went too far.

He was wearing the Toothbrush at the first Nazi meetings, when there were just a few people in a room full of empty chairs. One day, an early financial supporter of the Nazi Party advised Hitler to grow out his mustache. He did this delicately but firmly, in the manner of a man trying to protect an investment. The mustache made the Nazi

“If it is not the fashion now, it will be later because I wear it,” Hitler said.

1. Of course, some brave, foolhardy man must have been the first—must have asked himself, while trimming his ‘stache, “Why stop?” This man, this lost precursor, lived and died without ever knowing his effect on the style of modern tyranny.
on his cane. Someone to be ridiculed rather than resisted.”

In 1942, Vidkun Quisling, the premier of Norway, whose name, because of his sellout to the Nazis, became synonymous with treachery, forbade Norwegian actors from mustache wearing. Because thespians had been donning the ‘stache to parody the Führer, “The purpose of this singular ordinance is… to halt ‘actor-prankers’ who have been ‘stopping the show’ by affecting a Hitler mustache,” The New York Times reported. Note how, in this story, the Toothbrush mustache is not identified as the Toothbrush mustache but as the Hitler mustache. From then on, the Toothbrush would belong only to Adolf. Not just a symbol but a totem of the dictator. A voodoo doll. It’s not hard to see how you go from here to the plan Roosevelt, whose asthma and elephant gun were just a frame for his mustache. You had William Howard Taft—the man wore a Walrus!

After the war, the few American politicians who still wore a mustache were those who had made their name before Hitler and so had been grandfathered in. Like Thomas Dewey. Dewey was Eliot Spitzer. He was a prosecutor in New York in the 1930s (and later governor), the only guy with the guts to take on the Mob. For Dewey, the rise of Hitler was a fashion disaster. Because Dewey wore a neat little mustache. Dewey ran for president twice—losing to F.D.R., losing to Truman. In my opinion, without the mustache, the headline in the Chicago Daily Tribune (DEWEY DEFEATS TRUMAN) turns true. One of the few promi-

skirmish a “test of wills”; worst of all, he will answer the question “How will we win?” with the question “¿Quién es más macho?”

I cut my beard on a Friday. I did what everyone who has ever cut a full beard does: I took it through every configuration. Like passing over the stages of man, or watching cultures rise and fall until the face of Hitler emerged. I went to the closet. What would the Führer wear on a sunny day? It does not matter, I decided. Because I am Hitler—whatever I wear, Hitler is wearing. A dozen Hitlers passed through my mind: Hitler in a sport coat: Hitler in a lab coat. Hitler in a Speedo; Hitler in a Camaro. I shook myself and said, “Get it together. Hitler—you’re losing your mind!”

I went out. In the street, some people looked at me, but most looked away. A few people said things after I passed. One man gave me a kind of Heil, but it was lackadaisical, and I am fairly certain he was being ironic. (People can be so mean!) Even friends said nothing until I asked, or else acted embarrassed for me. A woman said, “I think you were more handsome without the mustache.” I had been worried someone might try to hurt me. I imagined tugs from the Jewish Defense League attacking with throwing stars—Hitler throwing stars! But it turns out, when you shave like Hitler, you follow the same rule you follow with bees: They’re more scared of you than you are of them. Because either you really are Hitler, or you’re a nut. So people do with little Hitlers what people always do with lunatics in New York, the harmless or dangerous—they ignore, they avert, they move away. If you want to fly coach without being hassled, grow a Toothbrush mustache.

I wore the mustache for about a week. It preceded me into stores and hung in the air after I exited. It sat on my face as I slept. I was Hitler in my dreams. I went to the Jewish Museum. I went to Zabar’s. I went to the Met. I went to the modern wing. I said, “All of this art is decadent.” I stood on the corner of 82nd and Fifth. I stared into space. When you stare into space with a Toothbrush mustache, you are glowering. You can’t help it. You’re looking into crowds. You’re looking at the names on the census that end in “berg” and “stein” while thinking. How do we get all these Juden onto trains? But in the end, my project, in its broader aims, was a failure. Because no matter how long, or how casually, or how sarcastically I wore the mustache, it still belonged to Hitler. You cannot claim it, or own it, or clean it as a drug lord cleans money. Because it’s too dirty. Because it’s soaked up too much history. It’s his, and, as far as I’m concerned, he can keep it. When you wear the Toothbrush mustache, you are wearing the worst story in the world right under your nose.

If you want to fly coach without being hassled, grow a Toothbrush mustache.

cooked up by officers of the Office of Strategic Services, the precursor to the C.I.A., to inject estrogen into Hitler’s food—female hormone that would make Hitler grow weepy, make Hitler grow breasts, and, crucially, destroy his mustache. A smooth-faced Adolf would lose confidence and fall from power. I mean, without the mustache, is Hitler even Hitler?

When Hitler died, he took his mustache with him. Not even the most cutting-edge stylist can pry them apart. If you dress like Chaplin, you run the risk of being mistaken for Hitler, as, if you dress like Evel Knievel, as I do when it rains, you run the risk of being mistaken for Elvis. The Vandyke, the Goatee, the Soul Patch, these things can become the objects of nostalgia, but the Hitler mustache is never coming back.

You could not wear a Toothbrush mustache after World War II, obviously. Because if you did, you were Hitler. In fact, you could not wear any kind of mustache after the war, because, running from Hitler, you might run into Stalin. Hitler plus Stalin ended the career of the mustache in Western political life. Before the war, all kinds of American presidents wore a mustache and/or beard. You had John Quincy Adams, with his muttonchops. You had Abe Lincoln, whose facial hair, like his politics, was the opposite of Hitler’s: beard full, lip bare. You had James Garfield, who had the sort of vast rambin- nal beard into which whole pages of legislation could vanish. You had Rutherford B. Hayes, Grover Cleveland, and Teddy

2. Even though George W. Bush does not have a mustache, I like to imagine he does.
BECAUSE social justice—even more than technological innovation—provides the truest measure of civilization’s progress, and because the courage, integrity, and pioneering intellectual contributions of these fearless female judges and prosecutors exemplify the best in all of us, even though they have contended with the worst.

The seven honorees—recipients of the first-ever Women Groundbreakers in International Justice awards from the Open Society Institute, which was created by philanthropist George Soros—were recognized last March in The Hague. Hon. Louise Arbour, the first female chief prosecutor for the International Criminal Tribunals for Rwanda and the former Yugoslavia, was the first to indict a sitting head of state, Yugoslav president Slobodan Milošević, for crimes against humanity, war crimes, and genocide; she also made sure that gender crimes were included in investigations and indictments. Hon. Navanethem Pillay, who fought for the rights of political prisoners under apartheid in South Africa, became its first woman of color to serve as a judge in the High Court and then the first female president of the International Criminal Tribunal for Rwanda, where she revolutionized the legal treatment of sexual violence by recognizing rape as an instrument of genocide and a crime against humanity. Hon. Elizabeth Odio Benito was the first female vice president of the International Criminal Tribunal for the former Yugoslavia, where she fought successfully to recognize sexual assault as an act of torture; her innovative interpretation of this issue has become an accepted principle of international law. Hon. Gabrielle Kirk McDonald, among the first African-American women to become federal judges in the U.S., was the first female president of the International Criminal Tribunal for the former Yugoslavia. Hon. Rosalyn Higgins, a Dame Commander of the British Empire, was the first woman elected president of the International Criminal Court of Justice, the principal judicial organ of the United Nations. Hon. Dorothee de Sampaio Garrido-Nijgh was the first female Registrar of the International Criminal Tribunal for the former Yugoslavia. Carla Del Ponte, chief prosecutor of the war-crimes tribunals in The Hague, was responsible for bringing Milošević (who referred to the Swiss-born firebrand as “the new Gestapo”) to trial, and also for prosecuting members of the Rwandan government for genocide.

At the awards ceremony, the importance of a female perspective in positions of power was emphasized in the opening remarks by Patricia Sellers, special legal adviser for the U.N. High Commission for Human Rights and the former legal adviser for gender-related crimes in the Office of the Prosecutor for the International Criminal Tribunals for Rwanda and the former Yugoslavia. “The judges highlighted here are fabulous, the prosecutors are a godsend,” Sellers said. “But without people pushing gender issues every step of the way, progress would not be so remarkable.”

—LESLEY BENNETTS
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Moms Gone Wild

Sure, mothers always get blamed for everything. But—as a look at the women behind Paris, Lindsay, and Britney reveals—if your child is your meal ticket and career booster, it’s hard to be the parent she needs

By Judith Newman

I'm on the phone with Lynne Spears, Britney’s mother, when my five-year-old grabs a wad of cash, waves good-bye, and disappears into the elevator.

“See?” says Spears as she listens to me scream at my son. “It’s not so easy, is it? You can’t even get your five-year-old to listen to you.”

True, my son had not yet publicly flashed his crotch, vomited in his limo, wiped up dog poop with a $6,700 Zac Posen gown, or accused me of forcing him into rehab. But her point is a good one. Mothers take a lot of hits.

Some are unfair. Some are not.

This year the mothers of Hollywood's wild girls—Paris, Lindsay, and Britney—have found themselves almost as much a part of the tabloid circus as the daughters themselves.

A recent cover of Life & Style magazine featured photographs of Britney and Lynne and spewed, I HATE YOU, MAMA! On June 28, Britney reportedly presented her mother with a letter warning her to keep away from Britney’s two kids if she was abusing prescription pain medication. Apparently Britney has rethought the premise behind the book she co-authored with Lynne in 2000, Britney Spears’ Heart to Heart, a mutual lovefest between mother and daught-ter. Dina Lohan, frequently seen living la vida loca with her troubled daughter, has been pitching reality shows, and once told Star magazine that Lindsay's friends called her mother “the white Oprah” because they all told her about their problems. And then there is Kathy Hilton, Paris’s mother. Kathy sobbed when Paris was sentenced to jail for driving with a suspended license, calling the 23-day stint “Paris-cide.” When Paris was released, her mother came to pick her up, seated at the open window of an S.U.V. in full hair and makeup as the cameras flashed. Kathy Hilton appeared ready for her close-up.

“All these crazy daughters and their mothers!” says Janice Min, editor in chief of Us Weekly. “These girls have one thing in common: troubled childhoods.” (Mysteriously, the stage fathers tend to get more of a free pass: Joe Simpson does not get a lot of criticism for running the lives of daughters Jessica and Ashlee.)

There are plenty of stars whose mothers are their constant companions and succor; Justin Timberlake and Leo DiCaprio, to name two, escort their moms to big events all the time. But they don’t make good copy. More intriguing are the parents who seem hell-bent on helping their children realize their dreams. But what dreams? And whose?

If ever there was a woman to make Gypsy Rose Lee look shy and unassuming, it’s Kathleen Elizabeth Avanzino Richards Hilton. Hilton was herself the daughter of a stage mother, the pretty, vivacious Kathy Dugan, known to everyone as Big Kathy. Dugan, writes Jerry Oppenheimer in his 2006 book, House of Hilton, was an Irish Catholic high-school dropout who grew up in Manhasset, Long Island, eventually marrying four times. She told her daughters again and again that marrying rich wasn’t a goal; it was the goal.

From the time Big Kathy’s children were infants, they were in the spotlight. Little Kathy was only a small child when she started modeling. Eventually Big Kathy moved to L.A. to help boost her daughters’ careers. While sisters Kim Richards and Kyle Richards are working as actresses today (Kyle in frequent TV gigs and Kim most recently as Christina Ricci’s mother in Black Snake Moan), Big Kathy’s namesake snared only a few bit parts, on shows such as The Rockford Files and Happy Days. “Of course Kathy wanted to be a star,” says Hollywood party cougar and Hilton friend Nikki Haskell. “Who didn’t?”

Kathy never got her big break, but she did find her Prince Charming. According to Oppenheimer, she had known Ricky Hilton—the sixth child of eight born to Barron Hilton—since they were teenagers, and...
they began dating seriously in 1978. Rick was a sweet University of Denver party boy. (Not that the entrepreneurial Hilton spirit was dead within him: he was known for throwing fabulous parties at the Denver Hilton and charging students $20 bucks a head.) Soon he was smitten with Kathy, and the two were married in Beverly Hills on November 24, 1979. They have, by all accounts, a very loving marriage (Rick is known to call his wife "Mommy," the New York Post noted in 2005), though whether that love is shared by the extended Hilton family is questionable.

In 1981, Kathy had Paris, whom she nicknamed "Star." From infancy, says Oppenheimer, mother and grandmother told the angelically pretty little girl that she would be bigger than Marilyn Monroe, bigger than Princess Di. All she needed was a little boost. (Kathy Hilton did not respond to V.F.'s requests for comment.)

"After my research I came away with sympathy for Paris," says Oppenheimer. "When she was a kid she thought about becoming a veterinarian. But she had no chance to do anything but what she has done." (For her part, Paris once told a reporter that her professional dreams changed when she realized she "could just buy a bunch of animals.")

"Kathy and Rick would host parties at these little clubs in New York, where they'd hand out flyers—something like "Young and Rich Party hosted by Nicky and Paris Hilton," says Suzan Hughes, who was married to Herbalife founder Mark Hughes and is godmother to Kathy's younger son, Conrad IV. "You throw a great party, you have my balls held by the Paris Hilton," etc., etc. And wouldn't you know, Kathy and Rick were there with their two young boys. Afterwards, Kathy was saying, 'Wasn't your sister great? Wasn't she funny?'—and these two boys, who were barely teenagers, had to listen to this whole thing about their sister being in a porn tape. ... It was just so awful."

Kathy made a lot of noise about Paris's infamous sex tape with her older boyfriend Rick Salomon: "The Hilton family is greatly saddened at how low human beings will stoop to exploit their daughter Paris, who is sweet-natured, for their own self-promotion as well as profit motives," read the Hilton's statement. (A few years later Paris told British newspaper The Guardian that her parents knew she hadn't done anything wrong, and, after all, making a tape of yourself staring at yourself in a mirror while you have sex is, as she put it, "something everybody does.")

But it was after the tape that the money really began to roll in. Paris's showing up and waving became a major source of income. Hilton gets paid anywhere from $5,000 to upwards of $150,000 to appear at an opening, says an executive who books stars for events. (This year, he says, she got $15,000 to host her birthday party at the Hard Rock Hotel in Las Vegas.) Then there are the endorsements for lines of jewelry, makeup, and fragrance; the Club Paris nightclubs; and her reality show, The Simple Life, with fellow bad-girl trying-to-turn-good Nicole Richie. The show was dropped in July; Hilton is reportedly in talks to star in an upcoming season of the British version of Celebrity Big Brother, where cameras and mikes follow your every move as you live in a house with a bunch of other famous people—which shouldn't be all that different from how she's living now, except that she'll be paid hundreds of thousands of dollars to do it for a few weeks.

The manna of stardom was not showered only on Paris. Her parents must be benefiting from her notoriety, and observers have begun to take note. "Take just one example," says Jerry Oppenheimer. "that horrible reality show I Want to Be a Hilton," where people vie for the chance to live the way Kathy Hilton thinks New York socialites do. (Fun fact: upon arrival, contestants were taught the proper way to hold a wineglass—by the stem—and in the last scene everyone is holding the glass correctly, except Kathy Hilton.) "Kathy made a chunk of change as the host, and Rick was [a] producer." She is even staking a claim to the showing-up-and-what's-during business; right now, says the booking executive, she can bring in around $5,000 or $10,000 for an appearance. (Dina Lohan, he says, can get "a free room and booze.")

More recently, Kathy signed a deal for her own skin-care collection—"reflecting the luxurious Kathy Hilton lifestyle"—which she began selling on the Home Shopping Network on July 31. (While Kathy Hilton declined to be interviewed for this article, the publicist for the beauty products told me she could sell us up, as long as I wrote exclusively about the beauty products.)

Such moneymaking endeavors seem almost ridiculous when compared with the vast Hilton fortune amassed by the hotel chain's founder, Paris's great-grandfather Conrad Hilton. Conrad believed in a strong work ethic (though he, like his progeny, also enjoyed certain extravagances), and when he died, in 1979, he left his children and grandchildren relatively modest shares in the company. His own, 28 percent stake was to go to his foundation. In his final will, he advised the foundation's directors to "shelter little children with the umbrella of your charity." One of the will's primary beneficiaries was a network of Catholic nuns who have taken a vow of poverty.

But Conrad's son Barron had other plans. As chairman and chief executive officer of the family business, he challenged the will and spent the greater part of the next decade suing the I.R.S. and the Conrad N. Hilton Foundation for the ability to buy back the contested shares at their 1979 stock price, which would have amounted to a little less than $200 million. In the resulting settlement, in 1989, Barron came away with the majority of the shares. (The foundation exists to this day.) The family's stake in Hilton Hotels Corporation is now in a trust, where it provides income to Barron's eight children, including Rick. Assuming that that income, from stock dividends, is equally split, Rick likely receives a little more than $400,000 a year from the family fortune. (All this may soon change once again; the Blackstone Group recently offered $26 billion for Hilton Hotels, and a deal is pending.)

According to Jerry Oppenheimer, Rick Hilton also likely received several million dollars from his mother, Marilyn, who died of multiple sclerosis in 2004.

All of which is nothing to sniff at—and, after all, Rick Hilton does work for a living. (He co-owns Hilton & Hyland, a high-end real-estate business in L.A., which recently handled, among other deals, the sale of Paris's Spanish-style Hollywood Hills home for just under $4 million. His brother-in-law Mauricio Umansky—the husband of Kyle Richards. Kathy's sister—took care of the sale

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The parent-child relationship can be warped by media attention, and by the sheer power of even the most meager fame.

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get a celeb to show up—or you say that a celeb will show up—and when the camera crews come the celeb may not be there, but there's your gorgeous daughter, dancing on a table. That's how it all began."

Hilton observers all have their favorite story about Kathy's curious lack of appropriateness. For former Daily News gossip columnist Lloyd Grove, it was this: "When Paris went on Saturday Night Live after the release of her sex tape, in 2003, she did this bit with Jimmy Fallon where he wasn't allowed to discuss the sex scandal, but he asked her all these double-entendre questions about the 'Paris Hilton Hotel,' like 'Is it hard to get into the Paris Hilton?' 'I may need to go in the back entrance,' 'I'd love to
Kathy Hilton and her mother told Paris she would be bigger than Marilyn Monroe, bigger than Princess Di.

Further questions about the Hiltons' riches abound. For example, do very rich people commonly rent out their homes? The Hiltons have been renting out their seven-bedroom, seven-and-a-half-bath house in Southampton, New York, for years—this year, for approximately $350,000 for the summer. "He has money from his real-estate business, but it's nothing that can cover their lifestyle," says a wealthy New Yorker familiar with the Hiltons' housing situation. She has seen the house. She has heard this summer's renters try desperately to get some of the problems fixed. "Do I have to give you another $300,000 to get screens on the windows?" the tenant shouted, according to a mutual friend.

"Usually when people rent [out] a house for the summer, they clean it up," continues the woman. "This house was left exactly the way it was when the renters saw it in November. Everything in it is moldy and filthy. Most of the screens on the windows are broken. Their dogs are obviously not house-trained. But they don't see it. These are people whose daughter has sex on tape, and they think that's fine." (Kathy's friend Nikki Haskell, for her part, says Rick and Kathy are "adorable people," "diligent" parents who "love their children" and "want the best.")

And then there was the widely reported recent kerfuffle over Paris's post-jail interview. Barbara Walters and the Hiltons were doing the interview tango, seemingly successfully. Walters had known Kathy Hilton for years; Kathy and Nicky appeared at the celebration for Walters's star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame, and the Hiltons gave a party in her honor. The interview seemed to belong to Walters, but the Hiltons were being courted by other networks. Rick is said to have called Walters and told her NBC had made an

and pocketed the commission. Might as well keep it in the family.) But, for a family who has inherited wealth, the Hiltons have certainly picked up quite an assortment of odd jobs. Whatever money they have, it’s hardly the vast fortune it appears to be.

"Listen, they don't have any real Hilton money there; Rick makes his money as a broker," says a friend and prominent New York real-estate developer. Anderson Cooper devoted an entire episode of his CNN show to a panel discussion of Paris's Larry King interview, and a good amount of time was spent discussing the question, "How much is the Hilton family really worth?" Cooper speculated, "I never believe people have as much money as they say or are portrayed on TV to have," and then invited Forbes's Matthew Miller and others to rattle off a laundry list of Paris's independent enterprises.

The Hiltons' relatively modest means might explain "why they cultivate friends that have jets and yachts," adds another friend—who had a yacht. "They like to hitch rides." Her relationship with Kathy Hilton ended, the friend says, when she and her wealthy husband divorced. Kathy followed the wealthy husband, the new wife... and the money. Still, this friend and the Hiltons stayed in touch, until one memorable day about five years ago. "I went to Big Kathy's funeral—she'd died of breast cancer—and afterwards Rick and Kathy had people over to their house. Paris had just turned 21, and the Hiltons had a running loop of footage from Paris's 21st-birthday party up on their big-screen TV. Rick was running around going, 'Look at Paris! It was a promotion.'

One might argue, though, that, given her own ambition and sensibilities, Big Kathy would have been proud.

THE HILTON SHOW
Dina Lohan has none of the pretensions of Kathy Hilton. She is staunchly proud of her Irish-Italian-American, Merrick, Long Island, upbringing. She does not sugarcoat her turbulent marriage (now over) to Lindsay’s father, Michael, who racked up a long list of criminal charges and a D.U.I. before discovering God and Larry King. Dina’s beauty (she actually looks younger than her daughter in many of their photographs together), her taste for the highlife, and her terror of appearing, God forbid, matronly are well documented. (Lohan, in *Harper’s Bazaar*, on why she introduced herself to George Clooney as Lindsay’s assistant: “I don’t want them to know I’m her mom. It’s a whole nother demographic. People just go dark.” Someone needs to introduce her to the concept of MILFS.)

And yet Lohan, like Kathy Hilton, does not appear to have a close personal relationship with reality. “Lindsay’s no different than any other 20-year-old girl who’s doing some experimenting,” Dina says to me during our brief phone conversation, which took place several days before Lindsay, fresh out of rehab, got arrested again, this time for D.U.I. and cocaine possession. “It’s just that when we did this kind of thing we didn’t have cameras turned on us all the time. What were you doing when you were 20, for goodness’ sake?” I didn’t have the heart to say, Well, not crashing my Mercedes into a tree! But nor was I beautiful, talented, and surrounded by people who couldn’t say no to me.

“When Lindsay lost a drastic amount of weight two years ago, Dina Lohan called to arrange a meeting with me,” says Us’s Min. “She was very nice, very protective of Lindsay, but very willing to look beyond what seemed like obvious problems with food. ‘These things happen—she’s a girl who lost her baby fat.’ She has blind spots. In the end she might not be helping her daughter by not giving her a sense of accountability.” Dina insists she does what she can. “Like I don’t scream at her for screwing up?” she says. “It’s just no one’s business.”

Given her modest past, perhaps Dina’s bid to make a little extra cash off her daughter’s fame are more understandable than Kathy Hilton’s. Dina says she is currently developing a show for the E! channel about her family. “When she came in to pitch us her TV show, I was predisposed to not like her. But I was wrong,” says a network executive who met Dina before she made the deal with E! “She was warm and sincere, but totally deluded. [In Dina’s head,] Lindsay’s this totally normal kid, a girl like anyone else, who just has the normal problems of youth, only because of the fact that she’s in entertainment she finds it hard to make friends and trust people—as if that explains it. [The show was supposed to be] about not being this crazy, partying woman, but just a soccer mom,” the executive says.

“My feeling about her,” adds the source, “is not so much that she craves fame. I think it’s money. I think she is very angry. She’s had a tough time in her marriage, and for quite a while Lindsay has been pretty much the sole support of the family.”

According to a couple of people close to the situation, Dina fired Endeavor, the talent agency, when Adam Venit, then Lindsay’s agent, tried to persuade

Perhaps more disturbing than wanting to be her daughter’s friend, Dina Lohan wants to share the spotlight.
Dina that her daughter’s career depended on her getting her daughter sober. Dina says Lindsay left Endeavor when “it was time for her to do independent films . . . and to work with the Meryl Streeps and the Jane Fonas of the world.”

Lindsay started at Endeavor “when she was 14 or 15, and while she was there her career grew exponentially,” says a Hollywood executive. “She’s really, really talented, no one argues about that. She and the mother moved to L.A., partially to escape the father and his problems. The mother seemed helpful—a little controlling, not that unusual.” But as Lindsay’s fame grew, so did her problems.

She went out on the town a lot. And, according to a number of sources, her mother started going out with her. Dina says she goes out with Lindsay not as a “party mom,” but as her manager.

“When Lindsay was doing Herbie Fully Loaded, there started to be a lot of issues,” continues the executive. “It was a Disney movie about a car, and she was drinking and driving.” Part of the problem, too, was that Tommy Mottola, co-owner of Casablanca Records, had signed Lindsay to a record deal, and so she was trying to record the CD, shooting a movie, and going out all the time. Filming was repeatedly shut down when she claimed to be exhausted—but the tabloids and paparazzi were quick to notice that Lindsay continued to travel, shop, and go clubbing in her free time. Dina calls these accusations “completely absurd,” and attributes Lindsay’s problems at that time to a severe asthma attack, “way, way, way too much pressure,” and her breakup with actor Wilmer Valderrama.

Perhaps more disturbing than wanting to be her daughter’s friend, Dina Lohan also wants to share the spotlight—at least according to those who have spent time with the two of them. “This is a woman who jumps into her daughter’s makeup chair before the premiere . . . Her message to everyone is basically ‘Lindsay would be nothing without me,’” says a Hollywood producer familiar with the two of them. “And now she’s going to do this show where she shows how she’s making her other daughter, Ali, a star. It’s like she’s saying, ‘Look, I can do this with any kid.’ . . . Her deal isn’t ‘I want my kid to be rich and famous.’ It’s ‘I want to be my kid.’”

“I can’t even comment on that ridiculousness.” Dina says, insisting she is Lindsay’s manager, not her competitor. “My daughter is gorgeous and 21 and I so don’t want to be 21 anymore.”

But, in fact, it’s this tendency that makes some Dina-watchers sympathize with her.

People on staff here have seen Dina out partying with her daughter,” says Us’s Min. “But look, she’s a woman who spent her 20s [and 30s] raising children in a terrible marriage. In the way that Lindsay and Britney were these child stars who are having a delayed adolescence, she’s having a delayed adolescence. Or worse than that: a delayed youth. That stress of scraping by, keeping your family intact when your husband is a ne’er-do-well . . . Dina is doing what a lot of women in that situation do, which is holding it together as best as she can.”

Oddly enough, the child who is perhaps the most unhinged at the moment (see MTV’s 2007 Video Music Awards) is the one who may have the most stable mother, a mother who is beside herself about her daughter, who is apparently having a mental breakdown. Britney is no stranger to public leads, but even Britney’s fans were shocked by her June 28 antics, when, to the delight of the paparazzi, she put her two sons in her car and drove an hour to Valencia, California, where she knew she would find Lynne on the set of younger sister Jamie Lynn’s Nickelodeon show, Zoey 101. It was there that she handed her mother the infamous letter warning her to stay away from her grandsons, Sean and Jayden, if she was taking any medications that cause her to be impaired. “I’m praying for [my mother] right now,” Spears told reporters in L.A. over the summer. “I hope she gets all the help she needs.”

Recent paparazzi photos of Spears’ parents pushing Britney’s boys in their red plastic cars outside Kevin Federline’s house pretty much say it all. (Britney and Kevin are currently battling over custody of the boys.) When you are Britney Spears’ mother and you’re looking to your son-in-law, Kevin Federline, to be the responsible, mature one . . . well, if that’s not a sign of trouble, what is?

“This isn’t a woman who’s out partying with her children, or trying to live their lives,” says journalist Larry Gelten, who wrote the book Britney: Not That Innocent and an article earlier this year about the many entertaining ways Britney’s hometown, Kentwood, Louisiana (population 2,600, of which about a third are supposedly related in some way to Britney), tried to cash in on her fame. “Some kids are just driven. When I was talking to people in Kentwood, there were all these stories about how, whenever you saw Britney—even if she was in the dentist’s chair—she was singing,” says Gelten. “Her mother was definitely not cracking the whip.” (Her father was a good ol’ boy who once chased away a bunch of teenage girls who had dropped by their house to try to get Britney’s autograph with, The New York Times wrote, “a pistol in his shorts.”)

According to the 2000 census, the median income in Kentwood is less than $18,000. Star magazine once reported that the Spearses faced major financial hardship in the late 90s—right before Baby One More Time shot to the top of the charts. Gelten notes that if Britney hadn’t hit it big when she did, her family “would have had real problems. It was like putting your money on a horse—and winning.” This financial boom may well be in the past. While Britney bought them the

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Kathy Hilton is staking a claim to the showing-up-and-waving business; she can bring in around $5,000 or $10,000.
A mother-daughter relationship is going to be tested no matter what. It’s going to be tested a lot harder if the child’s in the entertainment business,” says Christine Peters, former wife of film producer Jon Peters and old flame of Sumner Redstone. Peters, who has a production company at Paramount, where she has produced several movies, should know. She was estranged from her own daughter, Caleigh, 18—who has a recording contract with Disney’s Hollywood Records and sang songs in Herbie Fully Loaded and Ice Princess—for more than a year over her relationship with Rod Stewart’s son Sean. The younger Stewart, who stars in the A&E reality show Sons of Hollywood, was most recently in the news for allegedly punching and throwing rocks at two people outside a Hollywood party. (“He’s uneducated, . . . he’s been in jail,” says Peters. “If you were a mother and you made a list of everything you didn’t want your daughter to be with, this would be it.”) They’re repairing the relationship now, Peters says, but the way the parent-child relationship can be warped by media attention and by the sheer power of even the most meager fame—“you just have no idea.”

“With these women we see who are all over the tabloids, if you look at their families you see addiction . . . trauma, and neglect,” says Drew Pinsky, M.D., known to many as Dr. Drew of MTV’s Loveline, an addiction specialist and assistant clinical professor of psychiatry at U.S.C.’s medical school, who has studied the connection between celebrities and narcissism. (Shocker: celebrities really are more narcissistic than the rest of us.) “So to see a mom partying while her daughter is suffering from alcoholism . . . it’s just terrifying.” This fall Pinsky will be hosting a show on VH1 called Celebrity Rehab with Dr. Drew, in which—no joke—the cameras of VH1 will follow around eight famous people as they dry out.

“It’s not like celebrities have a separate diagnostic manual,” Pinsky continues. “The thing is, they spiral into more serious situations because they are often buffeted by people who say yes to them. They don’t have to face real consequences for their behavior.” Ultimately, the profoundly insecure and narcissistic are left with their retinue of stylists, publicists, hairdressers, and yoga instructors: their actual, unpaid friends have taken a hike.

“Unless an enlightened, responsible person is willing to put him- or herself on the line, the behavior will continue,” Pinsky adds. In the lives of many young people, that person is a parent. But what if it’s not?

What if the whole family is along for the ride, with photographers and TV crews watching from the sidelines? Let’s ask Nicky Hilton, Ali Lohan, and Jamie Lynn Spears in five years.

Additional reporting by Helen Veru.
Mad About the Boys

Until he fled the country in January, accused of embezzling more than $300 million, Lou Pearlman was famous as the impresario behind the Backstreet Boys and 'NSync. Turns out his investors weren't the only victims, colleagues reveal: Pearlman's passion for boy bands was also a passion for boys.

By Bryan Burrough

The crowds began gathering outside Orlando's Church Street Station complex early on a sweltering June morning, waiting in line to wander through the abandoned offices of the unlikely multimillionaire who had transformed this central Florida city into a music-industry mecca. Lou Pearlman, the rotund impresario who created the Backstreet Boys and 'NSync and guided the early recording careers of Justin Timberlake and scores of other young singers, had been an international celebrity, a popular, easygoing local businessman known as “Big Poppa.” In his heyday, 5 to 10 years ago, he was profiled on 60 Minutes II and 20/20 and produced a hit ABC/MTV series, Making a Band.

Pearlman was long gone now, vanished, one step ahead of the F.B.I. and investigators from the state of Florida, who had rocked Orlando months before by accusing him of being a con man. Gone too were Justin and JC and Kevin and all the other young singers he had made into stars. What remained of Pearlman’s empire, mostly memorabilia and office furniture, was to be auctioned later that day. Up in his gaudy third-floor corner office, with its rust-colored shag carpet and walls lined with gold and platinum records, would be bidders poked into his cabinets and rifled through his desk drawers: the only secret they uncovered, alas, was Pearlman’s passion for breath mints.

At the back, a cavernous storeroom was stacked with framed posters of his bands. Most of those milling about Pearlman’s offices had scant idea what he had done wrong, much less where he had fled to. Some said Israel, or Germany, or Ireland, or Belarus. He had left the country last January, just days before the state sued him, alleging that he had bilked nearly 2,000 investors, many of them elderly Florida retirees, out of more than $317 million in a Ponzi scheme lasting at least 15 years. A dozen banks also sued for more than $130 million in back loans. Later the indictment would come. Big Poppa, it turned out, had been an accomplished swindler long before he formed his first band. His were scams of jaw-dropping audacity. Pearlman’s
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largest company, a colossal he boasted was bringing in $80 million a year, was . . . well, not. For years his investors, starry-eyed after rubbing elbows with 'NSync and the Backstreet Boys, never questioned his promises of forthcoming riches. When they finally did, he fought back with lawsuits, forged documents, and fictitious financial statements. When the truth began to come out, he ran.

That much any reader of the Florida newspapers might know. What no one knows, however, is that Pearlman's sins appear to have been far more sordid than conning kindly grandmothers. What no one knows, because it is described here for the first time, is that while the King of the Boy Bands was smitten with the music industry and the millions he made there, while he adored his gold records and his television appearances, what Lou Pearlman loved at least as much were the attentions of attractive young male singers.

Some, especially the teenagers, shrugged and giggled when they showed them pornographic movies or jumped naked onto their beds in the morning to wrestle and play. Others, it appears, didn’t get off so easily. These were the young singers seen emerging from his bedroom late at night, buttoning their pants, sheepishly looks on their faces. Some deny anything improper ever happened. But the parents of at least one, a member of the Backstreet Boys, complained. And for any number of young men who sought to join the world’s greatest boy bands, Big Poppa’s attentions were an open secret, the price some paid for fame.

"Some guys joked about it; I remember [one singer] asking me, ‘Have you let Lou blow you yet?’" says Steve Mooney, an aspiring singer who served as Pearlman’s assistant and lived in his home for two years. "I would absolutely say the guy was a sexual predator. All the talent knew what Lou’s game was. If they say no, they’re lying to you."

To a number of his former band members, Pearlman seemed so enamored of his male singers that it called into question his motivations for entering the music business in the first place. "Honestly, I don’t think Lou ever thought we would become stars," says Rich Cronin, lead singer of the Pearlman boy band Lyte Funky Ones (LFO). "I just think he wanted cute guys around him; this was all an excuse. And then lightning crazily struck and an empire was created. It was all dumb luck. I think his motives for getting into music were very different."

Pearlman was already the 37-year-old millionaire C.E.O. of a publicly held company when he entered the music business, in 1992. He wasn’t raised rich, though. Born in 1954, he grew up in the Mitchell Gardens Apartments, a collection of six-story brick buildings on a tidy street in Flushing, in the northernmost reaches of Queens, New York, below the Whitestone Bridge. His father, Hy, worked in dry cleaning; his mother was a homemaker. His cousin the singer Art Garfunkel was among those who encouraged Pearlman’s interest in music. In his 2002 book, Bands, Brands & Billions, Pearlman describes an idyllic childhood in which he grew up a kind of miniature Bill Gates, earning money with lemonade stands and paper routes.

His life, Pearlman wrote, changed forever in 1964, when, looking across the Whitestone Expressway from his bedroom window, he spied a Goodyear blimp landing at Flushing Airport for the World’s Fair. At the airport, he begged the blimp to let him take a ride. When they said only special guests and journalists were allowed on board, the 10-year-old wangled an assignment from his school newspaper, presented his “credentials,” and was duly lifted into the skies above New York City. A dream was born. The blimps returned to Queens every summer for years, and Pearlman was always there to meet them,Helping around the hangars and becoming an unofficial mascot.

“I was ecstatic," Pearlman wrote in his book. "The airport became my summer playground and my after-school hangout."

But there are other versions of Pearlman’s early years one hears at Mitchell Gardens. The most compelling is told by Alan Gross, who for 55 years has lived in Apartment 4C, a narrow space crammed with flotillas of blimp models, blimp posters, blimp photos, blimp key chains, and a cat. "This is the window Lou always talks about," Gross tells me, pointing across the Whitestone Expressway toward the long-closed Flushing Airport. "Lou’s apartment is on the other side of the building. He couldn’t even see the blimps from there."

He saw them here, because I showed him."

After a career in aviation, Gross is now a census worker in poor health, a worn man with a luxuriant gray pompadour, dark circles beneath his eyes, and blue-jean shorts cut off with scissors. Though he has never spoken publicly about his longtime friend. Gross lives in a kind of Pearlman museum, his apartment stacked with boxes bursting with Pearlman correspondence, Pearlman news clippings. Pearlman family photos, even tape recordings of 25-year-old arguments the two had over the telephone.

Gross is a kind of ramshackle Inspector Javert to Pearlman’s Jean Valjean, a man who has spent years trying to warn investors and government agencies about the kid he first knew as “Fat Louie.”

"I remember him in a baby carriage," Gross says, taking a seat on an old couch. "Louie was a very shy kid, didn’t have many friends. Wasn’t very friendly, a little overweight. He wasn’t comfortable with who he was, you know? I’m three years older, but we were the only only children in the building, so we became friends. We went on family outings, to the Statue of Liberty, to Coney Island. I went to their family circles, where I listened to his cousin Artie sing as a kid."

A
gross tells it, it was he, not Pearlman, who first glimpsed the blimp that day in 1964. It was he, not Pearlman, who scurried there to befriend the blimp men; he, not Pearlman, who got the press pass necessary to get a ride; he, not Pearlman, who snagged the job of gofer around the blimp’s hangar. “The stories he tells?” Gross says. “They’re not about Lou. They’re about me. He’s taken episodes from my life to make his own. He always has.”

Pearlman did join Gross at the hangar, doing odd jobs. But, as Gross tells it, Pearlman did little but sit and stare, which, he says, “made the blimp guys uncomfortable. I had to tell him to stop staring, to come out and talk a little, or they wouldn’t let him hang around. That’s really when he started coming out of his shell, you know. Sometimes I feel like the Dr. Frankenstein who created a monster.”

The two lost touch when Gross left to attend Syracuse University and Pearlman enrolled in accounting classes at Queens College. It was for a class assignment that Pearlman, infatuated with aviation, worked up a business plan for a commuter helicopter service. When the two friends returned to Mitchell Gardens after college, Apartment 4C became the headquarters for Pearlman’s first aviation company. He persuaded a small group of Wall Streeters living on Long Island to buy a helicopter, which he leased and flew around New York. In his book, Pearlman
claims he made his first million at 21. This is at best doubtful. (The company was later merged into a competitor.)

Helicopters were fine, but what Pearlman really wanted was a blimp. He had never shaken the bug he caught in 1964; he and Gross were proud members of the airship fraternity who call themselves “balloonicists” and “Helium Heads.” Some of the best blimps in the world were built by a German company, headed by an industrialist named Theodor Wüllenkemper. In 1978, when the 24-year-old Pearlman heard that Wüllenkemper would be visiting the U.S. around the time of his 50th birthday, he mailed him a two-foot-high birthday card covered with glitter, along with an invitation to dinner in New York. To Pearlman’s amazement, Wüllenkemper accepted. Pearlman picked him up at the airport in a helicopter and ferried him to dinner at, of all places, Apartment 3F, Mitchell Gardens, Flushing, Queens. Pearlman’s mother hosted. Wüllenkemper, charmed by Pearlman and his enthusiasm to start a blimp business, invited Pearlman and another Mitchell Gardens friend, Frankie Vazquez Jr., to train at Wüllenkemper’s facilities in Germany.

Returning to the U.S. in 1980, Pearlman formed a company he called Airship Enterprises Ltd., and, after making the rounds of potential corporate sponsors, persuaded the owners of Jordache Jeans to lease a blimp for promotional purposes. Unfortunately, Pearlman had neither a blimp nor the money to buy one. According to Alan Gross, who joined Airship as its public-relations manager, Pearlman wangled a used balloon “envelope” from a California man and hired a New Jersey aluminum contractor to build a frame for it. The blimp was assembled at a naval base in Lakehurst, New Jersey, the same one where the German zeppelin Hindenburg crashed in flames, in 1937. There were problems from the beginning, among them the fact that the gold paint Jordache demanded tended to turn brown after several days in the sun, making the blimp look, in Gross’s words, “like a giant turd.” On its inaugural flight, on October 8, 1980, the new Jordache blimp floated into the New Jersey sky on its way to New York Harbor, where it was to circle a promotional party Jordache was throwing. It made it less than a mile, however, before losing altitude and forcing the pilot to crash-land in a garbage dump.

The crash made national headlines. Pearlman blamed the weight of the gold paint. In the airship community, however, there were darker whispers. “Lou never intended to fly that blimp,” asserts Gross, who says the airship hadn’t flown anywhere near the number of practice runs required under federal law. “He could have been arrested if it had left that base,” Pearlman and his insurer ended up in court; seven years later a New York jury awarded Pearlman $2.5 million in damages.

It took years for him to rebound. After moving into a penthouse apartment in Bayside, Queens, however, Pearlman met a Wall Street broker well versed in the market for small, fly-by-night “peony stocks” who proposed a way he could return to the blimp business: Go public. Though he had little to sell but an idea, this was the go-go 1980s, and Pearlman’s new company, Airship International, managed to raise $3 million in a 1985 public offering, which he used to purchase a 13-year-old blimp from Wüllenkemper. In short order Pearlman secured a promotional contract with McDonald’s, and with his new McDonald’s blimp in the air most of the year, he was able to rent office space on Fifth Avenue.

“A large, pale man with thinning red hair and glasses, Pearlman had a style that was enthusiastic, giving, and nonconfrontational. He picked up every check and seldom if ever said no. A big talker and a better listener, Pearlman drew people into his world by deducing their dreams and promising to deliver them. But his soft edges cloaked an unyielding will and the purring persuasions of a televangelist. “You could point your finger in his face and hold a Bible in one hand and tell him your name, and he could tell you you were wrong and make you believe it,” recalls Jay Marose, Pearlman’s publicist in later years. “He could make you believe anything. Anything at all.”

In the late 1980s, Pearlman began to grow restless after he suffered two profound losses: the 1988 death of his mother and the 1989 destruction of his blimp in a San Antonio windstorm. Some suggest he went through an early midlife crisis; maybe, at the age of 35, he was just lonely. Whatever happened, within two years he had moved into new offices on Sand Lake Road in Orlando and begun talking about getting into the music business.

The seeds of Pearlman’s rise—and his fall—were laid soon after he relocated Airship International to Florida, in July 1991, when he began attracting a massive inflow of new money, investors, and business partners. One was a suave 22-year-old British heir named Julian Benschers, who met Pearlman when he acquired a replacement blimp from a British company Benschers was negotiating to buy. After touring Airship’s U.S. facilities and poring over its financials, Benschers bought into the company, becoming its second-largest shareholder. It seemed a bargain. As Pearlman explained it, his little empire now had two strong legs, the publicly traded Airship and a rapidly growing private company called Trans Continental Airlines, an aircraft-leasing business Pearlman co-owned with Theodor Wüllenkemper. According to Dun & Bradstreet, Trans Con Air operated more than 49 aircraft, including 14 727s, and had annual revenues of $78 million.

Benschers pushed Pearlman to expand Airship, and he did, eventually acquiring four more blimps, which were leased to SeaWorld, Metropolitan Life, Gulf Oil, and others. To raise the needed funds, Pearlman, true to his penny-stock roots, turned to a shady Colorado brokerage house, which in two public offerings helped raise about $17 million selling Airship stock to investors. The firm was what Wall Street calls a “boiler room,” that is, it hawked risky, overpriced stock to unsuspecting investors.

In 1993, shortly after the Pearlman offerings, the firm, Chatfield Dean & Co., was hit with $2.4 million in fines by the National Association of Securities Dealers for swindling investors; it later agreed to a settlement with the Securities and Exchange Commission (S.E.C.). Among the allegations were charges that Chatfield brokers took investors’ orders for one stock but actually bought Airship shares instead.

Pearlman was thrilled at Chatfield’s work. When one of its brokers, Anthony DeCamillis, was banned for a year from the securities industry and fined $25,000, Pearlman hired him to help raise still more money for Trans Con Air from banks and private investors. Another Chatfield executive was hired as well and ended up handling merchandising for the Backstreet Boys. “I remember asking Lou, ‘You know, do you think it’s wise to hire a guy who’s been banned from the industry?’” Benschers recalls. “And he said, ‘Oh, Tony’ll be great for getting us financing!’”

The real problem, Benschers saw, was Pearl-
At calls the brother, began tional tion the turn banker, this was which trip; Sarin series investment, employee Con's about engineering later pearlman's Long Island real-estate mogul, Alfonse Fuglioli, to do the same. Many others weren't as savvy. Dr. Joseph Chow, a Chicago engineering professor whose wife ran a successful long-term-care organization, entered Pearlman's orbit when a Chaffield Dean broker cold-called him. Pearlman took it from there, wooing Chow intensely, sitting next to him at his daughter's wedding and, in later years, inviting him to kibitz with the Backstreet Boys and 'NSync. Chow came to consider Pearlman the son he never had and eventually lent him more than $14 million.

A first Pearlman's new investors received Airship stock. Then he began selling small lots of Trans Con Air stock, which paid an annual dividend of about 10 percent. At some point in the early 1990s, Pearlman began offering investors a new option, a chance to participate in Trans Con Air's federally insured employee stock ownership plan, what he termed an Employee Investment Savings Account, or EISA. Trans Con's EISA, which paid an annual return of about 8 percent, was a rock-solid investment, Pearlman said, guaranteed by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation (F.D.I.C.), the giant American International Group (AIG) insurance company, and Lloyd's of London. In time Pearlman began selling EISA investments through a series of small brokerage houses in Florida. Many of his buyers were retirees.

Typical of Pearlman's investors was the Sarin family. Steven, a Manhattan dentist, his brother, Barry, and their parents began investing with Pearlman in the 1980s, after the elder Sarins heard someone in their Florida retirement community speak glowingly of Pearlman. "He constantly sent promotional materials, you know, first on the blimps and the airplanes, then later on boy bands," recalls Steven Sarin, who occasionally stayed in
Pearlman's home when he visited Orlando. "The company was always doing phenomenal. He kept saying it would all go public. And, you know, we were getting a decent return, so we were happy. Besides, we got to meet 'NSync and the Backstreet Boys." Over a span of 15 years, the Sarins invested more than $12 million with Pearlman.

There was just one problem: neither the Sarins' investments nor those of Dr. Chow or any other Pearlman investor were actually guaranteed by the F.D.I.C. or AIG. Or Lloyd's of London. It was all a lie. In 1999, Lloyd's caught wind of it and fired off a letter to Pearlman demanding that he stop. He said it was all a misunderstanding. Lloyd's went to the S.E.C.; there is no evidence the agency followed up on the complaint.

For the most part investors simply took Pearlman at his word. When someone did ask to see proof of AIG and F.D.I.C. backing, Pearlman invited them to his office and displayed what appeared to be a massive AIG insurance policy, as well as a letter confirming F.D.I.C. protection. According to Bob Persante, a Tampa lawyer representing 15 Pearlman investors, the AIG policy was unrelated and the F.D.I.C. letter a fake, believed to be dummed up by Pearlman himself.

The bigger lie, though, was the simplest: there is no such thing as an EISA account. There is a legitimate, federally insured vehicle called an ERISA—an Employee Retirement Investment Savings Account—but, according to Persante and others, Pearlman's fictitious EISA accounts were nothing more than a transparent attempt to capitalize on confusion between the two names. It was a startlingly simple, and fabulously successful, con. Between the early 1990s and 2006, Pearlman took in more than $300 million in EISA sales. In fact, the state of Florida alleges, it was a straightforward Ponzi scheme. Pearlman paid old investors with money from new ones. "What he told people was that 'I've got this EISA plan and normally these plans are restricted to employees, but I've built in a special clause that allows me to give it to friends and family," says Persante. "The genius was he promised only a point above prime or so, so people never got suspicious."

There is scant evidence many other than Pearlman knew the extent of his frauds. One way Pearlman protected himself was hiring inexperienced people. In a business that rarely numbered more than a few dozen employees, several top Pearlman aides, including both his general counsel and his last right-hand man, Robert Fischetti, began their careers as Pearlman's driver. Fischetti's earliest duties, one investor recalled, included handing out paper towels in a Trans Con men's room. Pearlman found another of his top men, Paul Russo, working at a convenience store. "None of these guys knew anything," remembers Jay Marose. "If you needed a decision made, they would listen to you and go. 'Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh,' and then go back to Lou."

As he told the story in later years, Pearlman began to think about entering the music business during the late 1980s, when one of his charter planes flew New Kids on the Block to several concerts. His epiphany, Pearlman claimed, came when the band's manager told him New Kids was grossing $100 million a year. Pearlman wanted in.

Julian Benschcer says he sensed Pearlman's love of the blimp business waning as early as 1991. "I remember we were in his living room, and I said to him, 'Lou, what is your dream? What do you really want to do?'" Benschcer says. "And he said, 'The music business.' He wanted to start a group like New Kids. I said, 'Well, then, let's do it. You put up half, I'll put up half.'"

In early 1992, Pearlman placed an advertisement in the Orlando Sentinel, announcing auditions for a band to be composed of teenage boys. Among the first to reply was Denise McLean, whose son, A.J., was an aspiring singer; after A.J. auditioned for Pearlman in his living room, he became the group's first member. The McLeans came with a pair of music managers, Jeanne Tanzy Williams and Sybil Hall, who began working with Pearlman to complete the group. Dozens of teenage boys auditioned for them at Pearlman's home. Eventually, in January 1993, Pearlman held an open casting call in which hundreds of young performers danced and sang at his blimp hangar in Kissimmee, south of Orlando. After several starts and stops, four young men—Brian Littrell, Nick Carter, Kevin Richardson, and Howie Dorough—were selected to fill out the group. Pearlman came up with a name, the Backstreet Boys, after Orlando's Backstreet flea market.

The rest is music history. The group staged its first show, at SeaWorld in May 1993, and soon went on the road, appearing at amusement parks and malls. Pearlman brought in a pair of professional managers, Johnny and Donna Wright, and within a year the Backstreet Boys had a deal with Jive Records. After U.S. radio stations ignored its first single, the band began touring in Europe, where its first album, released in 1995, became a smash hit. Throughout it all, Pearlman remained a smiling father figure to the boys, paying for everything, the tours, housing, clothes. He preached that they were all a "family," and urged the boys to call him "Big Poppa."

Even though the Backstreet Boys would not find success in America until 1997, Pearlman was soon spending so much time on the music business he all but lost interest in blimps. As a result, Airship International went down in flames. The company posted a $2 million loss in 1992 and a $4 million loss in early 1994, by late 1994 its stock had fallen to 13 cents a share, down from $6. Of its five blimps, only one was still flying in late 1994. The SeaWorld blimp was dismantled after the park declined to renew its lease. Another, leased to promote a Pink Floyd tour, was damaged in a windstorm. Another crashed in North Carolina. Yet another, en route to the U.S. Open tennis tournament in September 1994, crashed into a Long Island man's front yard. The end came when the lease on Pearlman's last blimp expired, in 1995.

Pearlman's investors didn't care much about Airship's death. Most, like Pearlman, were too excited about the music end of the business. But what made many investors feel secure was the knowledge that, even with Airship gone, the second and far larger leg of Pearlman's empire, the $80 million Trans Continental Airlines, was thriving. Its income grew steadily through the 1990s. In fact, almost all Pearlman's ventures became subsidiaries of Trans Con Air—the Backstreet Boys, the Chippendales male-stripper franchise (acquired in 1996). Trans Con Records, Trans Con Studios, even Trans Con Foods, which included a string of TCBY yogurt franchises and a small chain of deli-cum-pizzerias called NYFD Pizza. Pearlman regularly mailed out glowing letters to Trans Con Air shareholders, detailing how the aircraft-lesing and other businesses were doing.

By and large Pearlman's investors owned only tiny lots of Trans Con Air stock: he told people Theodor Wüllemekemper controlled most of it. Only Julian Benschcer, after years of pestering Pearlman, was able to buy a significant stake in the company, about 7 percent. It wasn't until the late 1990s, after Benschcer began disentangling his affairs from Pearlman's, that he stumbled onto the truth. When Benschcer complained that he wasn't receiving dividends on his Trans
Con stock, Pearlman blamed Wüllenkemper, saying the German magnate was refusing to pay out. Irked, Benscher flew to Germany in November 1998 and pleaded his case directly to Wüllenkemper, with whom he had become friendly.

As Benscher remembers their meeting, "Wüllenkemper said, 'What are you talking about?' I said, 'Trans Continental Airlines,' He said, 'What's Trans Continental Airlines got to do with me?' I said, 'You own it. You own 82 percent of it.' He started laughing. [I said], 'Trans Con Air? Forty-nine airline?' He said, 'I have planes, but not this Trans Con Air. Julian, this has nothing to do with me.' I went cold inside. Everything I had believed for eight years was a lie. I didn't know what to do."

There was no Trans Continental Airlines.

Stunned, Benscher investigated how many airplanes Pearlman actually owned. He found precisely three, and all appeared to belong not to Trans Con but to a small charter service Pearlman had formed in 1998. Planet Airways. "Trans Con Airlines existed only on paper," Benscher explains. "But it was always so believable. There was always a plane or helicopter there whenever he wanted. When we flew to L.A. on MGM Grand Air, Lou said the jet was one of his. When he said he owned the plane, well, how could you tell he didn't?"

But Benscher struck a settlement agreement with Pearlman in which he promised not to publicly disparage him, and he has never revealed his discovery to a soul until now.

When I mention Trans Con Air to Alan Gross, he grins and disappears into another room, then returns with a pair of faded Polaroids. Both show a massive "Trans Continental Airlines" 747 landing at what appears to be New York's La Guardia Airport: they are the same photos, I realize, that adorning the Trans Con Air brochures Pearlman had shown Benscher and other investors for years.

"Look closer," Gross says, eying the photos. "You notice you can't see the entire airplane. You can't see the tail numbers. You know why? Because that's where Lou was holding his fingers!"

Gross erupts in gales of laughter. "It's a model!" he guffaws. "It's one I built for him. Louie was using those fake pictures all the way back in the late 70s to try and raise money. Can you believe it? People thought it was all real!"

By his own estimate, Pearlman sank $3 million into the Backstreet Boys before he saw a penny of profit. Still, the music business thrilled him. Even before the band hit it big, he began planning more groups. The first was 'NSync—composed of Justin Timberlake, JC Chasez, and three other singers—which Pearlman formed and dispatched to tour in Europe in 1995. Other groups were soon in the works, including a five-teen band named Take 5, a three-teen group called LFO, and an all-girl group named Innosense. With money pouring in from investors, Pearlman began work on a state-of-the-art recording studio. When it was finished, artists as varied as Kenny Rogers and the Bee Gees would record there.

From the very beginning, people remarked how odd it was for a blimp-industry executive to be diversifying into boy bands. In fact, insiders raised questions about Pearlman's motivations almost from the moment the Backstreet Boys was formed. The group's initial co-manager Sybil Hall and her partner, a singer named Phoenix Stone—he had been one of the original Backstreet Boys before starting his own company—replied.

"Certain things happened," says Nick Carter's mother, "and it almost destroyed our family."

Others felt Pearlman was above reproach. "I spent quite a lot of time with Lou from '90 to '94 and never did he behave inappropriately in any sexual fashion," says Julian Benscher. "Did I a couple of times think that maybe with one of the drivers he had an unusually friendly relationship? Sure. But I spent a lot of time with the boys and Lou, and I can tell you there was no inappropriate behavior. No way."

For Pearlman, and for all the people around him, everything changed in June 1997 when the Backstreet Boys charted their first U.S. hit, "Quit Playing Games (With My Heart)." Overnight the band became an international sensation. Reporters rushed to profile Pearlman as the unlikely impresario—some said "Svengali"—of a new era of boy bands. The success of the Backstreet Boys and later 'NSync created a huge new music scene in Orlando, with thousands of fresh-faced boys, and girls, flocking to audition for Pearlman.

It was during this period, in 1997 and 1998, that the first allegations of inappropriate behavior involving Pearlman appear to have surfaced. One incident centered on the youngest of the Backstreet Boys, Nick Carter, who in 1997 turned 17. Even for many of those closest to the group, what happened remains unclear. "My son did say something about the fact that Nick had been uncomfortable staying [at Pearlman's house]," Denise McLean says. "For a while Nick loved going over to Lou's house. All of a sudden it appeared there was a flip at some point. Then we heard from the Carter camp that there was some kind of inappropriate behavior. It was just odd. I can just say there were odd events that took place."

Neither Nick Carter nor his divorced parents, Robert and Jane Carter, will address what, if anything, happened. But at least two other mothers of Pearlman band members assert Jane termed Pearlman a "sexual predator." Phoenix Stone says he discussed the matter with both Nick and his mother. "With Nick, I got to tell you, this was not something Nick was comfortable talking about," says Stone. "What happened? Well, I just think that he finally, you know, Lou was definitely inappropriate with him, and he just felt that he didn't want anything to do with that anymore. There was a big blowup at that point. From what Jane says, yes, there was a big blowup and they confronted him."

In a telephone interview, Jane Carter stops just short of acknowledging Pearlman made improper overtures to her son, "Certain things happened," she tells me, "and it almost destroyed our family. I tried to warn everyone. I tried to warn all the mothers." Told that this article would detail allegations that Pearlman made overtures to other young men, she replies, "If you're doing that, and
exposing that, I give you a big flag. I tried to expose him for what he was years ago... I hope you expose him, because the financial [scandal] is the least of his injustices.” When I ask why she won’t discuss it further, Carter says she doesn’t want to jeopardize her relationship with Nick. “I can’t say anything more,” she says. “These children are fearful, and they want to go on with their careers.”

Since Pearlman’s financial collapse, a number of his onetime band members have told Vanity Fair they experienced behavior that many would consider inappropriate. Much of what is described occurred at Pearlman’s two Orlando-area homes, the white house he owned on Ridge Pine Trail and, after 1999, the sprawling Italianate mansion he acquired from Julian Benschker, in suburban Windermere. Tim Christofore, who joined Pearlman’s third boy band, Take 5, at the age of 13, remembers one sleepover when he and another boy were dozing and Pearlman appeared at the foot of their bed, clad only in a towel. According to Christofore, who now runs a small entertainment business in St. Paul, Minnesota, Pearlman performed a swan dive onto the bed, wrestling with the boys, at which point his towel came off.

“We were like, ‘Ooh, Lou, that’s gross,’” Christofore recalls. “What did I know? I was 13.”

On a separate occasion, Christofore and another band member telephoned Pearlman to say they were coming to his home to play pool. When they arrived, Pearlman met them at the door naked, explaining he was just getting out of the shower. Another time, Christofore remembers, Pearlman showed him security-camera footage of his girl group, Innsense, sunbathing topless. On still another occasion, Pearlman invited all five band members to watch the movie Star Wars in his viewing room. At one point the film switched off and was replaced by a pornographic movie. At the time, Christofore says, “We just thought it was funny. We were kids. We were like, ‘Great!’”

“No one ever complained,” says Tim’s mother, Steffanie. “Most of the stuff, we learned about only after the group broke up in 2001, Lou played this game of trying to alienate the parents. Every time he dropped the boys off, it was ‘Don’t tell the parents anything.’ They pretty much had a pact with him and they kept it.” Only later did Merrily Goodell, who had two sons in Take 5, learn that Pearlman had taken one to a strip joint. “Did Lou rape my boys? No, he didn’t,” she says. “But he put them, and a lot of others, in inappropriate situations. I know that. To me, the man is just a sexual predator.”

To this day, the question of Pearlman’s behavior remains a sensitive topic among former members of his boy bands. For every young man or parent who says he experienced or saw something inappropriate, there are two who won’t discuss it and three more who deny hearing anything but rumors. More than a dozen insiders told me they heard stories of Pearlman’s behavior while insisting they experienced nothing untoward themselves. Asked who might have been targets of Pearlman’s overtures, the names of seven or eight performers are repeatedly mentioned. Only two of these men would talk to me, and while one acknowledges hearing stories from other boys of inappropriate behavior, both strenuously deny experiencing it themselves.

“None of these kids will ever admit anything happened,” one attorney who has sued Pearlman told me. “They’re all too ashamed, and if the truth came out it would ruin their careers.”

Among the few who will discuss Pearlman’s behavior in detail is one of his former assistants, Steve Mooney. In 1998, Mooney, then a strapping 20-year-old with flowing blond hair, was trying to get started as a singer when a Pearlman aide approached him at an Orlando mall, where he was working at an Abercrombie & Fitch store, and told him, “The big man wants to see you.” Mooney visited Pearlman in his Sand Lake Road offices and performed a Michael Jackson song, but instead of a singing job Pearlman offered him a job as his personal assistant. Pearlman explained that JC Chasez of ‘NSync had gotten his start this way. Mooney signed on, and Pearlman soon invited him to live in his home. All the time Pearlman held out the chance that Mooney could join one of the groups he was planning, called O-Town. According to Mooney, Pearlman told him, “By this time next year, you’ll be a millionaire.” From the outset, Mooney noticed how Pearlman enjoyed hugging him, rubbing his shoulders, and squeezing his arms, usually in conjunction with one of his odd pep talks.

“He would say, ‘Do you trust me?’ [And I would say], ‘Of course I trust you, Lou,’” Mooney recalls. “He always said, ‘I want to break you down, then build you up, so we can be a team together.’” Then he would say, ‘Your aura is off,’ so he begins rubbing my back. I was like, ‘What!’ And he’s going, ‘It’s O.K., we’ve got to get your aura aligned.’”

It got to the point, Mooney says, where every time they were alone Pearlman would rub his muscles. “As soon as the elevator doors close, he would grab you and rub your abs,” he recalls. “The first few times, it’s O.K. But it gets to be too much. It’s like you have this creepy friend who’s always touching you.”

“That was the line, the ‘aura,’ I definitely heard that aura bullshit,” says Rich Cronin, lead singer of the Pearlman band LFO. “It took everything in me not to laugh. He was like, ‘I know some mystical fricking ancient massage technique that if I massage you and we bond in a certain way, through these special massages, it will strengthen your aura to the point you are irresistible to people.’

“I swear to God,” Cronin goes on, “I had to bite my cheeks to stop from laughing. I mean, I now know what it’s like to be a chick…. He was so touchy-feely, always grabbing your shoulders, touching you, rubbing your abs. It was so obvious and disgusting…. He definitely came at people. He came at me. In my situation I avoided him like the plague. If I went to his house, I went with somebody. I would never go with him alone. Because I knew every time I was over there by myself it always led to some weird situation. Like he’d call late at night to come over and talk about a tour, and you’d get there and he’d be sitting there in boxers. The guy was hairy as a bear.”

Steve Mooney shared his concerns with his father, who joined the two for dinner. While they ate, Mooney says, Pearlman kept putting his hand on his leg. Finally he asked him to stop. Afterward, he was surprised when his father said Pearlman seemed O.K. “It’s weird,” Mooney says. “But when you start talking about the money and fame, it’s like Lou’s got this mind control over people.”

Mooney remembers having a heart-to-heart talk with a young man I’ll call “Bart,” a singer in a second-tier Pearlman band. “I said, ‘Bart, does he ever grope you?’, and he said, ‘Yeah, all the time.’” Mooney recalls. “[He said] Lou once grabbed him ‘down there.’” I said, ‘Well, what do you do about it?’ [He said], ‘Look, if the guy wants to massage me, and I’m getting a million dollars for it, you just go along with it. It’s the price you got to pay.’”

On several occasions in the late 1990s,
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Phoenix Stone says, he felt obliged to confront Pearlman over his behavior. “We were trying to build a company, you know, build a brand, a worldwide brand,” says Stone. “And this kind of thing. I mean, it looks bad for your reputation. We didn’t want the reputation of Lou as a predator… So, yeah, I did have a conversation with him. I was worried about the under-aged kids. He never admitted to being gay or anything. I said, ‘Look, I know exactly what time it is with you, and I don’t care whether you’re gay or not, but this is a business, and you can’t come on to these guys like this. And if you do, none of them can be under-aged.’ He just kind of laughed and said, ‘I got it all covered, I got it all covered.’ This was still at the height of [his fame].”

“I tried to protect the kids,” says the publicist Jay Marose. “You’d see Lou kind of moving in on one of them, and you’d just tell someone, Get that kid away from Lou before it’s too late.”

Living at Pearlman’s home, Steve Mooney believed he saw firsthand the price many young men were paying. Pearlman’s bedroom lay behind a pair of double doors, and when they were closed, Mooney knew not to intrude. More than once, he says, he encountered young male singers slipping out of those doors late at night, tucking in their shirts, a sheepish look on their faces. “There was one guy in every band—one sacrifice—one guy in every band who takes it for Lou,” says Mooney, echoing a sentiment I heard from several people. “That’s just the way it was.”

As Mooney tells it, matters came to a head in 2000, during the final stages of the O-Town selection process. Pearlman was resisting his entreaties to join the group. According to Phoenix Stone, who consulted on the selection process, he and Pearlman were at his home late one night discussing Mooney’s future when Pearlman telephoned Mooney, explaining he needed someone to take out the garbage.

“It was very clear to me what was going on,” Stone recalls. “I stopped it right then and there. When Lou called Steve, they had an argument. Steve got very mad, you know, [saying], ‘I’m not coming over.’ [I said to Pearlman]. ‘If it’s about the garbage, there’s plenty of people who can take out your garbage. If it’s not well, leave the kid alone. It’s late.’”

Stone left, believing the matter had been resolved. In fact, Mooney says, there was a second phone call. At Pearlman’s insistence he drove to the mansion at two A.M. and found Pearlman in his office, clad in a white terry-cloth bathrobe. A long argument ensued. It climaxed, Mooney says, when he beseeched Pearlman, “What do
I have to do to get in this band?" At that point, Mooney says, Pearlman smiled. "I'll never forget this as long as I live," Mooney says. "He leaned back in his chair, in his white terry-cloth robe and white underwear, and spread his legs. And then he said, and these were his exact words, 'You're a smart boy. Figure it out.'"

Mooney says he left the house without further incident. He knew, however, that his days with Pearlman were numbered. Afterward, in an effort to protect himself, he says, he returned to Pearlman's office when Pearlman was out. He had perused Pearlman's private files in the past, curious to see what they contained. Now he removed three items he had seen before: a photo of a longtime Pearlman aide posing as a Chipendales dancer; a photo of Pearlman and one of the Backstreet Boys on a ski vacation, apparently alone; and a photo of a young singer naked in Pearlman's sauna, his hands covering his genitals. After making copies of the photos, Mooney says, he contacted the aide who posed as a dancer. "I went to [him] and showed it all to him," he says. "He's like, 'Listen, all you got to do is keep your mouth shut and you're in this company for life. That photo? I'd burn it.'" When Pearlman learned of the theft he confronted him. Mooney says he turned over the copies and resigned. Today he sells real estate in Orlando. "Nobody will talk about this stuff," Mooney says, "but plenty of guys were willing to go along to get what they wanted."

In late 2000, Phoenix Stone and Sybil Hall say, they took an odd phone call from Pearlman: he said he had found a listening device in his home. The two joined Pearlman in an impromptu grilling of an assistant, a young man I'll call "Jeremy," who according to several people had begun an affair with Pearlman. Stone and Hall say Jeremy admitted to placing the device because he was jealous of the attention Pearlman was lavishing on another young man, whom I'll call "Peter," a member of one of Pearlman's bands. "He told me that he and Lou were in a relationship and that he thought Lou was cheating on him with [Peter]," Hall recalls. "He wanted to find out what they were doing." Jeremy couldn't be located for comment, but after his dismissal—Hall and Stone say he received an Escalade to keep quiet—Peter continued to work for Pearlman for years.

Despite innumdo that dogged him for years, Pearlman faced the prospect of public allegations only a handful of times. Once, an unidentified male singer—there may have been more than one—made it clear to Pearlman that he was about to go public. Pearlman's longtime attorney, J. Cheney Mason, of Orlando, confirms that he turned the matter over to the F.B.I. for investigation as a possible extortion. No charges were ever brought, the boy or boys never went public, and Mason, despite filing suit against Pearlman for unpaid legal fees, says he never heard a single reliable account of improper behavior on Pearlman's part.

Almost from the moment Pearlman achieved his first real success in the music industry, in 1997, the foundations of his little empire began to quake. It started when one of the Backstreet Boys, Brian Littrell, couldn't understand why he was seeing so little income from their non-stop touring and European record sales; Littrell hired attorneys who calculated that, while Pearlman had taken in several million dollars in revenue since 1993, the comment for this article, but in a 2006 interview, Justin Timberlake said the band felt it "was being financially raped by a Svengali."

After that, the lawsuits just kept coming. The Backstreet Boys' first managers, Jeanne Williams and Sybil Hall, sued. Phoenix Stone sued. Pearlman ran up $15 million in legal bills with just one lawyer, J. Cheney Mason. Yet even with all the legal fees, Pearlman, who retained royalty interests in both 'NSync and the Backstreet Boys, was still swimming in cash. He bought the 12,000-square-foot lakeside mansion in suburban Windermere, along with two condominiums in Orlando, a waterfront condo in Clearwater, two Las Vegas penthouses, a house in Hollywood, and an apartment in Manhattan. He had at least two Rolls-Royces.

The slowing of the boy-band craze in 2001 and 2002, however, meant Pearlman needed new income streams to keep paying his investors. He signed a slew of new artists, but none, other than Nick Carter's brother, Aaron, a solo act, had any real success. Pearlman tried to break into Hollywood, developing a script titled Longshot, written by Tony DeCamillis, the once banned stockbroker. As its stars Pearlman cast one of his singers, a teenager named Joey Sculthorpe, more than a dozen Trans Con artists, and Britney Spears, the Rock, and Justin Timberlake in a series of cameos. Released in 2002, Longshot was a complete flop. According to one source, the movie cost $21 million and brought in barely $2 million.

Chastened, Pearlman next attempted to capitalize on his image as a molder of young talent, co-producing the successful Making the Band series for ABC and MTV and, in September 2002, acquiring a controversial talent-scouting bureau known as Options Talent. The Options acquisition proved a nightmare; several of its executives had criminal records, and its clients, mostly young people seeking careers in acting and modeling, had filed hundreds of complaints with Better Business Bureaus around the country alleging they had received little in return for fees they paid. Under Pearlman, Options endured a series of name changes, a lengthy Florida state investigation into its methods—Pearlman was never charged with any wrongdoing—and a 2003 bankruptcy before emerging as a new company called Talent Rock, a small and rarely profitable business that held open casting calls for singers, actors, and models at venues around the U.S. and Mexico.

While Pearlman's celebrity dimmed, he remained a star in Orlando, where he was given a key to the city and named an honorary sheriff's deputy. In 2003 he used this goodwill to strike a deal with the city council to assume control of the Church Street Station complex, a clas-
F or Pearlman, the beginning of the end came in mid-2004, when 72-year-old Joseph Chow succumbed to pancreatic cancer in a Chicago hospital. Over the years Chow had become Pearlman’s dream investor, a virtually unlimited source of money with total faith in Pearlman’s promises of future riches. The loans, however, were a source of tension within the Chow family. “From the very beginning, my mom was very skeptical of Lou Pearlman,” recalls the Chows’ 32-year-old daughter, Jennifer. “She didn’t trust him. My parents argued about it quite a bit. She had me talk to my father a number of times, to see if we could get some money out. Or slow it down. My father would get very defensive. He just had so much confidence in Lou and everything he told him. He was always promising to expand into TV, movies, recording studios, the charter-airline business. He was always promising there would be an I.P.O.”

When Joseph Chow died, his family faced with a large bill for estate taxes, had an uncle approach Pearlman about repaying the loans. “He told my uncle that he would think about it and try to work out a payment plan,” Jennifer says. “My uncle essentially responded, ‘What’s the situation with the I.P.O?’ Lou sounded skeptical. That’s when Lou said to him, ‘If anything, Joseph’s investments are worth maybe 10 cents on the dollar.’ We were pretty stunned. Then Lou comes back and says he could repay a hundred thousand every quarter or so until the full $14 million was paid down. That wasn’t really acceptable.”

The Chows hired a lawyer. Before they could do more, however, Pearlman sued them, in a Chicago court, seeking to stop the family from demanding repayment. “We get sued and I’m scratching my head: why the hell does this guy want to be in my jurisdiction instead of Florida?” remembers the Chows’ attorney, Edwin Brooks. “It turns out the courts down there all have his number. They’re all sick of him.”

F iled in late 2004, the centerpiece of Pearlman’s lawsuit was what’s called a “forbearance letter,” in this case a one-paragraph note signed by Joseph Chow saying, in essence, that his loans could be forgiven if Pearlman didn’t feel like repaying. To Brooks the letter made no sense: why would anyone forgive $14 million in loans? “What really got me, late one night, poring over all these documents, was that Joseph Chow’s signature looked familiar,” Brooks recalls. “And so that’s when I started going through the notes my client had signed. Then I saw it. I grabbed one of the old letters, with his signature, held it up to the light, and compared it to the forbearance letter. The signatures were identical. Absolutely identical. You lay them over the top of each other, it’s one signature. At that point I realized I was looking at a forgery.” It would take another year, however, Brooks says, to gather the original loan documents, hire experts, and prove it.

In the meantime, after a counterclaim against Pearlman was filed, discovery got under way. Needing to study Pearlman’s finances, Brooks subpoenaed the accounting firm that had certified his financial statements. The firm’s name was Cohen & Siegel: it was the same firm that had been furnishing Pearlman’s statements since at least 1990. But when Brooks dispatched a process server to the firm’s Coral Gables headquarters, “the process server calls back and tells me, ‘There’s no accounting firm at this address, just a secretarial service,’” Brooks recalls. “At which point I realized I was onto something.”

Brooks deposed the woman who ran the secretarial service. She said Cohen & Siegel had no offices or employees she knew of; Pearlman had simply paid her to take calls on its behalf. When a call came in, she forwarded it to Pearlman himself. “He paid for the whole thing,” Brooks says. “I realize there was no accounting firm.” Not long after, Brooks discovered a Cohen & Siegel Web site, apparently a new one. “Lou claimed it was a German accounting firm, but it was a joke,” Brooks says. “It had no contact information. We hired investigators to find it. It didn’t exist.”

B y the middle of 2005, the Chow family and its attorney had solid evidence Pearlman had perpetrated a massive fraud. Other investors, however, knew nothing of this and continued to shovel money Pearlman’s way. He needed it—badly. By 2006 few if any of his remaining businesses—a handful of obscure bands, Talent Rock, Planet Airways, the recording studio, the delis, and a few restaurants—were making money, yet Pearlman, thanks to bank loans, kept mailing investor checks to hundreds of investors. He was able to borrow from an Indiana bank as late as August 2006, but by then he was all but broke.

Soon after, investors stopped receiving their checks. That September, Steven Sarin, the dentist, heard rumors of the Chow family’s litigation. Sarin’s family had given Pearlman so much money—$12 million—that he still lived in a studio apartment, awaiting the day Pearlman went public. When Sarin telephoned, Pearlman dismissed the Chow litigation as a mix-up. A few weeks later he went to Queens and met Steven Sarin and his brother, Barry, at their usual spot, Ben’s Deli, in Bayside. Barry demanded his money back. “Lou said, ‘No problem—I can pay you back with one hubcap from my Rolls-Royce,’” Steven recalls. “He showed us a financial statement showing we’re doing phenomenal. He told us Trans Con had 60

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jets. It was only after the meeting was over, I remember, I noticed for the first time in 22 years he didn't use a credit card for the meal. He paid in cash.

The Sarins would never see their money again. Nor would many of Pearlman's aides, including Frankie Vazquez Jr., who had been at his side since boyhood; Vazquez's father had been the super at Mitchell Gardens. In early November, when Vazquez sought to withdraw a portion of the $100,000 or so he had with Pearlman, "Lou told him he was on his own, the money was gone," recalls Kim Ridgeway, a friend of Vazquez's. "After all the years Frankie had devoted to Lou, he turned his back on him. Frankie, I knew, felt totally betrayed."

Afterward, Ridgeway says, Vazquez grew distraught. He couldn't sleep. On November 11, a neighbor heard a car running for several hours in his garage. Police were called. Opening the garage, they found Vazquez sitting in his white 1987 Porsche, the motor running, a T-shirt wrapped around his head, dead.

The state of Florida's Office of Financial Regulation began examining Trans Con's EISA program after investors started complaining in the fall of 2006. Pearlman did his best to delay state auditors, but when word of the probe leaked to the press in mid-December, he knew the end was near. According to one report, he attempted to buy an apartment in Berlin, but the purchase fell through. He began selling or giving away his automobiles, including a Rolls, and laying off Trans Con employees. He stopped paying his banks, and they began to sue. Every day last January seemed to bring a new lawsuit. Just days before the state filed its own lawsuit charging Pearlman with operating a Ponzi scheme, a group of banks petitioned an Orlando judge to place Trans Con in bankruptcy. An attorney named Jerry McHale was assigned to begin liquidating Pearlman's assets.

By the time McHale entered Trans Con's offices on February 2, there had been no sign of Pearlman for weeks. "The situation was a disaster," McHale recalls. "There were actually no employees left when I arrived. It appeared that everyone was aware that this thing was falling apart and had just left." That same day, Pearlman wrote an e-mail to the Orlando Sentinel from Germany, where the night before he and his band US$ had attended an industry awards show. While declining to comment on the allegations against him, he said, "My executive team and I are working hard to resolve the issues."

It was over. In mid-February the F.B.I. raided Pearlman's mansion, hauled out cartons of documents and quizzing his assistant when he drove up in Pearlman's last Rolls, a bright-blue model with "LP" license plates. At the same time, Jerry McHale gained entrance to Pearlman's office computers and realized the enormity of the scandal. All told, McHale identified $317 million in missing money that was supposed to be in Trans Con's EISA accounts, not to mention the $156 million in vanished bank loans.

There was no money left. McHale got busy selling Pearlman's remaining real estate and his last functioning business, Talent Rock, for next to nothing. His only real success came when he received an anonymous tip that Pearlman, wherever he was, was attempting to transfer $250,000 from an account at the Bank of New York to Germany. McHale managed to get the money frozen before it left the U.S.

By the time McHale wrapped up his work, the photo and e-mailed it to Huntley. Huntley turned everything over to the F.B.I. Agents attached to the American Embassy in Jakarta appeared at the Westin the next day and led Pearlman away; he had been registered under the name "A. Incognito Johnson." His passport stamps indicated he had spent time in Panama before arriving in Bali. U.S. marshals loaded him onto a plane to Guam, where he remained in jail for nearly a month before being returned to Orlando in mid-July. At the end of June, federal prosecutors had announced his indictment, on three counts of bank fraud and single counts of mail and wire fraud. More indictments are expected.

Today, Pearlman sits in Orlando's Orange County Jail. Repeated calls to his court-appointed attorney went unreturned. He is scheduled for trial next spring.

A few days after Pearlman was returned to Orlando, I drove through the gates of his sprawling lakeside mansion, amid the steamy walled communities west of the city. The house, which had been on the market for months, was vacant. Weeds grew in the side yards. The pool, housed in a mosquito-proof enclosure out back, remained a brilliant blue. Down by the lakefront, where Spanish moss dripped from towering pines, the water lapped quietly against the shore.

A back door was unlocked, allowing entrance into his wood-paneled office. The house was still. Blueprints lay on a kitchen counter. Pearlman had ambitious plans for his compound, envisioning a massive, 30,000-square-foot edifice complete with indoor and outdoor performance stages and a bowling alley. In the marble foyer, twin staircases curled up to the second floor, like something out of Sunset Boulevard. In the master suite, all that remained was a hulking, four-foot steel safe. Wires sprouted from the walls. I could just make out impressions on the carpet where Pearlman's bed had stood.

Outside, the real-estate agent, Cheryl Ahmed, met me in the driveway. She had gotten the listing from Pearlman's assistant but hadn't heard from him since Easter. "You hear a lot of stories about what went on," she says. "Big, big parties. Lots of pretty boys. Lots of boys."

Later, I chatted with the couple who live next door. They never saw much of Pearlman, they say, but he was always polite when they did. Parties? Not many, they say. In fact, the only time they ever wondered about their neighbor was several years ago, when a gardener motioned toward Pearlman's mansion and made what seemed like a strange comment. "If you have a little son," the gardener said, "don't let him go to that house. Bad things happen there."
business dinner on the 52nd floor of Park Hyatt Tokyo: $359
(thinking “I love my job”: priceless)

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**All Is VANITIES… Nothing Is Fair**

**VANITIES**

**NovemBer 2007**

**Lymari Nadal**

**Age:** 29. **Provenance:** Ponce, Puerto Rico. **Breaking Through As…** Denzel Washington's moll in American Gangster, Ridley Scott's upcoming epic about a 1970s Harlem drug lord. Her very first day on set, Nadal filmed her wedding scene with Washington. "Denzel and I had met before, thank God," she says, "because you know you cannot get married without knowing the guy." **Smoldering, Long-Limbed, and Equipped With…** a master's degree in chemistry from the University of Puerto Rico. "I do once in a while dream I'm in a big company or teaching university, which was one of the things I really wanted to do and I did as a teacher's assistant during grad school," says Nadal. "But I'm so fascinated by theater that I've found I'm O.K." **And If That Doesn't Make Chemistry Sexy For You…** consider... that Nadal actually sold to ABC her idea for a TV series about "three kids that went to Harvard Graduate School for chemistry, and they were only..."

**continued on page 274**

**Photograph by Michael Elins**
SOON, EVERYTHING WILL START TO CLICK. There's a reason the new Accord clicks with so many people. It's supposed to. Throughout the car you'll notice an uncanny familiarity to your life beyond the road.

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14, 15 years old. I was in grad school with a kid like that and it fascinated me. The project has languished in development hell but may yet be revived.

NO VAN WILDER-TYPE FLICKS FOR THIS ONE, THEN: Nadal is now developing a film about the Puerto Rican nationalist Lolita Lebrón, who spent 25 years in jail after participating in an armed attack on the U.S. House of Representatives in 1954. (Lebrón was later pardoned by President Jimmy Carter.) "She's a very exciting person, and for 50 years people have wanted to get the legal rights to tell her story," Nadal says. "I've got a wonderful producer-director from Puerto Rico, and we sat with [Lebrón] for four hours in her living room, and she agreed, and signed."

— KRISTA SMITH

WHAT IF...

1. You're a politically ambitious prosecutor trying a sensational murder case, and you've just realized that the defense witness has given you a huge opportunity to prove that he's lying.

2. You're an ex-Marine, on the way home from a workout at the gym, suddenly confronted by a knife-wielding mugger. And you're thinking, "This dude has picked the wrong lookin' guy to take on."

3. You're watching your son on television in his first Formula One race, moments after his car has hit a wall. Track workers have lifted him out of the tangled wreck as the announcer says, "He doesn't appear to be moving..."
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September 19, 2007

Graydon:

Expect a note from a cheeseball Ed Coaster soon. Today I had one of my writers' lunches at Tamarind: me, Sebastian Junger, Bryan Burrough, Michael Wolff, and Ed. The trouble started when Sebastian made a crack about how he hates it when people appropriate his title The Perfect Storm for frivolous gossip stories—e.g., "If ex-Timberlake flames Jessica Biel and Cameron Diaz come face-to-face at the V.M.A.'s, it'll be a perfect storm!!" Then Bryan mentioned how hack sportswriters always abuse the phrase "barbarians at the gate." Then Wolff joked about clueless people who think that the words "burn rate" have something to do with dieting.

And then Ed chimed in that he hates it when anyone uses the word "anyhow," because he invented it. "Anyhoo"—as in, the not-so-funny variant of "anyhow" or "anyway." The rest of us just broke out laughing, and Michael said, "Oh, Ed, you're so full of shit!!" All of a sudden, Ed got beet red, called Wolff a "bald Jew c--t," and told us he invented the word for sure at Elaine's one night. Then he stormed out of the restaurant, saying he was going to get us all fired. You've been warned!

From: Schneidel, Zack <Zachary_Schneidel@condenast.com>
To: Carter, Graydon <canadascoolest@vf.com>
Cc: 
Subject: anyhoo
Sent: Wed 9/26/2007 5:45 AM

Dear Graydon:

Hi, my name's Zack Schneidel and I work in the research dept. Pursuant to the issue of Ed Coaster and the word "anyhoo," I called Lewis Lapham, who said he definitely remembers the incident, but thinks that "he" might have said "anyhoo" and then encouraged Ed to use it. A. E. Hotchner more or less corroborated Ed's version, though he thinks it came out more like "any-WOO."

I also called Elaine Kaufman, but when I identified myself as being from V.F., she said, "Tell your boss he don't know how to run a restaurant," and hung up on me. Calling her back a day later, this time using the voice of an inquisitive Southern belle studying at N.Y.U. (I do a nighttime drag show at the bar Lips), I asked Kaufman about the incident, and she said that, to the best of her memory, "George Plimpton was the one who first said "anyhoo."

Anyhoo, it's undoubtedly true that Ed uses the word in question copiously throughout "Freakout on Sunburst Ave." (45 times by my count). I must note, however, that the metaphysical poet Andrew Marvell, in one of his incomplete "Mower" poems from the 17th century, used the couplet "The ox-eye daisies pitch their woo / To bees, but not I, anyhoo ... ."

Hey, because I did this, can you maybe take me off the freelance rolls and promote me to staff?

Zack
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The New V.F. Guide to Jetiquette

HIGH-FLYING TIPS FOR THE NON-RICH AND MERELY PROSPEROUS

BY NELL SCOVILLE

Well done! You've just received an invitation to fly on a wealthy acquaintance's private jet. So now what? First, mention this fact to as many people as possible. Break off telephone chats by saying things like, "Gotta run! Wheelie up in two minutes!" Lace your conversations with phrases like "fractional ownership" and "F.B.O. catering." Second, realize that while it's an honor to be invited, it's also an anxiety-inducing minefield of potential faux pas—like being a weekend houseguest but in a confined space 30,000 feet in the air. To prevent your social standing from shifting during flight, just follow these rules.

1. Honor the "Wheels Up" departure time.
The departure time is sacrosanct. It's not a cocktail party, so don't even think of arriving fashionably late or you'll be left waving your arms on the tarmac as the host's Hawker roars down the runway.

2. Don't showboat your biggest and most fabulous luggage.
Most private planes have limited payload and cargo space.

3. Be prepared for onboard pets.
For many extremely wealthy people, the need to be with their pets at all times is the very reason they acquired a private jet. If you have allergies, pack plenty of Claritin and don't complain. Actual private-flyer comment: "It's the best way for a cat to travel internationally."

4. Don't take your seat until your host has taken his.
Your host inevitably has a favorite seat, probably outfitted with a special pillow, cashmere throw, and control instruments. Also, never claim the banquette, since it's often used as a conversation spot or as a place for the host to stretch out.

5. Defer to your host's behavior.
Take your cues from your host: if he's napping or working on a laptop (yes, they have WiFi in the sky), find something similarly quiet to do. Actual jet-owner comment: "Nothing is more irritating than a guest who yaps the entire flight. It's the biggest reason people don't fill up their planes." On the other hand, if you have a "fun" host who insists on playing charades, compliance is compulsory.

6. Hold it in.
Rock bands have long maintained a "Don't dump on the bus" policy and the same holds true for small jets. A flimsy accordion door is often all that separates the lavatory from the cabin.

7. In the event of turbulence or engine trouble, pray to whichever god your host worships.
Their plane, their religion. If things get rocky and you're on John Travolta's jet, start neutralizing your body thens. If you're with Ronald Perelman, utter a "Sh'ma Yisrael." If you're with Wayne Huizenga Jr., cross yourself and pray to Jesus.

8. Arrange for your own ground transportation.
Actual private-flyer comment: "There's nothing lamer than landing and watching your flight-mates hop into their waiting S.U.V.'s while you ask to use the lounge phone."

9. Send your host a thank-you note, at the very least.
It's unusual to bring a host or hostess gift aboard the plane, but you might send something fabulous later on, such as Asprey's $1,750 purple-leather travel backgammon set.

10. Don't be a tourist.
Being overexcited and aglow with childlike wonderment is off-putting to regular private flyers. Actual comment from an accomplished Hollywood director: "I once flew on a chartered jet to the Super Bowl with a bunch of celebrities, and when I took out my camera to take pictures of the trip, I was asked to leave the celebrities alone."
[ yellow tail ]

tails, you win.
Growing Up Bateman

Before Jason Bateman, 38, was the Golden Globe–winning lead on Fox’s short-lived series Arrested Development and a fringe member of Hollywood’s “Frat Pack,” he was a 1980s teen idol, courtesy of television’s Little House on the Prairie, Silver Spoons, and The Hogan Family. But now he’s becoming a bona fide film star—he can be seen in The Kingdom, with Jamie Foxx, and Mr. Magorium’s Wonder Emporium, with Natalie Portman, both arriving in theaters this fall. Our correspondent gets cozy with the new, mature Bateman.

IN PERSON

George Wayne: I hear that you showed up at the Vanity Fair shoot with a daughter on your lap, where she pretty much stayed the entire time.

Jason Bateman: We heard that what you guys wanted was a shot of me with a prop—that’s the way it was described, so I figured…

Q.W.: Being a dad has obviously changed your life.

J.B.: Well, I am going to bed now at 10 P.M. instead of getting my nights started at 10 P.M. And I am up at 6:30 A.M. instead of going to bed at 6:30 A.M.

Q.W.: That’s surprising to hear. Jason Bateman was never really seen as the Hollywood rebel.

J.B.: I was just a lot smarter about not getting caught. Although I never stuck anything in my arm, I certainly enjoyed my youth.

Q.W.: And you are married to Paul Anka’s daughter?

J.B.: That’s right. Her name is Amanda, and I actually met her through an exgirlfriend of mine. We are now in our sixth year of marriage.

Q.W.: Jason Bateman as Mr. Mum—get used to it, America! You seem to have lucked out with a great part in an upcoming movie which has Oscar buzz attached—The Kingdom, directed by Peter Berg.

J.B.: I have a bunch of stuff coming up, yeah. I have been pretty fortunate. Not a lot of people watched Arrested Development, but it seems that the people out here who hand out jobs were watching. I am also in another Peter Berg film, which just wrapped, with Will Smith, called Hancock. Will Smith and Charlize Theron and me, we had a ball on that.

Q.W.: Working with Will Smith is like working with God.

J.B.: And for as huge a star as he is, it is amazing how humble he is. His heart, his smile. He is just great. You know, this is the first time in all my life that I have finally had the chance to make choices. In the past I would take any job I could get.

Q.W.: And of course who could forget you in that sitcom The Hogan Family, with Valerie Harper? Back then you were the swarthy testosterone-laden teenager. Was there tons of fan mail?

J.B.: I never looked at the fan mail, for some reason. My mother and grandmother would handle my fan mail, though I was never in the stratosphere of a Kirk Cameron or a Scott Baio.

Q.W.: The Directors Guild of America still recognizes you as its youngest director ever of sitcom television, for the few episodes you did of The Hogan Family. You were 18. Why not more directing?

J.B.: One of these days. I keep getting work as an actor, so one of these days, if I am lucky enough.

Q.W.: All right, enough with the humble chick.

J.B.: George, come on. Actors come and go quicker than some of their scenes. I try to always do the right job and maintain some relevance while trying not to be too precious and too strategic about it.

Q.W.: You had surgery to remove polyps from your throat in 2005. Do you still smoke?

J.B.: No, I quit about three years ago. No booze. No cigarettes.

Q.W.: Not even a glass of wine?

J.B.: No, not even a little bit. I am just not good at it. Now I run like I am being chased every morning. I don’t know what the hell I have become, but it’s starting to annoy me.

Q.W.: You are well aware, I am sure, that your buddy Will Arnett had a little fun at your expense when I asserted about that huge basket of yours.

J.B.: That what?

Q.W.: Your basket. The way you fill up a pair of Levi’s.

J.B.: Oh, my package?

Q.W.: And I have the pictures to prove it. I will send you copies.

J.B.: I have since changed penises.

Q.W.: You what? To think about the pain that you must have caused these poor women.

J.B.: My lease came up on that penis.

Q.W.: Very well. Thank you, Mr. Bateman.

—Photograph: Robert Zuckerman; Hair and Makeup: Laura Overman; Wardrobe: Fashion Editor Amanda de Briston

Jason Bateman, photographed with his daughter Francesca Nora Bateman.
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AN AUGUSTAN AGE

Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy and John Fitzgerald Kennedy, photographed by Richard Avedon at the Kennedy-Palm Beach compound on January 7, 1961. The inauguration is still two weeks away. America has not yet heard the words “Ask not...”
When President-Elect John F. Kennedy and his family posed for Avedon in January 1961, it sent a message of youth, vitality, and confidence. As a new book by Shannon Thomas Perich chronicles the session, biographer ROBERT DALLEK, in this exclusive assessment for Vanity Fair, gives the historical backdrop to the photos, many of which appear for the first time here.

IN SAFE HANDS

This page, Caroline Bouvier Kennedy, aged three, holding her brother, John F. Kennedy Jr., born on November 25, 1960.
Opposite, Caroline with her father, in a moment stolen from the president-elect's hectic day of correspondence and transition chores.
"When I'd ask him to look around, he'd stop dictating," Avedon recalled. "But the moment I finished, he'd start in where he left off. I've never seen such a display of mental control in my life."
British journalist thought the result had "hurt his self-confidence and pride."

Later that morning, Kennedy held a press conference at the Hyannis Port Armory, on Cape Cod, where his family had a residence and he had spent Election Night. According to one observer, Kennedy's hands trembled as he spoke to the newsmen. Fatigue, nervousness, or medication may have produced the tremors, but it wasn't the first time this had happened. Films at the Kennedy library reveal other instances, and suggest that the variety of ailments Kennedy had struggled with for a long time—spastic colitis, osteoporosis, prostatitis, urethritis, and Addison's disease (a malfunction of the adrenal gland)—may have been the principal contributing factor.

Sorensen recalls that, as late as two weeks after the election, he felt Kennedy had still not recovered from the strains of the campaign. His mind was neither "keen" nor "clear," and he seemed "reluctant to face up to the details of personnel and program selection." Joseph P. Kennedy Sr., the president-elect's father, had a similar impression. On one occasion Jack complained to him, "Jesus Christ, this one wants that, that one wants this. Goddamn it, you can't satisfy any of these people. I don't know what I'm going to do about it all," Joe responded. "Jack, if you don't want the job, you don't have to take it. They're still counting votes up in Cook County."

Kennedy was eager to become president, however wrenching the physical and psychological adjustments. He had 72 days between the election results, on November 9, and the inauguration, on January 20. to complete the transition, and he understood fully that he had to project himself to the world as a self-assured and capable chief executive—a commanding presence. Stirring rhetoric would not be enough. To be sure, Kennedy did not discount the importance of words in rallying the nation to meet its foreign and domestic challenges. Winston Churchill's powerful exhortations during World War II set a standard he had long admired. Kennedy was hardly unmindful of how important a great inaugural address could be. He asked Sorensen to gather suggestions from a variety of people, and to make the address as brief as possible. "I don't want people to think I'm a windbag," he said.

But Kennedy intuitively grasped that communicating with the nation visually would be as important as anything he might say. His first televised debate with Richard Nixon had confirmed the importance of physical appearance in a new media age. People who heard the debate on the radio believed that Nixon had bested Kennedy, but, for TV viewers, it was the other way around. Given the well-founded rumors about his health, Kennedy was determined to reassure everyone that he enjoyed the vitality you'd expect from the youngest man (at age 43) ever elected to the White House. It wasn't necessarily going to be easy. Because the steroids he took to control his Addison's disease made him look puffy and overweight, Kennedy was reluctant to take his pills. His secretary Evelyn Lincoln later recalled that, four days before his inauguration, Kennedy said after looking in the mirror, "My God, look at that fat face, if I don't lose five pounds this week we might have to call off the Inauguration."

Little wonder, then, that the Kennedys seized upon a request from Richard Avedon, America's most distinguished photo portraitist and fashion photographer, to capture the president-elect and his family—his wife, Jacqueline; their three-year-old daughter, Caroline; and their infant son, John junior—in the weeks before he took the oath of office. Jackie Kennedy was already well known for her astute fashion sense, and Avedon had photographed her before.

Using a president's family to promote positive images of the country's chief executive was not unprecedented. Theodore Roosevelt had drawn public attention to his attractive family in order to create a bond with ordinary Americans. Eleanor Roosevelt had successfully launched the idea that a First Lady could...
“She knows when to hold herself back while everyone else you know gives too much of themselves at one time. So when she comes out, it’s a great tour-de-force.”
Jacqueline and John F. Kennedy with the infant John junior, six weeks old. "Children have imagination," Jackie wrote in an article for the Washington Times-Herald, "a quality that seems to flicker out in so many adults."
"In a very charming way he was ill at ease.... Jacqueline said he always looks his best when he's talking to a crowd, and freezes up when he has his portrait taken."
and did not blink; but clearly such remarks could, in another context, be irritating. This is all the more so since Jackie, on other subjects, is intelligent and articulate. She was reading Proust when I arrived.


Jack seemed tired but was obviously in good spirits. His habit of pretense was refreshing; for example, he kept answering ringing phones himself, and when a message was required he sat down and wrote it out. He was quite funny on [Senator] Wayne Morse who had been very affable toward him earlier in the evening. Half the time, he said, Morse clapped him on the shoulder and congratulated him; the other half, he denounced him as a traitor to liberalism and an enemy of the working class. It all reminded him of Kennedy, of City Lights, and the millionaire who, when drunk, loaded Charlie Chaplin with gifts and insisted that he spend the night with him, so he couldn't recognize him and threw him out of the house.


We embarked shortly after I—Jack, Jackie, Lee (Jackie's sister) and her husband Prince Radziwill, Marian [Schlesinger], and me. Jack seemed much more relaxed than he has been recently. We brough along several hand-cases of empty coke and tonic bottles; these were to be targets for rifle-shooting. After we got out an appropriate distance, the boat stopped, and Jack tossed the bottles overboard. Several of them sank straight away. Others floated for a moment, and Jack and Radziwill shot at them. Jack's shot was notably excellent. All this was carried out agreeably with much banter and laughter. Then we drank Bloody Marys, swam from the boat and finally settled down for an excellent lunch. After lunch, cigars and conversation.

I was struck by the sense that both [Jack] and especially Jackie seem to have about the importance of preserving their private identities; they talked of the Nixons and the Johnsons as people wholly committed to politics, so that their private faces had given way completely to their public faces, "as if they were on television all the time." Jackie, trying to have a friendly and candid exchange with Ladybird [Johnson], said, "And what have you been doing since the convention?" expecting her to reply, "Oh, God, I've been resting up after that madhouse," or something of the sort. Ladybird said: "I've been writing letters to all those good people who sent congratulations to Lyndon and me."


Jack greeted me with his usual affability and started talking about the [presidential] debates... After the broadcast, Jack said he had gone over to shake hands with Nixon. They had a moment or so of totally inconsequential talk. While they were chatting, a photographer came by and started to take a picture. As soon as Nixon saw this, without altering the subject of conversation or his tone of voice, he started waving his finger in Jack's face to give the photographic impression that he was telling off Kennedy as he had told off Khrushchev. Jack told this with a mixture of contempt and incredulity. "The man is a shit—a total shit."


The campaign concluded with an uproarious rally in the Boston Garden... Jack's speech was pretty much the same one he has given for the last week; but he gave it with his usual charm and power and it was all impressive and exciting. Later that night [columnist]

I reached Jack's office shortly before noon... We talked for a moment or two. Then, after an interval, we went down to the car and to Georgetown. When we arrived, he asked me to come into the house and have a drink. I did and we chatted for a time, with Caro- ne, an enchanting little girl, dashing in and out carrying a football. (The Kennedys apparently believe in breaking them in early.)


Dinner at the White House with Joe [Alsop, the columnist] and Susan Mary Alsop [his wife, a prominent Washington hostess]. The President was in excellent form—very lively, pungent, and vigorous. I was delighted to see that he was particularly concerned with the role of the business community. He began by saying that he was truck by the paradox that, while labor leaders individually were often mediocre and selfish, labor as a body took generally enlightened positions on the great issues; while businessmen were often enlightened as individuals but invariably took hopeless positions on public issues. He said several times that he now understood FDR's attitude toward the business community.


I went to the White House to join Ted [Sorensen] and Mac Bundy for a final review of the [State of the Union] speech with the President... The Bradlees [Ben, a Washington Post editor, and his wife, Toni] had been dining with the Kennedys, and Jackie now asked us in to hear the Jimmy Dean recording of "PT 109"... and have a glass of champagne. Jackie and Toni Bradlee both essayed the twist with great and lady-like charm. Jackie does an absolutely enchanting combined twist-and-Charleston. As she finished, she said, "I will bet that Mary McCarthy can't do this."


The issue of raising children came up. The President, probably in order to provoke Marian and [society hostess] Martha Bartlett, said that he did not see why children should not be brought up in community nurseries. This led to a discussion of the role of the family. I asked why the Kennedys had turned out so well and the Churchills and Roosevelts so badly. JFK said, "Well, no one can say it was due to my mother. It was due to my father. He wasn't around as much as some fathers, but, when he was around, he made his children feel that they were the most important things in the world to him. He seemed terribly interested in everything we were doing. He held up standards for us, and he was very tough when we failed to meet his standards. This toughness was important. If it hadn't been for that, Teddy might be just a playboy today."


I forgot to record a remark of the President's last Friday. He was commenting on the Eisenhower press conference the day before. "The thing I liked best," he said, "was the picture of Eisenhower attacking medical care for the old under Social Security as 'socialized medicine'—and then getting into his government limousine and heading out to Walter Reed."


The President called me on Sunday morning, the 16th, and, among other things, discussed the Khrushchev speech. He expressed, as he has before, his wonder that Khrushchev makes much the same set of charges against the West that the West makes against him; he credits Nikita S. Khrushchev with sincerity in this, and the mirror effect reinforces his own detachment and his refusal to regard the world contest as a holy war. He read two sentences aloud with admiration and said, "Khrushchev certainly has some good writers!" The sentences were: "Those militarists who boast that they have submarines with Polaris rockets on board, and other surprises, as they put it, against the Soviet Union, would do well to remember that we are not living in mud huts either" and "At the climax of events around Cuba, when there began to be a smell of burning in the air..." (I said that we could do as well for him if he would only give some two-hour speeches.)


The President was amusing on the subject of the candor of wives. He said, "Whenever a wife says something, everyone in this town assumes that she is saying what her husband really thinks. Last night I suddenly heard Jackie telling [André] Malraux that she thought [German chancellor Konrad] Adenauer was 'un peu gaga.' I am sure this has already been reported to Paris as my opinion."


On Monday, when [Ambassador] Philip Kaiser and I were walking over to the West Wing for luncheon, we ran into the Kennedy family. Caroline, at her mother's bidding, shook our hands and curtsied. Young John, delighted at this, rushed up, put out his hand and, as he shook ours, curtsied too. Jackie said, "I think there is something ominous about John curtsying." John said indignantly, "Mummy, I wasn't curtsying. I was bowing."


When I came in, the President was looking at some books on his desk. "No, these are not right," he was saying to [his secretary] Evelyn Lincoln. "I wanted Peter Quennell's Lord Byron in Venice. As I was leaving, he called after me, almost a little wistfully, "What are you doing tonight?" I told him that we were going to a dance at the Walter Ridders'. The President gossiped for a moment or two. I hate to repeat the cliché about the loneliness of the job, but it is a lonely job.


Bobby came down in a few minutes and disappeared into the East Room with Bob McNamara. After a time, he came out and asked Nancy Tuckerman and me to go in, look at the bier and give our opinion whether the casket should be open or shut. And so I went in, with the candles fitfully burning, three priests on their knees praying in the background, and took a last look at my beloved President, my beloved friend. For a moment, I was shattered. But it is not a good job; probably it could not have been with half his head blasted away. It was too waxen, too made up. It did not really look like him. Nancy and I told this to Bobby and voted to keep the casket closed... Bobby gave instructions that it should be closed. He told me that Jackie preferred to have it closed, and I reassured him about the precedent by remembering that Roosevelt's casket had been closed.

After this we quietly dispersed into the mild night.
he photographs, from two sessions on January 3, 1961, were intended for February issues of Harper's Bazaar and Look. All told, 17 Avedon photos were published in the two magazines. A selection would also be released to the Associated Press. But Avedon took hundreds of pictures in the course of that January day, and most of the ones on these pages are being published for the first time. As Shannon Thomas Perich recounts in The Kennedys: Portraits of a Family, the sessions took place at the Mediterranean-style oceanfront villa in Palm Beach, Florida, where the Kennedys had just spent Christmas and New Year’s. Jacqueline was still convalescing after the birth of John junior, who had been delivered by Cesarean section on November 25. Between rounds of golf, President-Elect Kennedy was continuing to put together his Cabinet and plan his inauguration. There was also pressing news to absorb: on the same day as Avedon’s session in Palm Beach, the United States severed diplomatic relations with Castro’s Cuba, which loomed as an increasingly troublesome foreign-policy problem. Avedon would tell a writer for Newsweek in an interview shortly after the photographs were published, “When I took Caroline’s picture with her father, he was dictating memos to his secretary. When I’d ask him to look around, he’d stop dictating. But the moment I finished, he’d start in where he left off.”

Unfortunately, many details about the actual photo shoots are lost and no longer accessible. Harper’s Bazaar did not keep a relevant archive, and correspondence about the assignment does not appear in the archived files of Look, which folded in 1971. Of the members of the Kennedy family photographed by Avedon that day, Caroline alone is still alive, but she was only a child at the time. Avedon himself died in 2004, leaving very little record of this pre-inauguration encounter. We know that Avedon arrived at the Palm Beach estate in the morning with his assistants. Also on the scene were Kenneth Battelle, the New York hairstylist, and a fitter from Oleg Cassini, who brought down the dresses, still unfinished, that Jackie would be wearing to the inaugural events. Aides and Secretaries bustled everywhere. The weather was balmy.

The most important testimony is that embodied in the images themselves. They tell the story of an American family—warm, close, confident—about to embrace a remarkable destiny for which it is fully prepared. John F. Kennedy was a prince who had been schooled from early in life to become one. In Avedon’s photos there are no gilded crowns or ermine robes, but a palpable sense of his subjects as a natural aristocracy, and of his own responsibility to elevate the human but also above and apart. The words of Robert Frost come to mind: “Emerge—(I quote),” which he wrote for the inauguration. Frost proclaimed the age of “post-Augustan.”
"I make as many as sixty prints of a picture if it would mean a fraction's improvement to help show the invisible the inside out."
RUNNING MATES

Bill and Hillary Clinton and Al and Tipper Gore on the campaign trail in New Jersey, July 1992.
Promised real power as Bill Clinton's vice president, Al Gore found he had a rival for that role: the First Lady. And when Hillary decided to run for the Senate, a tense competition got ugly. In an excerpt from her new book about the Clinton White House years, SALLY BEDELL SMITH reveals how conflicting agendas—the triangle of a scandal-ridden lame-duck president, the wife he'd betrayed, and his designated successor—sapped Gore's 2000 campaign as the bond between two couples dissolved into distrust, anger, and resentment
During the 1992 campaign, Bill and Hillary Clinton took several successful bus trips with vice-presidential candidate Al Gore and his wife, Tipper, where they bonded to such an extent that Tipper called Hillary her "long-lost sister." "If there is a subject under the sun that we haven't discussed, I don't know what it might be," said Al. So it seemed fitting that the four of them again boarded a bus three days before Bill Clinton's inauguration, this time for a 120-mile ride from Charlottesville, Virginia, to Washington, re-enacting the trip that Thomas Jefferson had made in 1801.

After conducting an interview with Bill and Hillary, NBC Nightly News anchor Tom Brokaw lingered while the two couples sat around a table in the kitchenette in the front of the bus. "It struck me like a college-dorm bull session rather than an incoming administration," Brokaw recalled. "Hillary was not leading, but she was like a junior partner. It was Gore to Bill Clinton, and Hillary was gracefully part of the conversation."

Eight days later, Bill appointed Hillary head of the health-care task force, which was charged with developing a plan to restructure the health-insurance system. The move took nearly all his top officials by surprise, including Al Gore. Bill had invested Gore with considerable responsibility, but his failure to confide in his vice president was a telling sign of the real pecking order.

Bill and Hillary's joint decision-making at the beginning of his presidency was as overt as it would ever be in the White House. "He would say, 'Hillary thinks this. What do you think?'" said White House counsel Bernard Nussbaum. "They really were a partnership. She was the absolutely necessary person he had to have to bounce things up against, and he was that for her. I sensed a tremendous need for each other. They didn't have to see each other, but they would talk continually every day." In deference to her continuing role as Bill's "closer," staff members called Hillary "the Supreme Court." "We would always say, 'Has the Supreme Court been consulted?'" recalled Dee Dee Myers, the president's press secretary for two years, now a V.F. contributing editor. Whenever Bill said, "Let me think about it," aides knew he intended to call Hillary.

Gore was the one most affected by Bill's reliance on his wife. It was a given in the White House, as Chief of Staff Mack McLarty said, that everyone would "just have to get used to" the fact that Hillary, along with Bill and Gore, had to "sign off on big decisions." But having what Clinton domestic-policy adviser Bruce Reed called "three forces to be reckoned with" added yet another layer of perplexity and rivalry to the West Wing, where advisers and Cabinet officers knew they could lobby either the First Lady or the vice president to reverse decisions by the president. David Gergen, counselor to the president in 1993 and 1994, called the "three-headed system" a "rolling disaster."

The early conventional wisdom about the relationship between the president and vice president shifted from adoring descriptions of generational bonding to the prevailing media view that Gore's influence would "inevitably diminish" now that his "Dudley Do-Right" image was no longer necessary to take the curse off "Slick Willie." "An account in The New York Times Magazine shortly before the inauguration set out the new interpretation, noting that "Al Gore hasn't yet realized there is going to be a co-presidency but he's not going to be part of the co," and that, according to the Clintons' close friend and adviser Susan Thomases, Gore "would have to adjust to a smaller role." The article came out of the blue, and the Gore camp detected the veiled handiwork of Hillary in its slant. It was an open secret that some of Hillary's advisers, Thomases in particular, nurtured dreams that Hillary, not Gore, would follow Bill in the presidency. "There are a great many people talking very seriously about her succeeding him," Betsy Wright, Bill's chief of staff in Arkansas, admitted during her former boss's first year as president.

"Of course there were tensions," said one of the Clintons' longtime friends, who recalled private meetings in which Hillary encouraged her husband to discount Gore's advice by saying, "Bill, you are president. This is your administration." The threesome "at times had the feeling of a brother and sister trying to win the affection not of the father but of another, more powerful older brother," said this friend. Hillary had an obvious advantage over Gore, because she and Bill had been on the same wavelength for so long that they communicated almost by telepathy. But Gore operated under the assumption that Bill took Hillary advice only when she claimed an issue as her own, and only when Bill would suffer emotional consequences if he ignored her.

The Clintons resented the Gores because they were products of Washington's prestigious private schools and its social network on the A-list for elite Georgetown gatherings such as the annual New Year's Eve party hosted by former Washington Post editor Ben Bradlee and his wife, Sally Quinn. A friend of the Clintons' noted in a journal that Hillary once said with some bitterness, "Gore gets credit because he's a Washington insider and can play the game. Gore not from somewhere called Arkansas."

While Hillary held the unique sway with Bill, he nevertheless had a close and effective professional relationship with his vice president. "Gore has a more of an ability to influence the president than was acknowledged," said a Clinton adviser. Before taking office, the two men signed a written agreement setting out Gore's responsibilities for environmental, foreign-affairs, national-security, science, and communications policies, as well as a general advisory role. Bill also committed to a private lunch with Gore every Thursday. Gore was particularly insistent on the lunches, held in the small dining room off the Oval Office, where he would arrive each week with a stack of material to cover. Gore knew "if the relationship wasn't nurtured, it would become vulnerable," said one top White House official.

Bill's panoramic but haphazard intelligence often benefited from Gore's more rigorous and linear thinking. In some respects Gore's cast of mind was similar to Hillary's in his quest for synthesis, his empirical thought processes, and his effectiveness in meetings, prompting one staff member to liken him to a "piece of artillery." But Gore and Hillary had dissimilar personalities. Most obviously, Gore had an ironic sensibility and appreciation for the absurd that both Bill and Hillary lacked. Asked how his routine had changed when he was forced to use crutches after injuring his Achilles tendon, he deadpanned, "It takes me twice as long to walk Socks," the Clintons' cat.

Bill and Tipper, who shared the same birthday, were more outgoing than Al and

OLE SHIFTS

The First and second Couples on the South Lawn of the White House at a reception for 1,400 campaign volunteers, 1993. [2]

Bill and Hillary in Fort Worth, Texas, like long-lost sisters the week of the 1992 election. Triumphant newcomers to the Oval Office, 1993.

Clinton and Gore at White House ceremony to sign the ban on land mines, 1996.

The Clintons and the Gore, older, sadder, wiser, outside the White House on Clinton's last day in office, January 20, 2001.
Hillary. As a foursome, they got together for bowling and movies at the White House, dinners and concerts, and nights at Camp David. Tipper quietly went out of her way to help Hillary with suggestions about doctors, dentists, and other domestic matters. She introduced her to her friend Dana Buchman, a designer from Memphis, and immediately stopped wearing Buchman's clothes because Hillary wanted those styles to be "her look.

When Hillary was upset over press coverage, Tipper would invite her to lunch at the vice-presidential mansion to commiserate. Tipper had a master's degree in psychology, and she frequently appeared at Hillary's side to discuss mental-health issues. Her presence, The Washington Post noted, "reinforces Hillary as a caring person."

Yet Hillary always had an undercurrent of competition with Al Gore that burst into the open from time to time. One day, when Gore and his team presented their plans for improving government efficiency, Bill asked so many questions that the meeting ran a half-hour too long. As a result, Bill was late for a session in the White House Residence with Hillary and her health-care advisers. Feeling snubbed, Hillary lectured her husband on the importance of health care. Bill "retreated a bit," recalled a participant. "It took five minutes to get through that situation... She was not pleased."

The turning point in Hillary's political life came on November 6, 1998, when New York senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan said he would not run for a fifth term. New York congressman Charles Rangel, who had already been pushing Hillary to enter the race, called that evening and said, "I sure hope you'll consider running, because I think you could win." Bill later wrote that he thought it "sounded like a pretty good idea," although Hillary said she told Rangel that she was "honored" but "not interested" and that she considered the idea "absurd." Yet the same day, Mandy Grunwald, a key adviser to Hillary, called the Moynihans to assess their reaction to a Senate bid by Hillary. They both thought it was a bad idea, because she didn't know the state and hadn't shown any interest in its issues or needs.

The Moynihan seat had in fact been on the Clintons' radar for months. Shortly after the midterm election, Hillary and her longtime adviser Harold Ickes signaled that interest by inviting a group of friends to have dinner and talk about her prospects. "It was a very pragmatic political discussion," recalled Secretary of Health and Human Services Donna Shalala. "I told her not to run, that she was an outsider, had never lived in New York. We talked about the Bobby Kennedy thing, and her response was that she was looking at the polls. She said that, based on Kennedy's experience [winning a Senate seat as a newcomer to the state in 1964, after he had served as attorney general for John F. Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson], New Yorkers were welcoming." By Bill's account, Hillary made up her mind only days after Moynihan announced his retirement. Once she had spent time "looking around and talking to people," she said, "Okay, I want to do it. So here we go."

In his practical and optimistic way, Bill saw the Senate candidacy as a prize for Hillary, a lifeline for him, and a salve for their marriage after her humiliation over his sexual affair with White House intern Monica Lewinsky, which had been sensationally revealed the previous January. He was impeached in December 1998 by the Republican-controlled House, for lying to a grand jury about Lewinsky and obstructing an investigation by Special Prosecutor Kenneth Starr into the affair. Even before Bill's lawyers succeeded in blocking his conviction by the Senate on February 12, he was learning to assume an unaccustomed secondary role and to serve Hillary as directly as she had served him for so long—in some sense, the ultimate penance for his habitual womanizing.

"It looks to me like it is highly likely that I will increasingly be known as the person who comes with Hillary to New York," he told a group of well-heeled donors at Le Cirque in Manhattan on February 2, 1999, adding that he was "getting ready for my next life. I'm going to be the comic that closes the show—my stand-up life."

Bill had his own purposes behind his slightly uneasy jocularity. "For Bill Clinton, there was no way for his popularity to be tested," said one of Hillary's advisers. "She would carry the burden of his behavior. Politicians are always looking for signs that they have been forgiven—or at least that the public has gone past it. She was a surrogate for him on that." Madeleine Albright told a friend she was "impressed that Clinton was eager for Hillary to win the Senate race to recompense her for all she had to put up with and also a way for him to get back into campaigning." Bill's friend Tom Siebert, who was to raise money for Hillary, recognized that "the Senate race kept them in public life.... They grabbed the brass ring early in their lives, and running for elective office was in her DNA as much as his."

The prospect of teaming up in another race had a salutary effect on the Clintons' relationship by shifting their conversation to safe ground, away from the personal issues they had been grappling with in couples therapy. "Bill and I were talking about matters other than the future of a relationship," Hillary later wrote. "We both began to relax. He was anxious to be helpful, and I welcomed his expertise." Susan Thomas observed, "She always had enormous respect and affection for him in both political contexts. He was always the strategist for himself and for her."

Rival Campaigns

Bill and Hillary's seventh year in the White House brought a dramatic shift in their relationship, with the center of gravity moving from Washington to New York. He was the lame duck, crippled by scandal, and she was the rising political star. Having saved his presidency by publicly standing by him after the revelations about Lewinsky (first by proclaiming his innocence and then by attacking the enemies who sought to punish him), Hillary now had the upper hand, and his legacy was tied to her political fortunes. At the same time, Hillary's ascendency had a significant impact on the presidential prospects of Al Gore, diverting attention and resources from his candidacy and adding to the growing tension between the Gores and the Clintons over Bill's involvement with Lewinsky.

Gore had always been a determined campaigner and a skilled debater. But with his sometimes preachy delivery and stiff demeanor, he was not a natural on the stump like his boss. As the 2000 campaign drew closer, Bill seized on those apparent weaknesses in private critiques to influence Democratic supporters. When San Francisco investment banker Sandy Robertson was spending the night in the Lincoln Bedroom after the state dinner for Chinese premier Zhu Rongji, on April 8, 1999, Bill invited him to the Treaty Room for a late-night conversation. The president propped his feet on a table and unloaded on Gore's political deficiencies. "He said he was trying to get Gore to be a better campaigner," Robertson recalled. "He was worried." Bill told Robertson, "I've been working with him to get him to loosen up."

A month later, Bill went public with his concerns in an interview that The New York Times put on its front page. Those misgivings, plus some early missteps by Gore, led to a Newsweek cover story.

UNEASY PARTNERS

Clinton and Gore, photographed by Annie Leibovitz for Vanity Fair in August 1997, five months before the Monica Lewinsky scandal broke.
During the 2000 campaign, Clinton and Gore stopped having lunch.
GREEN GODDESS

French-born actress Eva Green, photographed at Sunbeam Studios, London.
When director Chris Weitz was casting his adaptation of Philip Pullman’s metaphysical novel *The Golden Compass*, actress Eva Green was his immediate choice for the part of the benevolent, 300-year-old witch, Serafina Pekkala. “There’s not any coltishness to Eva, even though she’s young,” says Weitz. “She’s not the girl who just got off the bus from Wisconsin.”

Green’s most recent public performance was at an extravagant Paris event “celebrating the birth of” Dior’s new Midnight Poison scent, of which Green is the commercial face. “It was completely mad,” says the 27-year-old Paris native. “In a good way, though!” Mlle. Green appears to have little time for standard young-tress notions about “keeping it real”: “I love photo shoots where I can be like a pinup, not myself,” she says. “I hate it when you go in and they want you to be ‘natural.’” Green was extremely natural in her big-screen debut in Bernardo Bertolucci’s 2003 kinkfest, *The Dreamers*, with many scenes that didn’t require her to visit the wardrobe department. She went to the opposite end of the spectrum with last year’s Bond movie, *Casino Royale*, earning critical plaudits for her role as the buttoned-up British Treasury agent Vesper Lynd. Starring in a high-tech blockbuster only made Green yearn for the Hollywood studio system of the 1930s and 40s. “Back then the studios built an image for you,” she says. “It was more controlled. For the Bond movie you had to do interviews for shitty magazines, and they ask you all these personal questions. I don’t like it—it kills the dream.”

—STEVEN DALY
FAIREST
OF THEM ALL

Green, who plays a witch in The Golden Compass, channels her dark side.

VANITY FAIR
"I love photo shoots where I can be like a pinup, not myself."
SLOWHAND

Eric Clapton, photographed in New York City.
The birth of his son, Conor, in 1986, was a wake-up call for ERIC CLAPTON: his drinking, resumed during the breakup of both his marriage and his affair with the baby’s mother, had to stop. Back in rehab, on his knees, he finally found the help he needed. In an excerpt from his autobiography, the rock ’n’ roll master recalls the tragedy of four-year-old Conor’s death—and the sobriety and the music that kept him sane.

For most of 1985, apart from August and September, I was out on the road promoting Behind the Sun. In the early part of that summer I got a phone call from Pete Townshend, asking if I would play in a charity event being organized by Bob Geldof to raise money for the victims of famine in Africa. It was to be called “Live Aid” and to consist mainly of two concerts played simultaneously in London and Philadelphia on July 13 and broadcast live on TV across the world. As it happened, on that date my band and I were to be in the middle of a North American tour. We were booked to play Las Vegas the night before, with shows in Denver on either side, so there were some pretty big leaps involved. I told my manager, Roger Forrester, to cancel the Las Vegas show, and called Pete to say we’d do it. Thank God
we were in good shape, with the band playing really well, because had we just started our tour, I might have had second thoughts.

Landing in Philadelphia the day before the show, one couldn’t help but get swept up in the atmosphere. The place was just buzzing. The moment we landed, you could feel music everywhere. We checked into the Four Seasons Hotel, every room of which was filled with musicians. It was Music City, and, like most people, I was awake most of the night before the concert. I couldn’t sleep due to nerves. We were scheduled to go onstage in the evening, and I sat watching the performances of the other acts on TV during most of the day, which was probably a psychological mistake, as seeing all these great artists giving their best made me a hundred times more psyched out than I would have been for a regular gig. How could I ever match the performance of a band like the Four Tops, with their fantastic big Motown orchestra and all their energy?

By the time we got out to the stadium, I was tongue-tied. It was also boiling hot, and the whole band felt faint. In fact, bassist Duck Dunn and I later confessed to each other that we’d been close to passing out. The tunnel that we had to walk through from the dressing rooms to the stage was crowded with security, which was unnerving in itself, and things weren’t helped by the fact that we had been given different guitar amps from those specified by my roadie, who was subsequently screaming bloody murder as we reached the stage. To say the whole band was jumpy would be an understatement. As I climbed onstage, I suddenly saw the reassuring presence of my old mentor, Ahmet Ertegun, who was standing in the wings, smiling broadly at me, and giving me a big thumbs-up sign.

Things got off to a shaky start. When I moved up to the microphone to sing the first line of “White Room,” I got a great big shock out it, further unnerving me, and meaning that I had to sing the rest of the show with my mouth not quite touching the mike but still close enough to hear myself, since the monitors weren’t very good. We played two more songs, “She’s Waiting,” from Behind the Sun, and “Layla,” and then we were off and it was all over. Phil Collins came on, followed by Led Zeppelin, then Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young. I remember very little after that, other than being herded back onstage at the end to join in the finale, singing “We Are the World.” I think I was just in a state of shock.

The autumn of 1985 found us touring Italy. From my initial visit there, a few years earlier, when I was first exposed to its architecture, fashion, cars, and food, I had had a fascination with the country and its lifestyle in general, but I had never dated an Italian woman. I was explaining this to the Italian promoter, who told me that he knew a really interesting girl and would introduce us. (I was still married to Pattie Boyd then, but things were rocky.) We were playing a couple of shows in Milan, and after one of them, he brought along a strikingly attractive girl named Lori del Santo to dinner. Born in Verona, Lori was the second daughter in a poor Catholic family. When her father died young, she was sent to a convent school while her mother worked all hours to make ends meet.

As soon as she left school, she made the decision that she would never be poor again. She went to Rome with the intention of making a career in modeling and TV, and by the age of 20 had gotten parts in various television programs. She had also become the girlfriend of the Saudi arms dealer Adnan Khashoggi. By the time I met her, seven years later, she was famous throughout Italy as one of the stars of a popular show called Drive-In, which was the Italian equivalent of Row & Martin’s Laugh-In. With her long, rich, dark, curly hair, strong bone structure, and voluptuous figure, she was a real South Italian—style beauty, and I was immediately smitten.

Lori had a powerful personality, very confident and flirtatious, and I was flattered by her interest in me. Indeed, the energy between us was very strong, the kind that exists only when you meet someone for the first time. It was also very playful, a quality that had appeared from my relationship with Pattie. When the tour ended and I went back home to her, we made yet another halfhearted attempt to rekindle our marriage, but it didn’t really catch. I realize that my attentions had shifted. I had been home just a few days when I suddenly told Pattie I was leaving—I had met somebody in Italy and I was going to go and stay with her. I was like a flame, the wind, being blown all over the place, with no concern for other people’s feelings or for the consequences of my actions. I had persuaded myself that, since I had just turned 40, I was going through a midlife crisis and that that was the explanation for everything.

I turned up on Lori’s doorstep in Milan, right out of the blue, and told her I’d left Pattie and was coming to live with her. In an odd way, it was almost as if she were living an existential life herself, because she didn’t bat an eye. Her attitude was “Come an live here and we’ll see where it takes us.” It was an extraordinary moment for me. I just thought to myself, I’m going to start my life again from scratch here in Italy, without any idea at all of where it is going to go.

We lived in Milan for a while, where Lori was starting a new career as a fashion photographer. She was doing work for the fashion houses that were going strong then, and it was through her that I became friendly with the Versace family, particularly with Donatella’s husband, Paul Beck. I was already a huge fan of Gianni’s. I had been buying his things and thought of him as the best designer in CONTINUED ON PAGE 337.
When Conor was finally born, they gave him to me to hold. I was spellbound, and I felt so proud.
TAKE TWO

Tom Hanks breaks up his co-star Julia Roberts during the filming of Charlie Wilson’s War in Los Angeles.
Given the current Congress's utter inability to end the war in Iraq, it's hard to imagine that a lone representative—let alone one as fond of booting and womanizing as Charlie Wilson was in his day—could have waged a secret war against a superpower. Yet that's what the Texan Democrat (played by Tom Hanks in a Christmas release from Universal) did in the early 1980s, when, with the help of ultraright-wing socialite Joanne Herring (Julia Roberts), renegade CIA operative Gust Avrakatos (Philip Seymour Hoffman), and collaborators in Israel, Egypt, and Pakistan, he boosted the annual funding for anti-Soviet mujahideen in Afghanistan from $5 million to $1 billion. Sure, the scheme was crazy—but it worked. the Russians last the war and, eventually, their empire.

THE WILSON DOCTRINE

If the whole thing hadn't backfired when Islamists based in Afghanistan pulled off 9/11, Wilson and his pals would be Cold War heroes. Instead they are the walking ironies on display in Mike Nichols's Charlie Wilson's War, based on the 2003 nonfiction best-seller by the late 60 Minutes producer George Crile. Hanks captures the title character's hedonistic charm without neglecting his inner patriot, and Roberts plays Wilson's lover and political muse as a Houstonian Arianna Huffington (the pre-liberal version). "They are idealists, and literally strange bedfellows," says Aaron Sorkin, who wrote the screenplay. "After witnessing both the incredible suffering and the incredible courage of the Afghan people, they felt they simply had to help somehow. And it just snowballed into the biggest covert war in history."

—MICHAEL HOGAN
Va Va von Furstenberg

Like her husband, Barry Diller, Diane von Furstenberg has built a showstopping New York headquarters for her business—now a $200 million fashion empire, rivaling the splash she and her wrap dress made in the 70s. From the crystal staircase to the “green roof,” INGRID SISCHY explores a kaleidoscope of light, color, and curves as dynamic as its creator.
IN LIVING COLOR

The second-floor conference room of von Furstenberg's new Manhattan headquarters, with Warhol portraits of the designer. 

Opposite, von Furstenberg on her five-floor stairway with models Alek Wek, Lisa Cant, and Lily Cole. All are wearing Diane von Furstenberg.
decade ago, when Diane von Furstenberg wrote her autobiography, she rather woefully noted, “It will probably be on my tombstone: ‘Here Lies the Woman Who Designed the Wrap Dress.’” Not so fast, fellas. Hold the chisel. The latest chapter in her ongoing tale of self-invention, re-invention, and re-re-invention is triumphant and far-reaching enough to make Coco Chanel, who knew something about comebacks, shout “Bitch” from the grave. Von Furstenberg’s story is also a lesson in knowing when to let go, and when to grab the moment. She is someone who understands these things innately. She might say it’s because she’s the daughter of Lily Nahmias, a survivor of the Holocaust.

However she got them, von Furstenberg’s survival instincts have served her since her childhood in Brussels. When she became a princess in 1969 by marrying Prince Egon von Fürstenberg, the 22-year-old Diane ignored the snubs of the snooty Europeans who thought the Jewish girl with “nothing” wasn’t good enough for such a dashing catch. Soon after arriving in New York, she had an audience with the then most important person in fashion, Vogue editor Diana Vreeland—part nut, part genius—who oohed and ahhed over a handful of prototype dresses von Furstenberg pulled out of a suitcase. With the right forces behind her, she soon nailed the Zeitgeist with her no-zipper, no-button, simple-to-wash, easy-to-put-on, even easier-to-take-off wrap dress. Her colleagues may have pooh-poohed her (“She’s not really a designer”), but by 1976 the cult of her $100-or-less wrap dress
was so sweeping and impossible to ignore that Newsweek heralded the 29-year-old designer on its cover. Then came the backlash, and the unsold inventory mounted. By 1983 the now divorced von Furstenberg, a mother of two, had gauged the changing winds, unloaded her dress and cosmetics companies, and eventually went off to Paris, where she started a small publishing house and found new romance. (Von Furstenberg’s amours could rival Colette’s.)

In the early 90s, New York became home base for von Furstenberg again, and she started a slow entry back into the game, designing silk trousers, skirts, and tops, and keeping her antennae attuned to the call of fashionistas. The rumbles started getting louder for a von Furstenberg revival, led by a new generation of socialites buying vintage wrap dresses. The designer took the ball and ran with it, launching a new dress line in 1997. In 2006, von Furstenberg’s reborn fashion empire had net sales of $104 million. She sells her brand across 56 countries, with stand-alone DVF stores in Paris, Moscow, Brussels, and other destination cities, with plans to have a total of 22 stores by January 2008. In addition to dresses, the Diane von Furstenberg label now includes sportswear, swimwear, accessories, fragrances, cosmetics, jewelry, handbags, and luggage.

As even people who live under rocks know, in 2001 she made a respectable man out of the guy she’d first fallen for in 1975, Barry Diller. (He gave her 26 wedding bands: one each for the years they weren’t married.) Between the two of them, they have recently given downtown Manhattan’s architecture a beautiful double jolt of contemporar-
neity. Diller's Frank Gehry–designed IAC headquarters, on the West Side Highway, reminds me of an iceberg that floated down from Alaska, and now von Furstenberg makes her mark with a dynamic new headquarters in the Meatpacking District—corner of Washington Street and 14th Street—designed by the Work Architecture Company, whose chief architects, Dan Wood and Amale Andraos, cut their roof-raising teeth in Rem Koolhaas's Office for Metropolitan Architecture.

The new von Furstenberg complex is situated in a pair of adjacent 19th-century buildings—former butcher shops that have been gutted while their façades were maintained. (There's a third building next door that von Furstenberg plans eventually to turn into a theater.) The compound has state-of-the-art technology and is ecologically minded. It houses the flagship von Furstenberg store, offices, design studios, a showroom, and, on top of it all, work and living spaces for the designer that would make Buckminster Fuller smile. (There's even a "green roof," replete with grasses, mosses, and killer views.)

From exterior to interiors, this is a project where light, glass, and reflection are the names of the game. Just like the Empire State Building, von Furstenberg's façade is programmed for a changing light show—initially the palette of lipsticks, from pink to yellow to orange. One then enters into a spectacle of light as vibrant as any fireworks display. On the first floor, circular mirrors that remind me of makeup compacts, or those ubiquitous small disks on Indian blouses, are omnipresent. A sort of "stairway to heaven," with a guardrail made of crystal prisms (3,000 of them, courtesy of Swarovski), ascends from the ground floor to the fifth, and adds to the sense of anti-gravity that seems to lift each floor.

Throughout the store and continuing on through the other spaces are recurring visual themes, signatures of the designer: animal prints, geometric patterns, black-and-white graphics. This is not a house of straight walls—from the retail space to von Furstenberg's bathroom in her "diamond" penthouse, surfaces curve and undulate. There are intense passages of pure pink that wake up the senses; the inspiration for this, and for von Furstenberg's having incorporated pools of water in her environments, came from the work of the Mexican architect Luis Barragán. A tour of the building rewards eyes hungry for art and modern design. One finds chairs by Charles Eames, Fritz Hansen, Knoll, Michael Graves, and Damien Hirst; larger-than-life tables by Jacques-Émile Ruhlmann and Frank Gehry; and knockout lamps and screens by T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings. Portraits of von Furstenberg by Andy Warhol, Francesco Clemente, Anh Duong, and François-Marie Banier reinforce the iconic status of the lady of the house.

Perhaps it should not be a surprise that up in the penthouse bedroom von Furstenberg's bed has been installed in a luxe version of a military tent. The practical reason is to keep the light out so she can sleep. But it also serves as an apt metaphor for the way she has kept moving through her life with a sense of mission and fearlessness. In light of what's happened to von Furstenberg since the 21st century began—the explosion of her business, her influence as president of the Council of Fashion Designers of America, and the serious power she now wields as Mrs. Barry Diller—it may be tempting to assume she's undergone a wholesale re-invention. But that's not right. Looking at snapshots of her when she was 17, I thought it's almost eerie how little she has changed physically. When I asked her if she's a different woman from the one who was once a favorite subject of the paparazzi at Studio 54, she answered, "I feel like the same person, without the pot."
If anything can save the world (and the music industry) from terminal cynicism, it’s a near half-century of talent under the generous umbrella marked “folk.” Think of the troubadour spirit of the Guthrie clan, the transcendent bite of Joni Mitchell, and the triple hammer of Peter, Paul and Mary—they are among the 60s veterans still going strong, even as the torch is grasped by the likes of Feist, Ray LaMontagne, and Devendra Banhart. ANNIE LEIBOVITZ photographs the folk’s finest, who sing to the best in human nature.
THE TRUE BELIEVER

JOAN BAEZ

Singer, songwriter, guitarist, activist.

Thirty-six albums (eight gold); one gold single; one Lifetime Achievement Grammy Award (2007)

The great poet Langston Hughes called her voice "cool as rippling water, clear as a mountain stream." Blessed with a three-octave range and a musical intelligence that made her one of the greatest interpretive singers, Joan Baez, still radiant at 66, could have made a career of displaying her gifts in concert halls for the amusement of music aficionados. Instead, like Pete Seeger, she has taken the rougher path of singing in service of something, lending her soaring soprano to those who have no voice.

Following a flurry of gold albums that made her the public face of folk music, Baez stood beside Martin Luther King Jr. during the 1963 March on Washington to lead a throng of 250,000 in singing "We Shall Overcome." More than 40 years later, she sang out against the ongoing war in Iraq, protesting alongside Cindy Sheehan near President George W. Bush's ranch, in Crawford, Texas.

Her voice, once sharp and sure of itself, has lately taken on the depth of experience. Her recent albums and performances—featuring songs by Steve Earle, Gillian Welch, Elvis Costello, Joe Henry, and Natalie Merchant—make it clear that she's no stuck-in-the-past curmudgeon. Through it all, she has never abandoned the sturdy folk ballads she sang all those years ago, when she was starting out in the coffeehouses of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Photographed at her home in Woodside, California.
THE MESSENGERS
PETER, PAUL and MARY
Noel Paul Stookey, Mary Travers, Peter Yarrow.
Singers, activists.

Twenty-four albums (five platinum, eight gold); five Grammys.

They had the preternatural vocal blend. They had the
austere but sophisticated arrangements and the earnest yet snappy name. They had
the hits, the platform, the palpable sense of commitment, both to justice
and to their art. They really did have a hammer, of sorts, and a bell and a song to sing
(not to mention “Puff, the Magic Dragon”). Plus, in Mary Travers, with her pencil skirts and
Bardot-blond hairdo, they had the sex appeal, which, let’s be honest, helps get
your message across whether at a Village hootenanny or a protest march on the National Mall.
(Peter and Paul had their own style thing going on, with the Vandykes and Brooks
Brothers—suit look.) They were folk to the core, but with the gentlest dusting of showbiz magic.
Maybe real magic too: 45 years after their debut they’re still going strong, as their 2004 album,
In These Times, shows. It might be difficult for children of the age of irony to
understand their unabashed sincerity, but listen to the yearning, often melancholy current in
their voices and you realize that their songs of hope and resistance come
not from some arid moral high ground but rather from the beating of human hearts.

Photographed at the White Horse Tavern in New York City.
For the Guthries, making music is as natural and necessary a part of life as breathing. In the tradition of their ancestral patriarch, Woody Guthrie, they would be singing and playing even if it didn’t pay the bills and win them worldwide acclaim. Forty years after capturing the hearts of his generation with “Alice’s Restaurant Massacree,” Arlo has just put out *In Times Like These*, a fantastic disc of songs he holds dear, recorded live with the University of Kentucky Symphony Orchestra. He still tours 10 months a year, almost always accompanied by his right-hand man, his charming multi-instrumentalist son, Abe. Daughter Satoh Lee is a darling of the No Depression set thanks largely to her work with her husband, Johnny Irian, who fits right in with the clan. When not making music themselves, daughters Cathyaliza and Annie run the family business attending to the Rising Sun record label and the Guthrie Center, a nonprofit foundation based in the Housatanic, Massachusetts, church that was once home to Alice Brock (of “Alice’s Restaurant” fame). Starting with a 2005 ensemble tour, the Guthries have raised more than $150,000 for victims of Hurricane Katrina. They’re the first family of American folk. They practice what Woody preached.

Photographed at the Guthrie farm in Washington, Massachusetts.
THE REAL DEAL
RAY LAMONTAGNE

Singer, songwriter, musician.
Two albums (one platinum).

It happens only a few times each decade: a new song stops
you dead. While you're listening, nothing else exists. That's the reaction produced
by "Trouble," the calling-card song from the mysterious Ray LaMontagne,
who was working in a shoe factory before he started playing his stuff in New England
folk clubs. It happened like this: one workday morning at four, the clock radio woke him with
the Stephen Stills song "Treetop Flyer," and he felt suddenly compelled to devote
himself to music. He didn't go to work that day and spent the next six years honing his craft
while working as a carpenter. At age 30, he saw his first album, Trouble, become
the most noteworthy debut—critically and commercially—of 2004. He sings like he has a wild
animal trapped in his chest. He sings like he doesn't realize he's in show business.
While he was busy becoming a star of the alternative-folk scene, American Idol winners
Taylor Hicks and Kelly Clarkson gave his songs considerable mainstream exposure.
Not one to glad-hand, schmooze, or wear the jester's cap, LaMontagne, a resident
of Maine, entered the public sphere over the objections of a deeply reserved nature. Now
he's trying to work around the next, perhaps even more formidable, obstacle:
success. His assured and sonically varied second release, Till the Sun
Turns Black (2006), suggests he's winning the fight. In a culture of disposable
celebrity, where a cat playing a piano can become a YouTube star, LaMontagne is a
refreshing reminder that the genuine artist is not yet an extinct species.

Photographed in Montauk, New York.
THE OBSERVER
JONI MITCHELL

Singer, songwriter, musician, painter.

Twenty-one albums (one multi-platinum, two platinum, six gold); one Billboard Century award; member, Rock and Roll Hall of Fame; member, Canadian Music Hall of Fame.

Of all the singer-songwriters in the 1960s who set out to change the world armed only with acoustic guitars, Joni Mitchell has been the most musically adventurous. Even on her earliest compositions, she was not content to strum away at hoary old chord changes, but found her own guitar tunings, her own sound, her own rhythmic pulsings. Her fans include Prince, Robert Plant, Mandy Moore, Tori Amos, Herbie Hancock, Q-Tip, Diana Krall, Elvis Costello, novelist Nick Hornby, Neil Young, and any music critic with taste. Mitchell's richly layered lyrics, whether confessional or looking outward with a satirical eye at a world gone to hell, are rooted in the straightforward poetry of Rudyard Kipling and Carl Sandburg. Her paintings, too, find their antecedents in the works of van Gogh and early Picasso, rather than the abstract stuff that came later. Mitchell was never the ethereal waif presented to the public circa 1970: she has been an inveterate cigarette smoker since age nine, shoots a mean game of pool, and is a blunt social critic. Her new album, the second from the Starbucks-connected Hear Music label, is just out: Shine, a 10-song collection marking her first release of new material since Taming the Tiger (1998).

It's great to have her back. We need her now more than ever.

Photographed at the Chateau Marmont in Hollywood, California.
FIONN REGAN, BECKY STARK, ADAM GREEN, and BEN KWELLER

Singers, songwriters, musicians.

These four distinctive songwriters have arrived on the scene just in time to rescue the world from a rising tide of cynical, overproduced music.

After having spent his precocious teenage years as a rock-star-in-training with the band Radish, the Texas-bred Ben Kweller, 26, is now a husband and father living in Brooklyn. On his latest disc, Ben Kweller, he plays every instrument himself. The album is at once sunny, confessional, and sweetly naive—Kwellerian, in a word. Adam Green, 26, a friend of Kweller’s, came out of the so-called anti-folk scene of New York’s Lower East Side as part of the band Moldy Peaches, which was like a raunchy version of the Banana Splits. On his fourth and latest solo work, Jacket Full of Dongers, he has become something of a crooner, putting across his often absurd, sometimes naughty lyrics with real elegance.

Fionn Regan, at age 26 Ireland’s great musical hope, joins a lovely fingerpicking guitar style with a torrent of surrealistic lyrics, all served up with a pleasingly stoic delivery that brings to mind Leonard Cohen (before his voice dropped an octave). His rustic debut, The End of History, was recorded in an abandoned stone barn, and it sounds like it, which is a good thing. The ebullient Becky Stark, 30, a classically trained soprano from Maryland who fronts the Los Angeles foursome Lavender Diamond, is determined to bring peace and love to a war-torn world—seriously. The vibe is captured wonderfully on the band’s musically sophisticated (but fun!) debut, Imagine Our Love.

Music critics trying to get a handle on Stark have compared her to Karen Carpenter, Joan Baez, Tori Amos, Lucille Ball, and Tinkerbell. Here’s hoping she succeeds in her mission.

Photographed in Brooklyn, New York.
JUDY COLLINS
Singer, songwriter, musician, memoirist, novelist, documentary-film maker
Forty-four albums; one Grammy.
The voice was as pure, piercing, and otherworldly as her famously cerulean eyes (she was that “Judy Blue Eyes,” of Crosby, Stills & Nash fame), it remains so today, an astonishing instrument, even as she approaches her sixth decade as a performer. And as she showed during a recent run at the Café Carlyle, in New York, she can command a swanky cabaret room as effortlessly as she can a Bleecker Street club or a summer-festival stage. A peerless interpreter with impeccable taste and a gift for subtle phrasing, she is contemporary folk’s Frank Sinatra. Like him, she is also an implicit curator of song, a canon-maker—in her case, as an early champion of writers such as Joni Mitchell, Leonard Cohen, Randy Newman, Harry Chapin, and Jimmy Webb, and as the adventurous singer who brought Jacques Brel and Kurt Weill into the folk orbit. Like Sinatra, too, she has seen her artistry deepen as a result of personal pain and struggle. But here’s where she goes the original, Ol’ Blue Eyes one better: as far as we know, she’s never worked anyone over, except when she’s singing “Cat’s in the Cradle.”
Photographed in Montauk, New York.
THE SHAMAN
DEVEN德拉 BANHART

Singer, songwriter, musician.
Five albums; five art books.

You’d expect eclecticism—or maybe “bagginess” is the apter word here, meant in a good way—from a songwriter born in Texas, raised in Venezuela, named (by his parents’ guru) in Hindi, and educated (briefly) in San Francisco. Like all great songwriters, Banhart is both a sponge and an original. He knows his geography, too: he recorded his sprawling 2005 album, Cripple Crow, in Woodstock, New York, not far from where Bob Dylan and the Band made The Basement Tapes; he recorded his playful but relatively disciplined new CD, Smokey Rolls Dawn Thunder Canyon, at an L.A.’s untamed fringes, in Topanga Canyon, near the house where Neil Young made After the Gold Rush. Talent and charisma have put him at the center of a loose-limbed, adventurous group of mostly acoustic musicians whose work has been saddled with the unfortunate name “freak folk,” or sometimes “psych folk.” As the labels imply, it’s not always easy to parse what Banhart is getting at in his lyrics, although he clearly loves nature, children, innocence in general, and Donovan. The real message is in the voice, a cracked warble both seductive and electric, and in the embracing spirit of the music.

Photographed at his house in Topanga Canyon, California.
Singer, songwriter, musician, member of the band Broken Social Scene.

Three solo albums.

It's hard to get a handle on Feist, which is a good thing for her and a less good thing for critics and journalists. Since the release of her breakthrough solo album, *Let It Die*, in 2004, her music has been called indie-folk, lounge-folk, folk-rock, folk-pop, folk-electronica, and plenty of other hybrid labels that ditch the word "folk" altogether. (Writers can't even agree on which bang-wearing French gamine from the 1960s this daughter of Calgary more closely resembles—Jane Birkin? Françoise Hardy?) Her songs come across as both casual and considered, while her stage persona is similarly etched in shades of gray: she can sing with a shrug and a plea at the same time. (That gamine thing again.) She and her countrywoman Joni Mitchell share a fascination with musical texture and a lyrical bent toward affairs of the heart; her voice has a touch of the young Joni's ethereality, too, but brought back to earth with an eccentric burr—clean mountain air wreathed with a little smoke. But enough hairsplitting. Her recent album, *The Reminder*, is one of the year's finest, pure and simple.

Photographed in New York City.
THE FAMILY
LIVINGSTON, HUGH, KATE, and JAMES TAYLOR

Livingston: singer, songwriter, professor; 16 albums; two children's books. Hugh: innkeeper, boat captain, carpenter, occasional performer; one album. Kate: singer, songwriter, wampum-jewelry maker; five albums. James: singer, songwriter; 23 albums (14 platinum or multi-platinum, 3 gold); six Grammys; member, Rock and Roll Hall of Fame; member, Songwriters Hall of Fame.

These are the talented children of Trudy Taylor, a music-lover who trained as a lyric soprano and Dr. Isaac Taylor, the late dean of the University of North Carolina medical school.

For the youngest sibling, Hugh, 55, music is an avocation; he released one album, in 1989, and has been a frequent performer in Martha's Vineyard clubs over the years, but he has long been settled into the life of a successful hotelier, running the island's lovely Outermost Inn, at Gay Head. Livingston, 57, has had a steady music career since the early 1970s and plays up to 100 shows a year. A born teacher, he is a professor at Berklee College of Music, in Boston, and was an artist-in-residence at Harvard College. His latest is the spot-on There You Are Again, which features guest vocals by James and Kate. Following the release of her acclaimed debut album, in 1971, Kate moved into a tepee on Martha's Vineyard. There she lived for six summers, until brother James came knocking at her door (lapping at her flap?), offering to produce her next album. Her most recent studio release, Beautiful Road, sent critics to their thesauri in search of adjectives of praise. In keeping with his timeless sound, James, 59, has pretty much never gone out of fashion since making his debut on the Beatles' Apple label, in 1968; his new albums still sell more than a million apiece. His brand-new CD-DVD, from Starbucks' Hear Music label, is One Man Band. It catches J.T. in great form as he intersperses 40 years of songs with his reminiscences. Filmed during a pair of summertime 2007 concerts at the beautiful old Colonial Theatre in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. A fifth Taylor sibling, the eldest son, blues-rocker Alex, passed away in 1993 after a distinguished career in the studio and onstage.

Photographed with James's twin sons, Rufus and Henry, at Bartlett's Orchard in Richmond, Massachusetts.
BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE and RICHIE HAVENS

Singers, songwriters, musicians, activists.

Sainte-Marie: 17 albums; one Academy Award (for co-writing "Up Where We Belong," theme from An Officer and a Gentleman). Havens: 29 albums.

She was born on a Cree reservation in the Qu'Appelle Valley of Saskatchewan. He grew up in Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant neighborhood, where he sang doo-wop on street corners as a teenager in the 1950s. Both ended up making names for themselves in the Greenwich Village folk scene of the 1960s.

Early in her career, Buffy Sainte-Marie saw songs she had written—"Universal Soldier" and "Until It's Time for You to Go" among them—covered by Barbra Streisand, Chet Atkins, Donovan, Sonny & Cher, Elvis Presley, Neil Diamond, Janis Joplin, and Carmen McRae. In 1976 she became a regular on Sesame Street, helping to educate children about the realities of Native North Americans before the myths had taken hold (and once explaining breast-feeding to Big Bird in a particularly memorable episode). A longtime activist, Sainte-Marie has more recently developed an online school curriculum, the Cradleboard Teaching Project, to educate kids about aboriginal peoples. Havens debuted his signature song, "Freedom," while serving as the opening performer at Woodstock: incredibly, he made it up on the spot after having run out of material when called back to the stage for a seventh encore. At age 66 he still makes great recordings and tours extensively, his left foot banging out the rhythms as he goes at the guitar in his funky and idiosyncratic style. Hear him giving it his all on Bob Dylan's "Tombstone Blues" on the soundtrack of Todd Haynes's fractured Dylan biopic, I'm Not There.

Photographed at the William H. Pouch Scout Camp on Staten Island, New York.
REMEMBRANCE OF THONGS PAST

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRICK DEMARCHELIER • STYLED BY MICHAEL ROBERTS
NOTHING TO HIDE

From left: Victoria's Secret models Miranda Kerr, Alessandra Ambrosio, Karolina Kurkova, Izabel Goulart, Selita Ebanks, and Adriana Lima slip out of their trademark lingerie and into something a little less comfortable—stiletto heels and several million dollars' worth of diamonds. They will be joined by Heidi Klum and Marisa Miller at the annual Victoria's Secret Fashion Show, which CBS will air on December 4.
THE SECRET WORLD OF SERGE GA
teen years after George Gainsbourg’s death, his small, affiti-covered Paris house is almost exactly as he left it—crammed with mementos of his etic, nicotine-and-yeohol-fueled, sometimes andalous life as France’s most adored singer-songwriter.

ver of Jane Birkin and Brigitte Bardot, his friend to countless xi drivers and policemen, his daughter, the singer and movie star Charlotte Gainsbourg, writes LISA ROBINSON an exclusive tour of the idol’s retreat
Paris, May 23, 2007: Carefully avoiding eye contact with the tourists in the street, Charlotte Gainsbourg quickly lets me into the small, graffiti-covered house at 5 bis Rue de Verneuil. Two blocks from Boulevard Saint-Germain in the Seventh Arrondissement, the house is where her father, Serge Gainsbourg, lived and, on March 2, 1991, died at the age of 62. In the days following his death, France went into mourning, fans crowded the tiny street singing his songs, and the women closest to him sat in his bedroom with his body for four days because Charlotte didn’t want to let him go. For 16 years this house has been shuttered and locked, with only the housekeeper or occasional family member allowed inside. Charlotte, an actress and a huge star in France, is now the owner of the house and wants, with the help of architect Jean Nouvel, to turn it into a museum. For the first time since Serge Gainsbourg’s death, she has agreed to reveal the private world of France’s most beloved and important songwriter.

Except for two pianos which have been removed, the house remains exactly the way it was on the day he died. The walls are covered with black fabric. The floor of the main drawing room is black and white marble. “Cluttered” is an understatement, but each thing is precisely in the place that Serge put it—and there are hundreds of things. Every surface is covered with ashtrays, photographs, and collections: toy monkeys, medals from various branches of the armed services, cameras, guns, bullets, police badges from all over France, pictures of the women who sang his songs—Brigitte Bardot, Anna Karina, Petula Clark, Juliette Gréco, Catherine Deneuve, Isabelle Adjani, Marianne Faithfull, Françoise Hardy, Vanessa Paradis—and, most prominently, his lover of 13 years and Charlotte’s mother, the British actress Jane Birkin. There is a larger-than-life-size poster of international sex kitten Bardot, whom Serge first met on the set of a movie in 1959. Later, they carried on a clandestine affair while she was married to playboy Gunther Sachs, and recorded the steamy duet, written by Gainsbourg, “Je T’Aime … Moi Non Plus.” Framed gold records—for albums featuring songs such as “La Javanaise,” “Ballade de Melody Nelson,” and “Love on the Beat”—are on the walls and the mantel above the fireplace. There is a bronze sculpture of a headless nude that Charlotte tells me was modeled on her mother, a statue of the Man with a Cabbage Head (the title of one of Gainsbourg’s greatest albums), Gainsbourg puppet dolls, tape recorders, a black lacquered bar with a cocktail shaker and glasses, a Jimi Hendrix cassette, framed newspaper stories, and empty red jewelry boxes from Cartier—“He loved the boxes,” says Charlotte. There are photos of Serge with Ray Charles, with Dirk Bogarde, with his last girlfriend, Bambou, and their son, Lulu. The small kitchen at the back of the first floor has a 15-inch black-and-white television set, candy bars and two cans of tomato juice in the refrigerator, opened wine bottles, and, in the cupboard, cans of food from 1991—except, says Charlotte, “the ones that exploded.”

Upstairs, on the second floor, in Serge’s skylit study, there is an IBM electric typewriter even though he never typed, books about Chopin, Jean-Paul Belmondo, Fra Angelico, and Velázquez, and copy of Robinson Crusoe. Photos of Marilyn Monroe line the dark narrow hallway, including one of the star dead, in the morgue. There is the room Jane Birkin called her “boudoir” and what Serge called “La Chambre de Poupée” (the doll room) after Jane left him in 1980. The bathroom has a very low bathtub, modeled after Serge saw in Salvador Dalí’s apartment, and bottles of Guerlain, Roger & Gallet colognes, and soap from Santa Maria Novella. His toothbrush is still there. The master bedroom has black-and-white curtains, a mirrored wall, and twin gold female heads with pearls around their necks at the foot of the black, mink-covered double bed. Chewing gum and mints are next to the bed, and on the bedside are dried flowers that have been there since he died. In the large hallway closet: his white Repetto jazz shoes, ties, and pin-stripe suits. The house is a shrine, but it’s not creepy, and one can imagine how stylish, even decadent this all must have seemed in 1970 when Serge and Jane moved into what was their family home and later would become the solitary lair of Gainsbourg—singer, songwriter, musician, painter, actor, director, smoker, alcoholic, romantic ladies’ man, and revered national figure.

The Carlyle Hotel, New York City, May 3, 2007: “He was a poet,” says Charlotte, 36, sitting on the floor of an enormous suite, talking in depth about her father for the first time since his death. She is wearing her usual outfit of jeans and T-shirt, is barefoot and smokes a lot. “What he did was way ahead of its time. You can just read his lyrics—he plays with words in such a way that there are double meanings that don’t work out in English. He was just so very authentic. He was so shy, and very touching. And he was very generous. Every time I get into a taxi [in Paris] I hear a story about my father, because he used to take taxis all day long and [the drivers] tell me how sweet he was. One day a taxi driver told me my father had paid for his teeth to be mended; somebody else’s root needed to be mended and he paid for that. He just had real relationships with people from the street. He was selfish in ways that artist can be, but there was no selfishness. He was always amazed at the fact that he had money. I remember going to lovely hotels with him and he was like … ‘Oh, oh, how fun this is.’ He had the eyes of a child.”

At home they listened to—among others—Elvis Presley, Ray Charles, and Bob Dylan. “He told me to buy ‘Lay Lady Lay,’” says Charlotte (who now stars as Dylan’s wife in the Todd Haynes movie I’m Not There). He loved Cole Porter and Noel Coward. He embraced rock, saying he wanted to write in a modern context. He preferred the earlier voice of French singer Fréhel to the more showbizzy Edith Piaf. Classically trained, he was influenced by cabaret, modern jazz, African rhythms, Surrealist poetry, and reggae—all of which he utilized to elevate songwriting with his extraordinary body of work: more than 550 songs and 30 albums, numerous movie scores, countless TV commercials and Scopotones (short music films).

“Manners were very important to him,” Charlotte says. “Eating
ONE CAN IMAGINE HOW STYLISH, EVEN DECADENT THIS ALL MUST HAVE SEEMED IN 1970.
EVERY SURFACE IS COVERED WITH ASHTRAYS, PHOTOGRAPHS AND COLLECTIONS

HALL OF FAME

The second-floor hallway of Serge Gainsbourg’s house, at 5 bis Rue de Verneuil, photographed 16 years after his death by Jean-Baptiste Mondino. Opposite, the graffiti-covered wall outside Gainsbourg’s house; Serge smokes in his study, September 22, 1979.
ert certain way with our hands on the table. He was quite strict." So
et that she and her half-sister Kate (Jane Birkin's daughter with
first husband, British composer John Barry) were not allowed to
play with toys in the main drawing room or move anything in
house; he would know if you moved one thing one inch. Charle-
se went everywhere with her parents, even to nightclubs when
she was, says she was so little "I was in a basket."

In the masses of books and newspaper articles and magazine sto-
ties written about Serge Gainsbourg during his lifetime and after his
death, he has been described as debauched, irreverent, misanthropic,
cold, dissolute, provocateur, genius, alcoholic, poet, national treasure,
romantic who handled language with cynical humor, and a modern-

Baudelaire and Rimbaud. Charlotte says, "I heard monstrosi-
ties about him growing up. That he was a drug addict, which he
wasn't—he was an alcoholic and a great smoker, but no drugs. That
mother was a whore because she posed naked on magazine cov-
er." When Charlotte was 13, she recorded "Lemon Incest," a duet
with her father that included the lyric "the love that we will never
like," and, according to Charlotte, Jane, and friends of Serge's, it
was a "pure love song from a father to a daughter." But it shocked
the nation, especially when the two of them showed up in the video
in bed together—she in panties and a shirt, he shirtless, wearing
pants. Charlotte says she loved doing the song with him—"although
look at it now and I see how uncomfortable I look in the video, like
robot." She knew then what the subject was, she knew he liked to
look people, and, she admits, so does she, but she feels the "scand-
al" was overblown. Other scandals—his reggae version of "La Mar-
illaise," telling the 23-year-old Whitney Houston on live television
at he wanted to "fuck her" (currently on YouTube), or, also on live
TV, burning a 500-franc note (illegal in France) to prove how much
money he had left after taxes—Charlotte found amusing. "But after
burned the money on TV, I was doing my homework in school
the next day and big bullies came in, took my work, and burned it.

Serge Gainsbourg was born Lucien Ginsburg in Paris in 1928. His older sister, Jacqueline Gins-
burg, 81, still lives in the apartment on Avenue Bugeaud she lived in with her brother, his twin
sister, Liliane, and their parents, who escaped czar-

ist Russia in 1919. (When he started writing songs
and performing in clubs, Lucien Ginsburg changed his name to
Serge Gainsbourg because, says Jane Birkin, he wanted some-
ting more punchy and artistic and "Lucien" reminded him of
a gentleman's hairdresser.) Jacqueline's living room still has the
piano Serge used for rehearsals with the women he wrote songs for.
and she proudly shows off pictures of him, books about him, and
boxed sets of his recordings. In 1940, in Nazi-occupied Paris, the
Ginsburgs were forced to declare themselves Jews and, in 1942,
wear the yellow star. "But," says Jacqueline, "my mother would
sew them on our coats in such a way that we were able to cover
them up." Eventually the family went—with false papers—to
Limoges, where they managed to survive until the end of the war.
when they returned to Paris. Their father was a classically trained
musician who earned his living playing piano in cabarets and ca-
sinos, and all three children learned to play piano. "Even though
we didn't have many things," says Jacqueline, "we were raised in
a culture of beauty. Painting, music, literature—that was all very
important in our house. And the avant-garde—"in addition to Chop-
in we heard Stravinsky and Ravel." Serge, who had big ears that
stuck out and who was considered ugly, often said he wished he
had looked like the American movie actor Robert Taylor, but also
said, "I prefer ugliness to beauty, because ugliness endures." He
started to smoke and drink at 20, when he went into the army. His
sister says his cynical persona was always a defense: "When you
feel weak, you attack." He showed talent as a painter and attend-
ed the Académie des Beaux-Arts, but eventually realized he had
to earn a living, and said he "had fear of the painter's bohemian
life." Like his father, he played piano in clubs, then branched out
to write songs. He won the 1965 Eurovision contest with a song he
wrote for the cutesy pop star France Gall; he then wrote a sexually
sly song for her, which she thought was about sucking lollipops. He
started to write successful songs for others and then, later, himself.
He wrote and directed 4 movies and acted in 29. He became real-
ly famous at 40 with the orgasmic "Je T'Aime... Moi Non Plus,"
then even more so with songs that ranged from lush and romantic
CHERCHÉZ LA FEMME

melodies to Surrealist poetry to caustic and dark concept albums. He used American words in his songs—"blue jeans," "flashback," "jukebox"—and studied the Ford Motor Company catalogue for phrases to use in his song "Ford Mustang." He saw his family every Sunday for dinner and remained close to his parents until they died. Jacqueline recalls his love affair with Bardot after his first two marriages (his second produced two children, Natacha and Paul) ended in divorce. "He was proud to be with the most beautiful woman in the world," she says, and his family was not at all shocked by "Je T'Aime . . . Moi Non Plus"—they loved everything he did unconditionally. When Bardot begged him not to release their original version because Gunther Sachs was furious, Serge re-did the song with Jane, in 1969, and it became a No. 1 hit. "We were so happy when the Vatican banned it," says Jacqueline, "because it meant more publicity."

**Paris, May 24, 2007**: Jane Birkin, 60, is Pilates-toned and appears to have the same boyish body she had when American audiences first saw her, in a brief nude scene in Antonioni’s 1966 film, *Blow-Up*. Since that time, she has acted in 68 movies, recorded more than 20 albums, received an Order of the British Empire, had a third daughter—the now 25-year-old actress Lou Doillon (with French director Jacques Doillon, the man she left Serge for)—and is a political activist. Her 13-year affair with Serge Gainsbourg was a grand, passionate *amour*. Along with Charlotte, she guards his legacy; Serge left her a percentage of his song publishing, and she has performed those songs in concert halls all over the world. Her apartment, on the Rue Jacob, is a worldly display of exotic bohemianism. Paisley-covered walls are adorned with hundreds of framed photos of Serge, Jacques, Charlotte, Kate, Lou, Jane’s grandchildren, their drawings, Charlotte’s movie posters, and Serge’s handwritten song lyrics. Stuffed rabbits wearing pearl necklaces are grouped on a table playing cards. There is a collection of majolica pottery, a huge flat-screen TV, and everywhere you look, there are books—lining the shelves in her bedroom and study. And although originally designed by her and named for her, that Hermès Birkin bag is nowhere to be seen. This apartment and the Rue de Verneuil house, five blocks away, are not the “art-directed” palaces that pass for bohemian in today’s shelter magazines; this is the real thing. She makes me the best cup of coffee I’ve had in Paris, and in between bites of steak tartare washed down with Evian water, she talks nonstop about Serge. She has a tendency to not draw breath, and goes off on flights of fancy, but she is wildly entertaining and quite clear about the man who for 13 years and beyond dominated her life.

They met when he was 40 and she was 22, on the set of the 1969 movie *Slogan*. Wanting to get to know him better, and upset by his dismissive attitude, she orchestrated a dinner with him and the film’s director. After dinner, she and Serge danced, and when he stepped on her toes, she realized that this man she thought arrogant was really very shy. That first night, he took her to a transvestite bar, then a club where the American blues singer Joe Turner sang, then to a Russian nightclub, and then to the Hilton Hotel, where the desk clerk asked, “Your usual room, Mr. Gainsbourg?” Nothing sexual happened that night, because
he fell asleep, but very quickly they became inseparable. They went to Venice, stayed in a corner suite in the Gritti Palace, drank at Harry's Bar every night, and fell madly in love. When they first returned to Paris they stayed at L'Hôtel, where Oscar Wilde had died. They then moved to Rue de Verneuil, where Serge selected every piece of furniture and designed everything in the house. "Serge had seen Dali's house and was very struck by the fact that he had black astrakhan on the walls," says Jane. "So Serge wanted black on his walls, but he wanted it to be felt, the special felt that was used for policemen's trousers. He could never take any change. After I had Charlotte, when she got so big that her legs came out of the crib I said, 'I must buy her a bed. Serge, without offending your eye,' and he said, 'Put socks on her.' I never saw him take a bath. He was the cleanest man I ever knew; he knew how to wash all the bits, but in 13 years I never saw him take a bath, I never saw him go to the loo, I never saw him completely naked, the children never saw him naked—and they tried like mad. He was very pudique." (The closest translation of this word in English is shy, modest, discreet.) "If he had seen me giving birth to Charlotte, it's possible he never would have slept with me again, and I wasn't taking that chance. He always paid his taxes early; he felt he was an immigrant—his parents were from Russia and as such he should behave correctly. He wanted shoes that felt like gloves, so I got him white Repetto ballet shoes, which he wore without socks. I bought him jewelry and encouraged him to keep a three-day stubble on his face. He sat in gilt chairs after fashion shows and picked dresses for me—Balenciaga, Yves Saint Laurent, Givenchy. Every New Year's Eve we would go to Maxim's and he would like it to being on the Titanic because everyone was so much old and I would nick the ashtrays and the cutlery."

He was jealous and so was she. When Jane made a movie with Bardot and the director was Bardot's first husband, Roy Vadim, Serge was jealous of Vadim, but, says Jane, "I was much more intrigued by Bardot. I wanted to see every portion of her body to see if she was as beautiful as I thought she was, and so I did. Checked from head to toe by me. There's not one fault in this woman." Contrary to rumors, Jane and Serge never had a child. "He said in France I'd need to be fingerprinted and have a blood sample," Jane says, "and I was slightly offended and said, 'What on earth for?' I also had a secret fear that marriage changed things, and so, in fact, we weren't." (Charlotte is superstition too; she lives with actor-director Yvan Attal and their two children but remains unmarried.) After Serge and Jane made a movie in Yugoslavia, he bought a Rolls-Royce with cash because "it tickled him to think he was buying a Rolls with Commun money," she says. It was racing green, he had no driver's license (he said, "You cannot drink and drive and I have chosen"), and after using the vehicle a few times to have someone drive the up and down the Rue Faubourg Saint-Honoré and go to a party at the Rothschilds, he put it in a garage, where he would occasionally visit it, sit inside, and have a smoke. When he drank champagne, he drank only Krug, but he also drank mint julep Gibson cocktails, and liqueurs; he'd sit at the bar of the Hôtel Ritz or the Hôtel Raphael and work his way through all the different colors. "He always said if he gave up smoking he might live longer, but it might seem like an awful long time," says Jane "and what a bore."

In 1973 he had the first of two heart attacks. "When they carried him out of the Rue de Verneuil to go to the American Hospital he insisted on taking his Hermès blanket because he didn't like the one they had on the stretcher and he also grabbed two cans of Gitanes." It wasn't permissible to smoke in the hospital, so, says Jane, "he asked me to bring him some Old Spice deodorant for men. I thought. Well, he's getting very particular about things, but in fact he was trying to camouflage the fact that he was smoking like a chimney. And when he left the hospital they pulled the bedside drawers open and there were all these little medicine bottles filled with water and cigarette butts." (According to Jane
"WHEN A MAN LIKE THAT HAS SUCCESS THEY START TO HAVE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN"
"SERGE ENJOYED EVERY SINGLE SECOND OF STARDOM"
France superstar singer-songwriter Françoise Hardy sits in her Zen-like apartment, on the Avenue Foch, and reminisces Serge. “When he was not on alcohol, he was very nice, almost like a little boy,” she says. “And when he was drunk, he could disagreeable... mean. Once, we were in a hotel bar and suddenly asked me how I could stand all my husband’s infidelities. It was hard for me to hear that. He could be very destructive. But his texts are like a jewel. You can read his words just like you would read poetry. I’m not very fond of poetry in general, but I appreciate reading Serge Gainsbourg’s lyrics because of the games he plays with words, the tone of the words. He was the very best writer we had in France.”

Jane Birkin describes their daily routine in the 1970s as follows: they woke up at three in the afternoon; she picked up the children at school and took them to the park, brought them home for a children’s dinner, the au pair would give them a bath, and when the children went to bed she and Serge would kiss them good night and go on the town. They’d come back “with the dustman,” wait until the children woke up at 7:30, then go to sleep. Their alcohol-fueled nights ended often turn, as Jane puts it, “barry.” Once, at Castel’s nightclub, at the Rue Princesse on the Left Bank, Serge turned over the basket at she carried as a handbag, emptying its contents onto the floor. Furious, she managed to find a custard pie and threw it in his face. He walked out; she whizzed by him in the street and headed straight for the river and, after she was sure he was watching, flung herself into the line. She was rescued by firemen, Serge was relieved she was alive, and they walked back to the Rue de Verneuil arm in arm.

Régine, the singer and nightclub owner, recalls, “I met Serge in 1953 when he was singing in a little cabaret and I was the barmaid. He was a very talented, strong personality; we had a lot in common. Very intelligent, clever, amusing, very crazy—everything we like. He was feeling like he was not a beautiful man, but inside he was a beautiful man, and his charm was more important. And when a man like that has success, they start to have beautiful women. Serge and Bardot were in my kitchen all the time because she didn’t want to go to restaurants. She was always laughing with him, and he was thrilled to be with her, such a beautiful woman.” Serge wrote songs for Régine; he encouraged her to be more earthy and less feather boa-showbiz. She saw him three months before he died. And how was he? “Drinking.”

Nicolas Godin and Jean-Benoit Dunckel are the fashionable French duo Air (who wrote the music for Charlotte Gainsbourg’s recent, gorgeous CD, 5.55), and they say that, just like Americans who remember where they were and what they were doing when President Kennedy was shot or when John Lennon was murdered, everyone in France remembers where they were when Serge Gainsbourg died. They also say that the title of “Je T’Aime... Moi Non Plus”—which translates as “I love you, me neither”—came from a story told about Dali, who reportedly said, “Picasso is Spanish—me too. Picasso is a painter—me too. Picasso is a Communist—me neither.”

Jane recalls, “Serge thought it was vulgar that people said ‘I love you’ all the time. Either he didn’t believe it or because he was pudique he didn’t want to say, ‘Moi aussi.’ Or he didn’t believe the girl would really love him. [In 1969] he asked me if I wanted to sing ‘Je T’Aime... Moi Non Plus’ with him, and given that all the pretty actresses in Paris wanted to do it, I said, ‘Yes, but don’t play Bardot’s version because I’d be embarrassed as hers was so wonderful.’” (In 1986, Bardot gave permission to release the original version to benefit her animal charities and Greenpeace. Today, Bardot says, “He was a
Lord, and 'Je T'Aime ... Moi Non Plus' is a hymn to love, a unique homage for me. I only want to keep the best and forget the worst... if it's possible. I will love him forever, me neither.)

Serge and Jane recorded the song in London in two vocal booths at a studio near Marble Arch. "He told me to sing it higher—it gave it more of a sense of a choirboy," she says. "In those days you only had two takes, so we did it twice and he was worried that I'd get so carried away with the heavy breathing that I wouldn't stop in time to hit the high note at the end. We brought it to the man who was the head of [record label] Phillips and I sat on the floor with my basket and Serge sat in his chair and this man listened to it, with all its explicit sexual moaning, and said, 'Look, children. I'm willing to go to prison, but I'm not going to prison for a 45 single—I'd rather go for a long-playing record, so go back and make another 10 songs and we'll bring it out as an LP.'" As for rumors that they really were making love when they recorded it, Jane says, "Serge's reply to that was it wouldn't have been a single, it would have been a long-playing record." While "Je T'Aime" was by no means Gainsbourg's best song, it "did the job," as Françoise Hardy puts it. The duet with Jane became a worldwide sensation, banned by the BBC, banned by the Vatican, with bootleg copies circulated all over the world. In America, Neil Bogart, the head of Buddah Records, played "Je T'Aime" at a party in Los Angeles, and everyone kept telling him to play it again, and again, and again. He thought if he could get someone to do a longer, English song like this, he would have a hit. And eventually, he got Giorgio Moroder to produce Donna Summer's "Love to Love You Baby." Voilà: disco.

Toward the end of our life living together, I just remember everything became so monotonous," says Jane Birkin. "Because we didn't go to the four or five nightclubs anymore—it was just Élysée Matignon and it was the Élysée Matignon until four in the morning because everyone gave Serge something to drink and it was just systematic and boring. And when I think about it now it's terrible to say, because the piano used to come out of the floor and people would be hanging around like they do in nightclubs—two, three in the morning—and they'd ask him for a little melody... So now I feel like I was living with Frédéric Chopin going, 'Hey, Frédéric, you've got to go home.' I used to wrench him from the piano and tell people to stop giving him drinks, because they'd give him drinks and he'd give them drinks and it was never-ending until four o'clock in the morning."

I n the Brasserie Vagenende, on Boulevard Saint-Germain, actress, singer, and star of the French New Wave cinema Anna Karina remembers Serge, with whom she starred in the 1967 television musical *Anna*. "I always thought he was very cute, very sexy. I never liked the pretty faces—that's boring. I was just coming out of my marriage to Jean-Luc Godard, and I guess I didn't fall for Serge, because I was afraid he'd take over my life. This was before Bardot and before Jane. He was very elegant, always dressed in a beautiful suit. He never stopped smoking, or drinking, but maybe it's better to live the way you want to instead of always saying, 'I have to drink water.' He phoned me the day before he died and said, 'Anna, I want to do a picture with you and Aurore Clément.' He said, 'We'll have dinner together and talk about it. I'll call you tomorrow.' And the next day I heard on the radio that he died."

A round seven years ago, Charlotte went to the Rue de Verneuil house one day and all the graffiti had been covered over with 'disgusting yellow' paint. She thought it had been done by the police, but they told her the neighbors thought it was 'filthy' and they had organized this cover-up, at night. "But the great thing was a week later," she says, "it was all covered with graffiti again." Because the house is so small, Charlotte's dream of turning it into a museum has met with all sorts of bureaucratic red tape; there's no room for security, or wheelchair access and whatnot. But she's determined: 'I'd like people to visit the house, then maybe go to another place next door to read about him and listen to music.' According to Jane, "Charlotte is miraculous as a daughter. It has taken so long for her to have paid all the bills, to see the alarm system is working, the heating is working, to keep the house going. She stuck it through thick and thin when every single minister of culture, every single mayor of Paris, has promised a museum and it's never happened in 16 years. On the other hand, everything that was her father's was so public, this way she had one little place that was private, where she could remember what it was like as a child."

"New York City, June 4, 2007: "Serge enjoyed every single second of stardom," says friend and drinking companion François Vard, who produced Gainsbourg's last me Sten the Flasher, and now manages Maria Faithful. "Everybody recognized him, he loved that—taxi drivers, policemen, loved afternoon daiquiris with the police going into the police van; he used them like taxi," Ravard says. Toward the end of his life Gainsbourg created "Gainsbarre," a sort of outlandish, alter ego for himself that allowed him to say shocking things on television. He invented "Gainsbarre" as a joke, a line," says Ravard. "He would say, 'That's not me, that's Gainsbarre.' And later on when he became famous and was on TV all the time he made it serious, the double persona became much bigger thing." But despite the alcohol and deteriorating health, Ravard says, "if I had an appointment with him at seven in the morning he was always on time, never late. The recording studio, never late on a movie, heaven to work with. And really, really quiet; he knew exactly what he wanted."

"After I left Serge, I was most grateful to Catherine Deneuve," says Jane Birkin, "because they were doing a film together as she looked after him; she saw he had his breakfast and that he ate okay." Even though he devastated that Jane had left him for Jacquio Dolidon, Serge and Jane remained close. When he gave birth to Lou, she rang Serge up to talk to him, and the following day a large pack arrived at the American Hospital with little clothes he'd bought for the baby with a card that read, "Papa Deux." "He was so essential in our lives. I always felt I had a metaphorical room in his house, and he had a very real root in our house, if he wanted it, with Charlotte there. I was proud of the relationship."

"Georges V/Four Seasons Hotel, Paris, May 2, 2007: Bambou, Gainsbourg's paramour for the last decade of his life, arrives with Lulu (now Lucien), their now 21-year-old son. Lulu is very tall, big, handsome, with long dark hair—he looks like a rock star. Bambou (née Carolin Von Paulus) isahkan Chinese, half German, and looks at least a decade younger than her 40 years. She carries a Birkin bag; she says Lulu gave it to her on his 18th birthday to thank her for taking such good care of him. They live in Paris in the house Serge bought for Lulu. Serge nicknamed her "Bambou," she says, because she used to smoke opium and was a junkie when she met him (she's now sober), but, she says, she never used drugs in his presence—she wouldn't allow it in his house. She tells me how he tried to turn her into a singer, about his failing health after a 1989 liver operation and subsequent stays in the hospital, and says, "Serge was everything to me. He was my lover, my father—he was my real family. And with Lulu, he left me an angel." In the days leading up to her..."

PARIS, MAY 22, 2007: Actress Jeanne Moreau sits at a table at Mariage Frères wearing a black suit with the small, round, red Légon d'Honneur in her lapel. "Serge was very well educated, very well read, very sophisticated, very charming," she says. "Serge presented what people never dare to show of themselves. He said things that people would have loved to say. People were not envious of him being rich, never, because he was generous. Johnny Hallyday goes and lives in Switzerland so not to pay taxes, but Gainsbourg didn't give a damn. That's why he was loved. And he knew how to write songs for women. It's beyond language. Even if you play Serge's songs in the middle of Africa, where nobody understands the words, they'll be caught. It's like when Lilian Gish said she regretted there were no more silent movies that spoke to everybody."

"..."
day on March 1, 1991, "I just felt some- thing bad was going to happen," she says. "He was very sick." After her celebratory birthday, when he didn’t answer his phone all day, she finally called the firemen, who broke in and discovered that he had died of a heart attack in his sleep.

He refused to use the word ‘genius,’ because he thought it was very pretentious," says Jane. "He said, ‘I’m just a great lyric writer.’" Serge was 15 years ahead of everyone else with the music he did, and he could have been discovered after his death. For he who was worried about whether he was loved, he knew it in his lifetime. He knew that he and [comedian] Coluche were the two people that the French loved more than anybody in France. But would he have been able to imagine the people singing in the streets after his death, the Japanese girls trying to find his tomb in the cemetery Montparnasse, the Americans writing on the wall of his house, "WE MISS YOU, SERGE—LIFE IS SUCH A BORE? I don’t think he could have imagined that."

"When he died," says Charlotte, "his music was on the radio every minute. I know every note; you could put two seconds of any song of his on and I’d recognize it and I’d ask somebody to stop it. I couldn’t hear his voice—it was really unbearable for me to hear. It still is."

Marianne Faithfull, who worked with Serge in the early 60s, says, "I was very sad when he died. I thought by the time I’d grown up and gotten off drugs that there’d be a time when I’d work with him again. I still miss him. And every time I start to make a record I think, ‘Fuck, it’s so annoying that he’s dead.’"

Clintons and Gore

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 293 Story in mid-May describing his presidential campaign as "off ad stumbling." Gore was irritated by the resident’s intrusion, although he made light of it by telling Newsweek that Bill was one of any who had advised him to "loosen up," it when asked what role Bill would play in the 2000 campaign, Gore said, "He’s got a full-time job being president—and he’s doing extremely well." Gore pointedly explained a strength of his own marriage by saying that he and Tipper shared the same values, which included being "faithful to one another and sharing life experiences.”

Once officially announced his candidacy for president on June 16, 1999, at the ninth County Courthouse, in Carthage, Tennessee, his family seat. Bill and Hillary were in Europe on a nine-day trip with their daughter, Chelsea. For Gore, the announcement provided an opportunity to redefine himself and to create some distance from Bill’s personal problems. Since the Lewinsky scandal had broken, Gore had expressed his dismay about Bill’s conduct to a small circle of advisers but had kept quiet publicly.

While polls showed the president’s job approval ratings holding at around 60 percent, questions about his character were taking a toll on Gore. A study by the Pew Research Center for the People and the Press conducted in April found that “personal image problems and fallout from Clinton administration scandals are contributing to Al Gore’s declining favorability ratings and his poor showing in early horse race polls.” The study reported that Gore’s favorability rating was 47 percent, down from 58 percent the previous December. Seventy-four percent of those polled were “tired of all the problems associated with the Clinton administration” —an alarming phenomenon that became known as “Clinton fatigue.” Only 29 percent of Americans would have welcomed four more years of Bill Clinton, and 52 percent said they liked Gore better. In a hypothetical race between Gore and George W. Bush, the Texas governor led 54 percent to 41 percent, up several ticks since January.

At his announcement, Gore was surrounded by Tipper, his four children, and his mother. He repeatedly stressed the importance of family values and referred to the president only twice. Later that evening, Al and Tipper sat for an interview on ABC’s 20/20 with Diane Sawyer. Asked about the Lewinsky affair, Gore said, “I thought it was awful. I thought it was inexcusable. But I made a commitment to serve this country as vice president.” He added that “as a father” he felt the president’s behavior “was terribly wrong, obviously.” Seeking to differentiate his character from Bill’s, he said, “It is our own lives we must master if we are to have the moral authority to guide our children.” When Bill heard Gore’s words, he erupted. “What the fuck is this about?” Moments later, in a call to Tennessee from his Paris hotel room, he praised Gore’s announcement speech. “Nice job,” said Bill.

As a sitting president, Bill was in a unique position to boost his vice president’s candidacy by scheduling White House events to highlight his achievements. But in 1999 those resources were diverted from Gore to Hillary “in a big way,” said one member of the Gore team. “The Clintons come first. That was their basic framework.” From June through December, Bill and Hillary appeared at 20 events under the aegis of the White House, including a celebration of Hillary’s 52nd birthday, where in typical style Bill larded his tribute with statistics on welfare, poverty, crime, and economic growth as he touted his wife as a “genuine visionary” needed by the Senate—the ultimate confluence of the per-
Clintons and Gore

sonal and political. During the same period, Gore was featured only at a White House Conference on Mental Health—with Bill, Hillary, and Tipper.

In 1997, Hillary’s office had 31 major speeches listed on the White House Web site. Two years later, that number had jumped to 86—four times as many as those listed for her husband and Gore combined. She ran White House symposiums on equal pay for women, youth violence, and philanthropy, and she spoke out on a spectrum of domestic and foreign issues, such as foster care for teenagers, gun control, and the plight of refugees in Kosovo. She published 50 “Talking It Over” columns, syndicated in more than 100 newspapers, and she signed a contract to write An Invitation to the White House, a book on entertaining and décor.

With the Hillary and Gore campaigns reviving at the same time, the three-way tensions evident in the White House since 1993 became a more serious problem. “If she runs, we’d wish her well, but we sure could use her help,” a top Gore aide had said back in February, when Hillary first publicly signaled her interest in the Senate race. Now Gore’s campaign advisers began to worry that Hillary’s candidacy would actually have an adverse effect on their candidate. “The implications for Gore are very serious,” said New York’s former Democratic governor Mario Cuomo. “She has to think very hard on this issue.” Not only was Hillary unavailable as a campaigner, she was poaching top Democratic fund-raisers and donors who would normally concentrate on the vice president. She had already enlisted Syracuse native Terry McAuliffe, the Democratic Party’s biggest rainmaker, who in the months to come cast a nationwide fund-raising net for her.

A Nasty Range War

Before Hillary officially established her exploratory committee, she began directly competing with the vice president for money, sometimes even at his own fund-raising events. When Tipper’s friend Melinda Blin-ken and a group of women planned a Gore fund-raiser in Los Angeles, Hillary insisted on being invited—over the objections of the event’s organizers. Hillary then shocked the vice president’s supporters by soliciting donations for herself in front of Tipper.

At a White House reception in late July for the winners of the Women’s World Cup soccer championship, Hillary singled out “my dear friend Tipper Gore” as “a great athlete in her time.” But by then Hillary had privately frozen out Tipper, who had given her steadfast support during the Lewinsky ordeal. Hillary never made clear her reasons for the snub, which became apparent once she started running for the Senate. Tipper was reported to be stunned, believing she had been cast aside because she was no longer useful.

Bill headlined four Gore fund-raisers in August and September, two of them on the same night at Washington’s Hay-Adams hotel. He called Gore “the single most influential, effective, powerful, and important vice president” in history but did no more events for his vice president for the rest of the year. Bill later complained that his efforts—giving Gore “high profile assignments”—over the years, “making sure he received public recognition”—had been unappreciated, especially when he read suggestions that he could “cost Al the election” by associating with him. Bill recalled telling Gore in the fall of 1999 that he would “stand on the doorstep of the Washington Post’s headquarters and let him lash me with a bullwhip” if it would help his campaign. The story, according to one member of the Gore team, was a “form of self-pity, his way of culling Gore an ungrateful bastard.”

For all his praise of Al Gore in scores of speeches, Bill’s behavior throughout 2000—making passive-aggressive remarks, belittling Gore in private, grabbing the spotlight with his own political star turns, and continuing to argue his innocence in various scandals—betrayed ambivalence about a Gore victory, at least one earned on the vice president’s own terms. “Clinton felt it was really important for Gore to succeed him to burnish his legacy,” said a top White House official. “That was the main reason, and by that logic it was difficult for Clinton to contemplate any campaign strategy that departed from him as the center of attention. He couldn’t live with that.”

Bill’s personal agendas created complications for Gore that grew worse over time and led to a nasty range war between the Clinton White House and the Gore campaign. The tensions centered on the Lewinsky scandal and Bill’s past womanizing, which Gore and his advisers believed had alienated independent voters—especially the soccer moms, who stood for traditional values. “Gore was quite offended in terms of personal morality and also political stupidity,” said one of Hillary’s advisers. Bruce Reed understood that “the vice president would be disappointed by and resentful of the president’s mistakes. The way it played out in the campaign was the real damage in how much it threw Gore off his game.” As a result, Gore veered too far in differentiating himself from Bill and his record and had difficulty taking advantage of the Clinton administration’s legitimate successes.

To avoid associating themselves with the president’s excesses, both Gore and Hillary made strategic decisions not to campaign with Bill publicly, even as he campaigned for both of them—considerably more for Hillary than for Gore—at private fund-raising events around the country. Hillary continued to vie with Gore for attention and money, and to benefit enormously from Bill’s advice, as well as from her First Lady perch, while Gore essentially left the White House and played down his relationship with the president. Gore’s attentiveness to Bill—especially through their weekly lunches—had kept their governing partnership stable. But during the 2000 campaign they stopped having lunch. In the absence of personal contact the misunderstandings multiplied, and they became, if not estranged from each other, at least disaffected

To prepare for the formal announcement of her candidacy, Hillary went to the White House on February 4, 2000, for consultations with advisers and practice session in the Family Theater. Bill worked closely with her on her announcement speech, the first of many he would edit extensively throughout the campaign. Concerned that Bill might outshine his wife, her consultants gave him no speaking role when she officially entered the race two days later, at the State University of New York in Purchase. As the president stood silently back, Senator Moynihan intro-duced Hillary, declaring that Eleanor Roosevelt “would love you.” Hillary’s speech was heavy on issues and light on political ingrati-ation. She delivered it without the ease Bill had been coaching her to display.

After slogging away on the campaign trail Hillary learned to appreciate even more her husband’s political talents. “Over and ove she would say, ‘My God, Bill made it look so easy,’” said one of her senior advisers. Hill-ary recognized that Bill had physical and temperamental qualities—among them a sig-nificantly higher energy level—that she could never match. “It helps to be a big man,” Hill-ary observed. “Bill is supernatural. Bill can work a crowd. He can stretch his arm out three or four people deep.” At five feet four Hillary knew she was at a disadvantage.

Hillary’s rather joyless politicking was belied by her girlish campaign slogan, “HILLIARY!” Besides creating the illusion of live lines in an otherwise colorless campaign the punchy catchword severed the candidates from the Clinton name and became the lat-est version of an evolving political brand that began with “Hillary Rodham” during Bill’s first term as governor, shifted to “Hillary Clinton” to placate an Arkansas electorate irked by her feminism, and then to “Hillary Rodham Clinton” as First Lady.

Bill was remarkably philosophical about his diminished place in her political identity. “Trash me if it helps Hillary,” Bill told aide Sidney Blumenthal, who observed, “He just wanted her to win.”
Following a state dinner on June 20, 2000, honoring Mohammed VI, the king of Morocco, Bill invited documentary filmmaker Ken Burns to stay overnight at the White House. Hillary was exhausted and turned in at midnight, along with the other guests, but Bill insisted that Burns stay and keep him company. The president, said Burns, “called the election. He knew the combination of political baggage and Al Gore’s need to distance himself from fat and create his own legacy, and that that could be a draft. . . . There was a completely ear-eyed understanding of the failings that had affected his own life and the electoral chances of Al Gore. There was also a concern about his legacy. Bill Clinton was more forward-looking than one would expect at his twilight moment. He was making plans, talking about the book he would write, about where the country should go.”

**Bill’s Priorities**

Hillary caught a lucky break when Rudy Giuliani’s campaign for the same Senate seat imploded even before he officially announced his candidacy. Late in April, Giuliani revealed that he needed treatment for prostate cancer, and soon tabloid reports were linking him to an attractive brunette named Judith Nathan. In mid-May, Giuliani said that he and his wife were separating, and on May 19 the mayor withdrew from the race.

Taking Giuliani’s place was 42-year-old Kick Lazio, a four-term U.S. representative from Long Island who called himself a “mainstream Republican.” Lazio instantly accused Hillary of having “no real rationale for serving here other than as a stepping-stone to some other position. . . . Her ambition is the issue.”

But, for all his bluster, Lazio was not in Hillary’s league.

Between April and November 2000, Bill raised more than $5 million for Hillary at 34 events designated for her Senate race, half of which she actually attended. Variously calling himself “surrogate in chief,” “cheerleader in chief,” and “spouse in chief,” he unabashedly solicited contributions, even when Hillary wasn’t the headliner. At a dinner for Democratic congressional candidates in Brentwood, California, he said, “A lot of you have given to Hillary. If you haven’t, I hope you will.”

The Clintons had a great effort during the 1996 campaign and afterward to minimize Hillary’s co-presidential role, but now Bill was spinning a different story of her “breathtaking range” of activities in domestic and foreign policy, which included a “significant contribution to the Irish peace process.” But he declined to touch on her back-channel operations and pervasive influence over personnel, notably her deep involvement in the political vetting of candidates for the federal bench and U.S.-attorney positions.

The president so immersed himself in Hillary’s campaign that it became an extension of himself. In some ways, their relationship had come to resemble a co-dependency more than a co-presidency. Not surprisingly, Bill and Hillary remained in harmony over the issues. But he also believed that his enemies had “transferred all their anger to her now.” As he told a group of supporters in Miami, “I think half of them think it’s their last chance at me.”

During his all-night conversation with Ken Burns in June, Bill “spoke movingly of the Democratic National Convention that was coming,” Burns recalled, “and how because he was on the backside of scandal and impeachment he had a more delicate role to play.” In the intervening months, the president cast those sensible thoughts aside. While Ronald Reagan had addressed a cheering G.O.P. convention in 1988, he quickly stepped into the wings in deference to his vice president’s candidacy. But Bill Clinton couldn’t resist occupying center stage and grabbing the limelight from Al Gore during a crucial moment in his presidential campaign.

Four days before the convention opened, in Los Angeles, on Monday, August 14, Bill made headlines by engaging in a soul-baring conversation with the Reverend Bill Hybels, one of his spiritual counselors. In front of an audience of 4,500 in Hybels’s suburban-Chicago church, the president revisited his experiences as a “sinner” at a moment when Al Gore least needed such a reminder. Bill once again insisted that he had sufficiently apologized for his “terrible mistake,” allowed that he had “nothing left to hide,” and said, “I’m now in the second year of a process of trying to totally rebuild my life.”

The Clintons planned three days in California as an extravaganza of media appearances and fund-raising. En route to Los Angeles on Air Force One on Friday, Bill set the stage by giving a wide-ranging interview to Ron Brownstein of The Los Angeles Times, and Hillary blocked out time on Saturday in her suite at the St. Regis Hotel in New York to speak with reporters from the major newspapers, most prominently The New York Times, for publication in the widely read Sunday editions. Both Clintons were lined up for interviews on Saturday afternoon with Bryant Gumbel, of CBS’s Early Show; to be broadcast Monday morning, when they were also due to appear on NBC’s Today show and ABC’s Good Morning America. But after the session with Hybels, the Gore camp asked Bill and Hillary to stand down. “We knew Thursday night how upset the Gore folks were with Clinton’s confessional on Thursday, and that would be the talk of our interview,” said Lyne Pitts, executive producer of The Early Show. The Clintons bailed out of all the morning shows, although Hillary proceeded as planned with interviews on the three network newscasts Monday night.

A more serious conflict arose from the schedule of events in which Bill and Hillary raised millions for themselves, distracting attention from the presidential race, siphoning off Democratic money, and further angering the vice president and his team. That Saturday night, the Clintons collected $1.1 million for Hillary’s war chest from the Gala Salute to President William Jefferson Clinton at the $30 million Mandeville Canyon estate of radio mogul Ken Roberts. Guests paid $1,000 per ticket for a concert, and dinner with the Clintons afterward cost $25,000 per couple. The evening featured a Hollywood Who’s Who that included Shirley MacLaine and Whoopi Goldberg. For the concert, the entire Clinton clan—Chelsea, Bill’s stepfather and brother, and Hillary’s mother and two brothers—was seated with Bill and Hillary in director’s chairs labeled with the date and name of the event. Bill was in an exuberant mood, singing along with Diana Ross, Cher, and Melissa Etheridge. At the dinner, Hillary spoke first, followed by Bill, who closed by saying, “I’m not going anywhere except to a different line of work.”

On Sunday, the Clintons presided over two events: a reception for Hillary at Sony Pictures Studios and a luncheon at the home of Barbra Streisand to raise money for Bill’s presidential library. With a price tag of $125 million and a design meant to evoke a “bridge to the 21st century,” the library, on 27 acres along the Arkansas River in Little Rock, posed yet another diversion for prospective Democratic donors to the Gore campaign. Since early 1998, Bill had been quietly soliciting funds from his most loyal and well-heeled allies, a list that the White House kept private. Even during his “lost year,” when he was overwhelmed by the Lewinsky scandal and impeachment proceedings, he managed to take in $3 million, and by his final year in office he had picked up the pace, raising tens of millions from such stalwarts as Steven Spielberg; S. Daniel Abraham, the founder of Slim-Fast Foods; and Vinod Gupta, the owner of a computer-database company, who pledged $1 million.

The climax for the Clintons occurred on the first day of the convention, when each gave a prime-time address—carried by the television networks—to the convention delegates. After Hillary finished her 18-minute speech, the cameras cut away to the president making his way through the corridors of the Staples Center as facts and figures (22 million new jobs, 100,000 new police on the streets) were superimposed on the TV screen to celebrate his record. The cameras shot him from behind as he entered the convention center and greeted the raptur-
Clintons and Gore

ous crowd. Commentators instantly likened the moment to Russell Crowe’s confident walk into the arena in *Gladiator.*

**Al’s Inheritance**

While Al Gore was a seasoned campaigner with plenty of hands-on experience, the press portrayed him as an egghead preoccupied by abstractions and, in his own words, “one of the most introverted people in public life.” His opponent, George W. Bush, was untested and often incoherent, but he had a snappy style and a reputation as a bipartisan deal-maker. With a wink and a smile, the Texas governor promised generous tax cuts and portrayed Gore’s neo-populism as a return to big-government Democratic liberalism. During the three presidential debates in October, Gore came across as patronizing and ponderous. Political commentators and television satirists had a field day mocking his exasperated sighing over Bush’s simplistic or inarticulate statements. Liberal columnist Molly Ivins remarked, “George W. Bush sounds like English is his second language, and Al Gore sounds like he thinks it’s yours.”

Gore had particular difficulty dealing with Bush’s efforts to cast doubt on his integrity by constantly referring to the “Clinton-Gore” administration, which implicitly linked him to the president’s scandals. Even Gore’s choice of Joe Lieberman—a stern critic of Bill’s conduct with Lewinsky—as his running mate couldn’t dispel what political consultant Carter Eskew later called “the elephant in the living room.” Bill refused to acknowledge that his behavior was a factor in the campaign. “I never believed that the American people were going to, in effect, vote against their own interests and their own values by holding Al Gore responsible for a personal mistake I made,” Bill told Ron Brownstein before the convention.

In any number of ways, the Gore campaign found itself in a contest with Hillary’s campaign. One of the most dramatic examples occurred in September as the Federal Trade Commission prepared to release a report on violence in the media. The agency’s million-dollar study showed that entertainment companies were marketing violent movies, video games, and music to children under 18. Under ordinary circumstances, a vice president running for the presidency would have first call on publicizing the report. But Hillary insisted she should handle the rollout because she had already called for a universal ratings system. “It was a key point of her Senate campaign,” said Bruce Reed. “The president had single her out for that in the 2000 State of the Union, so the finding of the F.T.C. was directly relevant to her campaign. The vice president’s campaign had concluded that cultural issues were hurting him, and they were dying to announce the report as well.”

After “several painful days of negotiations,” administration officials “thought we had a resolution that served everyone,” said Reed. The F.T.C. would release the report on Monday, September 11, followed by a comment from Gore, and then a separate one from the Clintons at a campaign event in New York. This strategy did not sit well with Gore and Lieberman, who decided to break the news on their own by inviting a reporter from *The New York Times* to the vice president’s residence on Sunday for an interview to be published Monday. “Every day was like that,” Reed said. “It was a typical example of how people who had known and trusted each other a long time would do things they otherwise wouldn’t have done.”

Bill and Hillary offered their comments on Monday morning at a Jewish community center in Scarsdale, New York. “Everything that needs to be said has been said,” Bill told the audience. “But what does it all mean? How can we distill it?” He then explained why Hillary understood the issue better than anyone—presumably including Gore. “She’s been working on it for years,” he said, describing the significance of a “uniform unambiguous rating system” that “Hillary . . . was the first and maybe the only person to forcefully advocate in the entire country.”

Hillary also continued to compete with Gore for campaign funds. By late September, she had gathered more than $22 million (compared to Rick Lazio’s $15.7 million from a surprisingly large national base of donors). Sixty percent of her money came from donors outside of New York State, including 16 percent from California alone. Charles Schumer, who ran a much tighter race against incumbent Al D’Amato in 1998, raised only 25 percent of his funds from out-of-state donors, 4 percent of them from California.

Hillary’s campaign by then was sprinting toward what looked to be an effortless victory. Her surge began after her debate with Lazio on September 13 in Buffalo, with NBC’s Tim Russert as a no-nonsense moderator. She was on her own that night, with Bill in Washington, watching in the Residence. He was “a nervous wreck,” he later said. Lazio hit Hillary hard and she punched back. In a *New York Times* survey conducted in the days following the debate, 48 percent of the respondents favored Hillary and 39 percent Lazio. The newspaper’s previous poll, in June, had shown her only five.
points ahead. An even more telling number was her connection with the much-coveted suburban women, who had backed Lazio 43 to 36 in June and now went for Hillary 54 to 38. “She did great in the debate...event though it was on one half the time” (a slap at both Lazio and Russert), Bill told a crowd of financial backers in Philadelphia four days later. “I thought she did best when they got meanest, and that’s good...she showed...she could take a punch, and she can take a lot of them.” At a 53rd-birthday fund-raiser for Hillary at Manhattan’s Roseland Ballroom, Bill proudly announced that she had the “requisite aggression” to be a good New Yorker.

Bill continued to express frustration that he couldn’t publicly participate in the presidential campaign as much as he wanted. “I wish I were running this year,” he told Sidney Blumenthal. “I’d run their ass down.” He disapproved of Gore’s populist rhetoric and felt his own leadership wasn’t getting enough credit for the country’s progress. He sent advice through emissaries to William Daley, Gore’s campaign chairman, as well as to campaign manager Donna Brazile. “I believe Clinton used practically everyone he could get his hands on to send messages to Al Gore,” said Brazile.

But Bill also kept making counterproductive comments about the candidate, his message, and his tactics, some of which surfaced in the press. He might voice subtle misgivings, as in a speech in Connecticut when he said, “People ask me: Do you really think Al Gore is going to win? I always said yes.” Or he could veer off message, as when he casually said at one fund-raiser, “Suppose Al Gore turns out to be wrong because there’s a little bit of a recession, and we don’t have enough money to keep all the spend-

ing commitments?” His criticisms made headlines after the third presidential debate, on October 17, when Bill was reported to have told congressional Democrats that he had “almost gagged” over Gore’s failure to challenge Bush’s false claim of credit for a patients’ bill of rights in Texas. Gore strategist Tad Devine told Steve Richetti, Bill’s deputy chief of staff, that the comment had helped raise Gore’s unfavorable rating by five points in a week. “The president goes out and awakens doubts about Gore, and all the bad stuff...begins to come to the surface,” said Devine.

At the end of the month, only days before the polls opened, a new issue of Esquire appeared on the newsstands with Bill on the cover, striking a decidedly unpresidential pose: legs spread wide, huge handsclapped on his knees, his expression radiating self-satisfaction. In the magazine’s “Exit Interview,” Bill mentioned Al Gore just twice in passing, defended himself against the controversies of his presidency, castigated his critics, and said the Republicans owed him an apology. The effect was to make the campaign seem all about Bill—exactly what Gore was trying to avoid.

The colliding agendas of the president, First Lady, and vice president were gifts to the Republicans, whose efforts to tag Gore with his boss’s weaknesses were paying off. “Gore’s numbers on honesty and forthrightness lag far behind Bush’s,” Newsweek noted the week before the election. There were other disturbing signs in the closing days as the press began to comment that the economy was “slowing, not yet ominously but noticeably.” Third-party candidate Ralph Nader was also emerging as a spoiler on the left with a “noticeable little breeze at his back.” Nader, who appealed to roughly 5 percent of voters, was gaining traction by portraying Gore and Bush as indistinguishable, and the Gore campaign worried that he could have an adverse impact on the returns in a half-dozen states.

After negotiations between the White House and the Gore campaign, Bill was dispatched to do eleventh-hour politicking in only three states—speeches at the convention centers in Little Rock and Pine Bluff, Arkansas, and get-out-the-vote rallies in San Francisco, Los Angeles, and New York City. He worked at full throttle in New York State, a safe haven where his popularity was at 70 percent, where Democrats had two million more registered voters than Republicans, and where he could keep helping his wife with his public appearances.

**Election Night**

Bill, Hillary, and Chelsea went to the polls at the Douglas G. Grafflin elementary school, in Chappaqua, on Tuesday morning, November 7, a mild and intermittently cloudy day. When he had first pulled the lever for his wife, two months earlier, in the pro forma Democratic primary, Bill had called it a “most extraordinary experience...I was as happy as a kid on Christmas morning.” Now he and Chelsea cast their ballots first, then embraced while Hillary voted for herself.

In the evening, Marine One ferried them to Manhattan, where they had a suite of rooms at the Grand Hyatt hotel, next to Grand Central Terminal. En route, Hillary busied herself by reading The New York Times while Bill edited the victory speech that she was too anxious to review. In the suite swear-

ing with staff, Hillary wore a terrycloth hotel bathrobe as a stylist worked on her hair. At 10:40, Lazio called to concede, and Hill-

ary "simply smiled" before giving everyone hugs. She had won resoundingly, with 55
Clintons and Gore

percent of the vote to Lazio’s 43 percent.

Al Gore’s fate that night was cruelly ambiguous. He was headed toward winning the overall total by more than a half-million votes (543,895, when all the counting was eventually completed). Earlier in the evening, he had also seemed poised for victory in the decisive Electoral College as the TV networks gave him Florida, Pennsylvania, and Michigan. But around 10 p.m., the Florida results turned uncertain, and the state switched back into the undecided category. By around two A.M., all the networks declared that Bush had prevailed in Florida, giving him the 25 electoral votes he needed to win the presidency.

Gore stoically called Bush to concede, and was driven through the rain to Nashville’s War Memorial Plaza to make his concession speech. As he was about to walk onto the platform, his aides grabbed him and said that Bush’s five-figure lead had shrunk to some 500 votes. Under election law, Gore was entitled to a recount if the margin was less than one-half of 1 percent. Gore called Bush back and said, “Circumstances have changed dramatically since I first called you. The state of Florida is too close to call.” The vice president’s words triggered a legal challenge that was to drag on for 36 days.

In the Grand Hyatt, Bill was transfixed by the developing drama. He had spent the evening prowling the suite, consulting with advisers, making phone calls, and planting himself only inches from one of the living room’s four TV sets. An aide thought that he seemed to be having fun . . . as if he was watching a close and important basketball game.” At 4:18 A.M., Bill reached Gore, later reporting that the vice president had been “in a good humor, pleased that he was ahead in the popular vote.” Gore congratulated Hillary, and “they had a nice little visit.” Bill stayed up the rest of the night, playing Oh Hell with members of his staff before finally going to sleep at six A.M.

“Election Night was so bizarre, mostly bitter,” Bruce Reed recalled. “It was clear from almost the moment she got in the race that the First Lady would win and that the vice president’s camp was star-crossed from the outset. There wasn’t anybody at the White House who felt much like celebrating. We were over the moon for Hillary’s victory, but the prize lost was so consequential and painful that it dwarfed everything.”

Almost immediately the rumors started about a Hillary presidential candidacy in 2004 or 2008. “I believe that’s worse than idle speculation,” Bill told CBS’s Dan Rather. “Of course she’ll run,” said Senator Moynihan.

For more than a month, Al Gore suffered in political purgatory as his lawyers battled the Bush forces in Florida over the convoluted recount to determine the winner of the state’s electoral votes. Those tense weeks also brought postmortem recriminations over Gore’s failure to easily capture the Electoral College. His popular vote was 50,999,897, exceeded only by Ronald Reagan’s 1984 landslide. Even though he had received far more votes and a higher percentage than Bill Clinton had in his two presidential races, Gore found himself bating accusations from the Clinton camp that if the president had been unchallenged on the campaign trail he would have energized the Democratic base and enabled Gore to win.

The Gore-Lieberman ticket found itself on the wrong side of the classic pendulum of American politics. In 1992, the momentum was beginning to swing toward the Democrats after 12 years of G.O.P. control of the White House, and Ross Perot helped by taking the vast majority of his votes from George H. W. Bush. But by 2000 the pendulum was moving in the other direction, propelled by the Clinton scandals, which had alienated religious and swing voters. Former White House aide and Gore campaign consultant Robert Boosin told Vanity Fair’s Marjorie Williams, “Did we make mistakes? Yes. Would I say that Clinton was the only reason we lost? No. Would I say with absolute zero doubt in my mind that we would have won the election if Clinton hadn’t put his penis in [Lewinsky’s] mouth? Yes. I guarantee it.”

A veneer of public graciousness between the president and vice president concealed their intensifying private anger over each other’s role in the electoral outcome. At Gore’s request, they met in the Oval Office on Thursday, December 21, to air their differences. It was an unpleasant encounter, as Gore forthrightly blamed Bill’s scandals, while Bill rebuked Gore for failing to make the most of their successful record. Afterward, Bill told Sidney Blumenthal they had parted after “patching everything up,” but in fact the mutual resentments among the Clintons and Gores persisted.

Gore’s defeat helped set the stage for Hillary’s own presidential campaign. As irony would have it, he had to preside over her swearing-in at the Capitol, and then, four days later, he again re-enacted her oath-of-office ceremony in front of what The Washington Post described as nearly 3,000 “swinging, swinging, celebrity-studded” Hillary supporters in Madison Square Garden. Her final political act was supervising the official count of the Electoral College vote, a painful ordeal that brought an end to his quest for the presidency.
Eric Clapton

The façade crumbled when we were in Rome, where Lori had another apartment. One day she went out and left me on my own, and I started to poke around, which was not a great idea. I opened a cupboard and found a pile of photograph albums. I took them out and started looking through. They were full of pictures of Lori with famous men—footballers, actors, politicians, musicians—anyone with any kind of notoriety. I noticed that she struck the same pose in every photograph, wearing the sort of smile that wasn’t really a smile at all. I felt as if someone had punched me in the stomach. I went icy cold, and my hair stood on end. At that moment I knew we were doomed.

However much I might have wanted to walk out at this point, I realized that I had already set in motion something that was out of control, particularly because the conversation we had had about pregnancy. So I put this experience on file, as a reason why the relationship would never last, and started disassembling the whole thing, mentally and emotionally withdrawing. I stayed in Rome for a while, and then we both flew to London and stayed a couple of nights in the Connaught before moving into an apartment I had arranged for us in Berkeley Square.

Filled with doubts as I was about my life, both past and future, it was a hard time for me. After years of living at Hurtwood, my house in the English countryside, I hated the noise and traffic of the city, so to distract myself I filled the apartment with recording equipment to make demos for my next album. I could think of little else besides Pattie, so it’s not surprising that only two or three weeks after I moved in with Lori, I told her that the relationship just wasn’t working for me anymore and that I had to go back to my wife. “That’s not good news at all,” she said. “because I’m pregnant.”

At that moment, I couldn’t really take this in. I remember getting into my car and driving down to Hurtwood to see Pattie, who had been living there since I had left. Somewhere in my mind was the idea that she might be waiting for me. When I arrived it was nighttime, and there were lights on all over the house. I peered in through the kitchen window and saw Pattie and her boyfriend making dinner together. It was as though I’d come home to someone else’s house. I knocked on the door and said, "I’m back, I’m home!" Pattie met me at the door and said coldly, “You can’t come in here right now. This is not the right time.”

“But this is my home,” I said, to which she replied, “No, you can’t do this.” Suddenly, my world was absolutely in tatters. I was disenchanted with my new pregnant mistress, and I’d lost my wife. I was in conflict and I was bewildered, and I felt as though I’d opened a vast door into an empty chasm. At some point during this period I decided that the only answer to my problems was suicide. I happened to have a full bottle of blue five-milligram Valium tablets, and I downed them all, the whole bloody lot. I was convinced they would kill me, but, astonishingly enough, I woke up 10 hours later, stone-cold sober and full of the realization of what a lucky escape I’d had.

As soon as Lori came to understand that she could never get me to commit to anything, she went back to Milan, where it was possible for her to make a living. I stayed in England and tried to clear up the mess I’d created, by first of all, telling Pattie about the pregnancy. Considering how much she had longed to have our own child, and her deep disappointment at her failure to conceive, it was a dreadful thing to have to tell her. She was utterly devastated, and from then on our life together at Hurtwood was hell.

We hacked along for a while, sleeping in different rooms and living pretty much separate lives until, several months later, on her birthday, March 17, I had a complete meltdown and threw her out of the house. It was a cruel and vicious thing to do, and within a few days...
Eric Clapton

I regretted it. I kept replaying our early days over and over in my head, desperately wondering why we couldn’t recapture that essence again, but I knew that I had crossed a serious barrier this time and that I would have to leave her alone for a bit. Pattie found a very nice apartment in Kensington, and things actually settled down. I visited her once a week, and we were quite civil to each other. I stayed out at Hurtwood, drinking in as controlled a manner as I could, but occasionally going on massive benders. (It had been four years since I’d left Hazelden, where I’d sought treatment for alcoholism.) It was like being in limbo again, not quite knowing where things were going or what the outcome of all of this would be.

I escaped to L.A. to record songs for a new album, which was to be a collaboration between Phil Collins and Tom Dowd. I had asked Tom to co-produce it, because I didn’t feel confident that Phil really knew my musical background well enough to do the job single-handedly, and with Tom involved I felt I could oversee the production. We worked at Sunset Sound studios, in Hollywood, with the basic band consisting of me on guitar, Phil on drums, Greg Phillinganes on keyboards, and Nathan East on bass. The horns—Michael Brecker on sax, Randy Brecker and Jon Faddis on trumpet, and Dave Bargeron on trombone—were overdubbed in New York, and Tina Turner and I duetted live on “Tearing Us Apart.”

For me, these were pretty drunken sessions, and looking back, I don’t know how I got through them. Nigel Carroll, who went with me to Los Angeles and was my personal assistant there, had rented us a place on Sunset Plaza, and secretly I would drink and do coke until about six in the morning. Then, at about 11, I would go into the studio and somehow stay sober during the day. So from midday till about six in the evening, I would try to work while hung over, doing the best I could, until I reached a moment when I felt able to say, “O.K., we’ve had a great day. Let’s call it quits,” at which point I would drive back to the rented villa and hit the booze and coke again. I hardly slept at all. I was trying my hardest to hide my drinking from everybody, unsuccessfully, as it turned out. Nigel had gotten me a rental car, which didn’t have a proper license plate, so some of the crew, unbeknownst to me, had made a tag out of cardboard that read CAPTAIN SMIRNOFF.

In the months before Lori’s baby was due, I came to realize that this was the one thing in my life that something good could come of, and I had been making some attempts to restore the relationship with her. On my return from recording in L.A., I went to visit her in Milan several times, and a few weeks before the birth she returned to London, having told me that, since I was English, she felt the baby should be born in England. I rented a small house in Chelsea for her, where I visited her every day.

Conor was born on August 21, 1986, at St. Mary’s, Paddington. As soon as I heard that Lori had gone into labor, I rushed to the hospital. determined to be there for the birth, though more than a little frightened about what I was going to experience. As it happened, the baby got stuck upside down, so they had to perform a last-minute Cesarean. They put a screen around the bed, and a nurse came and stood beside me. She told me that men often faint in these situations. I was determined to be present for this. I just had an incredible feeling that this was going to be the first real thing that had ever happened to me. Up to that moment, it had seemed as though my life had been a series of episodes that held very little meaning. The only time it had seemed real was when I was challenging myself in some way with music. Everything else—the drinking, the tours, even my life with Pattie—a had an air of artificiality to it. When the baby finally came, they gave him to me to hold. I was spellbound, and I felt so proud, even though I had no idea how to hold a baby. Lori spent a couple of days in the hospital. While she was there, I went down to Lord cricket ground. I saw the great English cricketer Ian “Beefy” Botham, whom I had known through David English, the former managing director of the Robert Stigwood Organisation, and after the match Botham raised a glass of champagne in honor of Conor’s birth. By that time it had begun to sink in that I was a father, and that it was time for me to grow up. I considered all my previous irrational behavior to have been reasonable—excusable, because it had been conducted with consenting adults. Whereas with this tiny child, who was so vulnerable, I suddenly became aware that it was time to stop fucking around. But the question was: How?

Conor’s birth was commemorated with the release of the new album, which I called August, and which has turned out to be one of my biggest-selling solo albums. It had a hit single in “It’s in the Way That You Look at Me,” which was featured in the Paul Newman film The Color of Money, and also includes “Holy Mother,” which I had dedicated to Richard Manuel, the great keyboard player of the Band, who had hanged himself in March 1986. One song I had decided not to include was “Lady from Verona,” which I had written specially for Lori. That might have been too much for Pattie to bear.
Lori returned to Italy soon after the birth, the idea being that I would go over and visit her and Conor for a few days whenever possible. The problem was that my drinking had become full-blown again, and I was finding it harder and harder to control. I really loved this little boy, and yet, when I went to visit him in Milan, I would sit and play with him in the daytime, and, every second of that time, all I could think about was how much longer it would be before Lori would arrive to feed him and take him away to bed so that I could have another drink. I never drank in his presence. I would stay white-knuckle sober all the time he was awake, but as soon as she put him in his crib, I would get back to my normal consumption, drinking until I passed out. I did this every night until I went back to England.

This was the pattern of my life over the next year, which reached its climax when I was touring Australia in the autumn of 1987. By then there had been such an erosion of my capabilities that I couldn’t stop shaking. For the second time, I’d reached the point where I couldn’t live without a drink, and I couldn’t live with one. I was a mess, and as far as my playing was concerned, I was just about scraping by.

One day, cooped up in my hotel room, a long way from home, with nothing to think about but my own pain and misery, I suddenly knew that I had to go back into treatment. I thought to myself, This has got to stop. I really did it for Conor, because I thought, no matter what kind of human being I was, I couldn’t stand being around him like that. I couldn’t bear the idea that, as he experienced enough of life to form a picture of me, it would be a picture of the man I was then. I called Roger and told him to book me into Hazelden again, and on November 21, 1987, I went back into treatment.

My second visit to Hazelden was, on the face of it, much like the first, but, on a deeper level, it was very different. This time I had no reservations about why I was there—I had tried to control my drinking and failed—so there was no more debate, no more gray area for me. Also, my life had become very complicated and completely unmanageable during my relapse. I now had two children, neither of whom I was really administering to: a broken marriage; assorted bewildered girlfriends; and a career that, although it was still chugging along, had lost its direction. I was a mess.

My counselor this time around was a great guy, and having first established a strong bond with me, he employed a sort of ridiculous method. It threw me completely. I had grown used to people treating me with a certain amount of reverence, maybe just out of fear, and here was this guy laughing at my pomposity and arrogance. I didn’t know how to deal with it. It caught me off-balance and helped me see myself as others saw me, and it wasn’t pretty. I was captivated, and tried to engage him as much as I could, but he was rarely available or made it seem that way. He had something I wanted, something I knew I needed. I was like a blade of grass in the wind: one day I would be blown up, scornful, and full of myself, and the next I was in a pit of despair. But I kept coming back to the thought of Conor, the reality of his life and what it required of me, and the horrible possibility that if I didn’t get it right this time history would probably repeat itself. The thought of him going through all that was what finally made the difference. I had to break the chain and give him what I never really had: a father.

Nevertheless, I stumbled through my month in treatment much as I had done the first time, just ticking off the days, hoping that something would change in me without my having to do much about it. Then one day, as my visit was drawing to an end, a panic hit me, and I realized that in fact nothing had changed in me and that I was going back out into the world again completely unprotected. The noise in my head was deafening, and drinking was in my thoughts all the time. It shocked me to realize that here I was in a treatment center, a supposedly safe environment, and I was in serious danger. I was absolutely terrified, in complete despair.

Almost of their own accord, my legs gave way and I fell to my knees. In the privacy of my room I begged for help. I had no notion of whom I thought I was talking to—I just knew that I had come to the end of my tether, and I had nothing left to fight with. Then I remembered what I had heard about surrender, something I thought I could never do, that my pride just wouldn’t allow it. But I knew that on my own I wasn’t going to make it, so I asked for help, and, getting down on my knees, I surrendered.

Within a few days, I realized that something had happened for me. An atheist would probably say it was just a change of attitude, and to a certain extent that’s true, but there was much more to it than that. I had found a place to turn to, a place I’d always known was there but never really wanted, or needed, to believe in. From that day until this, I have never failed to pray in the morning, on my knees, asking for help, and at night, to express gratitude for my life and, most of all, for my sobriety. I choose to kneel because I feel I need to humble myself when I pray, and, with my ego, this is the most I can do.

If you are asking why I do all this, I will tell you: because it works. It’s as simple as that. In all the time I’ve been sober, I have never
Eric Clapton

once seriously thought of taking a drink or a drug. I have no problem with religion, and I grew up with a strong curiosity about spiritual matters, but my searching took me away from church and community worship to the internal journey. Before my recovery began, I had found my God in music and the arts, with writers like Hermann Hesse and musicians like Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, and Little Walter. In some way, in some form, my God was always there, but now I have learned to talk to him.

I came home from Hazelden for Christmas, to Lori and Conor at Hurtwood. There was a lot to be done, a lot of wreckage to clear up, and Lori was very supportive. I think she knew intuitively that I was not ready to make a decision about our situation yet, and she seemed reasonably content just to see where things would lead. The first person I wanted to see on my return was Patie. We had parted on such bad terms, and I wanted to see if there was still a spark there, even if it was only friendship. We met for lunch, and it was great. I couldn’t feel any enmity from her, and we were able to speak without manipulation, which for me was a miracle.

There was work to throw myself back into, beginning with a continuation of a project that had started in January 1987, when I agreed to play six shows on successive nights at the Royal Albert Hall, in London. It was to become a tradition, with the number of gigs increasing each year, peaking in 1991 with 24. With a band that included Nathan East and Greg Phelphganes from the August sessions, Steve Ferrone and Phil Collins on drums, and the addition of Mark Knopfler on guitar, the performances had gone so well that we decided to make it a regular booking.

I had always liked this venue and enjoyed going to see people play there. It’s comfortable and has a great atmosphere, and the management has always made sure that it sounds good. It’s also one of the few places where you can see all of the audience when you’re onstage. They were fantastic shows, and one night for an encore Frank Zappa’s keyboard player Don Preston, known as “Mother Don,” broke into the hall’s organ keyboard, which was locked behind two glass doors, and played a raucous version of “Louie Louie” that brought the house down.

The best times I had in those early years of sobriety were in the company of my son and his mother. It was the closest that life ever got to being normal for me. Conor was a good-looking boy with blond hair, like mine at that age, and brown eyes. I’d seen pictures of my Uncle Adrian as a little boy, playing in the woods with my mother, and Conor bore a strong resemblance to him. He was a beautiful child with a wonderful, gentle nature who was walking by the time he was a year old.

As soon as he could talk, he began calling me “Papa.”

But however deeply I loved this little boy, I had no idea where to begin with him, because I was a baby trying to look after a baby. So I just let Lori raise him, which she did brilliantly. She would come and stay with her sister Paola, who also worked for her as her assistant, and occasionally their mother accompanied them, and for a few weeks we would live a very peaceful, family kind of life. I used to watch Conor’s every move, and because I didn’t really know much about how to be a father, I played with him in the way a sibling plays, kicking balls around on the terrace for hours and going for walks in the garden. He also got to know my mother and grandmother, and Roger too. Anyone who came into contact with him adored him. He was a little angel, really—a very divine being.

From the beginning, there was always a certain amount of fear involved in my relationship with Conor. I was, after all, a part-time father. Small children can be quite dismissive and unintentionally cruel, and I tended to take this very personally. However, as the duration of my sobriety increased, I began to be more comfortable with him and to really look forward to seeing him. I was very much in this mood in March 1991, when I arranged to see Conor in New York, where Lori and her new boyfriend, Silvio, were planning to buy an apartment.

On the evening of March 19, I went to the Galleria, an apartment block on East 57th Street, where they were staying, to pick up Conor and take him to the circus on Long Island. It was the very first time I had taken him out on my own, and I was both nervous and excited. It was a great night out. Conor never stopped talking and was particularly excited at seeing the elephants. It made me realize for the first time what it meant to have a child and be a father. I remember telling Lori, when I took him back, that from then on, when I had Conor home on visits, I wanted to look after him all on my own.

The following morning I was up early, ready to walk downtown from my hotel, the Mayfair Regent, at Park and 64th Street, to pick up Lori and Conor and take them to the Central Park Zoo, followed by lunch at Bice, my favorite Italian restaurant. At about 11 A.M. the phone rang, and it was Lori. She was hysterical, screaming that Conor was dead.
thought to myself, This is ridiculous. How can he be dead? And I asked her the silliest question: "Are you sure?" And then she told me that he'd fallen out of the window. She was beside herself. Screaming. I said, "I'll be right there."

I remember walking down Park Avenue, trying to convince myself that everything was okay all right... as if anyone could make a mistake about something like that. When I got near the apartment building, I saw a police line and paramedics on the street, and I walked past the scene, lacking the courage to go in. Finally, I went into the building, where I was asked a few questions by the police. I took the elevator upstairs to the apartment, which was on the 53rd floor. Lori was out of her mind and thinking in a crazy way. By this time I had become very calm and detached. I had stepped back within myself and become one of those people who just attend to others.

By talking to the police and the doctors, I established what had happened without even having to go into the room. The main sitting room had windows along one side that went from floor to ceiling, and they could be tilted open for cleaning. There were no window guards, however, since the building was a condominium and escaped the normal building regulations. On this morning the janitor was cleaning the windows and had temporarily left them open. Conor was racing about the apartment playing a game of hide-and-seek with his nanny, and while Lori was distracted by the janitor’s warning her about the danger he simply ran into the window and straight out the window. He then fell 49 floors before landing on the roof of an adjacent four-story building.

Lori was not about to go down to the morgue, so I had to identify him on my own. Whatever physical damage he had suffered in the fall, by the time I saw him they had restored his body to some normality. I remember looking at his beautiful face in repose and thinking, This isn't my son. It looks a bit like him, but he's gone. I went to see him again at the funeral home, to say good-bye and to apologize for not being a better father. A few days later, accompanied by various friends and family, Lori and I flew back to England with the coffin. We went to Hurtwood, where the Italians all waited, openly expressing their grief, while I remained quite detached, in a permanent daze.

Conor's funeral took place at the St. Mary Magdalen church in Ripley, where I had grown up, on a cold, bleak March day shortly before my 46th birthday. All my old friends from Ripley came, and it was a very lovely service, but I was speechless. I looked up at his coffin, and I just couldn't talk. We laid him to rest in a plot right next to the church wall, and as his coffin was lowered into the ground, his Italian grandmother became completely hysterical and tried to throw herself into the grave. I remember feeling a bit shocked by this, as I'm not very good at outward emotion. I just don't grieve that way. When we came out of the churchyard, we were faced with a wall of reporters and photographers, about 50 of them. The curious thing is, while a lot of other people were very upset and insulted, because they considered this a lack of respect, it didn't impinge on my own grief in any way. I just didn't care. All I wanted was for it to be over.

After the funeral, when Lori’s family had all gone home and Hurtwood was quiet and it was just me alone with my thoughts, I found a letter from Conor that he had written to me from Milan, telling me how much he missed me and was looking forward to seeing me in New York. He had written, “I love you.” Heartbreaking though it was, I looked upon it as a positive thing. There were thousands of letters of condolence for me to read, written from all over the world, from friends, from strangers, from people like Prince Charles and the Kennedys. I was amazed. One of the first I opened was from Keith Richards. It simply said, "If there's anything I can do, just let me know.” I'll always be grateful for that.

I cannot deny that there was a moment when I did lose faith, and what saved my life was the unconditional love and understanding that I received from my friends and my fellows in the 12-step program. I would go to a meeting and people would quietly gather round and keep me company, buy me coffee, and let me talk about what had happened. I was asked to chair some meetings, and at one of these sessions, when I was discussing the third step, which is about handing your will over to the care of God, I recounted the story of how, during my last stay in Hazelden, I had fallen upon my knees and asked for help to stay sober. I told the meeting that the compulsion was taken away at that moment, and, as far as I was concerned, this was physical evidence that my prayers had been answered. Having had that experience, I said, I knew I could get through this.

A woman came up to me after the meeting and said, “You've just taken away my last excuse to have a drink.” I asked her what she meant. She said, “I've always had this little corner of my mind which held the excuse that, if anything were to happen to my kids, then I'd be justified in getting drunk. You've shown me that's not true.” I was suddenly aware that maybe I had found a way to turn this dreadful tragedy into something positive. I really was in the position to say,
Eric Clapton

"Well, if I can go through this and stay sober, then anyone can." There was no better way to honor the memory of my son.

The first few months after Conor’s death were a waking nightmare, but the shock prevented me from completely breaking down. I also had work commitments to deal with. For one, Russ Titelman was sitting in a studio with a pile of tapes from the 24 shows I had done at the Royal Albert Hall in February and March. I couldn’t engage with the music at all and didn’t really want to be there, until he played me the version of “Wonderful Tonight.” For some reason, listening to that song had a very calming effect on me, and I went into a deep sleep. I hadn’t slept for weeks until then, so it was a very healing experience. I think it was because the song took me back to a reasonably sane and uncomplicated point in my past, when Pattie and I were happy and all I had to worry about was her being late getting ready for dinner.

I couldn’t stand sitting alone in Hurtwood after what had happened, so I asked one of my oldest friends, Vivien Gibson, to come around every day to check on the mail. Viv and I had been friends for many years, starting when we had an affair during the 80s, and she was now working full-time as my secretary. She was also one of the only people I wanted to have around me at this time. Somehow she understood my grief and was not afraid of it. It’s amazing how many so-called friends disappear in the face of this kind of tragedy. She is a truly courageous person with tremendous compassion. I also felt I needed a complete change of scenery, so with Roger in tow I drove around London looking at houses until I found a beautiful one in Chelsea. Set back off the road on a side street, it was perfect. It had a courtyard to park in and a small walled garden.

At the same time, with the help of Leo Hageman, a developer in Antigua, and Colin Robinson, his friend and architect, I set about designing and building a villa within the grounds of a small resort hotel on Gal-leon Beach, in English Harbour, on the south coast. What was I doing? I was running, in several directions at once. The governing factor in all of this, though, was motion—keep moving; under no circumstances stay still and feel the feelings. That would have been unbearable.

I was three years sober, with just enough recovery to stay afloat but no real experience or knowledge of how to deal with grief on this scale. Many people might have thought that it would be dangerous for me to be alone, that I would ultimately drink, but I had the fellowship, and I had my guitar. It was, as it always had been, my salvation. Over the next two or three months, in England and Antigua, I stayed alone, going to meetings and playing the guitar. At first I just played, with no objectives. Then songs began to evolve. The first to take shape was “Circus,” about the night Conor and I went to the circus, our last night together. Later, in Antigua, I wrote a song linking the loss of Conor with the mystery surrounding the life of my father, called “My Father’s Eyes.” In it, I tried to describe the parallel between looking into the eyes of my son and seeing the eyes of the father I had never met, through the chain of our blood.

The most powerful of the new songs was “Tears in Heaven.” Musically, I had always been haunted by Jimmy Cliff’s “Many Rivers to Cross” and wanted to borrow from that chord progression, but essentially I wrote this one to ask the question I had been asking myself ever since my grandfather died: Will we really meet again? It’s difficult to talk about these songs in depth—that’s why they’re songs. Their birth and development is what kept me alive through the darkest period of my life. When I try to take myself back to that time, to recall the terrible numbness that I lived in, I recoil in fear. I never want to go through anything like that again. Originally, these songs were never meant for publication or public consumption; they were just what I did to stop from going mad. I played them to myself, over and over, constantly changing or refining them, until they were part of my being.

Toward the end of my stay in Antigua, I chartered a boat for a two-week trip around the islands with Roger and his wife. I have always loved being by or on the sea, and although I have no ambitions to be a sailor, I find the scale of the ocean very calming and revitalizing. The start of the trip, however, wasn’t a great success. Roger and I were at loggerheads over various things, and the atmosphere was chilly. Later we were joined by Russ Titelman, and then by my daughter Ruth and her mother, Yvonne Kelly, whom I had met and had a brief romance with six years earlier. This lifted the mood, and the cruise took an upward turn.

Among the letters that had come in about Conor was one from Yvonne in which, to help me in my loss, she had offered me the opportunity to become fully acquainted with Ruth as her father. It was an incredibly generous act and gave me some direction until the fog cleared. This little sea cruise was in fact the first of many small visitations that took place to test the waters for this idea, and it worked. It was great to be in the company of a child again—my child. I will always be grateful to Yvonne for giving me this second chance. It was a lifeline in a sea of bewilderment and confusion. Over the next couple of years I visited them on Montserrat, slowly establishing a rapport with my daughter, until Yvonne decided that in order for Ruth to get a proper education and spend more time with me they would come home to Doncaster, the Yorkshire town where Yvonne had been brought up.

As far as helping me cope with the death of Conor, developing a relationship with Ruth was, at first, no more than a Band-Aid solution. It wasn’t until the pitty was taken out of the equation and we started to have fun that it became a real thing for me. It took time because, first, I had a lot of work to do repairing myself, and until that was done, my ability to be emotionally intimate with my daughter was seriously limited. As for discipline, I had a lot to learn and was very unsure of my entitlements with her. But slowly, bit by bit, we got to know each other, and I learned through therapy how to express my disapproval when necessary. Looking back on those years, I realize what a profound effect she had on my well-being. Her presence in my life was absolutely vital to my recovery. In her I had again found something real to be concerned about and that was very instrumental in my becoming an active human being again.

In the early summer of 1991, I took a trip to New York to look at a film being made by Lili Zanuck, wife of the American movie producer Richard Zanuck. Called Rush, it is based on a semi-autobiographical novel about a semi-undercover narcotics agent who becomes an addict herself. Lili was a big fan of mine and wanted me to do the score for the film. I had never taken on an entire project like this before; most of the film work I had done had been supervised by the American arranger and composer Michael Kamen. We had gotten together to do music for an English thriller TV series called Edge of Darkness, and then the Lethal Weapon films. In all honesty, from what I had seen thus far, I had no great passion for the movie industry, I love film and am a real movie buff, but being behind the scenes left me cold.

Nevertheless, I took the job, mainly because I liked Lili. She was outrageously funny, and I loved and identified with her views, whether on movies, music, or just life. At the end of the summer I took up residence in L.A. and started working on the film. At some point I played "Tears in Heaven" to Lili, and it was at her insistence that we put it in the movie. I was very reluctant. After all, I was still unsure about whether or not it should ever be made public, but her argument was that it might in some way help somebody, and that got my vote.

The song was released as a single and became a massive hit. The film didn’t do so well, although it deserved to. It’s since become something of a cult hit, and I’m extremely proud of the music. I finished up the year by touring Japan with George Harrissot (my friend and Pattie’s ex-husband). He and
was her name; Olivia, had been really kind to me over the last few months, and I wanted to express my gratitude.

During the trip, Lori showed up out of the blue and just checked into our hotel. Her boyfriend, Silvio, had fixed me up, reminding me that he was coming to see me. They had broken up, and he was worried about her. I couldn't handle it. I was barely holding myself together emotionally, and there was work to do. Curiously enough, George stepped in and took control. He and Lori traveled around together, and he seemed to have a calming influence on her. I felt very guilty about not being able to comfort her, but I was experiencing tremendous feelings of anger and sadness, with no real idea of how to cope with them and her at the same time.

The year 1991 was horrendous on the face of it, but some precious seeds were sown. My recovery from alcoholism had taken on a new meaning. Staying sober really was the most important thing in my life now and had given me direction when I thought I had none. I had also been shown how fragile life really is, and, strangely enough, had somehow been cheered by this, as if my powerlessness had become a source of relief for me. The music, too, took on a new energy. I had a need to perform these new songs about my son, and I really believed that they were meant to help not just me but anybody who had suffered or would suffer such extraordinary loss. The opportunity to showcase them came in the guise of an Unplugged show for MTV. I had been approached to do it and wasn't sure, but now it seemed like the ideal platform. I sat in my house in Chelsea and worked out a repertoire for the show that would allow me to revisit my roots and present these new songs in a safe and careful environment.

The show was great. The guitarist Andy Fairweather Low and I did quite a lot of bare acoustic work on some Robert Johnson and Big Bill Broonzy material, and we performed "Tears in Heaven" and "Circus," although I later vetoed that song on the grounds that it was too shaky. I also enjoyed going back and playing the old stuff like "Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out," which was how it had all started so long ago.

Russ produced the album of the show, and Roger was like an expectant father hovering over the project, while I was fairly dismissive, saying that I thought we ought to put it out as a limited edition. I just wasn't that enamored with it, and as much as I'd enjoyed playing all the songs, I didn't think it was that great to listen to. When it came out, it was the biggest-selling album of my entire career, which goes to show what I know about marketing. It was also the cheapest to produce and required the least amount of preparation and work. But if you want to know what it actually cost me, go to Ripley, and visit the grave of my son.
KURKOVÁ’S Christian Louboutin shoes, go to christianlouboutin.fr; for COSTUME NATIONAL gloves, go to costumenational.com; for Harry Winston necklace and bracelet (bottom), go to harrywinston.com, or call 800-999-3256. CÉLINE earrings (left arm, bottom), go to celine.com; for CHOPARD, go to 800-CHOPARD. For SELITA EBANKS’s Christian Louboutin shoes, go to christianlouboutin.fr; for SERMONETA gloves, go to sermonetagloves.com. Cartier earrings from Cartier boutiques nationwide. PAGE 194. Grooming by George Kyriakos for Snap-Artists.


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PAGES 349. Left, from Sygma/Corbis. PAGE 344. Courtesy of Contact Press Images and Anne Liebowitz Studio.
SHIRLEY MACLAINE

At 21, Shirley MacLaine possessed enough poise and moxie to land a starring role in Alfred Hitchcock's The Trouble with Harry. The Oscar winner has worked with Billy Wilder, shared the screen with Jack Nicholson, and found a second calling as an author. With the publication of Sage-ing While Age-ing, the actress and writer reflects on enlightenment, her dog, and New Mexico.

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Searching for it.

What is your greatest fear?
The violence of enlightenment.

Which living person do you most admire?
The people who work with and for me.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
My impatience, which can cause me to be really caustic and rude.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Same. We detest in others what we detest in ourselves.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Monogamy.

On what occasion do you lie?
When I eat sugar and say it doesn't matter.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
My bloated stomach after eating sugar.

What is your greatest regret?
Not spending more time with my daughter when I was working.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
My dog Terry. All of nature.

Which talent would you most like to have?
Being patient with people who have no work ethic. Maybe they have something to teach me.

What is your current state of mind?
Content, but discontent with the leadership worldwide.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
Being able to do nothing.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
The way I think.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
A zillionaire who gives away all his money. Yes, I would like to come back as a rich man who would live without corruption, respect nature, women, and small, insignificant things.

What is your most treasured possession?
Two necklaces from my Santiago de Compostela Camino. All of my animals.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Prison.

Where would you like to live?
Wherever I am with Terry, but not in a confined space. New Mexico is fine for me.

What is your most marked characteristic?
My humorous cynicism.

Who are your favorite writers?
those who tell the truth about themselves.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
I don't read fiction. My life is fiction.

Who are your heroes in real life?
those who are optimistic through pain. I am a physical pussy unless I'm dancing or working out.

What is it that you most dislike?
People who don't care about themselves.

What is your motto?
"I am part of God in Light."
Don’t take the whispers personally. They’re talking about your VAIO.

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TOCHES ON BERNSTEIN'S RECORD RUN
S WOLCOTT ON MADNESS BEHIND TOMMY
S KAPLAN ON TRAVOLTA'S SONGWRITIN' WINGMAN

WHEN TRAVOLTA DID DISCO
THE MAKING OF SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER
BY SAM KASHNER
Without the music, there'd be no fever.
Movies.

Movies with music.

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LOOKS LIKE A SPLURGE. FEELS LIKE A STEAL.

No other hair spray resists humidity—and salon prices—like TRESemmé TRES TWO hair spray. Its flexible control and water-free formula provides a natural hold that outlasts the day.
What do you drink for taste? Not the swimming pool stuff. Or the tap. Or even the stuff from the ground. This water is pristine. Was never swum in or fell through the sky near the airport. It tastes the way nature intended. Clean. How smart is that?
EDITOR'S LETTER
Singin' in the Rain

ON THE COVER
A Big Hunk o' Love

TUNE IN The producers of Movies Rock, the TV special.

THE CHARITY Cause Celeb

UP FRONT

SCREEN BEAT Becky Stark goes mainstream; Michel Gondry's Be Kind Rewind; Flight of the Conchords lays down tracks. Alexandra Patsavas channels Dick Clark; Brian Lowekes revises Laurel Canyon; the year in musical movies.

PROJECTIONS Lisa Robinson sees big biopics, sublime soundtracks, and more Ludacris acting in 2008.

DESTINATIONS A stargazer's map of L.A.'s rock scene.

CONNECTIONS When musicians and movie stars mate: the lives of moguls.

IDEA LAB Jim Windolf puts the Pink Floyd-Wizard of Oz phenomenon to the test.

LISTENING PARTY David Cross and Demetri Martin assess the musical talents of Russell, Keanu, et al.

REUNION Dick Clement and Ian La Frenais remember The Commitments as the director and cast members gather again for Julian Broad.

THE 50 GREATEST ROCK SONGS OF ALL TIME Our must-have collection, from A to the King to Z.

THE DOUBLE THREATS Conni Bailey Rae

THE DOUBLE THREATS It's the year of the movie musical, not to mention the movie-star musician. From Chris Brown and Zooey Deschanel to John C. Reilly and Charlotte Gainsbourg, these 21 category-hoppers prove talent knows no labels.

SHOOTING COOL Tom Palumbo's never-before-seen photos of Miles Davis reveal a lighter side of the jazz legend. As Don Cheadle prepares his biopic, Patricia Bosworth summons Davis's spirit.

SIGHT AND SOUND I/F shoots five directors with an ear for mind-blowing music, while Mitch Glazer learns all about Martin Scorsese's new Rolling Stones concert film.

FEVER PITCH Thirty years out, Saturday Night Fever remains a cultural touchstone—the last thing anyone who worked on it expected. Sam Kashner tells the story of the "little disco movie" that made John Travolta a movie star.

ET CETERA

CREDITS

TIGER BEAT QUESTIONNAIRE Bill Murray
Where happily ever after begins...
Where you're the fairest of them all.
Where imagination saves the day.
Where wonderland is your destiny.
Where you’re always king of the court.
Where every Cinderella story comes true.
Julie Andrews as the Blue Fairy
Abigail Breslin as Fira, her fairy-in-training
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There have always been a million reasons to take your family to a Disney Park. Now there are even more. It all happens during the 2008 Year of a Million Dreams Celebration. This event promises to unlock imaginations and create memories that last forever, all with the magic that only Disney Parks can make. Join us now.

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Singin' in the Rain

Let's say, for argument's sake, that George W. Bush is right about just one thing: this is the End of Days. Some afternoon next year, the president will stand on a sulfurous White House lawn (littered with dead woodland creatures) beneath boiling black skies and unfurl a banner that reads MISSION ACCOMPLISHED. Hey, anyone can be right once. If so, isn't this exactly the time to pile into your local mega-plex, leap on the seat, and scream, "Movies rock?!"? Damn right.

Historically, during times of national unease, movie musicals have been our baby-blue blanket: from Busby Berkeley's Depression-era giddiness ("We're in the money!?) to the sour cool of the Vietnam War years' Easy Rider, sight and sound distracted and soothed us. As we assembled this issue, we quickly realized we had stumbled into "the year of the musical": La Vie en Rose, Once, Sweeney Todd, August Rush, Walk Hard, El Cantante, Hairspray. Even the big three are represented—Dylan (I'm Not There), the Rolling Stones (Shine a Light), and the Beatles (Across the Universe). All in 2007-2008. We had two thoughts: Hey, maybe this isn't just a crass ad scam after all, and, Jesus, this country is freaking out! There is another possibility—the well-documented cyclical nature of Hollywood. Through the same instinct that guides golden plowers thousands of miles over open ocean to breed, Hollywood studios often simultaneously hit on the same "idea": sword-and-sandal epics, teens in torture hostels, penguins.

Apparently this year's it. Music. Which suits me fine. The first minute of Mean Streets changed my life. Harvey Keitel lies back in bed, his head hitting the pillow in three increasingly tighter jump cuts, boom-boom-boom, perfectly timed to the gunshot drum intro of "Be My Baby." Nearly 35 years later, it still thrills. I had never seen rock 'n roll used so perfectly. Martin Scorsese is the master—an artist's instinct, a believer's soul, and an immigrant's work ethic. The fact that Scorsese, his murderers' row of world-class cinematographers, and the Rolling Stones finally met in New York's cozy Beacon Theatre to film Shine a Light (which opens in April) surely heralds the coming Rapture.

Until I was 15 (all right, mid-20s), my two favorite movies were The Magnificent Seven and The Great Escape. Yes, Steve McQueen was walking cool, but those heroic, locomotive, incredibly manly Elmer Bernstein scores sealed the deal. They are the perfect marriage of movie and music. In "They Shot, He Scored," Nick Tosches celebrates the breadth and brilliance (from To Kill a Mockingbird to Animal House) of the hard-hustling composer in show business.

If Bernstein was film's inspired professional, director Ken Russell is its nutty twin. In Tommy Dearest, James Wolcott wraps his mind around the epochal event that was the rock's Tommy. When the movie opens, we are inside the set of a nervy watching a tryout for the musical version of the nearly finished Palm Springs and dusk-to-dawn swingfests fueled by hookers, beauty queens, and starlets (Ava Gardner and Angie Dickinson!), they managed to dominate 40s and 50s movie music. Van Heusen, the man Angie Dickinson says Sinatra always wanted to be, put down the cocktail shaker long enough to write more than 400 songs, 50 for Frank ("Imagination," "Swinging on a Star," "Only the Lonely," "Come Fly with Me"). James Kaplan nails Van Heusen and Sinatra's coast-to-coast debauch in "The King of Ring-a-Ding Ding." I woke up the morning after reading it with a song in my heart and a crushing hangover.

And speaking of swingers, what better cover boy for Movies Rock than the golf-cart band—ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Bill Murray. Anyone who's been seduced by Murray's S.N.L. lounge lizard, Nick Wigs, or inspired by his bellowed "Do Wah Diddy Diddy" in Stripes, or surprised and moved by the sincerity of his karaoke "More Than This," in Lost in Translation, knows the man can and will sing. I had the pleasure of hearing Bill croon the heartbreaker "Brandy (You're a Fine Girl)," all five verses, at my wedding. My wife and I still tear up when we hear the song. This month Murray ratchets up his rock-god cred with an appearance in Eric Clapton's new Crossroads-benefit DVD. Clapton chose Chicago (his spiritual blues home) as the concert site and surrounded himself with the greatest guitar singers alive: Jeff Beck, Steve Winwood, John Mayer, Buddy Guy, B. B. King, Willie Nelson, Johnny Winter, Robbie Robertson, and ... Bill Murray. Clapton requested that Murray host the show and, karmically, the very first guitar notes that rang out on that beautiful July day were Bill Murray's earnest, garage-band intro to "Gloria." Killer.

Putting together Movies Rock has been like driving an Aston Martin DB5 convertible along the Big Sur highway, naked: exhilarating and terrifying and possibly humiliating. I would surely have swung into the sea without the talent, experience, and good humor of my partners at Vanity Fair—especially my dear friend Graydon Carter, whose unwavering support and important hair have been a constant source of strength. We set out to make this read like VF's 13th issue of 2007. I think we have. In fact, I think we rock.

—MITCH GLAZER
Gianni Bini merino wool knit dress with sequins. His leather jacket, plaid cowboy shirt and rocket blast jean from Cremieux Jeans. www.dillards.com 1-800-345-5273
Buffalo "Le Tiger" print halter top and "Dolce Vita" pant. His sateen military jacket and dobbi stripe shirt from Murano Collezione by Murano. www.dillards.com 1-800-345-5273
Black cashmere dress with sleeves and pointelle tail, and glass patent shopper handbag, both from Gianni Bini.

www.dillards.com
1-800-345-5273
DEPT. tie-neck halter
Vintage flap bag with buckle from Kate Lane
www.dillards.com
1-800-345-5273
Kensie belted silk satin dress. Wristlet clutch in glass patent leather from Gianni Bini.
www.dillards.com
1-800-345-5273
DEPT. strapless silk print cami. Mixed space knit V-neck and micro-corduroy jean from Details exclusively at Dillard's. www.dillards.com
1-800-345-5225
All accessories shown available at Dillard's.

Dillard's
The Style of Your Life
A BIG HUNK O' LOVE
Notoriously publicity-shy, Bill Murray threw himself into his Elvis impersonation, swaggering up to a New York City rooftop with photographer Mark Seliger, editor Mitch Glazer, and an increasingly giggly crew. By Jessica Flint

It was a little less conversation and a whole lot of foolin' around on the set of Bill Murray's cover shoot at photographer Mark Seliger's Manhattan studio, where the star of Ghostbusters, Lost in Translation, and next year's City of Ember proved himself to be an Elvis impersonator of epic proportions.

Polyester jumpsuits had been shipped in from Indiana's B & K Enterprises Costume Co., famed among Graceland-goers for their re-creations of the great singer's costumes. Murray squeezed into a skin-tight, colorfully studded white getup, complete with a gold-lined cape and a massive belt buckle, and helped choose the rings, necklaces, and scarves that would accessorize the ensemble. When his transformation was complete—right down to the muttonchop-equipped wig—those present perceived a distinct swagger in his step.

Murray is famously difficult to snag for a photo shoot, but he turned out to be a dream subject. He had bystanders in stitches with his deafening renditions of “Suspicious Minds” and other classics from 1970’s In Person at the International Hotel, Las Vegas, Nevada. which editor Mitch Glazer had requested to set the mood. Eventually the crew climbed up to the roof, where Murray, still head to toe in Vegas-era garb, began shouting “Hey, you!” at passersby. Turns out the King of Rock ‘n’ Roll can still stop traffic in New York City. □

Lights! Camera! Access!


When you check out V CAST, you’ll go backstage at the Movies Rock photo shoots with the cast of the upcoming movie PS I Love You. Plus, you can download performances from the show, watch red carpet interviews and get in on the after-party action.

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THE SOUND OF MOVIES
The high-powered pair in charge of producing the Movies Rock concert—set to air December 7 on CBS—are using their talent, experience, and A-list connections to create an unforgettable evening.

By Emily Poenisch

On December 2, Los Angeles’s Kodak Theatre will host the Movies Rock concert, an all-star celebration of celluloid and song that will be televised by CBS on December 7. The Conde Nast Media Group, the Entertainment Industry Foundation, and the Producers Guild of America joined forces to stage the show, but leading the charge was a pair of P.G.A. board members: Kathleen Kennedy, a Steven Spielberg collaborator for more than two decades and five-time Academy Award nominee, and her fellow producer Bruce Cohen, who took home the best-picture award for 1999’s American Beauty. These longtime friends put their heads, hearts, and Rolodexes together to plan the event. “Music is such a part of why people love the movies.” Cohen says. “That’s what we want to remind everyone.” To that end, Dreamgirls star Beyoncé is scheduled to sing “Over the Rainbow” and Grammy winner Carrie Underwood will perform the title number from The Sound of Music. Additionally, Oscar winner Jennifer Hudson and Black Eyed Peas front woman Fergie will lend their lungs to the theme songs from the James Bond films Goldfinger and Live and Let Die, respectively. With direction provided by Don Mischer (winner of 13 Emmys) and an orchestra led by the galaxy’s greatest composer, John Williams, the two-hour special promises to be packed with top-line entertainment. Says Cohen, “Taking today’s performers, giving them a classic song that everyone’s always loved, and then having you hear it in a whole new way—that to me is what’s going to excite people about the show.”

THE PRODUCERS
Top, Kathleen Kennedy during the filming of best-picture nominee Seabiscuit, 2002. Left, Bruce Cohen (seated at left) and his producing partner, Dan Jinks (seated at right), with the creative team behind 2003’s Down with Love.
Beautiful Sight, Happy Tonight
‘Tis the season for love. For wonder. For holding fast to all things timeless and precious.
‘Tis the season for the only gift that promises forever. Diamonds.

A DIAMOND IS FOREVER
Holiday on Ice

'Tis the season for starry, starry nights. For baubles, bangles, and brilliance. For twinkling eyes and sparkling conversation. 'Tis the season for every "diamond girl" to dazzle like never before. 'Tis the season for diamonds.

Harry Winston diamond cuff bracelet with round brilliant diamonds totaling .4836 carats set in platinum and diamond straight line necklace with round brilliant diamonds totaling .4571 carats set in platinum. Both prices upon request.
Wishes Upon A Star
'Tis the season filled with signs and symbols of profound mysteries and eternal truths. 'Tis the season to make the most cherished of hopes and dreams come true. 'Tis the season for diamonds.

Harry Winston Diamond de Neige pendant with marquis cut and round brilliant shaped diamonds totaling 1.14 carats, set in platinum. $88,000. And round brilliant diamond stud earrings, totaling 6.09 carats, set in platinum (price upon request).

Play The Leading Lady
The spectacular Harry Winston Diamond de Neige pendant Halle's wearing here adds a little something to any holiday ensemble. Enter for your chance to win it. Visit www.diamondisforever.com for details.
Forever Strong

If ever there were a "diamond girl," it's Oscar-winning actress and glowing expectant mother Halle Berry whose latest project, Dreamworks Pictures' Things We Lost in the Fire, is in theaters now. Halle has forged a relationship she hopes will make a difference forever in the lives of women. She's ambassador for the Jenesse Center, the oldest domestic violence intervention program in South Central Los Angeles. Founded in 1980 by five mothers, the center provides a comprehensive base of support to assist women in addressing their immediate needs and changing the patterns of their lives.

www.jenesse.org
CAUSE CELEBS
The Entertainment Industry Foundation specializes in aligning A-list stars with worthy causes, from cancer research to arts-and-music education. Now it's co-producing the televised Movies Rock concert, featuring Elton John, Mary J. Blige, and Jennifer Lopez.
By Jessica Coen

Being a celebrity today means many things: walking the red carpet, dodging the paparazzi, creating a namesake fragrance. It also means using your attention-getting powers to better the world. And when, say, Hilary Swank, Renée Zellweger, or Eva Longoria want to get involved in the fight against cancer, they turn to the Entertainment Industry Foundation. Encompassing more than 30 social initiatives, E.I.F. makes it easy to be a do-gooder, allying Hollywood heavy hitters with important causes. Halle Berry, Dustin Hoffman, and Kevin Kline work with Diabetes Aware, urging at-risk Americans to get tested for the disease. Johnny Depp, Julianne Moore, and Eric Clapton all campaign for E.I.F.'s National Arts and Music Education Initiative. And Charlize Theron, Mischa Barton, and Glenn Close have served as ambassadors for E.I.F.'s Women's Cancer Research Fund. Thanks to the power of celebrity influence, consciousness and dollars get raised.

E.I.F. isn't all about walking for the cure, however. There's also the entertainment part of the equation, and E.I.F. has signed on with the Condé Nast Media Group and the Producers Guild of America to co-produce the Movies Rock concert, to be televised December 7, the full proceeds from which will go to the foundation's charitable initiatives. Elton John, Fergie, Mary J. Blige, and Jennifer Lopez are on board to perform memorable songs from film scores.

“As soon as you hear the music, you can identify the films,” says E.I.F. president and C.E.O. Lisa Paulsen. Just think of the music from Casablanca or any James Bond theme song. Actually, don't—you'll have “Goldfinger” stuck in your head all day.
Identity theft on your mind. Movie tickets on your mind.
Citi® Identity Theft Solutions helps make things right when others try to make things wrong. When we find a suspicious charge, we'll alert you and stop it in its tracks. But, if those thieves still get their hands on you, Identity Theft Specialists are waiting by the phone to help you set things straight. We focus on identity theft so you don't have to.

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VHS or Meta?
Michel Gondry's follow-up to The Science of Sleep stars Jack Black and Mos Def as a pair of small-town cineastes who set out to reshoot the classics.

Whenever a director makes a movie about making movies, he gives us a peek at his attitude about the industry. In most cases (Billy Wilder's Sunset Boulevard, Robert Altman's The Player), it's the negative that shines through, the desperation, the disillusionment. Michel Gondry's Be Kind Rewind, by contrast, reveals an unabated, child-like fascination with craft. The log line is deliciously cookie-cutter: after a magnetized Jack Black accidentally erases all the VHS tapes in a cash-strapped video store—a stubborn holdout against DVDs—he and the clerk, played by Mos Def, reshoot all the films themselves on a camcorder to save the beloved small-town shop from heartless developers. Gondry's devilish originality is in the details, such as using a flashlight, a sheet, and a fishing rod to re-create Slimer in Ghostbusters, or outfitting RoboCop in junkyard scrap. The film is an ode to old-school, shoestring filmmaking, and to the kind of ingenuity that Gondry has shown throughout his oeuvre, from his all-Lego video for the White Stripes to the surreal Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind.

—JULIAN SANCTON

Kiwis of Comedy
Flight of the Conchords, the hottest thing to come out of New Zealand since whatever came after The Lord of the Rings, prepares its first U.S. album.

Crafting a Flight of the Conchords song wasn't always easy for Bret McKenzie and Jemaine Clement. "Some songs, people just think we're weird," McKenzie says. "Case in point: the tender ballad "What's That Strange Smell?," in which a husband's nose alerts him that his wife, lying beside him in bed, is dead. "Pretty disturbing," says Clement. "We don't do that one anymore." But after playing together for nearly 10 years, the parodic twosome, who brought New Zealand's understated humor to HBO audiences last summer with their eponymous Sunday-night series, have achieved total mastery in the art of rock 'n' roll. "We wanted to create a comedy duo that wasn't based on one-upmanship," says McKenzie. "We're not trying to trip each other up onstage. We're friends." It's this kinship that helps the band tackle such heavy issues as bigotry ("Albi the Racist Dragon"), starving-artist poverty ("Inner City Pressure"), and, naturally, sex ("Business Time") on the show. Expect more of the same Kiwi quirkiness when Flight of the Conchords releases its first U.S. album this winter.

—CAROLYN BIELFELDT
Puttin' On the Hits
In the post-radio, post-CD era, there's no surer way to promote a song than to get Alexandra Patsavas to play it on TV

With CD sales falling and radio formats calcifying, bands are popping up in the most unexpected places—selling iPods in commercials, playing gigs at advertising agencies, and scoring prime-time TV. If closing-credits sequences are the new American Bandstand, then Alexandra Patsavas is the new Dick Clark. A former rock promoter from Champaign, Illinois, Patsavas works with TV producers to score today's biggest shows, from Grey's Anatomy to the recently retired The O.C. Each week, she pores over hundreds of new releases from emerging and often unheard-of artists (she helped break TV on the Radio, Death Cab for Cutie, and Unkle Bob) to create compilations for writers and producers. “We discuss how music should make the audience feel,” she says, “what kind of music will best express the characters, the acting, the costume choices, and all the things that make up the feel of a show.” A single broadcast can jolt an artist's sales by thousands of units. “It seems a shame to keep returning to songs and bands that are already familiar,” says Patsavas. “Thanks to her, the music on TV is always fresh. The plots and dialogue are somebody else's problem.”

—CAROLYN BIELFELDT

A Very Tuneful 2007
Charting the year's most musical movies

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Movie</th>
<th>What Happens</th>
<th>Oscar Hope</th>
<th>Spoiler Alert!</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ONCE</td>
<td>Busker meets girl, makes record.</td>
<td>Best song</td>
<td>She's married.</td>
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<tr>
<td>LA VIE EN ROSE</td>
<td>Little Sparrow sings, self-destructs.</td>
<td>Best actress</td>
<td>She dies.</td>
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<tr>
<td>HAIRSPRAY</td>
<td>Chubster dances to desegregate.</td>
<td>Best supporting actor</td>
<td>She's a he.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EL CANTANTE</td>
<td>Salsa widow remembers wayward genius.</td>
<td>Best actress (U2).</td>
<td>He dies.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ACROSS THE UNIVERSE</td>
<td>Boomer teens belt out Beatles catalogue.</td>
<td>Best art direction.</td>
<td>The walrus is Bona.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AUGUST RUSH</td>
<td>Cute kid strums guitar, heartstrings.</td>
<td>Best supporting actor</td>
<td>No Geddy Lee camea.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'M NOT THERE</td>
<td>Six different actors do Dylan.</td>
<td>Best supporting actress</td>
<td>He's a they.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SWEENEY TODD</td>
<td>Barber kills customers, serves them.</td>
<td>Best actor (Johnny Depp).</td>
<td>Everyday dies.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WALK HARD</td>
<td>Rack blackhead bumbles through decades.</td>
<td>None.</td>
<td>The White Stripe is Elvis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KILL THE NOISE</td>
<td>Rapper finds reggaeton in Puerto Rico.</td>
<td>None.</td>
<td>No Quiet Riot camea.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CANYON FODDER</td>
<td>Australia's Jet performs in Brian Loucks's Laurel Canyon living room, August 8, 2006.</td>
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</table>
usicians, and the lives that late they led, are coming to a multiplex near you. Upcoming biopics now include one about soul great Otis Redding, who died in a plane crash on December 10, 1967, and whose family is celebrating his life with a yearlong museum exhibition in his hometown of Macon, Georgia. In the works, too, is a Rick James movie, possibly starring Terrence Howard, who is also “in talks” to play the part of blues great Muddy Waters. And, while she waits (more than four years now) to make the Janis Joplin story, director Penelope Spheeris will film Love Above the Strip, a romantic comedy she wrote about 80s metal bands. Spheeris knows whereof she speaks—having done the excellent 1988 The Decline of Western Civilization Part II with such star metalheads as Ozzy Osbourne and Megadeth, as well as obscure bands such as Lizzy Borden and Seduce, who now reside in the “Where are they now?” file.

Not even the living can escape Hollywood’s clutches. Neon Angels, directed by Floria Sigismondi, stars metalheads of Joan Jett and the 70s all-girl rock band the Runaways. Jett portrays Iggy Pop in The Passenger, about the late rock legend’s Sundays. The Dirt is the film based on the book written by the career of Motley Crüe. Across the Universe, directed by Julie Taymor and described by some as Hair meets A Star Is Born, songs, features a mustachioed Bono singing “I Am the Wal-

Taymor is also working with Bono and the Edge on a Broadway show about Spider-Man. Desperately Seeking Susan, the only Madonna movie not trashed for her acting, will be resurrected as a musical in London’s West End with Deborah Harry songs; a film version could be next. And Kirsten Dunst will play Harry in a picture about the 70s pop-punk band Blondie.

The musician making the best music for children, Dan Zanes, has filmed a small part—as a singer in a 1950s roadhouse band—in Sam Mendes’s Revolutionary Road, starring Kate Winslet and Leonardo DiCaprio. First a 1984 movie starring Kevin Bacon and then a Broadway show, Footloose will be re-done as a movie with High School Musical and Hairspray star Zac Efron. Karen O performs on the soundtrack for Spike Jonze’s Where the Wild Things Are, Eddie Vedder contributes music to Phil Donahue’s Iraq documentary, Wyclef Jean does music for an Angelina Jolie documentary (and has his own movie about Haiti coming out, too), and, straight outta Brooklyn: Clap Your Hands Say Yeah wrote songs for and played themselves in the Tom Hanks starrer The Great Buck Howard.

Chris “Ludacris” Bridges, who was part of the Oscar-winning ensemble cast in Crash and who had a noteworthy cameo in Hustle & Flow, should have received an Emmy nomination for his recurring role in Law & Order: SVU. No matter. His movie career flourishes and, he says, “The biggest issue for me has been having a career that is filled with acting roles that interest me, just like my music.” Obviously, he’s found them, with forthcoming appearances in Vince Vaughn’s Christmas movie, Fred Claus, and Guy Ritchie’s RocknRolla, with Thandie Newton and Jeremy Piven. 50 Cent plays a boxer in The Dance, with Nicolas Cage, and draws on his past for the role of a drug dealer in Righteous Kill, with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro. Bette Midler is a talk-show host in the Helen Hunt-directed Then She Found Me, and will soon bring her incomparable live show to Caesars Palace in Las Vegas—the recent home of Celine Dion and Elton John; expect the Divine Miss M to bring back the glamour of the days of Sammy, Dean, and Frank.

When you’ve loved and lost the way Frank has, then you know what life’s about. ☞

ROCK ’N’ REEL
Hollywood is pumping out music-themed movies—from a slew of biopics (about Otis Redding, Joan Jett, and Iggy Pop, among others) to Julie Taymor’s Across the Universe, featuring a mustachioed Bono—while a number of singers are headed for their close-ups. By Lisa Robinson
"LIFE WITHOUT PASSION IS UNFORGIVABLE"

UNFORGIVABLE
FOR MEN AND WOMEN FROM SEAN JOHN
DRESS SHIRTS - SUITS - NECKWEAR - ACCESSORIES

VanHeusen
L.A. ROCK CITY

Drew Barrymore in the balcony for Coldplay? Orlando Bloom catching OK Go? Scarlett Johansson rocking out to Rilo Kiley? L.A.'s music scene has stars on both sides of the stage. By Emily Poenisch

Safari Sam's
5214 West Sunset Boulevard
HEARD: Jamie Lidell, Cut Chemist, the Kooks, Har Mar Superstar, Justice, OK Go
SEEN: Orlando Bloom, Ashlee Simpson, Minnie Driver
SCENE: Punk? Rock? Cabaret? Anything goes, thanks to maverick owner and culture hound Sam Lanni. This resurgent club now occupies a hefty slice of Hollywood real estate, once frequented by strippers and more recently by Lindsay Lohan.

The Hotel Cafe
1623 North Cahuenga Boulevard
HEARD: José González, Death Cab for Cutie, Rilo Kiley, John Mayer, Imogen Heap, Corinne Bailey Rae, Minnie Driver, Schuyler Fisk
SEEN: Scarlett Johansson, Adam Brody, Zooey Deschanel
SCENE: Scrubs star Zach Braff loves this place, so don't be surprised to find moody singer-songwriters and doe-eyed bobbies trading tales of angst under the mood lighting. Given the self-serious clientele, you might want to leave your Fergalicious friends at home.

Largo
432 North Fairfax Avenue
HEARD: Jon Brion, Emmylou Harris, Aimee Mann, Fiona Apple, Nellie McKay
SEEN: Viggo Mortensen, Winona Ryder, Maggie Gylenhaal
SCENE: Swing a cat and you'll hit a celebrity at this Fairfax hangout popularized by Über-producer Jon Brion and his starry collection of musical friends. Book a table for dinner and pipe down already; there's no talking during shows.

The Smell
247 South Main Street
HEARD: The Faint, Le Tigre, Bonnie "Prince" Billy, Matt & Kim
SEEN: Elijah Wood, Shannyn Sossamon, Crispin Glover
SCENE: Funky in more ways than one, this no-frills warehouse sits within spitting distance of downtown's skid row. In-the-know types make the trek to catch the latest underground sensations. There's no bar, so tank up in advance.

Spaceland
1717 Silver Lake Boulevard
HEARD: Cold War Kids, Weezer, Spank Rock, Beck, the White Stripes, the Shins, Bloc Party
SEEN: Jason Lee, Patricia Arquette, Christina Ricci
SCENE: Put on something vintage and lace up your Chucks. Silver Lake's hipster haven showcases the latest darlings of indie rock's all-powerful Pitchfork Web site. Challenge Jack Black to a game of pool if the opening act's a bore.

The Echo
1822 Sunset Boulevard
HEARD: Girl Talk, Xu Xi, Diplo, Devendra Banhart, MSTRKRFT, Comets on Fire
SEEN: Kirsten Dunst, Matt Stone and Trey Parker, Heath Ledger
SCENE: Rock out to post-punk, booby bass, and mutant disco at this Eastside institution. If you're a malnourished hipster with an exhibitionist streak, look for photos of yourself on the Cobrasnake's site in the morning.
“I LIKE WHAT I SEE WHEN I’M LOOKING AT ME”
-MARY J. BLIGE

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Platinum, gold, copper and bronze provide a precious polish to this season’s most trendy looks. Noted designers are burnishing their image to a high shine and Malibu has a line of tail. With its tasteful use of black chrome inside and just the right touch of jeweled chrome outside, the Chevy Malibu makes the desired impact on the eye.

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GOING PLATINUM

With the release of her new album, Growing Pains, Mary J. Blige is certain to steal the spotlight again. Fortunately, she's done so for it.

Accessories: Limited edition gunmetal choker studded with Bangle by Bile for Chevy Malibu, Malibu LT in Dark Gray Metallic, by Chevy.
BUTTONED UP
Jennifer Esposito, star of the upcoming ABC comedy Sam I Am, is no stranger to the art of the detail. She proves it here and in moving easily between comedy and drama in roles as diverse as the spunky Brooklyn-born mayoral secretary in Spin City and the prickly detective Ria in the Oscar-winning Crash.

TREND: LUXURIOUS DETAILS
Luxury details, from intricate embroidery to decorative trim, take center stage this season. That goes for your ride, too: French-stitched, tipped leather with accent piping and icy cool blue ambient lighting are just two of the luxe touches you’ll find inside the Chevy Malibu.

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NATURAL TALENT
For her debut album Inside Out, released in October, Golden Globe-nominated Emmy Rossum, shown here in the season’s fresh sage, relied heavily on the lushness of her own vocals to explore the boundaries of the human voice.
TREND: KEEN ON "GREEN"

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Strange Bedfellows

Everybody knows that all musicians want to be movie stars, and all movie stars want to be musicians. But what happens when they just want each other?

IN Brief

ANK SINATRA and MIA FARROW

In Brief

Vital Stats

Married 1966; divorced 1968

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THE DARK SIDE OF OZ

People who listen to Pink Floyd’s Dark Side of the Moon while watching The Wizard of Oz claim there’s a phenomenal synchronicity between them. Cool. But does it mean anything? The author tests the proposition. By Jim Windolf

Sometimes after the invention of home video, the “dark side of the rainbow” effect was born. While watching The Wizard of Oz with the sound turned off, certain people—very likely stoners—first listened to the Pink Floyd album Dark Side of the Moon, being careful to push “play” at the third roar of the MGM lion. The results were astonishing. “It’s as if the movie were one long art-film video for the album,” wrote Charles Savage of the Fort Wayne Journal Gazette, who in 1995 became the first mainstream reporter to chronicle the phenomenon. “Song lyrics and titles match the action and plot. The music swells and falls with characters’ movements.”

As Savage noted, the Scarecrow flops around on the grass just as Pink Floyd bandleader Roger Waters sings, “The lunatic is on the grass.” And the thumping heartbeats that punctuate the end of Dark Side of the Moon are heard just as Dorothy puts her ear to the Tin Man’s chest. These are only two of roughly 100 documented instances of synchronicity between the 1973 album and the 1939 movie.

Chat-rooms and bloggers have filled countless screens to express their enthusiasm for this psychedelic parlor game. At the same time, skeptics have argued that the effect is trivial, arising only from the human tendency to impose patterns where none exist. Which camp is right? To solve the question once and for all, I have taken it upon myself to conduct further research in this hot new field of audiovisual synchronicity. Excited? Me, too.

COMBINATION ONE

The Film: Gone with the Wind (1939). The Album: James Brown’s Revolution of the Mind: Live at the Apollo, Vol. 3. (1971). Hypothesis: Revolution of the Mind, one of the great aural documents of black power, and Gone with the Wind, an epic ode to white power, will be highly synchronistic, despite certain thematic differences.

The Experiment: Early in the film, slaves appear in the cotton fields at the same moment Brown screams “Bewildered!” the first word of the ferocious ballad going by that very name. When Scarlett O’Hara (Vivien Leigh) first appears, Brown is singing, “Baby, baby, baby.” That seems like a nice match, but must, in good conscience, write it off, owing to the hyper-frequency of that word’s occurrence in the Brownian songbook. A firmer match follows: wet-blanket suitor Charles Hamilton proposes to Scarlett in time to Brown’s singing, “Try me.” Uncannily, the singer and on-screen character are one in their desperate woings of a not-so-willing woman.

Brown sings the word “superbad” timed perfectly to the entrance of Rhett Butler (Clark Gable) at a plantation-house party. Later, as Rhett and Scarlett make deep eye contact for the first time, Brown shouts, “Get involved!” And when their faces nearly touch, he sings, “Face to face.” Need I go on?

Conclusion: Gone with the Wind and Revolution of the Mind are indeed an audiovisual match.

COMBINATION TWO

The Film: Idiocracy (2006). The Album: Britney Spears’ Oops! … I Did It Again (2000). Hypothesis: The wittily funny and dystopian Idiocracy will seem even funnier and more dystopian when viewed along with the unwittingly funny and dystopian Oops! … I Did It Again.

The Experiment: Like The Road Warrior, its somewhat more serious predecessor in the post-apocalyptic genre, Idiocracy begins with a montage charting the decline of earthly civilization. While this is happening on-screen, Spears, to mesmerizing effect, sings the refrain from the album’s opening track over and over again—“Oops, I did it again.” So far, so good. The movie’s hero, played by Luke Wilson, awakens from cryogenic-freeze sleep in a young man’s living room. It is the year 2505. The young man is seen watching TV just as Spears sings, “When I’m watching my TV,” from her rendition of the Jagger-Richards hit “(I Can’t Get No) Satisfaction.”

But then Idiocracy and Oops! … I Did It Again part ways. Spears goes on and on about loving boys and being loved by them, or not loving them and not being loved back, as Wilson escapes prison, discovers he’s the smartest man alive, and meets with the president in an Oval Office lined with porno DVDs and Jack in the Box advertisements.

Conclusion: With its near dearth of interesting matches, the simultaneous playing of Idiocracy and Oops! … I Did It Again serves only to emphasize the latent depressing qualities in each.

COMBINATION THREE

The Film: Last Tango in Paris (1972). The Album: Barry White’s All-Time Greatest Hits (1994). Hypothesis: Director Bernardo Bertolucci’s masterpiece, called “the most powerfully erotic movie ever made” by Pauline Kael, will seem all the more powerfully erotic in the lush musical context provided by make-out music’s top maestro.

The Experiment: Has anyone looked sadder than the newly widowed Paul (Marlon Brando) as he wanders the gray streets of Paris in the opening scene? On the stereo, a sublime instrumental number, “Love’s Theme,” crests as Brando is enlivened by a new sense of purpose, which comes to him in the form of a fetching French lass (ingénue Maria Schneider). “Love’s Theme” fades just as she reaches her destination: an apartment building on Rue Jules Verne. Brando, stalking Schneider from a distance, sets a lazy-lidded gaze on her as “I’m Gonna Love You Just a Little More, Baby” kicks in.

When Brando and Schneider first face each other, eyes locked, White sings, “I’m never gonna give you up,” Brando grabs her. “Keep right on doin’ it,” sings White as the strangers kiss. Brando rips off Schneider’s stockings. What does White have to say about this? “Right on.”

Conclusion: Feel that tingling? It’s not your shampoo.

Furthermore, it seems safe to conclude—with caution—that the “dark side of the rainbow” effect is not imaginary. A caveat: We have here considered but three combinations. Additional research is called for. Will science rise to the challenge?
Three hot new talents revisit scenes from their favorite movies.

"I’ve always loved how Tarantino uses sound," says Josh Duhamel, Emmy Award-winning actor and star of the summer blockbuster, Transformers. "His movies always have the grooviest soundtracks. My friends and I could probably still recite Pulp Fiction from start to finish."
"Music is best when it is used in the film — not over-used or overwhelming. A particularly good example is Shampoo. You see this party scene turn a bit dark, and the way they cut 'Manic Depression' against images of this hedonistic, idealistic, glamorous 60's world — it's indelible."

—Stacey Sher, producer of \textit{Pulp Fiction}, \textit{Erin Brockovich}, and \textit{Freedom Writers}
The post-grunge rockers behind *Extreme Behavior*, say the *Top Gun* soundtrack is “rad” and that if a movie were made about them, it would have to be *Top Gun*-esque: “flashy and 80’s.” Says lead singer Austin: “When I was and we would go on family vacations, my dad used to blast ‘Highway to the Danger Zone.’ And when my mom and fall asleep, he would see how fast he could go.”
exceptional taste

never filling

STEP UP TO SELECT
Responsibility Matters
WHEN STARS RECORD

Our pair of critics didn't know who sang the five songs they were asked to listen to. (Answer: Bruce Willis, Jennifer Love Hewitt, Russell Crowe, John Travolta, and Keanu Reeves's Dogstar.) But that was the point. Demetri Martin and David Cross called 'em like they heard 'em. By John Ortved

Jazz aficionados will be familiar with the Blindfold Test, a recurring Down Beat magazine feature in which musicians listen to a track and comment on it, without knowing who the artist is. Celebrity aficionados will be familiar with the actor-as-musician phenomenon, that unfortunate misstep in many a movie or TV star's career in which he or she, feeling limited by the screen, jumps platforms, hires a producer (or two or three), and releases a record of dubious artistic, if not commercial, worth. Movies Rock recently subjected comedians Demetri Martin (The Daily Show with Jon Stewart) and David Cross (Arrested Development, Mr. Show with Bob and David) to songs from five such albums, letting on only that the music was of starry provenance. Opinions expressed are solely those of Mr. Cross and Mr. Martin and do not represent the views of Movies Rock, especially in regard to future cover subjects.

“Respect Yourself,” by Bruce Willis, from the album The Return of Bruno (1987).

DEMETRI MARTIN It's like they turned on everything in the studio.

DAVID CROSS And just got professionals to cover up whoever's shitty vocals those are and idea that is, whoever's vanity project. Was that Bruce Willis?

MOVIES ROCK Yeah, that was Bruce Willis.

D.C. Ironically, he's talking about respecting yourself and he picked the absolute worst medium to get that across.

D.M. Well, that's why it's not called "Respect Myself."


D.C. It's a woman, obviously. Sounds a little En Vogue-y. I'm going to guess late 80s.

M.R. More like mid-90s.

D.C. Mid-90s. Is it a Saved by the Bell lady?

M.R. Close. [Hinting:] After Saved by the Bell, there were some other shows that really captured the teenage imagination...

D.M. You mean destroyed it?

D.C. Veronica Mars? Is that Veronica Mars? Did Veronica Mars go back in time?

D.M. So she's pretty young there.
D.C. That's no excuse. That is absolutely no excuse.
D.M. Were there any hits off of this album?
M.R. There were not.
D.M. People didn't give it a fair shake. Her music sounds like somebody having a great time.
D.C. And that person is not the person listening to the music, or anybody involved with the making of the music, except for the girl who's singing.
D.M. But you could remix it.
D.C. So that it sounds like the producer is having a good time.

D.C. That's Russell Crowe.
M.R. Yes.
D.C. The reason that I guessed that so quickly is because I'd heard his band has a watered-down Elvis Costello vibe, which that totally did. Which is insulting, to say the least, to Elvis Costello.
D.M. "Swallow My Gift." I wonder if the lyrics came first in that song. Or if the musical tapestry made him think, God, what does this remind me of?
D.C. Why do I have to swallow his gift? Also. not that great of a gift.
D.M. He's not from where we're from.
D.C. He's from the exact opposite side of the world. So they may have the exact opposite idea of what good music is. In Australia, when you come, do you come the opposite way? Does it go in the counterclockwise swirly way?
D.M. There are these idiomatic expressions in Australia—like "swallowing a gift" there could mean something else entirely.
D.C. It could be something a mom says to a child as she's rocking them to sleep.
D.M. I don't know. Great movie, though. A Beautiful Mind of Mencia is one of my favorite films.

D.C. That's John Travolta. It's not as offensive to me, immediately, as the other three were. Bruce Willis being the absolute worst. Jennifer Love Hewitt is, you know...
D.M. She's figuring it out.
D.C. She's a kid. She's not particularly bright.
D.M. Really cute, though.
D.C. Super-cute. And Russell Crowe, there's an arrogance, but at least he's trying to...
D.M. He's got a message.
D.C. I have a CD of music that L. Ron Hubbard wrote and recorded. L. Ron sings on the last song of the album, but John Travolta sings a couple, and Leif Garrett.
D.M. It's like rappers coming in to guest.
D.C. Yeah, and oddly enough, I'm not joking. Timbaland came in to produce it.
D.M. I hope that's true. [It is, except for the part about Timbaland. - Editor]
D.C. Yeah, this is a great album. And by "great," I mean terrible.

D.M. There aren't that many things that make disco sound like it has a lot of integrity
D.C. [flipping up album and pretending to read a label on the cover] "Warning: Don't listen to this."
D.M. What was the name of that song?
M.R. Track number 4: "Razzamatazz."
D.M. I was hoping it was that. That's awesome.
D.C. Oh wow, track number 5 is called "I Don't Know What I Like About You Baby," and then in parentheses: "Probably That You Have a Vagina." Hmm.

D.M. Is that Keanu Reeves?
M.R. Yes!
D.C. What are the other guys in Dogstar doing now? They're just constantly calling Keanu. "Hey, Keanu . . . It's Gary from Dogstar . . . um . . ."
D.M. "Thank's again for the motorcycle you gave me . . . I've written some new . . . actually I can't write anything . . . so maybe we can do some covers? Let's cover Johnny Depp's band."
D.C. " Haven't heard from you in a while . . . Listen, man, I'm going through my calendar and I'm finding . . . looks like April through . . . next April's pretty free . . ."
D.M. [Reading liner notes] Ah, this was recorded in Sherman Oaks.
D.C. Oh wow.
D.M. I would not have known that this came from the Valley. But I believe that's where Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure took place. [Actually, Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure mostly took place in San Dimas, east of Los Angeles. —Editor]
D.C. Oh yeah. And that's where most of our porn comes from. So it's like ear porn.
D.M. It does come full circle. It's something you don't want someone seeing your ears listening to.
D.C. [Reading lyrics] "Grab my hand and I'll pull you out / I'm trying to live a life / That cuts me like a knife / That's dull / I wrapped myself up tight / And stored it with the rest of the things."  
D.C. Wait. He's trying to live his life like it's something that cuts like a knife?
D.M. I don't mean to be a dick, but if you're going to steal from Keats, I think you should credit the poet.
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he read-through of a movie is a curious occasion. The room, often a rented community center or church hall, buzzes with a mixture of nervous energy, exhilaration, and anxiety. People drink too much bad coffee, eat things they normally wouldn’t, like doughnuts, and start smoking again, having quit two years earlier. The process teaches more about the script than the cast. The actors, after all, have already nailed their parts, and their readings tend to be low-key and self-conscious.

But with *The Commitments*, which we wrote in 1989 with Roddy Doyle, from his novel, only two of the cast had ever been to a read-through before, as director Alan Parker had chosen newcomers and musicians. It is to his enormous credit that he steered these raw beginners into making such a warm, wise, and witty film (Among the crowd was Glen Hansard, the star of this year’s sleeper, *Once*).

We had already made some major character changes during the casting process. As written, Roddy Doyle’s Deco Cuffe, the lead singer, was a handsome Lothario in his 20s. That all changed when Alan heard 16-year-old Andrew Strong sing. Alan argued that, if his job was to convince an audience that this band might have made it, it had to come from the lead singer. No argument from us when we heard that voice; we went away and tailored the part to suit Andrew’s personality.

We noticed something else in that Dublin church hall: nowhere in our screenplay did anyone express any romantic interest in Natalie, one of the three Commitmentettes. But there she was in the room, played by Maria Doyle, whom we all fancied enormously. Later, back at the hotel, we stood this idea on its head and asked ourselves whom in the band Natalie would fancy. We decided it would be Jimmy Rabbitte and made script adjustments accordingly.

What was refreshing about *The Commitments* was the absence of actors’ agendas or pecking orders; no one complained that his or her part was overwritten or that someone else was getting the best lines. They just plunged into the process with enthusiasm, naïveté, and energy, thrilled to be making a movie at all. For us, the whole experience was “the bollix.”

—DICK CLEMENT AND IAN LA FRENais

**THEY’LL ALWAYS HAVE DUBLIN**

In 1990, a bunch of raw beginners gathered to film Roddy Doyle’s novel *The Commitments*. With a cast reunion, two screenwriters recall the no-frills, low-ego fun they all had
From Prince's purple masterpiece to Eminem's defining battle, to Elvis's spin through Sin City, these are the soundtracks that opened our ears and smashed our assumptions.

1. **PURPLE RAIN (1984)**
   Perhaps the best badly acted film ever, the semi-autobiographical *Purple Rain* turned the pride of the Minneapolis pop scene into an international superstar. Even if you've never seen the movie, chances are you know every note of the succinct and flawless soundtrack, which mashes funk, R&B, pop, metal, and even psychedelia into a sound that defined the 80s. The album produced two No. 1 hits, won the Oscar for best original song score, and taught the world what it sounds like when doves cry.
   Signature tracks: All of them.

2. **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT (1964)**
   The Beatles, full of cheek, as they hit their first peak. Britain about to burst with the energy born of 20 years' worth of deprivation. All of it captured on film and disc. What more do you want from the first truly great rock 'n' roll musical? Everyone knows "I Should Have Known Better," "And I Love Her," and "Can't Buy Me Love," but even the incidental orchestral versions, scored by George Martin (and available only on the old U.S. version of the album), have a wit of their own.
   Signature tracks: All of them.

3. **THE HARDER THEY COME (1973)**
   In the film, Jimmy Cliff plays a young striver who conquers the Kingston drug world before succumbing to hubris. His songs, and those of five other legendary Jamaican acts, would achieve a more lasting conquest. Thirty-four years after this compilation introduced American audiences to reggae, the reverberations are still being felt everywhere from London to Latin America—and even Off Broadway, where Philip Seymour Hoffman recently played a girl-shy lug who can't stop listening to the Melodians' "Rivers of Babylon.
   Signature track: "The Harder They Come." Jimmy Cliff.

4. **PULP FICTION (1994)**
   It's virtually impossible to tell when *Pulp Fiction* is supposed to be set, what with the vintage cars, the retro diners, and John Travolta. Same goes for the soundtrack, a compendium of esoteric 60s surf music spruced up with rock 'n'
INTRODUCING TOM FORD BLACK ORCHID
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roll, funk, and R&B tracks—all resuscitated single-handedly by director Quentin Tarantino. The result is a perfect pairing of sights and sounds, and a tone that has influenced every spec script since 1994. **Signature tracks:** “Misirlou,” Dick Dale & His Del-Tones; “Girl, You’ll Be a Woman Soon,” Urge Overkill.

5. **THE GRADUATE (1967)**
One of the coziest uses of pre-existing music in the history of movies: Simon and Garfunkel’s poignant, melancholy, man-blouse-wearing songs expressed the throbbing emotions that antithetical Benjamin Braddock couldn’t—and helped make an otherwise acerbic comedy of Beverly Hills manners “relevant” to young audiences, not to mention one of its era’s biggest hits. But don’t overlook the droll cha-chas and Herb Alpert knockoffs (by Dave Grusin) that Mrs. Robinson grooves on. **Signature track:** “Scarborough Fair/Canticle,” Simon and Garfunkel.

6. **SUPERFLY (1972)**
With all due respect to Blacula, blaxploitation flicks were never as good as their soundtracks. *Superfly* is a prime example. Gordon Parks Jr.’s urban parable may have framed the debate for future generations of kids considering careers in the drug trade, but it’s not exactly a Criterion collectible. Curtis Mayfield’s soulful, wah-wah-heavy soundtrack, by contrast, is a decade-defining masterpiece. **Signature tracks:** “Pusherman,” “Freddie’s Dead.”

7. **TRAINSPOTTING (1996)**
With the generation that once took Ecstasy and danced to “Born Slippy” now settling down to have babies—the kind that don’t crawl on the ceiling—*Trainspotting* can feel more outdated than stuff twice its age. But fear not: the 90s revival will come, and this Brit-heavy compilation will be its Rosetta stone. **Signature tracks:** “Lust for Life,” Iggy Pop; “Born Slippy,” Underworld.

8. **SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER (1977)**
If you have lingering doubts about men singing in falsetto, banish them. This soundtrack, the second-best-selling of all time (behind *The Bodyguard*), is required listening for anyone looking to heat up the dance floor. The white suit? Not so much. **Signature track:** “Stayin Alive,” the Bee Gees.

9. **AMERICAN GRAFFITI (1973)**
Lauded (and blamed) for launching the 1950s nostalgia craze, this soundtrack remains one of the best readily available sources for early rock ’n’ roll in all its tail-finned glory. Be sure to check out the sequel, *More American Graffiti*, not only for the additional 25 period singles but for the unnerving sight of Ron Howard with a luxuriant mustache. **Signature tracks:** “(We’re Gonna) Rock Around the Clock,” Bill Haley and the Comets; “Runaway,” Del Shannon.

In the film, the death of a friend prompts a gaggle of old college pals to ponder the whereabouts of their 1960s ideals. The soundtrack, which draws deeply from the soulful catalogues of Motown and Atlantic Records, helps them put things in perspective. **Signature tracks:** “The Tracks of My Tears,” Smokey Robinson & the Miracles; “A Whiter Shade of Pale,” Procol Harum: “I Heard It Through the Grapevine,” Marvin Gaye.

As beguiling as the movie itself, the *Rushmore* soundtrack surpasses Wes Anderson’s other efforts by mixing offbeat songs from the big names of British rock—the Who’s “A Quick One While He’s Away,” the Kinks’ “Nothing in This World Can Stop Me Worryin’ ‘Bout That Girl”—with bittersweet charmers from Cat Stevens and John Lennon. If boarding school really sounded like this, no one would want to leave. **Signature track:** “Ooh La La,” the Faces.

Two of Manchester’s most iconic and tragic postpunk bands go
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head-to-head on this expertly compiled double bill: the rave sounds of Happy Mondays versus moe-rock progenitors Joy Division (and their later incarnation, New Order). May the most miserable Mancunians win!

**Signature tracks:**

**THE ELEVEN WATCH**

**Antonioni’s Miles (1986)**

Round character’s tunes

**ALFIE (1966)**

Sonny Rollins’s swinging tunes and lyrical solos echo the caress of the title character’s charm, insouciance, and underlying melancholy.

**BLOW-UP (1966)**

Amped-up here, laid-back there, Herbie Hancock’s soul-jazz fusion heightens Antonioni’s depiction of a druggy, nihilistic fashion world.

**ROUND MIDNIGHT (1986)**

Watch it for Dexter Gordon’s Oscar-nominated performance as an American jazzman in Paris, and dig Herbie Hancock’s masterful soundtrack—on all-star, standards-laden jam session.

**THE BLUES BROTHERS (1980)**

The first Saturday Night Live skit turned movie could easily have been a coke-fueled disaster. But just as hallowed R&B saints such as Ray Charles, James Brown, and Aretha Franklin seized the chance to cut loose and make a comedy, Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi treated the music with a deep-seated reverence appropriate to their God-born mission to put the band back together.

**Signature track:**
- “PETER GUNN THEME,” the Blues Brothers.

**THE LIST**

**5. BEST JAZZ SOUNDTRACKS**

**ELEVATOR TO THE GALLOWS** (1958)

Miles Davis’s longing, muted horn meanders through minor modes like Jeanne Moreau through Paris’s rain-swept streets.

**ALFIE (1966)**

Sonny Rollins’s swinging tunes and lyrical solos echo the caress of the title character’s charm, insouciance, and underlying melancholy.

**BLOW-UP (1966)**

Amped-up here, laid-back there, Herbie Hancock’s soul-jazz fusion heightens Antonioni’s depiction of a druggy, nihilistic fashion world.

**ROUND MIDNIGHT (1986)**

Watch it for Dexter Gordon’s Oscar-nominated performance as an American jazzman in Paris, and dig Herbie Hancock’s masterful soundtrack—on all-star, standards-laden jam session.

**TUNES IN TOMORROW . . . (1990)**

Spiced with New Orleans beats, growling trumpets, and tailgating trombones, Wynton Marsalis’s Ellingtonian masterpiece transcends the goofy Keaton vehicle.

**13.**

**ALFIE (1966)**

Crosby of the Byrds. Why would he get a haircut?

**Signature track:**
- “Born to Be Wild.” Steppenwolf.

**14.**

**EASY RIDER (1969)**

He-e-ere’s the first film ever to license individual songs rather than use a traditional score (or one of them, anyway). Given the results, it’s easy to see why the practice caught on. No movie fantasy captured the 1960s culture more than Easy Rider. How can you not love the spirit of that film?

**Signature tracks:**
- “Twistin’ the Night Away,” Sam Cooke; “Shima Lama Ding Dong” and “Shout,” Lloyd Williams.

**15.**

**NATIONAL LAMPOON’S ANIMAL HOUSE (1978)**

True, the movie continues to inspire frat boys to wrap themselves in bedsheets and scream “Toga!” And yet the soundtrack is commendable, if only for bridging the generation gap between Old and New Hollywood with sometimes mellow, sometimes slyly parodic instrumentals by John Barry and “new-sounds” by the likes of Elephants Memory and the Groop. Topping it off, and reflecting the sad, confused, overwhelmed soul of hero Joe Buck: Harry Nilsson’s recording of “Everybody’s Talkin’.” You can’t hear it without thinking, Dead gimp on a Greyhound.

**Signature track:**
- “Everybody’s Talkin’.”

**16.**

**MIDNIGHT COWBOY (1962)**

Gus van Sant’s 1982 soundtrack

**17.**

**BOOGIE NIGHTS (1997)**

Porn flicks are not generally known for their music, but flicks about the people who make porn flicks are a different story. In real life, Dirk Diggler and Roller girl would have performed to the slap-bass ministrations of some anonymous roadie. Here, thanks to the magic of Hollywood, their on-screen efforts are accompanied by a two-volume collection of Me Decade classics.

**Signature track:**
- “Brand New Key,” Melanie.

**18.**

**DAZED AND CONFUSED (1993)**

Remember the feeling you had on the last day of school? Richard Linklater does, and he made a movie—and a soundtrack—that capture it exactly. The movie goes into the boredom, paranoia, and drug-induced euphoria. The soundtrack just has the hormone-revving, 70s-guitar-rock anthems.

**Signature track:**
- “School’s Out,” Alice Cooper.

**19.**


Cameron Crowe mined his own past as a Rolling Stone kid reporter to make this offbeat ode to a very special groupie (any drummer will tell you they don’t all look like Kate Hudson), and the soundtrack offers ample clues to which 60s and 70s rock outfits inspired the fictional band Stillwater. Raise your hand if you don’t get a tingle thinking about the tour-bus sing-along scene.

**Signature track:**
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20. **GOODFELLAS** *(1990)*

Encompassing the 30-year span of Martin Scorsese's Mob epic, the tracks here range from 50s doo-wop to Cream and reflect the director's signature blend of nostalgia and grit. This was also the first of three movies in which he used the Rolling Stones' "Gimme Shelter" to accompany a character's maniacal descent into hell, although you won't find the song on the commercial soundtrack.

**Signature track:** "Lady Marmalade," Christina Aguilera, Lil' Kim, Mya, and Pink.

Ironically, the most original thing about it is how it cribs from pre-existing pop music. Ewan and Nicole fans, be warned: the soundtrack mostly sidelines them in favor of Fatboy Slim, Rufus Wainwright, and David Bowie, among others.

**Signature track:** "The Boss," James Brown.

---

21. **SHAFT** *(1971)*

"Who's the black private dick that's a sex machine to all the chicks?" With his theme song alone, Shaft could easily kick your ass. But there's more to this soundtrack than the justifiably ubiquitous title cut. Propelled by the bass profundities of a pre-South Park and Scientology Isaac Hayes, this soul survival kit prefurged the 21st century's slow jams and ghetto anthems.

**Signature track:** "Theme from Shaft."

---

22. **MOULIN ROUGE!** *(2001)*

Baz Luhrmann's lavish extravaganzas about love, death, and death and romance in pre-Orpheus Paris (sound familiar?) is about the only film musical in recent memory that doesn't bring a tear to your eye. His music choices are impeccable, too—no better examples than "But Not for Me" (by John Cale), "I'm Not Ashamed" (by Jay-Z), "elman" (by Slim and "nuffin, "s the one with the "s the one with the Seinfeld theme song.

**Signature track:** "Lady Marmalade," Christina Aguilera, Lil' Kim, Mya, and Pink.

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23. **RESERVOIR DOGS** *(1992)*

The soundtrack to Quentin Tarantino's breakout film may contain only five tracks prominently featured in the film, but what would Reservoir Dogs be without them? Drifting from on-screen radios like smoke signals from an alternate universe, these sunny AM classics somehow become accomplices in the ultraviolence. Do yourself a favor and lend it an ear.

**Signature track:** "Stuck in the Middle with You," Stealers Wheel.

---

24. **LOCK, STOCK AND TWO SMOKING BARRELS** *(1998)*

Heard in the film amid a cacophony of junk cuts, sound effects, and unidentifiable music tracks, this ultrashort mix of funk, reggae, drum 'n' bass, and B　　 pop smoothed over my Ritalin-induced epileptic editing and helped establish him as more than just a Cockney Tarantino.

**Signature track:** "The Boss," James Brown.

---

25. **THE COMMITMENTS** *(1991)*

What could have been a bad joke—a bunch of white people from Dublin performing the greatest hits of American soul—and instead became a cinematic sensation, with a soundtrack that has gone platinum seven times over. Even if you don't buy the film's claim that "the Irish are the blacks of Europe," the Detroit-Dublin combo—call it Dirty Old Motown—is a winner.

**Signature track:** "Mustang Sally."

---

26. **O BROTHER, WHERE ART THOU?** *(2000)*

To score the Coen brothers' Depression-era spin on Homer's Odyssey, producer T Bone Burnett summoned Nashville vets including Emmylou Harris, Ralph Stanley, and Alison Krauss and turned them loose on a treasure trove of Dust Bowl classics. And with that, country music got hip again.

**Signature track:** "I Am a Man of Constant Sorrow," the Soggy Bottom Boys featuring Dan Tyminski.

---

27. **MARIE ANTOINETTE** *(2006)*

This costume drama about a teenage queen whose naive self-indulgence helped bring down an empire feels uncomfortably relevant thanks to director Sofia Coppola's decision to fill it with ultra-cool music from the past 25 years. The real Marie Antoinette probably never said, "Let them eat cake," but she almost certainly said, "I want candy."

**Signature track:** "I Want Candy," Bow Wow Wow.

---

28. **CROOKLYN** *(1994)*

Spike Lee's movies always have great music, but for this intensely personal coming-of-age film he went straight for the jugular. There are no obscure rarities, no "interesting" instrumental tracks. Just an even dozen Motown masterpieces—and "Pass the Peas" to "Ooh, Child"—spiced with a dash of hip-hop and Latin boogaloo.

**Signature track:** "Everyday People," Sly & the Family Stone.

---

29. **TOMMY** *(1975)*

The mother of all rock operas, Tommy relates the...
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30. **HELP! (1965)**
A pivotal Beatles creation: though the absurdist plot—wherein Ringo struggles to remove the cursed ring of Kali before he is sacrificed by a mysterious cult—presages the band's future flirtations with psychedelics and Eastern imagery, the music (including three No. 1 singles) is identifiable as a product of the Fab Four's suit-wearing early years.
**Signature track:** "Help!"

31. **PERFORMANCE (1970)**
This diverse collection—featuring everyone from Randy Newman to the Last Poets—is almost as unsettling as the movie itself, in which Mick Jagger plays a sleazoid rock star who is modeled after Keith Richards and Brian Jones. Keith went back at Mick (who was also screwing the guitarist's girlfriend on camera) by refusing to play on "Memo from Turner," but Ry Cooder's nasty slide work saved the day.
**Signature track:** "Memo from Turner." Mick Jagger.

32. **PRETTY IN PINK (1986)**
John Hughes named four of his movies after songs, but this is the only one yet partly in a record store, and its soundtrack reflects his mastery of New Wave, circa 1986. Some might wish Duckie had gotten the girl, but if he had they would have used another O.M.D. song for the prom scene—and that Smiths song wouldn't hurt quite so good.
**Signature tracks:** "Pretty in Pink," the Psychedelic Furs; "If You Leave," Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark; "Please Please Please Let Me Get What I Want," the Smiths.

33. **8 MILE (2002)**
Eminem's movie shies away from the truth about his transgressive genius, and its lead single, "Lose Yourself," works despite casting him in the unlikely role of inspirational figure. But the old, crazy Eminem surfaces on "Rap Game" by D12, the group that also included his close friend Proof—who was murdered on the real 8 Mile Road in 2006.
**Signature track:** "Lose Yourself," Eminem.

34. **NASHVILLE (1975)**
Despite being despised by the country-music world at the time, and being perhaps impossible to understand without the context of Robert Altman's film itself, the Nashville soundtrack has become an alt-country classic. Keith Carradine won an Oscar for "I'm Easy," but Best Song Title obviously goes to "Tapedeck in His Tractor."
**Signature track:** "It Don't Worry Me," Keith Carradine.

35. **REPO MAN (1984)**
This apocalyptic Emilio Estevez vehicle from Alex Cox (Sid & Nancy) owes its lasting cult status to its haunted sense of humor and its soundtrack—a glorious mishmash of mostly early-80s L.A. punk. The stage was set for Estevez and Charlie Sheen to make history with their 1990 sanitation-worker buddy flick, Men at Work.
**Signature tracks:** "TV Party," Black Flag; "Let's Have a War," Fear.

36. **AMERICAN GIGOLLO (1980)**
The breakout star of this picture wasn't Richard Gere or Lauren Hutton; it was Giorgio Moroder's synthesizer. (The instrument and Hutton would share a similar career trajectory as the 80s progressed.) Moroder originally asked Steve Nicks to sing "Call Me," but when she refused (oops!) the composer turned to Debbie Harry. "Call Me" became Blondie's most successful single, staying at No. 1 for six weeks.
**Signature track:** "Call Me."

37. **TOP GUN (1986)**
Like Bull Durham or Armageddon, Top Gun is a chick flick masquerading as a testosterone-fueled action movie. That's why the two contenders for most memorable song on this best-selling soundtrack are Kenny Loggins's butch "Danger Zone" and Berlin's "Take My Breath Away," which puts millions of American women in mind of 1980's steamiest sex scene.
**Signature tracks:** "Danger Zone," "Take My Breath Away."

38. **PAT GARRETT & BILLY THE KID (1973)**
The story goes that director Sam Peckinpah barely knew who Bob Dylan was, but was wowed when "that kid" auditioned his elegiac tunes—among the most achingly melodic in Dylan's catalogue (and recorded with an interesting group of musicians, including Roger McGuinn and Booker T. Jones). With its fusion of weariness, hurt, and transcendence, "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" would have been Dylan's masterpiece if he hadn't written two dozen already.
**Signature track:** "Knockin' on Heaven's Door."

The soundtrack to the greatest comedy ever set in South Central is at least as stoner-friendly as the movie that inspired it, thanks to cannabis-laden odes by Dr. Dre, Cypress Hill, and Rick James. But to appreciate this woofer-whomp blend of funk and hip-hop, you don't need weed—just a connoisseur's ear for language that would make a shock jock blush.
**Signature track:** "Friday," Ice Cube.

40. **ROCK 'N ROLL HIGH SCHOOL (1979)**
According to punk lore, the Ramones, making their tepid debut, needed more than 40 takes to nail
OU WANT THE LIMOS, THE MAGAZINE COVERS, AND ALL THE OTHER PERKS OF STARDOM? THEN YOUR 15 MINUTES BEGIN RIGHT NOW.

Submit the perfect movie/music debate, and if our esteemed panel of judges selects your entry, you will win a V.I.P. trip for a walk-on role in an upcoming film. You bring the talent, and we’ll provide the airfare, hotel accommodations for three nights, and ground transportation. Visit condenet.com/cs/patron for details.

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5 Best Unreleased Soundtracks

For whatever reasons, these five rival rock albums have never been officially released. What are they waiting for?

Harold and Maude (1971)
If you want to sing along, sing along, but you'll have to download each of the fantastic Cat Stevens songs from this movie individually.

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)
There's no studio-approved release, but you can find all the songs Robert Altman used in his 1971 "anti-Western" on 1968's The Songs of Leonard Cohen.

Mean Streets (1973)
Martin Scorsese deploys nerve-jangling anthems from "Jumpin' Jack Flash" to "Be My Baby" in an all-out war on moviemaking's status quo. Guess who wins.

Pink Floyd: The Wall (1982)
You probably already own the classic double album, but to hear the trippy arrangements used in the movie you'll need Netflix (or YouTube).

Ferris Bueller's Day Off (1986)
Supposedly, John Hughes thought the songs he chose for this classic of teen truancy were too diverse to work together as an album. Bueller?

The List

41. Once (2007)
Has any film more faithfully captured the experience of making music? The joy when a song takes flight, the frustration of the rest of the time—it's all here. Maybe it feels so real because the stars of the film, Irish rocker Glen Hansard and Czech musician Markéta Irglová, are the same tormented geniuses who wrote and performed all the songs in the first place.

Signature track:

42. Grease (1978)
Twelve weeks at No.1, four hit singles, one Oscar nod for best song—the rock 'n' roll musical John Travolta followed Saturday Night Fever with was an indomitable pop-cultural force. Almost 30 years on, the ensemble numbers still provoke involuntary sing-alongs, and Barry Gibb's theme, sung by Frankie Valli, can be safely enjoyed by disco's erstwhile foes.

Signature track:
"You're The One That I Want." John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John.

This disc won't really save your life, but it will definitely keep you humming on the way to the mall. For his movie about love and lithium in New Jersey, Zach Braff chose 13 semi-obscure personal favorites by Nick Drake, the Shins, and other prophets of sensitivity overload—and ended up with one of the decade's least anticipated hit records.

Signature tracks:
"Don't Panic," Coldplay; "In the Waiting Line," Zero 7; "New Slang," the Shins.

44. High Fidelity (2000)
The soundtrack to Stephen Frears's adaptation of Nick Hornby's novel proves the author's premise: a perfectly curated "mix tape" can melt the human heart. Bob Dylan, Love, Smog, Stereolab, the Velvet Underground, Stevie Wonder—what rock-chick wouldn't count herself lucky to receive this from an earbud-wearing admirer?

Signature track:
"Dry the Rain," the Beta Band.

45. This Is Spinal Tap (1984)
The quintessential mock-rockumentary, this hair-metal send-up is also the only one whose principal cast (Christopher Guest, Michael McKean, and Harry Shearer) can actually play, taking their comedy to a whole new level.

Signature track:
"Big Bottom."

46. The Last King of Scotland (2006)
The post-colonial 1970s were a time of optimism and dread, and you can hear it in this sublime collection of sub-Saharan jazz, funk, and Afro-pop. The score snippets by Alex Heffe are merely dutiful, but just try to resist Momo Wandel Soumah's spacious, Satchmo-esque "Tokor," or Angela Kalule's dainty cover of "Me and Bobby McGee."

Signature track:
"Me and Bobby McGee."

47. Singles (1992)
The film that introduced your parents to grunge was accompanied by a soundtrack that contributed a few classics to the genre. It also had Paul Westerberg's first post-Remplacements solo work, and the last truly good song by Smoking Popkins. Too bad there's no Nirvana, since this is bound to introduce your grandkids to grunge, too.

Signature track:
"Would?," Alice in Chains.

Glam may be Technicolor camp, but Hedwig and the Angry Inch magnifies it a step further—to high definition. Backed by a band that includes Hüsker Dü founder Bob Mould on guitar, writer-director-star John Cameron Mitchell borrows from 70s icons David Bowie and Elton John and creates the template for present-day inheritors the Scissor Sisters.

Signature track:
"Wig in a Box."

49. Broken Flowers (2005)
Before Bill Murray hits the road in search of a long-lost son, Jeffrey Wright burns a CD of Ethiopian jazz legend Mulatu Astatke. "Traveling music," he says. Accompanied by Astatke's exotic, meandering grooves—as well as Marvin Gaye. Holly Golightly, and the Greenhornes—Murray's emotional journey has no clear destination, and that's the beauty of it.

Signature track:
"There Is An End," the Greenhornes.

50. Viva Las Vegas (1964)
Or whatever Elvis movie you like best. They all have two or three great songs. Crowded out by five or six that send a chill of shame down your spine. Nevertheless, the King is the King, even when he's singing "The Yellow Rose of Texas" in a gray Cary Grant suit and a ten-gallon hat. And at least this one had Ann-Margret!

Signature track:
"Viva Las Vegas."
THEY SHOT, HE SCORED

Elmer Bernstein could—and, for the right paycheck, would—write music for any film: *The Man with the Golden Arm* and *The Ten Commandments*, *The Magnificent Seven* and *Ghostbusters*. Three years after his death, Bernstein's swaggering scores stand up better than many of the scripts. By Nick Tosches

M y buddy Phil and I spent a lot of boyhood Saturday afternoons at 75-cent double features. We were mainly out to pick up girls, were mainly unsuccessful, but in the course of our loiterings saw almost every movie that came out. The music that came through the theater speakers was as big a part of our adolescence as rock 'n' roll.

Some of it made as much of an immediate impression as rock 'n' roll: the opening songs of the early James Bond movies, Ennio Morricone's scores for those Sergio Leone spaghetti Westerns. But it was really the always vaguely familiar meat-and-potatoes movie music that worked its way into us when the lights went down. We were no more aware of this than we were of how that music was making bad movies seem good and good movies seem better. In a way, without our knowing it, the men who made that music were swaying us almost as much as Smokey Robinson and the Rolling Stones. Elmer Bernstein was one of those men.

Like many of the best directors of his time—Clint Eastwood's mentor, Don Siegel, comes to mind—Bernstein started out the hard way, rush-jobbing B movies for which the studios had little concern. The movies that Bernstein scored early in his career, such as *Robot Monster*, "in intriguing 2-D," and *Cat-Women of the Moon*, both from 1953, are as obscure today as movies Siegel directed before breaking through with *Riot in Cell Block 11*, in 1954, and *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, in 1956. But Bernstein was soon composing for some of the defining moments of 50s film noir moviemaking—*The Man with the Golden Arm*, in 1955; *Sweet Smell of Success*, in 1957—as well as for major, big-money garbage such as *The Ten Commandments* of 1956. In 1962 alone, the year he turned 40 (and the year my moviegoing days began), he did *Walk on the Wild Side*, *Birdman of Alcatraz*, and *To Kill a Mockingbird*. These were followed the next year by *Hud* and *The Great Escape*.

I've lately spent some time listening to Elmer Bernstein's music: just the music, removed from the movies it was written for. Besides bringing back memories of chicks in balcony seats in front of us checking out me and Phil in the mirrors of their compacts, it brought home just how fine this stuff stands up, sometimes better than the pictures themselves.

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Plan B® (Levonorgestrel) Tablets. 0.75 mg

Brief Summary (See Package Brochure For Full Prescribing Information)

Rx only for women age 17 and younger

For women age 17 and younger, Plan B® is a prescription-only emergency contraceptive. Plan B® is intended to prevent pregnancy after known or suspected contraceptive failure or unprotected intercourse. Emergency contraceptive pills (like all oral contraceptives) do not protect against infection with HIV (the virus that causes AIDS) and other sexually transmitted diseases.

**CONTRAINDICATIONS**
Progestin-only contraceptive pills (POPs) are used as a routine method of birth control over longer periods of time, and are contraindicated in some conditions. It is not known whether these same conditions apply to the Plan B® regimen consisting of the emergency use of two progestin pills. POPs however, are not recommended for use in the following conditions:
- Known or suspected pregnancy
- Hypersensitivity to any component of the product

**WARNINGS**
Plan B® is not recommended for routine use as a contraceptive.
Plan B® is not effective in terminating an existing pregnancy.

**Effects on Menses**
Menstrual bleeding patterns are often irregular among women using progestin-only oral contraceptives and in clinical studies of levonorgestrel for postcoital and emergency contraceptive use. Some women may experience spotting a few days after taking Plan B®. At the time of expected menses, approximately 75% of women using Plan B® had vaginal bleeding similar to their normal menses, 12-13% bled more than usual, and 12% bled less than usual. The majority of women (87%) had their next menstrual period at the expected time or within 7 days. While 13% had a delay of more than 7 days beyond the anticipated onset of menses. If there is a delay in the onset of menses beyond 1 week, the possibility of pregnancy should be considered.

**Ectopic Pregnancy**
Ectopic pregnancies account for approximately 2% of reported pregnancies (19.7 per 1,000 reported pregnancies). Up to 10% of pregnancies reported in clinical studies of routine use of progestin-only contraceptives are ectopic. A history of ectopic pregnancy need not be considered a contraindication to use of this emergency contraceptive method. Health providers, however, should be alert to the possibility of an ectopic pregnancy in women who become pregnant or complain of lower abdominal pain after taking Plan B®.

**PRECAUTIONS**

**Pregnancy**
Many studies have found no effects on fetal development associated with long-term use of contraceptive doses of oral progestins (POPs). The few studies of infant growth and development that have been conducted with POPs have not demonstrated significant adverse effects.

**STD/HIV**
Plan B®, like progestin-only contraceptives, does not protect against HIV infection (AIDS) and other sexually transmitted diseases.

**Physical Examination and Follow-up**
A physical examination is not required prior to prescribing Plan B®. A follow-up physical or pelvic examination, however, is recommended if there is any doubt concerning the general health or pregnancy status of any woman after taking Plan B®.

**Carbohydrate Metabolism**
The effects of Plan B® on carbohydrate metabolism are unknown. Some users of progestin-only oral contraceptives (POPs) may experience slight deterioration in glucose tolerance, with increases in plasma insulin. However, women with diabetes mellitus who use POPs do not generally experience changes in their insulin requirements. Nonetheless, diabetic women should be monitored while taking Plan B®.

**Drug Interactions**
Theoretically, the effectiveness of low-dose progestin-only pills is reduced by hepatic enzyme-inducing drugs such as the anticonvulsants phenytoin, carbamazepine, and barbiturates, and the antibiotic rifampin. No significant interaction has been found with broad-spectrum antibiotics. It is not known whether the efficacy of Plan B® would be affected by these or any other medications.

**Nursing Mothers**
Small amounts of progestin pass into the breast milk in women taking progestin-only pills for long-term contraception resulting in steroid levels in infant plasma of 1-6% of the levels of maternal plasma. However, no adverse effects due to progestin-only pills have been found on breast-feeding performance, either in the quality or quantity of the milk, or on the health, growth or development of the infant.

**Pediatric Use**
Safety and efficacy of progestin-only pills have been established in women of reproductive age for long-term contraception. Safety and efficacy are expected to be the same for postpubertal adolescents under the age of 16 and for users 16 years and older. Use of Plan B® emergency contraception before menarche is not indicated.

**Fertility Following Discontinuation**
The limited available data indicate a rapid return of normal ovulation and fertility following discontinuation of progestin-only pills for emergency contraception and long-term contraception.

**ADVERSE REACTIONS**
The most common adverse events in the clinical trial for women receiving Plan B® included nausea (23%), abdominal pain (18%), fatigue (17%), headache (17%), and menstrual changes. The table below shows those adverse events that occurred in ≥ 5% of Plan B® users.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Table 3: Adverse Events in ≥ 5% of Women, by % Frequency</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Most Common Adverse Events</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Nausea</td>
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<td>Abdominal Pain</td>
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<td>Fatigue</td>
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<td>Headache</td>
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<td>Heavier Menstrual Bleeding</td>
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<td>Other complaints</td>
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<tr>
<td>Vomiting</td>
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<tr>
<td>Diarrhea</td>
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Plan B® demonstrated a superior safety profile over the Yuzpe regimen for the following adverse events:
- Nausea: Occurred in 23% of women taking Plan B® (compared to 50% with Yuzpe)
- Vomiting: Occurred in 6% of women taking Plan B® (compared to 19% with Yuzpe)

**DRUG ABUSE AND DEPENDENCE**
There is no information about dependence associated with the use of Plan B®.

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Revised AUGUST 2006
BR-0038/1100113

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piece of Bernstein music most deeply embedded in the national semiconsciousness, because of both the 1960 movie and the Marlboro cigarette commercials that used it in the late 60s, there's much else that's better.

Conducting a 65-piece orchestra featuring West Coast jazzbos Shelly Manne and Shorty Rogers, Bernstein is at his best and most enduring in some of the tracks from The Man with the Golden Arm: “Clark Street,” “Frankie Machine,” “The Fix,” “Desperation.” The main-title theme from this picture was Bernstein's only Top 20 hit, in early 1956. (The soundtrack is now once again available, with previously unreleased tracks, in a recent, excellently produced CD from Fresh Sound Records. Most of the other Bernstein recordings that can be easily gotten on CD are on the Varèse Sarabande label.)

The sort of rough, hip swagger that Bernstein achieved in The Man with the Golden Arm—forget about the obligatory romantic sap-tracks—is also heard in his music from Walk on the Wild Side, another movie based on a great Nelson Algren novel, as well as in his 1959 work for the short-lived John Cassavetes television series, Johnny Staccato. It continued to characterize much of his best music through the years, all the way to The Grifters, in 1990, and “Malibu Chase,” from Devil in Blue Dress, in 1995.

Most of Bernstein's Western-movie music had the same sort of rousing, hard-riding gallop that drove The Magnificent Seven. You can hear it in the five John Wayne cowboy pictures he did between 1961 and 1973: The Comancheros, The Sons of Katie Elder, True Grit, Big Jake, and Cahill, United States Marshal. (Bernstein also scored the more modern-day Wayne shoot-'em-up McQ, in 1974.) The Shootist, however, which was Wayne's final movie, and maybe the last good movie that Don Siegel made, was a very different sort of Western, and in his score for this 1976 picture, Bernstein came up with a very different sort of Western music that's often as evocative of his noir work as is of the usual wide-open-spaces Hollywood jive.

Here are movies, such as My Left Foot, from 1989, and A Rage in Harlem, from 1991, that I'd forgotten Bernstein had scored. I'd also forgotten that his music had lent the only sign of life to The Age of Innocence, in 1993. Though he was nominated for an Academy Award in 2003 for his work on Far from Heaven, the score was more expert than exciting: his last interesting work was for Al Pacino's Chinese Coffee, in 2000.

Bernstein was nominated for 14 Academy Awards in all. It says a lot about both Hollywood and those awards that the only time he won, in 1968, it was for the musical comedy Thoroughly Modern Millie.

He died in Ojai, California, a long way from his native New York City, in the summer of 2004, at the age of 82. Besides the great pictures he made music for, he was also involved in almost 200 pieces of dreck. Don Siegel told me something more than 30 years ago. He was getting up there in years, was a pretty wise cat, and there was still more of his old Chicago neighborhood than Hollywood in him. He said, “If you’re going to be a whore, be a high-priced whore.” These are words that every person who works for a living should heed. Bernstein's career, like Siegel's, seems to have been guided by this wisdom. And what wondrous freedom and legacies their high-priced whoredoms allowed them, and us.

The Age of Elmer
From Westerns to comedies, Bernstein did it all

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM, 1955
Bernstein at his very best. For the story of a低端, played by Frank Sinatra, Bernstein conjured up a crude, hip bravo with a 65-piece orchestra featuring West Coast jazzbos Shelly Manne and Shorty Rogers.

THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN, 1960
The best known of Bernstein's compositions, the signature theme from this Western remake of The Seven Samurai became the sound of Marlboro Country in TV commercials.

TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD, 1962
The producers first heard the opening theme played by Bernstein over the telephone, which he had placed next to his piano. They later called the score "a remarkable gift to this film."

THE SHOOTIST, 1976
For John Wayne's final film, Bernstein rejected the standard Western themes he had helped establish for a more somber sound reminiscent of his noir scores.

GHOSTBUSTERS, 1984
While the movie will be forever associated with Roy Parker Jr.'s title track ("Who ya gonna call?!), the score evoked the giddy, Gothic feel of 80s Manhattan, where the film was shot.

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S ANIMAL HOUSE, 1978
Bernstein, a family friend of director John Landis, wasn't sure how to approach this raunchy college comedy. Landis's instructions, to treat it as if it were serious, resulted in the epic feel of the film's score.

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE, 1993
Bernstein's music is possibly the most evocative element in Martin Scorsese's censored adaptation of Edith Wharton's masterwork.

FAR FROM HEAVEN, 2002
Bernstein received another nomination from the Academy—his 14th—for this expert evocation of 50s movie music, a lynchpin of director Todd Haynes's homage to the melodramas of Douglas Sirk.
TOMMY DEAREST

Director Ken Russell met his ideal material in the savage, sexually perverse bombardment of the Who's rock opera Tommy. But the animating spirit of his 1975 movie wasn't Russell, Roger Daltrey, or Pete Townshend: it was Ann-Margret, as Tommy's maniacal mother.

By James Wolcott

shaming admission. Until the Year of Our Redeemer 2007, I had never seen the complete movie version of the Who's rock opera Tommy, a gaping pothole in my pop-culture upbringing that I find puzzling, faintly embarrassing, borderline perverse.

It was a movie I assumed I knew, and yet had avoided lashing myself to the mast to see from start to finish. I had seen clips from the film, was familiar with its most notorious crescendos, knew the soundtrack backward and sideways; I had pounced on the original Tommy double album when it was unleashed, in 1969 (for Who fans, it was our patriotic duty), the release of the single "Pinball Wizard" barely hinting at the visionary ambition and roiling disquietude of Pete Townshend's cathartic quest. As a pip-squeak reporter from The Village Voice, I had even been granted rare backstage access when the Who played Madison Square Garden in 1974, too reluctant to approach the jet-lagged, work-exhausted Townshend, who sat slumped in a chair like a beaten prisoner before rallying himself to go out on stage and whip himself into windmill-guitar action as lead singer Roger Daltrey, chipper backstage, pranced like a centaur beneath his pre-Raphaelite curls, bassist John Entwistle held his position like an eternal sentry, and drummer Keith Moon created blitzkrieg thunder and a heavy precipitation of flying sweat. So I was primed for Tommy when it brazened its way into movie houses a year later, causing a fluster. Yet I held off, shied away from seeing it. If my reluctance had a name, its name was Ken Russell.

Russell, the director of Tommy, is the sort of cultural upheavalist for whom the phrase "aging enfant terrible" seems to have been custom-fitted. Like Otto Preminger, Alfred Hitchcock, Federico Fellini, and, in our own day, Mel Brooks and Quentin Tarantino, Russell is more than a traffic cop in a canvas chair conducting for the camera; he's an impresario, each movie part of a larger sales pitch for the director's signature brand. Russell first rattled the commissionary cart in the 60s as a director
Whatever you want to say, say it with a kiss.

KISS SOMEONE.
of documentaries at the BBC on the composers Prokofiev, Elgar, and Delius. What Russell did in his pioneer efforts seems tame now—reconstructing events in the composers' lives, bringing their sexual conflicts to the fore—but they were revelatory and scandalously controversial at the time, not only violating the prim protocols of BBC house style but injecting high art with pop hallucinogenic hyperbole.

There was a whole heap of moaning and groaning in Russell's movies: the nude-wrestling scene in his adaptation of D. H. Lawrence's *Women in Love*, between Oliver Reed and Alan Bates (which, in certain angles, resembled a pork-sword fight between two burly bears); the phantasmagoria attending Glenda Jackson as Tchaikovsky's lunatic wife, Nina, in *The Music Lovers* ("Whose fantasy are we in when Glenda Jackson writhes in torment in a blue-green madhouse and, in one sequence, is seen deliberately lying across a grating, spread-eagled, while the madmen locked below reach up under her skirt?"); Pauline Kael wondered in *The New Yorker*; the numbskull organists of his screen version of Aldous Huxley's *The Devils of Loudun* (where, wrote critic Penelope Gilliatt in *The New Yorker*, "the epileptic rhythms of the editing are revved up with a score that might be program music for the onset of psychosis").

No, his was not a light touch, and when Russell got his paws on the charming musical *The Boy Friend*, I was reminded of Evelyn Waugh's fright at the prose of Stephen Spender: "To see him bbling with our rich and delicate language is to experience all the horror of seeing a Sévres vase in the hands of a chimpanzee."

Now, *Tommy* was no priceless vase that required gentle handling. It was closer to a Molotov cocktail of cleansing fire. "What *Tommy* proclaims with the first blast of its Beethovenish horn is the red dawn of revolution," wrote the critic Albert Goldman, whose musicological background as a Wagner enthusiast (and co-editor of the anthology *Wagner on Music and Drama*) enabled him to be the first to glimpse *Tommy*'s possibilities as a total theatrical sensory bombardment. The blis-sy, mud-honey, communal spirit of Woodstock had been savaged with pool cues at the Altamont racetrack (where Hells Angels, functioning as security, had beaten and stabbed to death a young black man named Meredith Hunter during a free Rolling Stones concert), and the hippie multitudes were awaiting marching orders. "The love days are over, *Tommy* trumpets, now come the days of wrath. War is the opera's real theme, war of generation against generation, war between the younger generation and its own leaders."

Goldman once sat the great jazz drummer Elvin Jones down to grade the talent of his rock counterparts, and played him the "Underture" to *Tommy*. Jones, a hard man to impress, was impressed. "See there, where the tempo started to die, how he picked it up! The man is a drummer. Everything he plays, he contains it."

Moon's drumstick heroes were more than virtuosity. Percussion supplies the raging heartbeat of *Tommy*. "Beating a tachycardic tattoo of alarm, battle, and triumph for a good half of its total length, *Tommy* reminds us that revolutions carry their colors in their drums," Goldman wrote. But by the time *Tommy* entered pre-production, the colors had been drained. In his autobiography, *Altered States*, Russell describes meeting "Manic Moon" during a recording session for *Quadrophonia*, where the concatenation from Moon's drum kit reminded Russell of the Blitz. "Six months later," Russell writes, "Moon was a wreck. His crazy lifestyle had reduced him to a pathetic shadow not strong enough to knock the skin off a rice pudding. And there were times when Pete had to replace him with an anonymous session man. I began to wonder if he'd be fit enough to play Uncle Ernie, the lecherous old man who debauches Tommy."

Moon was up to the sordid task once the cameras started rolling, playing Uncle Ernie with a pervy, scurvy brio matched in the
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THE ROCK OPERA

film only by the bullfrog growler of Oliver Reed as Tommy'sRotter of a stepfather. Off-camera, according to Joseph Lanza's aptly titled Phallic Frenzy—Ken Russell and His Films (Chicago Review Press), Reed kept himself entertained by airing out his danger. "At the slightest provocation, he'd whip out what he called, 'My snake of desire, my wand of lust, my mighty mallet.' His hell-raising had repercussions. After Reed waved his willy at a resort where they planned to shoot the Holiday Camp sequence, the proprietor banned Tommy's cast and crew from the property.

Its war drums muted, the film version, unlike the original album, was no rallying cry for generational insurgency. It was instead all-out psychodrama, a case study in excess. Physically abused, sexually molested, chemically vandalized, this Tommy—"the first autistic hero in the history of opera" (Goldman), who shuts down after he's witness to the primal Freudian scene of seeing his mother's lover murder his father after the film catches them in flagrante delicto—is a Kasper Hauser-ish specimen whose victimization and exploitation supply the crucible of redemption and the catapult into stardom. In our culture, stardom is redemption, fame the desired payoff for past suffering as a pissed-upon nobody. That's why Tommy endures while so many other rock efforts from that period have dated. Its battered-innocent protagonist, played with blue-eyed beatitude by Roger Daltrey, is the forerunner to A Child Called It, Augusten Burrough's Running with Scissors, the fiction of J. T. Leroy, and the entire trauma ward of Oprah literature—the virgin prince of victim culture. Deaf, dumb, and blind, a pawn in everyone's grubby

Ken Russell's gusty temperament, meteorologically ill-suited for so many subjects, was perfect for Tommy. Hysteria was always right up his alley.

game, a pinball wizard whose super-sensitive touch makes him unbeatable (his match against Elton John, whose humongous lumberjack boots are the movie's supreme coup of costume genius, is one of the standout set pieces). Tommy liberates his senses and sensibility when he smashes a mirror and, in the flood of sensation, achieves enlightenment. Enlightened, he becomes a messiah figure, a pop Christ (the T in Tommy serving as his logo cross) who attracts bikers and stoners alike to his gospel revivals, gliding above them like a paper airplane mailed from heaven. A figure of light, he nevertheless casts a shadow. Every pop savior with charisma to

burst, and the stage as his pulpit bears the magic beans of a potential fascist. They become what they displace.

It may seem quaint today, children of the corn, but you come across have no idea of the spell cast in the late 60s by the specter of a rock messiah overturning the social order and assuming dictatorial powers over hordes of Hollywood extras. Incense, pot flames, and gunpowder mingled in the inner

surrectionary air! Dionysian energy went berserk was the basis of dystopian scare films such as Wild in the Streets (where an American pop star is elected president and everyone over the age of 30 is herded into retirement homes where they're force-fed LSD) and Privilege (where a British pop star presides over a Nuremberg-like rally as an obedient mob chants, "We will conform!"), and of the Doors' anthem "Five to One," from the album Waiting for the Sun, which puts the deadwood of society on notice that they're about to be swept downstream by demographic forces ("They got the guns! But we got the numbers.")

It was the dissolve insolence of the Doors' lead singer and leather-trousered shaman, Jim Morrison, that helped disillusion Townsend to the whole rock-star deity trip. As Lanza writes in Phallic Frenzy, "Townshend based his 'Sally Simpson' vignette—when an avid girl fan gets mutilated while rushing to reach the messianic Tommy on the stage—on witnessing Jim Morrison throw a fan a sucker punch just as a woman in the audience fell on her face while trying to touch the Lizard King." In Tommy, it's the jackbooted Oliver Reed who does the maiming, but the lesson is the same: the dynamic between idols and idolizers is a sick co-dependency, perceives Townsend; when delirium reigns, the slightest provocation may incite a feeding frenzy. Tommy's angelic form is a communion host his fans would eat alive if they could. Ken Russell's
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gusty temperament, meteorologically ill-suited for so many subjects, was perfect for Tommy. Hysteria was always right up his alley, with pandemonium just around the bend.

Which is why the true star of Tommy; its true hero and animating force, isn’t Tommy, or Roger Daltry, or the director calling the shots, or even the great Tina Turner as the orgasmatronic Acid Queen, but Ann-Margret as Tommy’s mother, Nora. In her silver catsuit, Ann-Margret’s Nora is pandemonium personified, the mother of all mothers. The all-American go-go-girl curvaceoussness that vitalized Viva Las Vegas whenever Ann-Margret gyrated with Elvis (making it his least crappy musical) ripened into mad dervish disco divahood in Tommy. Bravery is what drives her bravura. Surviving a steep, dangerous fall off a stage in Lake Tahoe a couple of years earlier that could have put her permanently out of commission, she nevertheless held nothing back here. Hers is a performance beyond vanity, beyond good and bad, beyond good and evil, beyond camp—a pure projectile of kamikaze dedication. “In this process of morphing from a glitzy and safe Hollywood vixen into another of his maniacal harridans, Ken Russell should have canonized her Saint Ann-Margret,” writes Lanza.

Let us canonize her in his stead, for in the course of the

film she frolics in a frigid stream, has her false fingernails torn off, and lets her mascara run wild. Her tour de force is the solo orgy in a bedroom done up in Peggy Lee satiny white where, in a drunken, deranged fury at seeing Tommy’s face popping up on every channel, she flings an empty champagne bottle and smashes the TV screen, only to be inundated with a dam burst of soap suds (which turned pink from a cut Ann-Margret incurred from a shard of broken glass), baked beans (a nod to the cover of The Who Sell Out, where Daltry soaked in a bathtub full of Heinz beans), and, the pièce de résistance, a septic explosion of dark chocolate. Lanza: “Soon Russell has her groveling among the foam and fudge, whipping up an orgasmic rage, as she straddles a sausage shaped (and now chocolate lubed) pillow. Ann-Margret’s husband, the producer Roger Smith [also a former actor on TV’s 77 Sunset Strip], happened to walk onto the set while all of this transpired. He looked aghast and speculated then and there that his wife’s career as a glamour queen had come to an end.” Perhaps it had, but what a way to end it! Using her body as a paint roller, Ann-Margret threw herself into a fearless fit of performance art, precociously in her Finley’s chocolate-smereared onstage agonizings by whipping off her post-nasal drip. Tommy’s tribulations seem like post-nasal drip.

In the initial enthusiasm over the phenomenon of Tommy, there was the innocent hope that a new rock art form had been forged, “a operatic tradition,” in Goldman’s phrase. It was not to be. Pete Townshend later followed Tommy with the equally effortful but less linear and concentrated Quadrophenia, where the multiple personalities of the Who contended inside the teenage psyche of a 60s mod named Jimmy. Quadrophenia was later made into a movie and adapted for the stage, but despite the punch of individual songs, it lacked an overarching iconographic design and remained, in the words of one rock critic, more of a “cultural monument” than a pleasure.

Ken Russell followed Tommy with Lissomania, which cast Roger Daltry as the composer Franz Liszt wigging them out in 19th-century Europe and whose ad campaign promised that the film “out-Tommys ‘Tommy.’” It wished. There was so much obtrusive, overblown phallic symbolism that it’s a wonder someone’s eyes weren’t poked out.

There was the innocent hope that a new rock art form had been forged, a operatic tradition,” in Goldman’s phrase. It was not to be.
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THE KING OF RING-A-DING-DING

When he wasn't writing immortal songs ("Swinging on a Star," "Come Fly with Me") and winning Oscars, Jimmy Van Heusen was test-flying planes and seducing beauties in New York, Hollywood, and Palm Springs.

No wonder he was Frank Sinatra's closest pal. By James Kaplan
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Dickinson recalls fondly, "could say 'cock' like nobody else.

He wasn’t like anybody else. Not only was he the amazingly prolific and gifted writer of more than 400 songs (50 of them, with lyricist Sammy Cahn, for Sinatra), including such standards as "Imagination," "Swinging on a Star," "Polka Dots and Moonbeams," "Only the Lonely," "Come Fly With Me," and "All the Way"; not only was he a dauntless cross-country aviator and a test pilot for Lockheed during World War II, Van Heusen was also one of the legendary bachelors of the modern era, a sybarite of such Rabelian appetites and achievement that his foremost admirer was the Chairman of the Board himself. "They always said Frank really wanted to be Jimmy Van Heusen," says Dickinson, who knows whereof she speaks, having been close to both men beginning in the mid-1950s, and having loved them both, too.

And while Sinatra was Sinatra, she found the songwriter no less charismatic. Tall, powerful, gravel-voiced, Van Heusen—known to intimates as Chester (or, in Sinatra-ese, "Chezzuh")—had a bullish presence enhanced by a thick neck and shaved head. (He began the ahead-of-his-time practice when he started losing his hair in his mid-20s) "You wouldn’t pick him over Clark Gable any day," Dickinson says. "But his magnetism [was] irresistible. He was clever and funny. He used to take his hand, spread the fingers, and roll them down a person’s arm—naturally a woman—saying ’Beau-tee-ful.’ Playing her like a piano!

He had been born in 1913, in Syracuse, New York, to rock-ribbed Methodists named Arthur and Ida May Babcock. It was a time and a place of overpowering, Dreiserian drabness, a world of Sunday hymns and covered-dish suppers, and the youngest Babcock stood out almost instantly in that gray landscape: a daredevil, a wiseass, and some kind of musical genius. He sang in perfect tune while still a toddler; later in life, he would state solemnly that he composed some of his biggest hits in his head before he was 16.

His other area of precocity was sex. He discovered girls as soon as his voice changed, and they discovered him right back. At 17 he was expelled from high school for the third and final time (the school in this instance being Cazenovia Seminary, an institution for which he was hilariously mismatched from the beginning), for the most venial of reasons. As Van Heusen explained, disarmingly, in an unpublished biography by the late Robert de Roos, "it was just that I was fucking some of the little girls on the campus." He elaborated: "Actually, it wasn’t even on the campus. It was in the cemetery, which was nearby and secluded. I don’t know what all the fuss was about. We weren’t bothering anybody.”

Almost to the end of his days—though he was never a handsomely weathered man—he had that thing with women: they liked him, he liked them. Lots and lots of them. Paid or unpaid. Pretty or homely, and sometimes, reportedly, several at once. He fell in love a couple of times in his adult life but didn’t marry till age 56—to a woman 12 years his senior. For the four decades till then, he’d cut the broadest of swaths. Van Heusen was at ease with his proclivities as any Henry Miller character. In the mid-60s, after the early death of his friend Nat King Cole, he wrote to the dean of students at Cazenovia, “However, we all must do that very same thing some day... and I feel that if I remain a drunk and a sex maniac, I’m liable to be very, very happy along the way.”

At an ASCAP memorial service in 1991 (Van Heusen had died the year before, at 77), Angie Dickinson positively twinkled as she stood at the lectern. “Jimmy was the most confident man I ever met,” she said.

“He had a great swagger,” Dickinson told me recently. “He walked like he thought. I am fascinated by walks. Frank walked great. John Wayne and Robert Mitchum walked great. And Jimmy had an incredible walk.”

It all began with music. Once he had passed through the usual puerile ennui at practicing the piano, young Chester Babcock made an astounding discovery: to be a musician—and especially a composer who could perform his work—was to be a chick magnet of the first order. "I kept writing songs," Van Heusen recalled, "and dedicating them to some little buck-toothed broad in the hope she would join me behind the tombstones and let me jiggle her goodies.”

At the same time, he would wind up making his living—a very good living—in Tin Pan Alley and Hollywood, beginning in the early 1930s, at the artistic zenith of the American popular song. It was an era of prodigious output by a wide spectrum of craftsmen, ranging from pedestrian to brilliant, but the subject—rhymes with "above," "below" and "glove"—was almost always the same. And Jimmy Van Heusen, though a deeply conflicted romantic, could write a love song with the best of them.

He could write with the best of them, period. On the ladder of songwriting skill, in a time of geniuses such as Gershwin, Kern, Porter, Ber-
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lin. and Rodgers. Van Heusen, younger than those titans by half a generation, stood very near the top. His tunes were supple, grabby, deceptively simple. "Jimmy was a really interesting composer," says Sammy Cahn’s son, Jazz guitarist Steve Khan. "There’s a lot of chromaticism in his melodies, which makes them not the easiest things to sing at times." Case in point: just try, sometime, a few bars of Van Heusen’s greatest standard, "Here’s That Rainy Day." Not easy. Yet the song has stuck around, and will continue to do so, precisely because its melodic subtleties make it a thing of enduring mystery.

He invented his sporty nom de plume at 16, as a boy disc jockey at WSYR in Syracuse, where he not only spun records but played the piano and sang on the air. He also conducted a lucrative side business as a song doctor. For $10, an aspirant could send in lyrics, music, or a tune in need of assistance, and young Chester Babcock would fix it and perform the result for his audience.

But his name posed a difficulty. For one thing, he was cutting school to do the show and didn’t exactly want to publicize his dereliction. For another, "Babcock sounds like a dirty word," the station manager told him. "You’ve got to change it." And so, the legend goes, Chester glanced at a newspaper at that moment and saw an ad for Van Heusen shirt collars. As for the "Jimmy"—well, it just had that swing to it.

The inevitable escape from Syracuse began in 1930, when Van Heusen was 17, after he met Jerry Arlen, brother of the great songwriter Harold Arlen, and himself a would-be lyricist. "Little Jimmy" had begun to realize that, while music flowed from his fingers, creating the words was backbreaking work. And collaboration, for a gregarious man, eased the sting of solitary creation.) After Jimmy and Jerry wrote a few numbers together, Harold Arlen, who was the house composer at the Cotton Club, in Harlem, got the call to report to Hollywood; Jimmy and Jerry gladly stepped into the breach.

Then Harold Arlen came back to the Cotton Club.

It was the depth of the Depression; Van Heusen was out of a job and dead broke. He worked for a while as an elevator operator at the old Park Central Hotel, at 56th and Seventh, for $15 a week; he lived across the street at the Wellington, for $14 a week. Hotel life was free and easy—there was always food and drink around; doors opened and closed, and opened again. Manhattan in the early 30s was a place of cheap hooch, button flies, rough fabrics, rolled stockings, sweaty couplings, all-night benders. Whenever Jimmy had a couple of spare dollars, he stopped by Rose Stewart’s bordello. He became fast friends with the famous madam Polly Adler.

Manhattan in the 30s was also becoming a hotbed of great jazz: Jimmy Dorsey at the Hotel New Yorker, Tommy Dorsey at the Manhattan Room of the Hotel Pennsylvania. Artie Shaw at the Hotel Lincoln. You could stroll down 52nd Street at two A.M. and pop into Leon and Eddie’s or the Famous Door or the Onyx Club and see Billie Holiday. Fats Waller, Art Tatum, Count Basie, Louis Prima. This was Jimmy Van Heusen’s movable feast, a time and place he would remember forever.

He was in full possession of his creative powers, even if the world wasn’t quite aware of it yet. Now and then, ferrying an elevator of swells up to the Coconut Grove supper club, on the top floor of the Park Central, Jimmy would catch a few bars of Charlie Barnet and his orchestra playing Van Heusen’s very own song “Harlem Hospitality.” Had he been an older man at the controls of that hotel lift, the situation might have seemed ripe with irony, but he was young, the world was full of promise, and soon he got a minor break: a job pitching tunes to performers as a song plugger for the music publisher Remick Music Corp.

While Van Heusen watched for his shot as an in-house songwriter, he sat at his piano, facing a daily tide of would-be band-leaders and vocalists eager to latch onto hot new material. One of the latter was a starved-looking kid from Hoboken, virtually unknown but so cocky he walked around in a yachting cap, in imitation of his idol, Bing Crosby, announcing to one and all that he was going to be the best singer ever. Van Heusen listened, and believed. What was more, he and Frank Sinatra had much in common: an eye for the ladies, a night-owl disposition, a sardonic sense of humor. Soon they were running together.


Composers and lyricists often played the field in those days, shifting collaborators as circumstances dictated. For a while Van Heusen hooked up with an established writer named Eddie DeLange; the pair would turn out a couple of hits, “Darn That Dream” and “Shake Down the Stars.” Around the same time he teamed with the great Johnny Mercer to create another hit (and still an enduring standard), “I Thought About You.” And, in 1939, Jimmy met Johnny Burke.

Just 31, Burke was already a superstar, Bing Crosby’s favorite lyricist. Crosby called him The Poet. He was a dark-haired, dapper Irishman of melancholic temperament and alcoholic inclinations, frequently crippled by black moods and health problems, but a sublime craftsman. Burke had worked with a number of songwriters thus far, yet he and the 26-year-old Van Heusen clicked immediately.

One of the first tunes Van Heusen presented to Burke was a melo-
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What will my periods be like?

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can really have fewer periods?

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S E A S O N I E S™

1. Epidemiology: This disease may be transmitted horizontally or vertically. In horizontally transmitted infections, the disease is transmitted from the mother to her offspring during pregnancy or delivery. In vertically transmitted infections, the disease is transmitted from an infected mother to her fetus or newborn child. In either case, the disease can be transmitted to the next generation. The disease can also be transmitted through contaminated food or water, or by contact with infected animals.

2. Transmission: The disease is transmitted by contact with infected animals, by contact with contaminated food or water, or by contact with infected animals. The disease can also be transmitted through the bites of infected insects, such as mosquitoes or ticks.

3. Clinical Features: The clinical features of the disease vary depending on the age of the infected individual and the route of transmission. In vertically transmitted infections, the disease can be asymptomatic or it can cause a range of symptoms, including fever, rash, fatigue, and malaise. In horizontally transmitted infections, the disease can cause severe illness, including meningitis, encephalitis, and sometimes death.

4. Diagnosis: The diagnosis of the disease is made by culturing the pathogen from infected tissues or fluids, or by detecting specific antibodies in the blood. PCR-based tests are also available for the detection of the pathogen.

5. Treatment: The treatment of the disease is usually supportive and includes bed rest, adequate hydration, and antipyretic medication. In severe cases, hospitalization may be necessary for monitoring and supportive care.

6. Prevention: The prevention of the disease is based on the identification and control of infected individuals and the implementation of measures to prevent the spread of the pathogen. This includes early diagnosis and treatment of infected individuals, as well as the implementation of infection control measures in healthcare settings.

7. Public Health Implications: The disease has significant public health implications, particularly in regions with poor access to healthcare services. The disease can cause severe illness and death, and it can be transmitted from infected individuals to others through close contact or the handling of contaminated objects.

In conclusion, the disease is a significant public health concern, and its prevention and control require a multidisciplinary approach involving healthcare providers, public health officials, and the general population. The disease can be prevented through the implementation of effective infection control measures, and the early identification and treatment of infected individuals can prevent the spread of the pathogen and reduce the burden of the disease on individuals and society.

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It made perfect sense, by Van Heusen's logic—doing whatever he damn pleased—that with his first royalties he should buy an airplane.
"the first hip white person born in the United States."

This was a man so clear about his taste, and so shrewd about his image, that he had specifically stipulated to Johnny Burke that the words “I love you” were never to appear in the lyrics of a Bing Crosby song. He hadn’t shaved aside an entire generation of eunuchoid tenors to wind up singing mush on the silver screen.

Bing was canny enough to see that the hits Burke and Van Heusen were creating for this Sinatra kid were not only musically brilliant but also high on stardust and low on schmalz. In his new songwriter, Crosby had encountered, without knowing it, a man even less sentimental about amour than himself.

Even though Jimmy hated Hollywood, the financial and artistic lures of working with Crosby, and Hope and Crosby, were irresistible. Starting with 1941’s Road to Zanzibar, he would write the songs for all five of the team’s remaining Road pictures. (In the final installment, The Road to Hong Kong, Bob Hope’s character was named Chester Babcock.) Van Heusen and Burke wrote all the numbers for Bing’s Holy Joe mega-hits, Going My Way and The Bells of St. Mary’s, including, for the former, the Oscar-winning “Swinging on a Star.”

But Manhattan still pulled at him. “As soon as I’d get through with a picture,” Van Heusen told a BBC interviewer in 1975, “I’d get in my plane and fly back to New York. Then I would be called to come back at more money, and I kept getting more and more and more money. I made so many trips back and forth, and finally I hit some blizzards in New York, and when I got back to California the sun was shining. I said, ‘What am I trying to prove?’ So I rented a house and stayed.”

by the early 1940s, the team of Burke and Van Heusen had acquired a Hollywood nickname: the Gold Dust Twins. At one point they were under contract to four studios at the same time, turning out songs such as “Moonlight Becomes You,” “Aren’t You Glad You’re You?,” and “The Road to Morocco.” At the same time, Jimmy Van Heusen was living a secret life.

Passionate about aviation but at 29 too old to join the Army Air Corps, he had gone to work after Pearl Harbor as a test pilot at Lockheed’s Burbank plant, flying P-38s and C-60s, under the name Edward Chester Babcock. Early in the morning or late in the afternoon, he was writing movie music, under his professional name. No one at Lockheed knew about his other life, and nobody at the studios was wise, either. As Johnny Burke said, “Who wants to hire a guy to write a picture knowing he might get killed in a crash before he’s finished it?”

And there were plenty of crashes. War-time aircraft production was so breakneck that safety control was often haphazard, mak-

ing test-piloting an even more dangerous business. “I was at Lockheed more than two and a half years and I was scared shitless all of the time,” Jimmy said.

Alcohol dulled the fear—and then, after V-J Day, there was plenty to celebrate. Jimmy had caroused with Bing just before Pearl Harbor, but the war seriously distracted both men. (Crosby traveled extensively to entertain the troops.) After the war, Bing would put aside his wild ways and concentrate on being a family man, but in the meantime an old friend of Jimmy’s had come to town.

In the summer of 1944, Frank Sinatra, about to sign with MGM and pursue his movie career in earnest, had moved his wife, Nancy, and their two young children from New Jersey to a pink stucco mansion in Toluca Lake. The move had additional import for Sinatra: he was also earnest about pursuing the world’s most beautiful women, and Hollywood was where the action was.

Jimmy Van Heusen, naturally, was at the center of it. In the mid-40s, Van Heusen and Axel Stordahl, Sinatra’s beloved conductor-arranger, leased a luxury suite in the Wilshire Towers, one that quickly became the bachelor pad of bachelor pads, a 24-hour free-for-all of poker, booze, and sex. Sammy Cahn, an old Tın Pan Alley pal of both Jimmy’s and Frank’s, was a frequent attendee, as was Phil Silvers, another close friend to both men. How could Sinatra stay away?

The singer bedded Marlene Dietrich—among many others—in that apartment. Soon afterward he brought another visitor, though not yet a conquest: a dark, entrancingly beautiful starlet he’d first met at MGM in 1941. Her name was Ava Lavinia Gardner, and, as in one of those romantic comedies, she and Frank kept bumping into each other around town. And then out of town.

Palm Springs in the late 1940s was still just a sleepy oasis of palm trees and orange blossoms, but it was quickly catching on as the getaway of choice for movie people. And Jimmy Van Heusen, up to his ears in Bing Crosby work (Welcome Stranger, A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur’s Court) and Hope-Crosby work, needed to get away. The desert represented freedom and sensuality. In later years, Jimmy would ride horses there, thundering across the sand, the dry wind in his nostrils. When he rhapsodized to Sinatra about the Springs, the singer had to take a look for himself.

In 1947, Sinatra built a house there, with a piano-shaped swimming pool. He called the place Twin Palms.

The desert also meant freedom to Frank Sinatra. In the fall of ’48, he and Ava Gardner had another chance encounter, this time at a party at Darryl F. Zanuck’s in Palm Springs. They got loaded, climbed into
A DOLLAR A DAY SAVES A LIFE

Every penny counts. We see every penny as something worth saving. Please join us in helping children and families in Africa and to get the vital AIDS drugs they need. For information on how you or your company can join the fight, visit www.keepachildalive.org.
Frank's Cadillac Brougham convertible, and drove to the hamlet of Indio, where they took out Sinatra's two .38 pistols and began firing wildly, knocking out streetlights and store windows. After creasing a man across his stomach, they wound up in the local jail. The next morning Sinatra's publicist showed up with $30,000 in cash to make it all go away. Frank and Ava still hadn't consummated the relationship, but, without knowing it, had set its tone.

Even if Jimmy Van Heusen had been more sold on romance, Sinatra-Gardner couldn't have failed to serve us a cautionary example. For the next five years Jimmy sat up late and consoled his buddy through his busted career and through the Ava madness, a grand opera in uniputian acts, replete with fistfights, broken crockery, restaurant scenes, wild make-up sex, more broken crockery. Meanwhile, Jimmy never seemed to lose his own dry, romance-resistant candor. He was always a man who found it impossible to dissemble: he spoke bluntly and coarsely, shocking some and amusing many. Women, he said, tended to be either madams or whores; he liked a few of the former, but preferred the straightforward company of the latter.

Under the surface, though, his soul was divided. After he himself fell hopelessly in love, with the girl-oh-beautiful Nora Eddington, who was married to Erroll Garner, Jimmy found his own way both to wear his heart on his sleeve, and to the standard "But Beautiful" for her. Her name is engraved on my cock," he told friends.

His pal was all sleeve. Nineteen fifty-five was a year of extraordinary peaks and valleys for Frank Sinatra, mostly peaks: His twin comebacks from _From Here to Eternity_ and with Capitol Records marked the most surprising turnaround in entertainment history. But in October, after two years of marriage, Ava Gardner definitively ended their relationship, and on the night of November 18, Sinatra cut his left wrist open in the bathroom of Jimmy Van Heusen's Manhattan pied-a-terre. Jimmy paid the doorman 50 bucks to shut up, took Frank to Mount Sinai Hospital, and put out a story about an accident with broken glass. Afterward, Van Heusen told Sinatra that if he didn't go see a psychiatrist they were through as friends. Sinatra went.

Only 10 days after the suicide attempt, Sinatra gathered enough strength to perform on _The Colgate Comedy Hour_ back in L.A., where he met a consolingly gorgeous 22-year-old beauty-pageant winner originally from North Dakota named Angeline Brown Dickinson. Angie was a new girl, but she was also an extremely practical girl, and her sights were set firmly on Hollywood.

She was very young, yet she had a humorous, easygoing presence about her that let her fit right in with Sinatra and his crew. And a half of a crew it was. In short order, Dickinson found herself hanging out with the likes of Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, Judy Garland, Ira Gershwin, and, inevitably, Jimmy Van Heusen.

Van Heusen took a particular interest. But Sinatra had his eye on her, too. And, in an arrangement that remains striking to this day, both singer and songwriters seem to have been able to maintain their interest in Dickinson, and she hers in each of them, without anybody's getting hurt. "They both loved women, that was something very much in common," she says. "And yet, never in competition. I saw both of them alternately. I mean, I just adored them both. When Jimmy asked me out, it was a natural. You don't have to plan to marry somebody to go out. Sometimes I'd say, 'Yes, I'm free, Jimmy,' and then, 'No, I'm not.' Whatever I was very, very happy with either one, whomever I was with."

Angie Dickinson was in a unique position to observe the Sinatra-Van Heusen friendship. "Frank, like any huge celebrity, needed privacy and needed to be comfortable with a few people," she says. "Jimmy was his easiest buddy. Now, later on, Jilly Rizzo became his best comfortable buddy. [But] Jimmy served that purpose in the period where I knew Frank. Frank could be his true self and totally comfortable with Jimmy, and that's a rarity. They were completely dedicated friends."

But even a comfortable friendship with Sinatra had its odd obligations. "Jimmy would do favors," Dickinson says, vaguely. "Frank could easily ask him to do this or that for him, where he might not be able to get somebody to do something for him so easily."

Could she, I ask, give me any sense of what kinds of favors? "No, I can't," she says.

"Did it have to do with ladies at all?"
Buy another round
You wouldn't want to be without it.

PYRAT
RUM

XO RESERVE

750 ml
THE SONGWRITER

“No, he didn’t have any trouble getting ladies.”
“No, not at all,” she says. “Neither one of them.”

The late Peggy Connelly, Sinatra’s serious girlfriend for several
years in the mid-50s, put a finer point on it. Van Heusen, she told
me, was incorrigible. The girls that trailed in after him were
always prostitutes. He had no scruples about bringing them among
nice people. He was the whoremaster.”

“Oh, I don’t know anything about that,” Angie Dickinson re-
S

Then all those hookers our boy met
He had the kind of fun that no one could hardly rap
He bonged the way you do on a tomp
And lived just like a musical pimp…

ammy Cahn, who wrote these special-occasion lyrics for
Jimmy Van Heusen’s 54th birthday, in 1967, had been close
to both Sinatra and Van Heusen since the hungry days of
the 1930s. In 1955, the irrepressible rhymester entered into
a uniquely successful professional alliance with the singer
and the songwriter, one that was to generate an unprece-
dented number of hits and define the age of Ring-a-Ding-Ding.
By the late 40s, Johnny Burke’s alcoholism and ill health had all
but incapacitated him. “When I wrote ‘But Beautiful,’ he was so sick
that he couldn’t pick up a cup of coffee off the table,” Van Heusen
recalled. “He had to put his face down and sip it.” By the mid-50s,
the days of the movie musical were swiftly drawing to a close any-
way, and the great Burke–Van Heusen collaboration was history.
A new era was dawning in popular entertainment, and television
and the long-playing concept record album (pioneered by Frank
Sinatra and arranger Nelson Riddle) were on the cutting edge.
When Sinatra needed tunes for a TV musical version of Thornton
Wildor’s Our Town, in which he was to star, he hit on a brilliant
match: a couple of songwriting geniuses who not only were both in
need of a new partner but also happened to be two of his best pals.
Cahn had been working with Julie Styne (“Guess I’ll Hang My Tears
Out to Dry,” “I Fall in Love Too Easily,” and “Time After Time”
were all hits of theirs for Sinatra), but Styne lacked the Broadway
swater, and Cahn, as Van Heusen put it, “wanted to stay in the sun-
shine.” Jimmy, of course, didn’t see much sunshine. In most ways,
Cahn and Van Heusen couldn’t have been more different: Sammy was the small,
releasely clever Jew from the Lower East Side, self-assured to the
point of abrasiveness, a non-drinker, and, once he had married Gold-
wyn Girl Gloria DeLosh, in 1945, steadfastly uxorious. And Jimmy
was Jimmy. But they had one important thing in common.

“I would rather write songs than do anything else—even fly,”
Van Heusen told an interviewer. “That’s the way Sammy is. He
would rather spend all day and all night writing songs, or hav-
ing a hit, or having a show, or whatever, and so would I. Except
for the little flying that I’ve done, the only thing I’ve ever done
all my life is write songs.”
He was leaving out the drinking and fucking, but the essence
was true. At heart, Van Heusen was a workaholic of mammoth
proportions, as was Sammy Cahn. The two liked and respected
each other, and, most important, struck artistic sparks. The hits
started flowing immediately.

“Love and Marriage,” written for Our Town, was the first. It
was certainly an ironic song for Frank Sinatra to be singing at that point
in his life, but he put it over as only he could, and it won an Emmy,
the first song ever to do so. Quite suddenly, Cahn, Van Heusen, and
Sinatra were a magical trifecta. “We wrote almost everything [Sin-
atra] sang in movies, and we would always have to write one or two
songs for his albums,” Jimmy said. “We would write title songs, like
‘Come Fly with Me’ or ‘Come Dance with Me.’ We’d have a song
to open the album and a song to close the album.”

So many great albums, so many terrific songs. And as Sin-
atra’s house writers, Cahn and Van Heusen had several strings to
their bow. They could do brighty superficial (see above), and
they could do schmaltzy (“All the Way”), but they could also tap

SAME OLD SONG AND DANCE
Another Sinatra LP with a Van Heusen-
Cahn title song: bottom, Van Heusen
and Dean Martin backstage at a TV
studio, 1959.

“Love and Marriage” won Frank an
Emmy. Suddenly, Cahn, Van Heusen,
and Sinatra were a magical trifecta.
Exposing the Truth

In the U.S. a woman will die from breast cancer, on average, every 13 minutes. We must stop this, here and around the world. Research today saves lives tomorrow.

Exposing the Truth

Funding the fight to prevent and cure breast cancer in our lifetime.
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OUR TOWN
Eddie Fisher, Debbie Reynolds, Van Heusen, Doris Day, and Nat King Cole, at the Desert Inn in Palm Springs, late 1950s; right, another Sinatra LP with a Van Heusen-Cahn title song.

into Sinatra's three A.M., existential, struggling-to-get-over-Ava side—hence "Only the Lonely," "It Gets Lonely Early," and "September of My Years."

Even if Cahn’s lyrics sometimes felt more like clever rhyming than poetry, Cahn and Van Heusen’s best work had an irresistible, hyper-masculine snap—just listen to Sinatra performing "The Tender Trap," or Dean Martin singing "Ain’t That a Kick in the Head"—that defined a glorious, heedless, unapologetic era.

Say it’s sometime in 1956. By day, Sinatra is shooting at Paramount; in the evening, he’s recording at Capitol; at night, he’s doing all the things Sinatra does, with his pal Chester at his side. Yet somehow, in the late mornings, the man Steve Khan (then Cahn) and his sister, Laurie, call Uncle Jimmy manages to show up for work at his partner’s Holmby Hills house, just across the street from Bogie and Bacall, car-corner from Judy Garland and Sid Luft. Van Cahn stands in the foyer, effortlessly stylish in a stingly-brimmed fedora, untucked floral-print shirt, pressed khakis, and sandals. In his right hand he carries a worn leather briefcase containing musical manuscripts. The case has special cutouts that snugly enclose a fifth of gin and two shot glasses.

He walks through the house to the studio over the garage, where Sammy Cahn waits, fresh as a daisy. The two sit down, songwriter at the upright piano, lyricist at the worktable with the black Underwood. The clack of the typewriter filters down through the house all day: so too the glorious chords.

Late in the afternoon, Jimmy and Sammy take the day’s work over to Frank at the studio. Later still, Sammy goes home to Holmby Hills, and Jimmy and Frank begin their long night.

“They would finish work at Paramount and go across the street to Lucy’s and get smashed,” recalls television producer and Sinatra buddy George Schlatter. “Then Frank would convince Jimmy to fly him down to Palm Springs. The two guys would go out to the Van Nuys airport, get in Jimmy Van Heusen’s plane, and fly from here through that pass to Palm Springs. Well, the problem was, having been drinking, they would have to land a few times to pee! So Frank came up with the idea that they would take along a hot-water bottle so they wouldn’t have to land.”

Gloria Franks, Sammy Cahn’s first wife, knew both sides of Sam Giancana, the Chicago mobster, had been a regular guest. When the Secret Service scouted the area for a substitute, they hit on Bing Crosby’s place—and Van Heusen’s, which was right next door and could be used by the agents and other members of the president’s support staff. Jimmy, over a barrel, couldn’t say no.

The incident infuriated Sinatra and permanently cooled him on the Kennedys. It didn’t help his friendship with Van Heusen, either. Sinatra had excommunicated intimates for far smaller infractions. At a recording session in March, about to sing a Van Heusen number, he glared at Jimmy and said, “Tell you what, Van Heusen. ‘Jimmy would be this elegant gentleman at times, and then there was this guy with this debauchery that went on in Palm Springs that I used to hear about,’ she says. “Women were flying in and out of the house.”

Angie Dickinson remembers: “We would go out in Palm Springs, and we would not be sure which house we’d end up in for the night. Frank’s or Jimmy’s. Jimmy had that attitude of ‘Come on, let’s go back to my house,’ and Frank the same. They never stopped.”

But the hedonism wasn’t all fun. “Van Heusen was a wild man, they said—a crazy man as far as women were concerned,” Gloria Franks says. “Sometimes not in a nice way, too; he abused a lot of women. Apparently. Pushing them around. Whatever. I think there was a time when Nancy [Sinatra’s first wife] felt he was a bad influence on Frank. Not that Frank was a choirboy before…”

Peggy Connelly recalled, “Once I went down to Palm Springs before Frank; Jimmy was already there. In the evening, before Frank arrived, another girl appeared, an actress—I would rather not tell you her name. She became quite famous. Anyway, it seemed she had drunk a little too much, she wasn’t quite able to defend herself, and Jimmy was so cruel in attacking. Not physically, but just trying to make her look bumbling. It was like an animal circling, waiting for the kill. I took her to the bathroom to throw up and put her to bed.”

In 1959, Cahn and Van Heusen’s “High Hopes,” from the film A Hole in the Head, won Jimmy his third Oscar, with a slightly retooled lyric, the song became the official anthem of the 1960 Kennedy presidential campaign. But Sinatra and Van Heusen would have their one serious falling-out over J.F.K. In February 1962 the president at the last minute changed a plan to vacation at Sinatra’s Palm Springs compound after Attorney General Robert Kennedy pointed out that it wouldn’t do to stay in the same house in which "Jimmy would be this elegant gentleman at times, and then there was this guy with this debauchery in Palm Springs. Women were flying in and out.”
HOLLYWOOD HELPS...
As movie-making evolved, so did the entertainment industry's philanthropic arm

In 1942, Samuel Goldwyn decided the entertainment industry should pool its charitable resources. He enlisted Gene Kelly and Joan Crawford as the first campaign chairs, and the group that became the Entertainment Industry Foundation (EIF) raised $1 million for war relief efforts that year.

Fast forward to 2007. EIF now raises more than $28 million annually for a host of causes, some are local to the entertainment industry's Los Angeles home base. On the national level, EIF supports cancer research, prevention and treatment, works to increase diabetes awareness, and promotes arts and music education. Many corporate donors outside of Hollywood, as well as caring individuals all across the country, also support this work.

Some of EIF's national health initiatives, spearheaded by industry leaders, have helped "fast-track" important medical discoveries:

- **EIF's Women's Cancer Programs** generate awareness and support treatment and early detection research. At the helm of one of these initiatives are Rita Wilson & Tom Hanks, Kate Capshaw & Steven Spielberg, Kelly Meyer, Jamie Tisch, Quinn Ezralow and Marion Laurie. EIF partnered with Revlon and Lilly Tartikoff to create the annual Revlon Run/Walk for Women. Funds raised helped accelerate work on the breast cancer drug Herceptin®, approved by the FDA years ahead of schedule.

- **EIF's National Colorectal Cancer Research Alliance (NCCRA)**, cofounded by Katie Couric, encourages screening and provides funding to leading researchers. They've made important breakthroughs in the effort to knock this disease from its position as the country's #2 cancer killer.

Twenty million Americans are suffering from the diabetes epidemic, and filmmakers Lucy Fisher & Doug Wick and Janet & Jerry Zucker lead EIF's effort to marshal the star power of the entertainment community for Diabetes Aware, an initiative conducted jointly with Novo Nordisk.

EIF also partners with the Motion Picture & Television Fund Foundation — chaired by Jeffrey Katzenberg — on the Divided We Fail campaign with AARP, which focuses on health and financial security for all Americans.

Music and arts education is another key emphasis for EIF. The MOVIES ROCK collaboration with Condé Nast Media Group and The Producers Guild of America — led by Kathleen Kennedy and Bruce Cohen — will provide the public with insight into music's role in filmmaking and raise money to support EIF's charitable programs.

Samuel Goldwyn would have liked that.
The Songwriter

Chester. Why don’t you get Jack Kennedy to record this fucking song, and then see how many records it sells?

No one could stay mad at Jimmy Van Heusen for long, not even Sinatra, but still, the Ring-a-Ding-Ding years were coming to a close. The president’s murder, in 1963, took a heavy toll on high hopes, and on machismo. After the arrival of the Beatles, the cultural waves came fast and mercilessly; the world was divided into the giddy and the seafire. Sinatra had plenty of jobs, but as he approached 50, he began to lose his bearings. Much as he detested the new generation, he also tried, quite uncomfortably, to fit in. In 1964 he met flower child Mia Farrow, the romance and marriage didn’t even make it to the end of the Johnson administration. “What was that?” Sinatra said afterward.

He wasn’t singing in movies anymore, and the Cahn–Van Heusen songs that had anchored his albums were no longer required. Panicked that his records weren’t selling, the singer had drifted away from the material (and from the arranger, Nelson Riddle) that had lifted him to greatness, seeking out faster, harder-driving numbers, such as “Strangers in the Night” and “That’s Life.”

Asked once which came first with himself and Jimmy, the words or the music, Sammy Cahn famously replied, “The phone call.” Sometime in the mid-60s, the phone stopped ringing. There was a disappointing fling at Broadway in 1965 (Skyscraper, with Julie Harris and future Hollywood Squares host Peter Marshall, ran 248 performances), and then, at the end of 1967, Sammy wrote his partner a Dear Jim letter.

I am sure it will be a while before we are both over our wounds. While I have been attending to mine, I have been doing a great deal of thinking about the show and about us and about the future in general. I am sure that you must know that it hasn’t been the kind of fun it used to be for a long time and that the last two years became more and more difficult for me. What I’m thinking is it would be best for us both if we took a Holiday from each other.

The holiday, devastating to two men so addicted to work, and to working with each other, never ended.

Jimmy was getting to be a middle-aged gentleman; the decades of hard living were starting to catch up with him. Perhaps more to the point, the hard work that had always propelled him simply wasn’t there anymore. He had always been a serious hypochondriac, with an odd propensity for jabbing himself in thebehind with B_{12} hypodermics and scheduling elective surgeries. In the late 60s, a back operation left him in chronic, agonizing pain. He started taking pills for it, and then he couldn’t stop.

Around the same time, his expansive casualness about money mutated into something darker. He had never kept very close track of his substantial royalty flows, and over the years, at moments of financial need, he’d simply sold off the rights to some of his songs as if he were clipping coupons. Now his business affairs were in serious disarray. And Van Heusen began to suspect that the two people he’d hired to put things in order, his secretary and his business manager, were conspiring to steal from him. He hired detectives,bugged his own house. Sinatra told friends he was worried about his old pal. Then Jimmy Van Heusen did something really strange: he got married.

Josephine Brock was her given name; her stage name was Bobbe. She was the middle sib of a Canadian-raised singing trio that went onto the American vaudeville circuit while still in their teens, changing their billing to the Brox Sisters when a producer told them it looked better on a marquee. Irving Berlin discovered the girls in 1921 and made them a regular feature of his yearly Music Box Revue. Bobbe Brock was petite, blonde, vivacious, as eccentric as Van Heusen (she carried a gold-plated derringer in her purse), and exceedingly well preserved: she was almost as old as the century itself.

Bobbe and Jimmy ran into each other riding horses in the desert, out of the Palm Springs stable of local restaurant owner Trav Rogers. Yet in fact they’d known each other since the early 1930s, when the Brox Sisters and Van Heusen all worked on a Bing Crosby movie. Bing was the one who first fell for Bobbe, but both were married, she to the agent and producer William Perlberg. After Perlberg died, in 1968, Bobbe and Jimmy were free to get together. Van Heusen was fond of saying, “I always loved her, and now I can have her.”

The odd October-November relationship somehow worked; they married in 1969, when Jimmy was 56 and Bobbe was 68. “If you looked at the two of them together, you more likely thought Bobbe was the younger one,” says Brock’s niece Karen Meltzer.

The Brox Sisters were all very young-looking to a very old age.

At this point in his life, the former sex maniac was clearly looking for someone to take care of him, and Bobbe cheerfully and steadfastly undertook her major project. She weaned Jimmy from the painkillers; she tried to put his tangled affairs in order. For a while, she moved them from Palm Springs—the locus of all the troubles—into a hi-fi and piano-equipped mobile home in which they drove cross-country, and then to a house on an island in Brant Lake, in upstate New York, not so very far from where Edward Chester Babcock had started out. He took up snowmobiling.

Then they returned to the desert.

He played the piano, he listened to his large collection of classical music, he sang and played at parties—he was always the life of a party. Palm Springs was full of pals, but Sinatra was still the main event. In 1976 the singer married for the fourth and final time; his new wife, Barbara, purged many of Frank’s friends from the bad old bachelor days, yet Jimmy, mostly respectable now himself, stuck around. As did a ritual from back then: at 4 or 4:30 in the afternoon, Sinatra would call Chester up and simply turn on a blender full of ice next to the phone. Not a word was spoken; none needed to be. Margaritas were in process, the fun was starting.

The fun wasn’t the same anymore, though.

Around 1980, a stroke put him in a wheelchair and largely deprived him of the ability to speak—though, it’s reported, the presence of a pretty woman would still cause him to light up. A decade later, just a few days past his 77th birthday, another stroke felled him for good.

He’s buried in Desert Memorial Park, just east of Palm Springs, under a flat stone marked JAMES VAN HEUSEN/1913-1990. No mention of the true name he loved till the end of his days. Bobbe, who died at age 98, in 1999, is interred next to him. Just a few yards away, in the next row, lies his friend, his collaborator, his partner in crime, the Chairman himself, under a slab that reads, with heart-sinking falsity, THE BEST IS YET TO COME.

On Jimmy’s stone is an engraved image of a grand piano and the apt but equally schmaltzy epitaph SWINGING ON A STAR. More to the point might have been something Peggy Connelly said about Jimmy Van Heusen: He just did as he damn pleased, and very few people got to do that.

The author is grateful for the research assistance of Andrew Rosenblum, and the generosity of Brook Babcock of Van Heusen Music.
Amanda Peet is the 2007 Entertainment Industry Foundation Ambassador and a proud supporter of the Michael J. Fox Foundation for Parkinson’s Research. TRESemmé is proud to be a part of Movies Rock 2007.
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The Rap Pack

Xzibit, Eve, Bow Wow, Ice-T, Ludacris, Kanye West, Nelly, RZA, T.I., Big Boi

Big-screen players.

It used to be hard out there in Hollywood for a hip-hop star. Before Ludacris skewered the thug-life stereotype in Crash (2004), and before 8 Mile (2002) helped propel Xzibit to Gridiron Gang (2006), Ice-T worried that playing Scatty Appletan in the 1991 gang classic New Jack City might hurt his music career. Today, rappers know that big-screen cred is at least as valuable as street cred, so there was Big Boi in the Outkast musical, Idlewild (2006), Bow Wow in the roller-skate flick Ball Bounce (2005), Eve holding her own against the boys in Barbershop (2002) and Barbershop 2 (2004), and Nelly pounding the gridiron in The Longest Yard (2005).

This fall, T.I. teams up with RZA and Common to toughen up American Gangster, which stars Denzel Washington as the Harlem heroin lord Frank Lucas. Kanye West, meanwhile, who was a producer before he was a rapper, is starting out on the other side of the camera: he’s making a documentary with New York theater veteran George C. Wolfe.

Photographed by Mark Seliger in Los Angeles.
SEÑOR SCORE

Gustavo Santaolalla

COMPOSER AND TANGO MUSICIAN.

Gustavo Santaolalla was a natural choice to score the Alejandro González Iñárritu films Amores Perros, 21 Grams, and Babel, as well as Walter Salles's South American road movie, The Motorcycle Diaries. After all, the Buenos Aires-born, 56-year-old is known as the “King Midas of Spanish Rock” in Latin America, where he has produced mega-hits for acts such as Café Tacuba, Molotov, and Juana. But Santaolalla's sound transcends geography, as he proved with his haunting score to Ang Lee's Brakeback Mountain and contribution to Sean Penn's Into the Wild. Now, back-to-back Oscar winner is spearheading a worldwide tango revival with his techno-fusion group, Bajofondo, and preparing to score Vietnamese director Aporn Hong Tran's Come with the Rain as well as Salles's long-awaited adaptation of Jack Kerouac's On the Road.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JESSI ZATNER IN LOS ANGELES.
THE CHANTEUSE
Charlotte Gainsbourg
ACTRESS, SINGER, GAMINE EXTRAORDINAIRE.

Serge Gainsbourg and Jane Birkin, poster couple of 1970s European iconoclasms, would have been shoo-ins for this portfolio. For their daughter, Charlotte, music and film were as natural a form of expression as French and English. When Serge launched her into the family business, more as muse than progeny, he made sure to steer her clear of the beaten path to stardom by involving her in his cultural provocations. (He produced and sang on her first single, "Lemon Incest," when she was only 13.) Since then, she has appeared in more than 30 films—including, recently, Alejandro González Iñárritu’s 21 Grams and Michel Gondry’s The Science of Sleep—and won two Césars. Last year, at 35, she finally recorded her second album. In 5:55, she finds her own voice, seductive in its fragility and backed by the electro-pop wizards of Air. Now she’s revisiting her parents’ era, in Todd Haynes’s experimental Bob Dylan biopic, I’m Not There.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEAN-BAPTISTE MONDINO IN PARIS.
Minnie Driver is a master of the dual life, both on-screen and off. In her first TV series, The Riches, FX’s deranged drama about a crooked southern gypsy family, Driver plays Dahlia Mollay, whose con-artist husband, Wayne (Eddie Izzard), has convinced the family to usurp a decouple’s identity. The part has gained Driver an Emmy nomination for outstanding lead actress in a drama series, and fresh acclaim for a once brief career (see Circle of Friends, Good Will Hunting) that had shown signs of dimming (maybe don’t see: Hope Springs, Ella Enchanted). In real life British-born actress doubles as a musician. Her second album, Season, released this summer, features guest appearances by Ryan Adams and Liz Phair, and has attracted comparisons to Joni Mitchell. Driver’s whisper voice, like her beauty, is subtly captivating, and her lyrics are those of a woman whose heart has weathered a storm. Or two.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARK SELIGER IN NEW YORK CITY.
THE PRODIGY

Chris Brown
SINGER, DANCER, ACTOR, BALLER.

With his 2005 club hit “Run It!,” which spent five weeks at No. 1 on the Billboard chart, Chris Brown proved that he could sing, dance, and induce Beatles-level hysteria in his female fans. This year, he proved that he can act too. In January, he made his feature-film debut in Stomp the Yard, and this month he’ll play the lead in the holiday drama This Christmas. But don’t think this multi-talented 18-year-old has given up on music: his album, Exclusive, is dropping this fall. Asked to choose which he likes more, music or movies, Brown says, “I just like to be an entertainer.” Asked what he would do if he could do neither, he says, “probably play basketball.” Asked if he is any good, he says, “Yeah.” No surprise there.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRUCE WEBER AT ST. NICK’S PUB, IN NEW YORK CITY.
THE WHIZ KID

Freddie Highmore

ACTOR, MULTI-INSTRUMENTALIST, QUICK STUDY.

Freddie Highmore’s character in this fall’s August Rush runs away from an orphanage, goes to New York City, and discovers that he is a musical prodigy. In a case of life imitating art—minus the orphanage part—Highmore proved to be something of a wunderkind himself, learning how to play the guitar and the organ, and how to conduct an orchestra, in a matter of months. “I thought it was better to actually know the songs and play them for real,” Highmore says, “than to pretend to be playing and mime along.” Highmore enjoyed rising to the musical challenge, but hanging out with Terrence Howard, Jonathan Rhys Meyers, Keri Russell, and Robin Williams wasn’t bad, either. “Sometimes good actors are not so nice,” he says, “but all these people were fantastic, so I was very lucky.” The 15-year-old Londoner has a history of inspiring reciprocal admiration in his adult colleagues. After working with him on the 2005 best-picture nominee Finding Neverland, Johnny Depp reportedly suggested Highmore for the title role in Charlie and the Chocolate Factory, and Kate Winslet declared him to be “frankly the best child actor I have ever seen.”

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JULIAN BROAD IN NORMANDY, FRANCE.
There is no American equivalent to Edith Piaf, no name that evokes such heights of romance and tragedy. For the lead of La Vie en Rose, his sweeping, big-budget Piaf biopic (of course Gerard Depardieu is in it), French director Olivier Dahan insisted on a relative unknown whom he had never met and who, with her statuesque beauty, bore no resemblance to the homely, frail songstress. The hunch paid off. Marion Cotillard made the most of the dream role, investing herself so completely to be unrecognizable, lip-synching with spine-tingling abandon, and catching the early endorsement of Variety as a surefire Oscar contender. Not bad for the daughter of a mime (seriously). Perhaps Cotillard's most remarkable transformation is from love interest—which she played most recently opposite Russell Crowe in Ridley Scott's insipid A Good Year—to bona fide leading woman, capable of carrying the weight of a national icon on her shoulders.
"Everyone gets noticed now and then, unless of course that personage should be invisible, inconsequential me." Those words, from the musical Chicago, are sung by the moping cuckold Amos Hart—a role that earned John C. Reilly an Oscar nomination for best supporting actor back in 2003. Now, after nearly two decades of expertly dissolving into on-screen characters in films from Boogie Nights to, well, Talladega Nights, Reilly is finally getting the notice he deserves. With Joke Kasdon's upcoming Walk Hard, a parody of musician biopics such as Ray and Walk the Line, he's landed his first lead in a major movie, as Dewey Cox, a country-blues guitarist and singer-songwriter who struggles with fame, family, LSD, and the fashions of the 60s and 70s. Reilly—who's been known to sing and play harmonica in a band called Stereo Blues—brings an anarchic energy to Cox, who is as egocentric as Elvis, as unlucky as Johnny Cash, and as absurd as a bizarre gardening accident.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NORMAN JEAN ROY AT THE RAY CHARLES RECORDING STUDIO IN LOS ANGELES.
The past year has been a whirlwind for Corinne Bailey Rae, the self-described “brainy church girl” from Leeds who was suddenly being compared to Sade, Norah Jones, even Billie Holiday after the overwhelming success of her eponymous debut album. It makes perfect sense that Bailey Rae, with her West Indian father and Yorkshire-bred mother, would draw on diverse influences ranging from Stevie Wonder to Nirvana. What’s more surprising is that she’s stayed so humble even after earning three Grammy nominations, including for Record of the Year and Song of the Year (for the irresistible hit “Put Your Records On”), and having her songs serve as a bouncy backdrop to Venus, starring Peter O’Toole. She once described her sound as “chilled-out, acoustic, kooky, atmospheric, and soulful,” then added, “I’d also be tempted to say it comes from a very organic place, but that would sound pretentious, so I won’t.”

Photographed by Andrew MacPherson in Los Angeles.
THE INDEPENDENT SPIRITS

Zooey Deschanel and M. Ward

SINGERS, SONGWRITERS, UNDER-THE-RADAR ICONS.

He's the raspy-voiced troubadour whose haunting compositions have taken him from Portland's club circuit to a world tour with Norah Jones. She's the irresistibly offbeat actress (Almost Famous, Elf, Showtime's Weeds) who is set to play Janis Joplin in that endlessly delayed biopic. They met through Martin Hynes, director of the 2007 Sundance entry The Go-Getter, who asked them to perform a Richard and Linda Thompson classic over the closing credits. When Deschanel mentioned that she wrote songs, Ward asked to hear them. "I was amazied by the quality," he says, and soon he was producing her debut album, which is expected early next year. It was a nice change of pace for Deschanel, who has been cast in M. Night Shyamalan's next movie, The Happening, and recently starred alongside Brad Pitt in The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford. "Making a record is like tennis," she says. "Making a movie is more like capture the flag."

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN HUBA IN VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.
THE BAD BOY
Billy Bob Thornton

ACTOR, SCREENWRITER, MUSICIAN.

Billy Bob Thornton has never really fit in as a movie star. He's just too much of a badass. Think of Bad Santa, Bad News Bears, Monster's Ball, and the recent comedy Mr. Woodcock (he played a badass gym teacher). As a musician, though, he slides right into a tradition of rebels from Johnny Cash to Waylan and Willie. The Arkansas-raised actor and Oscar-winning screenwriter—whose voice has been described as a cross between Leonard Cohen's and Tom Petty's—has released three albums, including the Marty Stuart co-produced Private Radio (2001). Now he's got a new one, Beautiful Door, whose title— together with his role in the upcoming southern drama Tulio—suggests that the man Playboy once described as "part wild hillbilly and part neurotic auteur" may just have crossed another threshold and finally be settling into Hollywood.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MATT JONES
AT THORNTON'S HOME IN LOS ANGELES.
Sixteen years after his death, Miles Davis is getting plenty of attention, with a repackaged catalogue and a Don Cheadle-produced biopic in the works. Unearthing never developed film from an impromptu 1955 shoot by her husband, photographer TOM PALUMBO, PATRICIA BOSWORTH places the 28-year-old jazz genius of these unique images—smiling, healthy, joyful—against the backdrop of his turbulent life, consuming addictions, and musical breakthroughs.
The negatives had been hiding for more than 50 years inside a yellowed glassine envelope labeled *Miles Davis circa 1955*. The images had been taken by my husband, Tom Palumbo, when he was a photographer at *Harper’s Bazaar*. Since they weren’t shot for an assignment, he never printed them. Instead, they ended up in a storage bin near Hudson, New York, where they were discovered last spring by Tom’s art director, Astrid Vingarsky.

As soon as the recovered portraits were printed, we knew they were unique. Davis supposedly never smiled, yet here he was, looking almost joyful. In no way did he resemble the Miles Davis of the popular imagination: the abusive womanizer, the cokehead, the jazz antihero who would play the trumpet with his back to the audience and lash out at fans. His life had already been touched by violence and scandal, but in Tom’s pictures there wasn’t a suggestion of that.

Tom had met Davis in the early 1950s. They hung out in bars together, ate spaghetti with Jack Kerouac, and attended the same all-night parties in the West 50s, where young musicians and painters used to rent shabby brownstones near all the jazz clubs.

Davis was a legend even then. Born just outside St. Louis, in Alton, Illinois, he had studied music theory at Juilliard and joined Charlie Parker’s classic be-bop group at age 18. He played alongside Diz Gillespie and Charlie Mingus before forming his own group, Miles Davis and His Orchestra. Columbia Records soon signed him to a contract, in 1955.

One afternoon in the fall of that year, Davis invited Tom over to see the gym he was building in his brownstone, on West 77th Street. Davis loved boxing. He once told Sugar Ray Robinson that the champ’s discipline had inspired him to kick heroin.

The trumpeter welcomed Tom with his usual hoarse greeting—“Howya doin’ motherfucker?”—then showed him around the gym. Davis was in a mellow mood, and Tom began clicking away with his Leica. He filled three rolls with shots of Davis perched on a funny little chair, rocking back and forth, smoking and teasing, and then fixing his huge, dark, unblinking eyes on Tom.

Davis had good reason to be happy. He’d recently formed “the Great Quintet”: John Coltrane on sax, Philly Joe Jones on drums, Red Garland on piano, Paul Chambers on bass, and himself on trumpet. “The music we played together was unbelievable,” Miles wrote in his autobiography. “It used to send chills up and down my spine.”

Their first album, released by Prestige in 1956, was called *Cookin’ with the Miles Davis Quintet*. Tom bought it, and he and Davis continued to see each other periodically. When Tom went to Paris in 1957 to photograph the fashion collections, he ran into Davis at the club St. Germain.

That was the summer Davis composed the score for Louis Malle’s *Elevator to the Gallows*, which starred Jeanne Moreau. “Since it was about a murder… I used this old gloomy dark building where I had the musicians play,” Davis later said. “The score transformed the film.” Malle told the writer Phoebe French. Davis would go on to compose music for other movies, and some of it approached the greatness of that first effort.

After Paris, Tom lost touch with Davis. Tom started covering TV and theater. As for Davis, he soon recorded such landmark albums as *Milestones*, *Porgy and Bess*, and the supremely elegant *Quiet Glide*, one of the most popular and admired jazz records of the LP era. The 60s, Davis and the arranger Gil Evans took jazz in a new direction with a nonet (a group with nine musicians) that played a challenging style he called “cool jazz.” By 1968, Davis was incorporating electric keyboards and electric guitars into a “fusion” of rock and jazz that filled the sprawling masterpiece *Bitches Brew*.

In the space of the next two decades, Davis created a prodigious and diverse body of work. He made a great deal of money and spent it. He was very extravagant.

His private life had always been turbulent. He had four children, three failed marriages, and numerous girlfriends, some of whom he treated brutally. He also suffered from poor health. His diabetes, made worse by his fondness for sweets and his relapse into drug addiction. As he wrote in his autobiography, “I took a lot of cocaine (abolished $500 a day at one point).… was addicted to pills, like Percodan and Seconal, and I was drinking a lot, Heinikens and cognac.”

From 1975 to 1979, he stopped playing music almost entirely and rarely left his house. Cicely Tyson, who became his third wife, got him to go cold turkey in 1980. Eventually he felt well enough to book tours in Europe and Asia. He also did some acting, appearing in the 1986 comedy *Scrooged*, co-written by this issue’s editor, Mitch Glazer.

But the joy that Tom had captured with his Leica was buried deeper than ever. By 1989, he’d left Tyson, and his new lover was a sculptor, and painter named Jo Gelbard. They began collaborating on paintings; sometimes he’d paint all night.

He died on September 28, 1991, of heart failure brought upon by diabetes and pneumonia. When Gelbard saw that he was dying, she climbed into his bed and held him until he breathed his last.

Last year was a historic one for Davis, who would have turned 80 on May 26, 2006. Columbia Records remixed and repackaged his music and there is at least one movie project in the works. Davis biographer Quincy Troupe is said to be developing a screenplay based on his 200 memoir, *Miles and Me*, which tells the story of their close friendship.

Meanwhile, Don Cheadle is set to direct, produce, and star in an authorized biopic that has the blessing of the Davis estate. According to Cheadle’s agent, Stephen Huvane, filming is set to begin early in 2008.

It will be interesting to see how these projects handle Davis’s complicated life. For example, will either of them mention the incident that haunted Davis throughout his life—the 1917 St. Louis race riots, when white men savagely killed scores of black men, women, and children? The survivors told Davis the story when he was a little boy, and he never forgot it. He had white managers, and the last woman he loved was white, but he always remained mistrustful of the white world.

I have a funny memory of Davis. In 1987, I covered a fashion show at the Tunnel nightclub, in Chelsea. Davis was modeling outfits by the Japanese designer Kohshin Satoh. For the finale, he stepped onstage in a gold lamé suit with a flowing cape. Trotting along behind him was Andy Warhol, who was holding up the hem of the cape. The audience went wild.

Years later, I read Quincy Troupe’s account of what had happened. It was totally unplanned—improvised, like so much in Davis’s life. Backstage, Davis had suddenly ordered Warhol to “pick up my motherfucker cape!” Warhol obeyed. Troupe tells the story in *Miles*.

“I am remarkable,” Davis once said. And he was.
In no way did he resemble the Miles Davis of the popular imagination: the womanizer, the cokehead, the jazz antihero.
The Maestro and the Master
John Williams and Steven Spielberg

Plot, acting, and special effects are all well and good, but for a blockbuster to really soar it has to have a mind-blowing score. That’s what John Williams does better than anybody. Steven Spielberg handles all the other stuff pretty well, so for the past 30 years he and Williams have collaborated on no fewer than 20 movies, starting with 1974’s *The Sugarland Express* and continuing through *Jaws* (Williams’s two-note theme was scarier than the shark), * Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *E.T.* , *Schindler’s List*, and *Munich*. Now they’ve got two more in the works: an Abraham Lincoln biography based on Doris Kearns Goodwin’s book *Team of Rivals*, and *Indiana Jones and the Kingdom of the Crystal Skull*, co-produced by another guy Williams has had some success with, *Star Wars* director George Lucas.

Photographed by Art Streiber in Los Angeles.

SIGHT AND SOUND

The great ones know it—movies and music are one. These directors (some shot his score, whether it’s the two-note “shark alert” in Steven Spielberg’s *Jaws*, Sofia Coppola’s take on Sondheim in this Christmas’s *Sweeney Todd*). Portraits by David LaChapelle.
Ever since her dad cast her in *The Godfather* when she was a baby, Sofia Coppola has known filmmaking to be a family affair, and has learned to keep friends close, too. She’s at the center of the hipster-cinéaste mafia that includes her brother Roman, cousin Jason Schwartzman, and the unofficial don, Bill Murray, whose turn as a world-weary movie star in Coppola’s *Lost in Translation* earned him an Oscar nomination in 2003. (Coppola took home the award for best original screenplay, and became the first American woman to be nominated for best director.) Her singular use of pop music—however anachronistic—to create music has helped establish her as an auteur in her own right, notably with the all-score of her debut, *The Virgin Suicides*, and the 80s postpunk soundtrack of her teenage-queen-bopper *Marie Antoinette*. It’s only fitting she repay her debt by directing videos, famously the Kate Moss pole-dancing clip for *White Stripes’* “I Just Don’t Know What to Do with Myself.” Her union with Thomas Mars, of the French band Phoenix, has recently led to her greatest cinematic and disciplinary effort: their one-year-old daughter, Roi.

Photographed by Melodie McDaniel in Coppola’s Paris apartment.
The Fright Club
Johnny Depp and Tim Burton

Tim Burton may be best known for his ghoulish sensibility and his visual virtuosity, but he's also an actor's director—especially if the actor in question is Johnny Depp. The pair have already collaborated on Edward Scissorhands, Ed Wood, Sleepy Hollow, Corpse Bride, and Charlie and the Chocolate Factory, and now comes Sweeney Todd, a brand-new movie version of the venerable musical thriller that first staged on Broadway in 1979. Stephen Sondheim's masterpiece of horror, black humor, and soaring musicality has intrigued film directors for years, but it's easy to see why Burton became the one to bring its wickedness to the screen. Meanwhile, Depp is suitably pale and possessed as the Demon Barber of Fleet Street, his eyes burning with vengeance as he wields that lethal straight razor, and Helena Bonham Carter plays the besotted but treacherous Mrs. Lovett, whose juicy meat pies complement his efforts as well. Contributing to the fun, not to mention the meat pies, are Alan Rickman, Timothy Spall, and Sacha Baron Cohen. The film arrives just in time for Christmas, and why not? Rivulets of blood seeping through the floorboards add such a festive touch to those color-coordinated holiday decorations.

Photographed by Mary Ellen Mark on location in London!
Quentin Tarantino and Robert Rodriguez

No one, not even Harvey Weinstein, has ever been able to tell Quentin Tarantino and Robert Rodriguez what to do. After all, Tarantino knows more about movies than any studio chief in town, and Rodriguez has been writing, directing, producing, shooting, editing and scoring his own films since 1992's El Mariachi. Only a pair of artists so autonomous could be so thoroughly dependent on each other. Quick rundown: Desperado (Rodriguez directed; Tarantino stole a scene); Four Rooms (each directed a segment); From Dusk Till Dawn (Rodriguez directed; Tarantino wrote and tried, unsuccessfully, to steal several scenes); Kill Bill: Volume 2 (Tarantino directed; Rodriguez composed some of the score); Sin City (Rodriguez co-directed all but one scene: Tarantino's). And then came Grindhouse, their scratched, torn, blood-soaked double-feature tribute to 70s exploitation cinema, in which each director's segment seems to have been made largely for the other's enjoyment. In a temporary separation, Rodriguez will return to audience-friendly ground with a Sin City sequel as Tarantino continues work on the script to Inglorious Bastards, the World War II movie he's been laboring over for the past decade.

Photographed by David LaChapelle in Los Angeles
Nobody does rock 'n' roll like the Rolling Stones. Nobody uses it like Martin Scorsese.

MITCH GLAZER joined the team as the legendary band and director filmed *Shine a Light*

Producers Steve Bing has an idea: Martin Scorsese and the Rolling Stones. It’s February 2006, 36 years since the last, best Stones film, the Maysles brothers’ masterful *Gimme Shelter*, and the Rolling Stones are in the middle of a record-shattering world tour, playing with more daring and heart than ever. It’s time, way past time, for the world’s greatest director to capture the world’s greatest rock ‘n’ roll band in concert. Bing’s just co-financed Jonathan Demme’s soulful Neil Young–concert film, *Heart of Gold*, but to a lifelong music fan, a Stones-Scorsese movie is the holy grail. Steve Bing is in.

Nobody uses rock ‘n’ roll like Martin Scorsese. Nobody gets rock ‘n’ roll like Martin Scorsese: Robert De Niro’s slow-motion, “Jumpin’ Jack Flash” descent into a hellish Little Italy bar in *Mean Streets* or Ray Liotta’s coke-fueled implosion in *GoodFellas* (a 10-minute rocket sled: Nilsson, Stones, the Who, Muddy Waters, George Harrison) or Jack Nicholson in *The Departed*, humiliating a pedophile priest to the Beach Boys’ breezy “Sail On, Sailor.” Scorsese has a great musician’s feel. He finds the groove, weds the ideal song to a scene like a bluesman bending a note. It’s instinct and immersion.

He heard doo-wop (and Verdi) on the stoops of Little Italy, rocked in the Brooklyn Paramount Theatre in ’57 to Buddy Holly, Little Richard, and Jerry Lee Lewis, and then found himself onstage at Woodstock with N.Y.U. buddy director Michael Wadleigh and (future Scorsese editor-for-life) Thelma Schoonmaker. Scorsese actually edited Sly Stone’s delirious, defining “I Want to Take You Higher” sequence from Woodstock. A couple of years later Scorsese cut the King, receiving “montage supervisor” credit on the 1972 film *Elvis on Tour*. And all of this a prelude to his grand re-invention of the concert film, the Band’s rocking elegy, *The Last Waltz*, Toss in Michael Jackson’s “Bad” video; producing an encyclopedic blues tribute, *Lightning in a Bottle*; and a peek behind the mask in the revelatory Bob Dylan documentary *No Direction Home*, and you have the greatest practitioner, interpreter, and champion of rock ‘n’ roll in film.

The Rolling Stones are special for Scorsese as well. They are a constant in some of his finest work: “Gimme Shelter” alone floats ominously through *GoodFellas, Casino*, and *The Departed*. As Scorsese says, “No matter what, we always thought of the Rolling Stones as our band. New York’s band. The conviction, the soul, the attitude…there’s something New York in their music, you know? They may be from London, but they’re a New York band.”

Scorsese is in.

Mick Jagger has an idea. Actually two ideas: Scorsese should multicamera-shoot a huge stadium show in Amsterdam. (Jagger sees the size and spectacle, the theater, of the Rolling Stones’ stadium show.

*Photographs by Brigitte Lacombe*
The Dream Team

as inherently cinematic.) He also has a notion for a scripted narrative, a written intro and coda that will frame the concert, give shape and drama to the movie.

Steve Bing has another idea... me. After the Heart of Gold premiere, on February 7, 2006, he calls and asks me, "Would you be interested in writing the script into..." Yes, I'm in.

The next night, Scorsese calls. I don't remember too many details of our first chat—it's like Randy Newman fantasizing about hanging with Bruce Springsteen in "My Life Is Good": "Oh, we talked about some kind of woodblock or something. And this new guitar we like..." Me and Marty (that's how he introduced himself), you know, two movie guys talking about everything from Robert Graves and the ancient Greek philosophy of performance to the Rolling Stones. I do remember he's inspired (inspiring), funny, fast, and collaborative. He recommends one of his favorite concert films, Bert Stern's documentary of the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival, Jazz on a Summer's Day. Scorsese and Jagger have spoken about using it as a template—it's Jagger's favorite as well. Scorsese is neck-deep in editing his new movie, The Departed, and eager for ideas. This can't just be another concert film. The Rolling Stones have shot and sold virtually every world tour they've ever done. There has to be a reason: the bittersweet finality of The Last Waltz, murder and the death of the hippie dream in Gimme Shelter, Newport's class-color war in Jazz on a Summer's Day. A context, a story.

A few weeks later, I fly to New York for the first of several meetings with Scorsese. They take place in his office, on 57th Street, and in his Upper East Side town house. He invariably strides in from editing The Departed, shaking his head, laughing about the insanity, the chaos of the movie: "Is it shit? Is it great? I don't know. I have no idea. What the hell is it? We've got some great things. I know that. Some great scenes, but it's crazy, a crazy puzzle. This one could go any way. It's happening right now. Right next door." Sitting down on the other side of the coffee table. "So...the Rolling Stones." And off we go. Our meetings, prefaced by Emma Tillinger (Scorsese's Sikelia Productions head) with "Mar- ty's only got an hour today," always wonderfully stretch all afternoon. Somewhere in the middle of these marathons, we find the heart of the beast, the reason for his concert movie—the Stones, the city, and, at my insistence, Scorsese. Create the dream Rolling Stones concert in a small, sweaty venue in New York City and let Martin Scorsese's passion loose in front of and behind the camera. Simple. Bliss.

Keith Richards says he'll do whatever Martin Scorsese wants.

Steve Bing gets Mick Jagger to agree to a meeting in New York where he and Scorsese can present their notion of a more intimate venue, officially pitch the idea of a Stones-Scorsese-New York-City concert film, face-to-face. I'm invited, I assume, as a human sacrifice.

We meet in the Carlyle lobby around three in the afternoon, March 14, 2006. Everybody seems slightly... jangly, Scorsese more caffeinated than usual. Bing calls up to Jagger's room: we pile into the elevator and head to the penthouse. Somebody ushers us into the suite's living room. A love seat and a single chair face an overstuffed armchair positioned in front of the picture window. Michael Kohl, the Stones' longtime tour director, greets us and gestures to our seats. Kohl is bearded, intense, and seems to be glowing. Fortunately, Victoria Pearman, president of Jagged Films and an ally, steps into the suite behind him.

Bing takes the offered chair, and Scorsese and Jagger sit by side in the love seat. As Mick Jagger slides in, smiling and relaxed, he sits in the armchair facing us for help but makes no move to Scorsese a

six months later, on Sunday, October 29, and Wednesday, November 1, 2006, in New York's elegantly warded Beacon Theatre, the Rolling Stones give two heart stopping performances (the second show is already considered legendary by Stones aficionados). Martin Scorsese and his hall-of-fame cinematographers (Albel "Gimme Shelter" Mayles, Bob "The Aviator" Richardson, John "I Thin Red Line" Toll, Emmanuel "Children of Men" Lubezki, Ellis "Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind" Kuras, Stuart "Once We Warriors" Dryburgh, etc.), with their 17 cameras, shoot the show to death, while Scorsese hunches over a bank of monitors in the da director's booth, in the rear of the theater. The band roars, the hair shudders, all 17 camera shots flicker before him, total rock 'n' roll chaos. "I'm gonna vomit," Scorsese says to no one in particular. Months later he'll reflect, "It's pure adrenaline. It's like a car race. I mean, you're just going. And it felt to me the concert was over in 20 minutes. I have no idea what happened. That's the fun of it. The fun is the anxiety. The fun is not knowing what you're going to get."

The concert film, Shine a Light, is everything the shows were: raw, soulful, furious, ageless rock 'n' roll... and more. The cameras are where we've never been before: a shot from behind Charlie Watts's drum kit catches Jagger as he spins his crazy, teenage body away from the audience, smiling and rolling his eyes at his exertion; Richards's hands, permanently gnarled around his guitar neck; Ronnie Wood, all Popeye girth and rooster cut, delighted at his own newly sober skills; Mick and Keith, brothers for 50 years, touching foreheads, sharing a mike and a wink during "Far Away Eyes."

The context, the reason for Scorsese's Rolling Stones film, in the end, transcends the venue or the city or Marty Scorsese himself; it's the fragility and triumph of this wonderful moment. Last year Keith Richards underwent brain surgery, Ronnie Wood fought his addictions in rehab, and Charlie Watts battled throat cancer. This will not go on forever, and they know it. And the Rolling Stones are still younger, tougher, cooler, and play better than you. This show, this film, is the Stones' gift. Their joy and virtuosity, their casual rock 'n' roll heroism, is caught and celebrated by perhaps our finest director. Rip this joint, indeed. □
"IT'S PURE ADRENALINE. I mean, you're just going. That's the fun of it. The fun is not knowing what you're going to get," says Scorsese.
DANCE REVOLUTION
Donna Pescow and John Travolta heat up the dance floor at 2001 Odyssey in a scene from Saturday Night Fever.

FEVER
In 1976, producer Robert Stigwood placed a million-dollar bet on a young TV star, signing John Travolta to a three-movie deal. First up, a low-budget production based on a New York magazine article about disco-crazy Italian-American kids in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn: Saturday Night Fever. From Travolta’s famous “Stayin’ Alive” strut to the mid-filming death of his girlfriend, to three harrowing nights on the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, SAM KASHNER has the story of a culture-bending hit, whose music—by a revitalized 60s band called the Bee Gees—became the best-selling soundtrack of its time.
"Nobody pushed me into show business," Travolta says. "I was aching for it."
OBERT STIG-
wood, the 42-year-old Australian impresario known as "the Daryl Zanuck of pop," was out of his mind. That was the talk in Hollywood, Bill Oakes remembers, on September 25, 1976, when his boss held a lavish press conference at the Beverly Hills Hotel to announce that the Robert Stigwood Organisation—RSO—had just signed John Travolta to a million-dollar contract to star in three films. Oakes, then in his mid-20s, had worked for the Beatles and had once been Paul McCartney's assistant. By this time he was running RSO Records, which boasted Eric Clapton and the Bee Gees among its roster of pop stars. "Everyone thought it was madness," says Oakes, "because nobody had ever made the transition from television to movie stardom. So, a lot of us thought to pay a million dollars for Vinnie Barbarino [Travolta's character on the TV sitcom Welcome Back, Kotter] is going to make us a laughingstock."

Stigwood wanted Travolta to star in the movie version of Grease, the long-running Broadway musical (in which Travolta had already appeared as Doody, one of the T-Bird gang members, in a road company). Five years earlier, Stigwood had auditioned the actor—then just 17—for Jesus Christ Superstar, and though Ted Neeley got the job, Stigwood had penciled himself a note on a yellow pad: "This kid will be a very big star."

But Stigwood's option for Grease...
stipulated that production could not begin before the spring of 1978, because the musical was still going strong. While they waited, Stigwood and his lieutenants began to look around for a new property.

A few months before, an English rock critic by the name of Nik Cohn had published a magazine article entitled “Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night.” Appearing in the June 7, 1976, issue of New York, the article followed the Saturday-night rituals of a group of working-class Italian-Americans in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, who held dead-end jobs but lived for their nights of dancing at a local disco called 2001 Odyssey. Cohn’s hero, named Vincent, was a tough, violent guy but a great dancer who yearned for a chance to shine, and to escape the mean streets of Brooklyn.

On an icy winter night in 1975, Cohn had made his first trip to Bay Ridge with a disco dancer called Tu Sweet, who would serve as his Virgil. “According to Tu Sweet,” Cohn later wrote, “the [disco] craze had started in black gay clubs, then progressed to straight blacks and gay whites and from there to mass consumption—Latinos in the Bronx, West Indians on Staten Island, and, yes, Italians in Brooklyn.” In 1975, black dancers like Tu Sweet were not welcome in those Italian clubs; nonetheless, he liked the dancers there—their passion and their moves. “Some of those guys, they have no lives,” he told Cohn. “Dancing’s all they got.”

A brawl was in progress when they arrived at 2001 Odyssey. One of the brawlers lurched over to Cohn’s cab and threw up on his trouser leg. With that welcome, the two men hightailed it back to Manhattan, but not before Cohn caught a glimpse of a figure, dressed in “flared, crimson pants and a black body shirt,” coolly watching the action from the club doorway. “There was a certain style about him—an inner force, a hunger, and a sense of his own specialness. He looked, in short, like a star,” recalled Cohn. He’d found his Vincent, the protagonist of his New Journalism-style piece.

Later, Cohn went back to the disco with the artist James McMullan, whose illustrations for the article helped persuade Cohn’s underwhelmed editor in chief, Clay Felker, to run it. The title was changed from “Another Saturday Night” to “Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night,” and a note was added insisting that “everything described in this article is factual.”

In the 1970s it was almost unheard of to buy a magazine article for a movie, but “Tribal Rites” attracted enough attention that producer Ray Stark (Fanny Girl) and a few others bid on it. Cohn had known Stigwood back in London and liked him. Stigwood came from humble stock: farm people, in Aycliffe, Australia. He’d made his way to London in the early 1960s and ended up managing the Beatles organization for Brian Epstein. Ousted in the power struggle that followed Epstein’s death, Stigwood went on to create RSO Records, and in 1968 he branched out into theater, putting together the West End productions of Jesus Christ Superstar, Hair, and Grease. His movie-producing career began five years later, with the film version of Jesus Christ Superstar, followed by Tommy, the rock musical written by the Who and directed by the filmbma- ant Ken Russell, which became one of the biggest movies of 1975.

So the deal was made, and Cohn was paid $90,000 for the rights.

Now they had to find a director.

In Los Angeles, Stigwood’s assistant, Kevin McCormick, a brilliant, lean 23-year-old from New Jersey, went from office to office looking for one. “Kid, my directors do movies,” one agent promptly told him. “They don’t do magazine articles.” But while McCormick was packing to return to New York, the phone rang, and it was the agent saying, “Kid, you’re in luck. My client came in and looked at this, and he’s interested. But you should see his movie first.”

“So we saw Rocky on Monday, and we made a deal,” recalls McCormick, now executive vice president of production at Warner Bros. The client was director John Avildsen, and he brought in screenwriter Norman Wexler, who had earned his first Academy Award nomination for the screenplay for Joe, the popular 1970 film about a bigoted hard hat, played by Peter Boyle. (Incidentally, the film gave Susan Sarandon her first screen role.) Wexler had also co-adapted Peter Maas’s Serpico for the screen (which brought him a second Oscar nomination). That seemed fitting, as Al Pacino was something of the patron saint of Cohn’s article, as well as of the film—in the story, Vincent is flattered when someone mistakes him for Pacino, and in the movie, the poster from Serpico dominates Tony Manero’s Bay Ridge bedroom, going face-to-face with Farrah Fawcett’s famous cheesecake poster.

Wexler, a tall man, often wrapped in a trench coat, puffed on Tarrytons so continuously he was usually wreathed in cigarette smoke. McCormick thought of him as “a sort of tragic figure, but enormously symp- pathetic.” A manic-depressive, Wexler was on and off his meds; when he stopped, all hell broke loose. Karen Lynn Gorney, who played Stephanie Mangano, Tony’s love interest in the movie, remembers, “He would come into his agent’s office, or try to pitch script to somebody, and start giving nylons and chocolates to the secretaries.” He could turn violent, and was known to sometimes carry a .32-caliber pistol. In the grip of manic episode, he once bit a stewardess on the arm; on another flight he announced that he had a plan to assassinate President Nixon. “You’ve heard of street theater?” he yelled, holding up a magazine picture of the president. “Well, this is airplane theater.” He was arrested and escorted off the plane.

But McCormick was pleased when the script came in. At 149 pages, “it was way, way, way too long, but quite wonderful.” I think what Norman did so well was to cre ate a family situation that had real truth, an accurate look at how men related to women in that moment, in ways that you would never get away with now.” Wexler transformed Vincent into Tony Manero and gave him a young sister and a favored older brother who breaks his mother’s heart by leaving the priesthood. During one row at the dinne table, Tony explodes at his mother when she refuses to accept that her eldest has turned in his collar: “You got nuthin’ but three sh kids!” he yells. Tony’s mother—played by acclaimed stage actress and Off Broadway playwright Julie Bovasso—bursts into tear, and Tony is overcome with remorse.

Before John Travolta became a teen idol, he was a dancer; “I think my first turn-on to dance was James Cagney in Yankee Dood Dandy; when I was five or six,” recall Travolta on a break from filming the musical version of John Waters’s Hairsprin Toronto. “I used to try to imitate him in front of the television set. I liked black dancing better than white dancing. I used to watch Soul Train, and what I wanted to create was a Soul Train feel in Saturday Night Fever.” That famous strut to th Bee Gees’ “Stayin’ Alive” in the opening scene! “It was the walk of coolness. I went to a school that was 50 percent black, and that’s how the black kids walked through the hall.”

“Nobody pushed me into show busi- ness,” Travolta says. “I was aching for it.” Born in 1954 in Englewood, New Jersey he was one of six kids, five of whom pursued careers in show business. His mother
We were fairly dead in the water at that point,” Barry Gibb recalls. “We needed something new.”

D’Ambrose. [Alvin Ailey star] Judith Jamison we talked to for a while. So, it just got to a point where Avildsen wanted to be put out of his misery. He was acting provocatively: “Travolta’s too fat. He can’t dance, he can’t do this, he can’t do that.”

Avildsen brought in a trainer, ex-boxer Jimmy Gambina, who had worked with Sylvester Stallone on Rocky. to get Travolta into shape, “which was really good,” McCormick says, “because Travolta is prone to be soft and not that energetic, and Gambina ran him like he was a fighter.” But Avildsen still wasn’t satisfied, and wondered if maybe Travolta’s character “shouldn’t be a dancer—maybe he should be a painter. It was just weird. It became Clifford Odets,” recalls McCormick. Travolta, ultimately, wasn’t happy with Avildsen, either; he felt the director wanted to smooth Tony’s rough edges, make him the kind of nice guy who carries groceries for old ladies in the neighborhood—another Rocky Balboa.

Just weeks before filming was set to begin, Stigwood summoned Avildsen to an emergency meeting. That morning, Stigwood had learned, Avildsen had been nominated for an Oscar for Rocky. McCormick says, “Robert walked in and said, ‘John, there’s good news and bad news. The good news is you’ve just been nominated for an Academy Award. Congratulations. The bad news is you’re fired.’” (Avildsen won the Oscar.)

“Now what do we do?” McCormick asked Stigwood.

“We get another director.”

O, John Badham came on the scene, three weeks before principal photography was to begin. Badham was born in England, raised in Alabama, and educated at the Yale School of Drama. Like Travolta, he came from a theatrical family. His mother was an actress and his sister, Mary, had played Scout, Atticus Finch’s daughter, in To Kill a Mockingbird. It was her connec-
A STAR IS BORN

1) Screenwriter Norman S. Wexler in the San Francisco city jail, after being arrested and charged with disorderly conduct on an airplane, 1972. (2) Travolta being filmed by camera operator Tom Priestly. (3) Pape, Travolta, Bruce Ornstein (Gus), and Miller in character as the Faces on the first day of shooting on location, 1977. (4) A scene from Welcome Back Kotter, about 1975. (5) Travolta with his father, Salvatore, and mother, Helen, 1976. (6) Travolta in a scene from the film. (7) Director John Badham, actress Karen Lynn Gorney (Stephanie Mangano), and Travolta at the Bay Ridge dance studio. (8) Choreographer Lester Wilson and his Afghan, Miles, on the Boulevard Saint-Germain, in Paris, 1969. (9) Travolta makes the crowd go wild in his big dance scene.

Travolta and the rest of the cast were in Brooklyn, performing in the film. The set was filled with dancers, and the atmosphere was electric. The director, John Badham, was a perfectionist, and Travolta had to get the dance moves just right. He also had to work with several different choreographers, including Lester Wilson, who was known for his work with disco dancers.

Travolta describes Wilson as “such an interesting guy. He taught me what he called his ‘hang time.’ He would smoke a cigarette to greet the day, and he infused my dancing with African-American rhythm. I’m the kind of dancer who needs thought and construction—an idea—before I dance. I need an internal story. Lester would put on some music and he would say, ‘Move with me, motherfucker—move with me!’”

Before they could start filming, they had to get the setting just right. Lloyd Kaufman, co-founder of Troma Entertainment and the film’s executive in charge of locations, says, “We looked at every disco in Manhattan, Brooklyn, and Queens, and even considered converting a loft to our own specifications, before deciding to go with 2001 Odyssey, in Bay Ridge. That
“There were 10,000 kids on the streets, and we only have four security guys,” says Kevin McCormick.

Narrows Bridge scenes, was shot entirely in Bay Ridge.

Filming in Brooklyn brought a whole new set of challenges. It was a rough place, and the production started to have some neighborhood problems. A firebomb was thrown at the discothèque, but it didn’t cause any serious damage. McCormick asked John Niccolla, the production manager on the shoot and a tough Italian character, “What the fuck is this about?” And he said, “Well, you know, it’s a neighborhood thing. They want us to hire some of the kids.” Then these two guys appeared on the set, pulled me off to the side. ‘You know, you’re being disruptive to the neighborhood. You might need some security. And if you want to put lights on the bowling alley across the street, Black Stan really wants seven grand.’” They paid him.

Tom Priestley, then a camera operator on his first feature film, says, “We all grew up on locations in New York because Hollywood had all the studios. We had one or two stages that were decent. But most of the time, all our work was in the streets. We didn’t have all the bells and whistles that Hollywood had. And that’s what made us, I think, tough and adaptable. You figure if you can work in New York you can work anywhere.”

To research his character, Travolta began sneaking into 2001 Odyssey with Wexler. So great was his popularity as Vinnie Barbarino he had to disguise himself in dark glasses and a hat. Before he was spotted, he watched the Faces—the cool, aggressive dancers Cohn had based his article on—concentrating on every detail of their behavior. When he was recognized—“Hey, man! Hey, it’s fuckin’ Travolta!”—the actor noticed how the disco’s alpha males kept their girls in line. “Their girlfriends would come up, and they’d say, ‘Hey, stay away from him, don’t bug Travolta,’ and they’d actually push the girls away. Tony Manero’s whole male-chauvinist thing I got from watching those guys in the disco,” says Travolta.

Priestley remembers, “I would’ve thought the real guys [in Brooklyn] would haveresented an ed film like this, like we’ve come to make fun of them or something, but they loved it. There was one brother-and-sister team that was very good. Remember, all those people in the show are extras. You see them dancing next to Travolta and Donna Pescos who played Annette. They were really good dancers.”

Filming began on March 14, 1977. “The first day’s location was outside the dance studio,” recalls McCormick. “I got a phone call from the production manager, and he said, ‘This is chaos!’ I came out and there were 10,000 kids on the streets, and we only have four security guys. So we had to shut down for a couple of hours while we just regrouped and tried to figure out a way to make it work. It was the first time that we actually had a sense of who John was.” By the end of the first day, they had to shut down so home because “there was no place to point the camera without cutting people. We’d have to put out fake cameramen and get out there at 5:30 in the morning” to avoid the crush of fans.

Brooklyn-born actress Donna Pescos who breaks your heart as Annette, the foolish local girl whose adoration of Tor nearly destroys her, was in the makeup trailer with Travolta when fans surrounded them and started rocking the trailer back and forth. “That was terrifying,” she remembers. “So, they got the right people in the neighborhood, who said ‘Don’t do that anymore.’ They were practically paying protection—mean, it was really tough.”

Karen Lynn Gorney, however, felt that the sheer energy released by thousands of Travolta’s female fans yelling “Barbara no!” added to the set. “It helped the film,” she says. “A lot of female hormones raging around—that might have been a good thing. Women aren’t supposed to express their sexuality, but that’s what you get, a lot of screaming and crying, because they’re sitting on their gonads.”

A personal tragedy was unfolding for Travolta, however. Diana Hyland’s struggle with breast cancer. By the time he began prepping to play Tony Manero, she was dying. Travolta made many trips from New York to Los Angeles to be with her through her illness, so he was in a state of constant jet lag and distress. Two weeks after shooting began he flew to the West Coast to be with Diana one last time. “He didn’t know Diana was sick when he fell in love.” Travolta’s mother, Helen, later told McCall’s magazine, “but he stuck with her when he did know.” On March 27, 1977, Hyland died in his arms.

Andy Warhol was on Travolta’s return flight to New York. He later wrote in his diary, “John Travolta kept going to the bathroom, coming out with his eyes bright red and drinking orange juice and liquor in a pate cup, and he put his head in a pillow and started crying. I saw him reading a script, too. I thought he was acting, really cute and sensitive-looking, very tall. You can see the magic in him. I asked the stewardess why he was crying and she said, ‘Death in the family.’ So I thought it was a mother or father, until I picked up the paper at home and found out that it was Diana Hyland, who died of cancer at forty-one, soap-opera queen, his steady date.”

Karen Lynn Gorney later said she could feel Diana’s spirit on the set, “protecting him, because he was going through deep grief and he had to get through it. If he fell into the grief, he wouldn’t be able to pull himself out of it. But he was very professional and he was right there on the money. I remember the scene at the Verrazano Bridge when I lean over and kiss him. The poor thing was suffering so, and that kiss was totally sponta-
That wasn’t Tony and Stephanie—that because I really saw he was hurting.”

There's another lovely scene between volta and Gorney, when Stephanie goes to accompany Tony to a Brooklyn restaurant. “We wanted to see how much we could do in one shot,” Badham says about that scene, which was filmed through the restaurant's window, so you see in through a glorious, dreamlike reflection of a city skyline—“magic and distant.”

But try to impress each other with their cry and their cool, but they are hilariously unpolished. (Stephanie informs Tony worldly New Yorkers drink tea with on.) “These kids are trying to pretend they're a lot more sophisticated than they are,” Badham says, “though obviously body that says ‘Bonwit Taylor’ hasn’t got it all together.” As the scene unfa, the light subtly changes, late afternoo moving into dusk.

Travolta and Stigwood clashed on a number of occasions. When Travolta first saw the rushes of the opening scene, in which a stand-in shot from the knees down—takes that famous walk along Brooklyn's 86th Street to the beat of “Stayin' Alive,” he insisted that his character didn't walk like that. He made Badham shoot the scene, this time with Travolta sitting down the avenue. Later, when Travolta got his first look at how his big dance had been edited, he had a meltdown. “I was crying and very angry because of the way the dance highlight was shot. I knew it should appear on-screen, and it isn't shot that way. You couldn't even see feet!” The sequence had been edited for scene-ups, so that all his hard work—the bee drops, the splits, the solo he had laid over for nine months—had been cut at the knees. He knew that for the scene work, he had to be seen head to toe, so one would think someone else had done dancing for him. One of the most famous dance numbers in the history of film most didn't make it to the screen.

“I called Stigwood,” Travolta says, “crying and furious, and said, ‘Robert, I'm off the movie. I don't want to be a part of it anymore.’”

Stigwood gave Travolta license to re-edit the scene, over Badham's objections. At 23, Travolta knew what he wanted and what he could do, and he was protecting his character and his dazzling moves.

“The Bee Gees weren't even involved in the movie in the beginning,” says Travolta. “I was dancing to Stevie Wonder and Boz Scaggs.” Once they came in, however, everything changed.

Afterward, Stigwood thought of the Bee Gees as co-creators of the movie. “Those first five songs,” says Bill Oakes, “which I put on the first side of the soundtrack double album—‘Stayin’ Alive,’ ‘How Deep Is Your Love,’ ‘Night Fever,’ ‘More than a Woman,’ and ‘If I Can’t Have You’—written by the brothers Gibb but sung by Oakes’s wife at the time, Yvonne Elliman—that’s the side you couldn’t stop playing.” But in 1976, before Stigwood bought the rights to Cohn's article, “The Bee Gees were broken,” remembers McCormick. “They were touring Malaysia and Venezuela, the two places where they were still popular. They were a mess. Everybody [in the group] had their own little soap opera.” But Stigwood still had this innate ability to spot where a trend was going, like he had this pop cyroscope implanted in him,” he adds.

The Bee Gees are three brothers—Barry, Robin, and Maurice Gibb—who were born on the Isle of Man and grew up in Australia, and whose first big hit, "New York Mining Disaster 1941," had some people believing that it was secretly recorded by the Beatles under a pseudonym. It was followed by two more hits: "To Love Somebody" and "How Can You Mend a Broken Heart." Quick fame and riches put tremendous strains on the group—they broke up, tried solo acts, regrouped, and by the time of Saturday Night Fever were considered a dated 60s band, awash in drugs and alcohol and legal problems. Nonetheless, Stigwood signed them to his record label and released "Jive Talkin’" to radio stations anonymously, because no one wanted to hear from the Bee Gees. Oakes recalls that in the early 1970s "it was hard just getting the Bee Gees back on the radio, because they were virtually blacklisted." But when "Jive Talkin’" hit, people were surprised to learn that "these falsetto-singing disco chaps were in fact your old Bee Gees—that again was Stigwood's genius." The song and the album it came from, Main Course, were huge hits. Even though they weren't a disco band—they didn't go to clubs, they didn't even dance—Stigwood felt they had "the beat of the dance floor in their blood," Oakes says.

When Stigwood told the band about Cohn's article and asked them to write songs for the movie, they were back living on the Isle of Man, for tax reasons. Barry Gibb suggested a few titles, including "Stayin' Alive" and "Night Fever," but it wasn't until they convened at the Chateau D'Heurville studio, in France, to mix a live album called Here at Last, did they flesh out those songs—and they wrote them virtually in a single weekend.

Stigwood and Oakes turned up in Heurville, and the Bee Gees played their demos: "How Deep Is Your Love," "Stayin' Alive," "Night Fever," "More than a Woman." "They flipped out and said these will be great. We still had no concept of the movie, except some kind of rough script that they'd brought with them," according to Barry Gibb. "You've got to remember, we were fairly dead in the water at that point, 1975, somewhere in that zone—the Bee Gees' sound was basically tired. We needed something new. We hadn't had a hit record in about three years. So we felt, Oh jeez, that's it. That's our life span, like most groups in the late 60s. So, we had to find something. We didn't know what was going to happen!"

Oakes mixed the soundtrack on the Paramount lot. Senior executives would call across the commissary to ask, "‘How’s your little disco movie, Billy?’ They thought it was rather silly; disco had run its course. These days, Fever is credited with kicking off the whole disco thing—it really didn’t. Truth is, it breathed new life into a genre that was actually dying."

The music had a profound effect on cast and crew. Priestley remembers, "We all thought we'd fallen into a bucket of shit, and then we heard that music. It changed everything. We didn't hear the soundtrack until we were about three weeks into the movie. But once you heard it, you said, 'Whoa! An aura came over it. I mean, I'm not a disco fan, but that music transcends disco.'" For the first time, everyone dared to think this movie could be big. Gorney, whose father was Jay Gorney, the songwriter who wrote such hits as "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime" and "You're My Thrill," had the same reaction: "The first time I heard the music I said, 'Those are monster hits.'"

"How long was the Fever shoot?" asks Karen Lynn Gorney rhetorically. "Three months and 30 years, and it's not over yet. I seemed to be always working on the film, because of the dancing. Physically, I was weak when I started. I was terrified, because the first time I danced with John he'd been working for half a year on this stuff. I felt like I was trying to dance with a wild stallion—he was that strong."

An actress and dancer who was well known at the time as Tara Martin Tyler Brent Jefferson on ABC's endlessly run-
THE FIRST DAYS OF DISCO

Travolta and dance instructor Deney Terio, who would go on to host the TV show Dance Fever, working on a routine in a Los Angeles rehearsal studio, photographed by Julian Wasser, 1977.
I’m not that good a dancer,” Travolta told Hyland. “‘Baby,’ she said, “you’re going to learn!”

ning soap opera All My Children, Gorney landed the part after sharing a cab with Stigwood’s nephew. When he described the movie to her, she asked, “Am I in it?” She then auditioned for Stigwood in his apartment in the San Remo, on Central Park West. “I remember this giant silk Chinese screen along the wall—the whole history of China. I did the best acting of my life in front of him.” She landed the part of Stephanie, a Brooklyn climber who has already made the big move to “the city” and is hell-bent on self-improvement—taking college courses and drinking tea with lemon. Tony reminds her of the neighborhood she’s trying to escape. It’s a touching and comic role—at one point, while showing off her erudition in her Brooklyn accent, she insists that Romeo and Juliet was written by Zefferelli. “I was trying to convince myself to stay away from Tony,” she says about her role, “because he wasn’t going to get me anywhere. I wanted you to see the voices in her head saying, ‘Oh, he’s too young. He doesn’t have any class.’”

There was some early grumbling about Gorney when filming began. Certain crew members felt she was too old for the part, and that her dancing wasn’t up to par. (She had sustained serious injuries in a motorcycle accident a few years earlier.) But Pauline Kael, in her review of the film, found the performance affecting: “Gorney wins you over by her small, harried, tight face and her line readings, which are sometimes miraculously edgy and ardent. The determined, troubled Stephanie ... is an updated version of those working girls that Ginger Rogers used to play.” Her toughness, her ambition—even her comic cluelessness—contribute to the authenticity of the film. As does an accent so thick it needs subtitles.

The other important female character is Annette, played by Donna Pescow. She auditioned for the role six times—three for Avildsen, three for Badham. When she got the part, at 22, she said it was the first Christmas in years she wouldn’t have to work at Bloomingdale’s selling ornaments. She had spent two years at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, in New York, trying to get rid of her Brooklyn accent, but when she finally landed the role, she had to reclaim it. Legendary casting director Shirley Rich told her, “Donna. Move back home, hang out with your parents. You sound like you don’t come from anywhere.”

“I grew up never calling it ‘Manhattan.’ It was always ‘the city’—‘We’re going to the city,’” Pescow recalls. “I was living with my folks because it was close to the set, and I didn’t drive. And so the Teamsters used to pick me up. My first night of shooting, my grandfather Jack Goldress drove me to the set in Bay Ridge. He was a former lighting man in vaudeville and then a movie projectionist at the RKO Albee, so movies were not a big thing for him. He was more interested in finding parking.”

Badham rehearsed Pescow and the faces for a couple of weeks. “just to get us to be kind of a gang. We went to the clubs together. Travolta couldn’t go because he was too recognizable, but the other guys went. I’d never been in a discotheque, ever.”

ne of the first scenes shot with Donna was the gang rape scene, still a harrowing thing to watch. An acting coach at the American Academy once told her, “If you play a victim, you’re lost,” and she seems to have followed that advice. Though we cringe at the way her character is abused, we see her strength and her resilience. In her effort to become the kind of woman who can attract Tony, she allows herself to be abused by the boys she probably grew up with, went to school with, danced with. Yet her character has the most insight into how women’s roles were changing: Tony contemptuously asks her, “What are you anyway, a nice girl or you a cunt?” To which she replies, “I don’t know—both!”

“John Badham and I had a running disagreement” about that scene, Pescow remembers. “I said, ‘She’s a virgin.’ He said, ‘No, she’s not.’ That’s why I never played it as if she were really raped—she wasn’t—she was off in her own little world,” offering up her virginity, by proxy, to Tony Manero.

Pape admits how difficult it was to film that scene. “What Donna did was an incredible piece of acting. We were really worried it was going to affect our friendship. We talked about it a lot before we did it. We had to go into this choreographed situation where you’re violating your friend with no concern for her feelings whatsoever. We had to go to a place where we weren’t protecting her at all. She was willing to give it up to the wrong guy. And what did she really want? She just wanted to be loved.”

Everyone on the set seemed to respond to Pescow’s vulnerability. Says Priestley, “The crew just loved her. She was so great. But we all felt sorry for her. There’s that great scene where she walks up to Tony and says, ‘You’re gonna ask me to sit down?’ And he says, ‘No,’ but she said, ‘You’d ask me to lie down.’ She was perfect—it was so Brooklyn. I mean, the little outfit with the white fur jacket? It makes you feel bad for every girl you screwed over.”

Tony Manero’s Faces—his entourage of homeboys who watch his back, admire his dancing, keep the girls from bothering him, and rumble with the Puerto Ricans—were played with pathos and humor by Pape (Double J), Barry Miller (Bobby C), and Joseph Cali (Joey). When he first moved to New York from Rochester, Pape says, “Pacino was the actor to be—he was the hottest thing. He was the presiding spirit of the movie. When Tony comes out of his room in his underwear and his Italian grandmother crosses herself, he says, ‘Attica! Attica!’—that’s from Dog Day Afternoon.” Pape managed to land this, his first film role, on his first audition—almost unheard of—and his character was a kind of “lieutenant figure who could easily have been the leader. But he had one flaw: he
had a bad temper. That's why he was in second position."

Like his cohorts, Cali, a stage-trained actor, would end up being typecast by the role of Joey. "People thought I was that street guy. I had to be Joey," he later said. Miller, as the hapless Bobby C., has the most shocking moment in the film when he falls—or jumps—to his death from the Verazzano Bridge. He's depressed because his girlfriend is pregnant and he knows he has to marry her, ending his carefree days as one of Tony's entourage.

The actors rehearsed for a few weeks in Manhattan, around Eighth Street and Broadway. "We just played basketball together and did that scene where we're making fun of the gay guys," Pape says. "We were all brand new—it's what we'd been dreaming about, having a chance to prove ourselves. We all improvised well together."

(Travolta, in fact, was an inspired improviser. Manero's overbearing father slaps him on the head during an argument at the dinner table. Travolta improvised, "Would you just watch the hair? You know, I work on my hair a long time, and you hit it! He hits my hair!")

In preparing for their roles, the faces went to Times Square with the costume designer, Patrizia von Brandenstein (who would later win an Oscar for her art direction on Amadeus). The wardrobe was bought off the rack, adding to the film's authenticity. "We were buying all these polyester things, picking out all this costume jewelry. She had a great feel for it," Pape says. Von Brandenstein found Travolta's famous white suit at a boutique in Bay Ridge just under the EL. "It was 1977," says Priestley. "You had to have bling—all the gold around your neck, the pointy shoes. You had to have the suit. It was called 'the Hollywood Rise.'"

Pape took inspiration from the crush of local Barbarino fans hanging around the shoot. "It wasn't just that they were there to see Travolta," he says. "If they could get within five feet of you, they wanted to be sure you were doing them right. They didn't want Hollywood bullshit. These were the guys who went to the clubs on the weekends, who worked in the paint stores, who had the dead-end jobs. This was important to them. It wasn't just about hanging around movie people. It was like, Yeah, you're welcome to be here. But regardless of what you think, respect it. This is our life, this is our world. One of the guys said, 'You can touch it, but don't spit on it.'"

The Verazzano-Narrows Bridge looms over Saturday Night Fever's nearly mythical structure. Named after the 16th-century Italian explorer Giovanni da Verrazano, the bridge is a source of ethnicity pride for Italian-Americans. When it opened on November 21, 1964, it was the world's longest suspension bridge in the world, connecting Brooklyn and Staten Island. An American achievement with an Italian name, it symbolizes the realization of unreachable dreams. Tony knows that bridge, and in one scene he lovingly describes its history, its dimensions, its grandeur. It's where Tony's entourage—full of alcohol and sheer animal energy—hang from the girders and dare one another to climb higher. The crew spent three harrowing nights filming on the Verazzano, and it was a nightmare, as the March weather veered from freezing on one occasion to nearly 90 degrees on another. The high winds posed additional threats to the camera crew and stuntmen. Doubling as Travolta's stand-in and wearing Tony Maneiro's shoes and pants, Priestley, the camera operator for the scene, took a handheld camera out on the bridge's main beam and filmed himself with just a key grip holding his waist. "I was young. You couldn't sense danger then. But you're 600 feet off the water. I had my camera in my hand and we just did it. We wanted to show Hollywood we could make great films."

"They were talking about putting a guy wire on us," Pape reminisces, "and I said, 'No.' I just jumped up on the cable to show them I could swing around. There was no safety net. I was [hundreds] of feet above the water. All that was improvised—it wasn't planned. I just jumped up there and said, 'Let's do it, let's get it done.'"

The cast and crew thought that Paramount didn't care about Saturday Night Fever. "They gave us an office on the lot the size of a broom closet," Oakes says. "They didn't believe in it. Only Stigwood knew it was going to be something big. It was just the studio's 'little disco movie'—that was the phrase that haunted me."

In fact, word was getting back to Michael Eisner, newly enounced as Paramount's head of production, that the movie was too vulgar. At previews in Cincinnati and Columbus, half the audience walked out because of the language and sex scenes. McCormick remembers being paged in Kennedy Airport: "I pick up the phone and it's Eisner, who starts screaming at me because we'd only taken two "fuck's out. It became one of those ridiculous arguing sessions, where they said, 'Take out two "fuck's out and I'll let you have one "spic.'"'

Stigwood finally agreed to take two "fuck's out of the movie, and that was it—he wouldn't change." They did leave in the term "blow job," however, which, some believe, is the first time the phrase was uttered in a feature film. (Attempts to reach Eisner were unsuccessful)

It wasn't just the language. Some of the suits at Paramount were made uncomfortable by the way Travolta was so lovingly photographed in one scene—preening in front of the mirror in his bikini briefs, a gold chain nestled in his chest hair—by cinematographer Ralf D. Bode. "We got kinds of hassle," remembers Badham. "We were letting some man walk around in underwear, showing his body off." The image of lean, sexually vibrant Travolta was so homoerotic that the production design Charles Bailey, put up that Farrah Fawcett poster just to cool things off.

There was another little problem that Paramount had to deal with before the film could ever be released. Hairspary won't be the first time John Travolta dress in drag. Letting off steam at the end of the shoot, Travolta and members of the crew filmed a mock wedding at the disco—the laughs—with John dressed as the bride and one of the grips appearing as the groom.

"They wanted to blow Paramount's mind," Bill Ward explains. "But when the studio executives arrived, according to Tom Prenley, "they didn't see the humor in it. They sent someone to take control of the film and I'm sure they burned it."

Stigwood released the music before the film—his strategy not only worked, it changed the game. "He basically pioneered an entirely new way of doing business—the distribution of films, records, and television," Oakes believes, "I think his being from Australia had a lot to do with it—that sort of buccaneering adventurism, that entrepreneurship. I don't think it would have been as successful if he'd been English."

Eisner was skiing in Vail two weeks before the movie opened, on December 7, 1977, heard 'Stayin' Alive' at the lift, at the bottom, and then we went up to the top, to the restaurant, and they were playing 'Stayin' Alive' there, too, so I called up Barry Diller, head of Paramount, and I said, 'Do we have a hit here?' And then it opened, Eisner recounted, and Travolta "was the biggest thing that ever happened." When the film debuted, at Grauman's Chinese Theatre it was a phenomenon. In its first 11 days, grossed more than $11 million—it would go on to gross $385 million, and the soundtrack became the best-selling movie soundtrack album of all time (until Whitney Houston The Bodyguard, in 1992).

Travolta, who thought they were just "doing a little art film in Brooklyn was stunned. Not only did it breathe new life into disco, it changed the way America youth looked: "Thousands of shaggy-haired blue-jean-clad youngsters are suddenly putting on suits and vests, combing their hair, and learning to dance with partners," wrote Newsweek. The Abraham & Straus department store in Brooklyn even opened "Night Fever" men's-wear boutique. Joh Travolta look-alike contests were drawn

The movie changed John Travolta's life. What Brando and James Dean had been to the 1950s, Travolta was to the 1970s. Saturday Night Fever, believes Travolta, gave the decade its cultural identity. Pape felt that it was just Travolta's fate: "Sometimes it's time for you to have the brass ring. It's like, in John's life, it was meant to happen, and everybody just has to get out of the way." When movie stardom hit for Travolta, there was no one else in his stratosphere. "I had the field to myself," he recalls. "A few years later, Cruise would come along, and Tom Hanks, and Mel Gibson, but for a long time there was no one else out there. It was like Valention-style popularity, an unimaginable pinnacle of fame. It's not that I wanted competition. I just wanted company."

For Pape, the movie "was like getting strapped onto a rocket ship. I became almost a victim of my own success. All the stage training I'd had, all the stuff that I'd done, it was starting to work against me, because the only work I was being offered were similar kinds of things. The very thing that made us trapped us." Pescow, who won the New York Film Critics Circle Award for best supporting actress for the film, later got rave reviews playing a waitress on television in the short-lived Angie. After that, she "spent years waiting for a film part to come through. And when it didn't I realized I was turning my entire life into a waiting room. I wasn't going to do that anymore." Today, Pape is in demand doing voice-overs for television and film, and he's C.E.O. of his own production company, Red Wall Productions. And Pescow's return to acting was not an insignificant one. As if to forge a link between Tony Manero and Tony Soprano (could there possibly be a white suit hanging among the other skeletons in Soprano's closet?), Pescow appeared in the controversial final episode of The Sopranos.

By the end of the 90s, Joseph Cali had occasionally turned up on television, in shows such as Baywatch and Melrose Place, but he now primarily sells high-end home-theater equipment for Cello Music & Film Systems, a company he founded six years ago. Gorney has appeared in dozens of independent films since Saturday Night Fever. She might well have ushered in the era of the tough heroine with the thick Brooklyn accent, embodied by actresses such as Marisa Tomei, Debi Mazar, and Lorraine Bracco.

McCormick now says that working on Fever "was the most exciting time of my life. I couldn't get up early enough, and I couldn't wait to see the dailies every day. It went from a dark winter of John losing Diana to a glorious summer. And we didn't know at
FEVER PITCH

the end how it was going to work out. All I prayed for was that it would be enough of a success that I'd get to work on another movie." His prayers were answered. At Warner Bros., McCormick has seen such films as *Syriana*, *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, *The Perfect Storm*, *Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood*, *Fight Club*, and *Blood Diamond*.

Stigwood's comet also continued to burn - for a while. * Fever* was followed by *Grease*, which did even better at the box office. But inevitably, perhaps, Stigwood and the Bee Gees fell out. The band filed a $120 million lawsuit against him, which would later be settled out of court. RSO folded in 1981. "I know I'd worked for a magician—an alchemist," McCormick says, but after *Saturday Night Fever* "you could never get him interested in anything again. He really had no serious desire. He wanted to be safe. And all that money went offshore to Bermuda," where Stigwood maintained a baronial estate for a number of years. Oakes says, "He removed himself from everyday life, almost like Howard Hughes. He was literally on his yacht, or in a suite somewhere. To get him to go out was a major achievement."

Travolta believes that "the big difference between me and Stigwood was, when something is that big, people feel in a way that they'd rather get out if they can't replicate that incredible success. He pulled up his ladder, moved to Bermuda, decided to get out of the game." For Travolta it was different. "It was never just about money. I'd wanted to be a film actor my entire life. For Stigwood, if it wasn't the pinnacle every time, he wasn't going to stay."

Travolta found himself in the wilderness, too, after the success of *Grease*. His third film for RSO, *Moment by Moment*, with Lily Tomlin, was a disappointment for everyone. (Critics nicknamed it *Hour by Hour*.) In 1983, Stigwood co-produced a sequel to *Saturday Night Fever* called *Staying Alive*, with its writer-director Sylvester Stallone. Although Norman Wexler co-wrote the screenplay, the movie was a disaster. "I called it *Staying Awake—it was ego gone mad," recalls Oakes. "It was shorter, five times more expensive, and not any good." Oakes withdrew from Hollywood soon after. "That's when I said, 'I'm putting down my tools.'" After writing a film for Arnold Schwarzenegger ( *Raw Deal*, in 1986), Wexler started turning down work. "I was fired by my agent," he told friends gleefully, before returning to play writing. His last play, in 1996, was a comedy, *Forgive Me, Forgive Me Not*. He died three years later.

Travolta's career had a brief boost with two comedies, *Look Who's Talking* and *Look Who's Talking Too*, in 1989 and 1990, but by 1994, when he came to the attention of an intense young filmmaker new in Hollywood, his asking price had plummeted to $150,000. Quentin Tarantino was a huge fan of Travolta's, and he cast him in the role of Vincent Vega, a hit man who can dance, in *Pulp Fiction*. After *Welcome Back, Kotter* and *Saturday Night Fever*, it was the third time a character named Vincent would transform Travolta's career.

As for Nick Cohn, he admits that "in America I have always, and will always be, the guy that did *Saturday Night Fever*." Twenty years after its release, he published an article in *New York* magazine explaining how he had come to create the character of Vincent, cobbling together from all the faces he'd seen while trawling through pop-culture venues in the U.K. and America. There was in fact no Tony Manero, except for the one made flesh by Wexler's screenplay and Travolta's performance. For Cohn, "the whole phenomenon was just Travolta, because his particular gift is sympathy. There's something about those puppy-dog eyes and the wetness around the mouth. And the other ingredients—my character, the Bee Gees' music, Wexler's script—they all had their function. But it would not have been a touchstone, it wouldn't have worked with anybody else—nobody else could have done it."

In the early 80s the disco craze ended with a thud, followed by a backlash, from which the Bee Gees have never quite recovered. Those embarrassing white suits and platform shoes went back to the back of the closet, or have been sold on eBay, and the disco sound evolved into the four-on-four beat of club divas such as Madonna and hip-hop artists such as Wyclef Jean (who remade "Stayin' Alive" as "We Trying to Stay Alive"). In 2005, a memorabilia company called Profiles in History put the 2001 Odyssey dance floor up for auction, but the attempt just ended up in a lawsuit. The nightclub continued to exist, for a while anyway, at 802 64th Street in Brooklyn, with a new name— Spectrum—ending its life as a gay, black dance club, where the disco craze first began.

But the characters of *Saturday Night Fever* live on in the collective imagination. I remember a moment nearly 10 years after the film when the poet Allen Ginsberg asked the Clash's Joe Strummer if he believed in reincarnation, and Strummer jumped the gun and said he'd like to come back as "Tony Manero, the guy from *Saturday Night Fever*—he had great fucking hair." Bay Ridge calling! Bay Ridge calling!
Matthew Monzon for Kérastase/Exclusive Artists. On her face, PRESCRIPTIVES Virtual Matte Oil-Control Makeup in Fresh Cream, and Liquid Powder in Translucent; on her eyes, Colorscope Eye Color in Indigo, and Here to Stay 24-Hour Longwear Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Cosmocrome Cheek Color in Ginger; on her lips, Cosmocrome Lipcolor in Champagne; Gita Bass for Prescriptives/Exclusive Artists. Production by Rhoda Boone.

CHRIS BROWN

MARION COTILLARD
ALEXANDER McQUEEN dress from Alexander McQueen, N.Y.C., or call 212-645-1797; Isabelle Peyrut for Call My Agent. Hair styled with REDKEN Mild Condition light 05 and Medium Control Align 12; Peter for REDKEN soloartists.com. On her face, 2 Studio Fix Foundation in N9; on her eyes, Eye Shadow in Shadowy Lady, Eye Pencil in Ebony, and Pro Lash Mascara in Coal; on her cheeks, Blushcreme in Laid Back; on her lips, Tinted Lipglass in Russian Red; on her hair, Maxima Styling Gel. Grooming by Kenetha Lee and Natalie Dorier for cloutieragency.com/Mark Cosmetics. Makeup by Tharuanaer for supercube.net. Production Rhoda Boone.

STAVO SANTAOLALLA
A Mather for CXA. Clyde Haygood for See management.

CAROLTE GAINSBOURG
ENCIAGA by NICOLAS GHESEQUIERE jacket by Balenciaga, N.Y.C. Jonathan Connelly for an Experiment. Emmanuel Sammartino for Cie-France Thavonekham.

INNIE DRIVER
MUT LANG dress and jacket from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide, or go to hollywoodm; DIOR HOMME top from Dior Homme, 212-525-1333; leather guitar strap by 360’s; leather guitar from Gibson Guitar. For styled with KÉRASTASE Resistance Umaformic Expansion Spray and Resistance Quine Double Force Multi-Protective Spray;

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INNIE DRIVER
MUT LANG dress and jacket from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide, or go to hollywoodm; DIOR HOMME top from Dior Homme, 212-525-1333; leather guitar strap by 360’s; leather guitar from Gibson Guitar. For styled with KÉRASTASE Resistance Umaformic Expansion Spray and Resistance Quine Double Force Multi-Protective Spray;

Matthew Monzon for Kérastase/Exclusive Artists. On her face, PRESCRIPTIVES Virtual Matte Oil-Control Makeup in Fresh Cream, and Liquid Powder in Translucent; on her eyes, Colorscope Eye Color in Indigo, and Here to Stay 24-Hour Longwear Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Cosmocrome Cheek Color in Ginger; on her lips, Cosmocrome Lipcolor in Champagne; Gita Bass for Prescriptives/Exclusive Artists. Production by Rhoda Boone.

CHRIS BROWN

MARION COTILLARD
ALEXANDER McQUEEN dress from Alexander McQueen, N.Y.C., or call 212-645-1797; Isabelle Peyrut for Call My Agent. Hair styled with REDKEN Mild Condition light 05 and Medium Control Align 12; Peter for REDKEN soloartists.com. On her face, 2 Studio Fix Foundation in N9; on her eyes, Eye Shadow in Shadowy Lady, Eye Pencil in Ebony, and Pro Lash Mascara in Coal; on her cheeks, Blushcreme in Laid Back; on her lips, Tinted Lipglass in Russian Red; on her hair, Maxima Styling Gel. Grooming by Kenetha Lee and Natalie Dorier for cloutieragency.com/Mark Cosmetics. Makeup by Tharuanaer for supercube.net. Production Rhoda Boone.

STAVO SANTAOLALLA
A Mather for CXA. Clyde Haygood for See management.

CAROLTE GAINSBOURG
ENCIAGA by NICOLAS GHESEQUIERE jacket by Balenciaga, N.Y.C. Jonathan Connelly for an Experiment. Emmanuel Sammartino for Cie-France Thavonekham.

INNIE DRIVER
MUT LANG dress and jacket from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide, or go to hollywoodm; DIOR HOMME top from Dior Homme, 212-525-1333; leather guitar strap by 360’s; leather guitar from Gibson Guitar. For styled with KÉRASTASE Resistance Umaformic Expansion Spray and Resistance Quine Double Force Multi-Protective Spray;
BILL MURRAY

In 1967, the editors of Tiger Beat magazine devised a set of questions for the Monkees. Now Movies Rock puts them to Bill Murray.

How would your mother describe you in one word?
Troublemaker.

What is your favorite flower?
Columbine.

What is the most insane question you've ever been asked?
“Bill, can’t ask you a question?”

What word in the English language do you wish you had invented?
Blubber.

Where would you like to live?
On the dark end of the street.

What is the first quote that comes to your mind?
“Sit down and shut up!” —Various

What animal best describes the kind of girl you'd be interested in?
Wounded duck.

What do you miss about your childhood?
My mom and dad.

If you could change your name, what would you change it to?
Bill Murphy.

What is the main fault in your character?
Caring about others.

Who is your favorite historical figure?
Abe Lincoln of Illinois.

Describe how you kiss in one word.
Semi-sloppy. (Is that one word?)

If you met the right girl today, would you propose tomorrow?
I met her twice, pal.

What in the world do you least desire?
My neighbor’s wife and lawn.

Why do you think most girls date you?
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Finish this sentence: "Happiness is a thing called . . .”
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This Month's Online Exclusives

PHOTOS
CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS
Outtakes from Part II of our brave columnist's ongoing self-improvement project.

PHOTOS AND VIDEO
PADMA LAKSHMI
It’s been a very good year for the Top Chef host, who is profiled by Nancy Jo Sales in this issue. We bring you exclusive footage and images from Lakshmi’s session with photographer Alexi Lubomirski.

Q&A
FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA
Bruce Handy, the author of this month’s Coppola story, shares outtakes from his conversations with the legendary director, whose Youth Without Youth hits theaters in December.

FROM THE ARCHIVES
BRYAN BURROUGH
Our reporter’s past coverage of Sumner Redstone and Paramount including his December 2006 Redstone profile and “The Siege of Paramount,” from February 1994.

COLLECTION
DOMINICK DUNNE ON THE PHIL SPECTOR TRIAL
First time online: the diarist’s full coverage of the case, from the crime scene to the hung jury.

PHOTOS
JULIA ROBERTS: A RETROSPECTIVE
A look back at our gorgeous cover girl’s many appearances in the pages of Vanity Fair.

PHOTOS AND VIDEO
THE ROCKETTES
For Laura Jacobs’s piece in this issue about the ensemble’s 75th anniversary, Mark Seliger photographed the leggy ladies in the middle of Times Square. Our video cameras were there.

VIDEO
EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS
EXCLUSIVE FEATURE

RECENTLY ON VF.COM

James Wolcott’s Blog “Hillary Clinton has acquired an armor-coated Aura of Inevitability as the next Democratic presidential nominee. . . . But perhaps there’s a darker explanation for why so many Republican brainstormers are also ready and eager to crown Hillary victor—they’re fluffing her up to bring her down because they’ve spotted and plotted the perfect angle of attack.”

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298 MOMMY’S BEING FAMOUS RIGHT NOW
When did the world’s most famous actress become a stay-at-home mother of three? As Julia Roberts stars in Charlie Wilson’s War, Jane Sarkin and Krista Smith get an intimate interview. Photographs by Michael Thompson.

304 TATE-À-TÊTE Annie Leibovitz photographs the Tate museum’s American supporters—a Who’s Who of the art-world establishment.

312 THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF MR. BUSH
Iraq isn’t George W. Bush’s only devastating legacy. Nobel laureate Joseph E. Stiglitz tallies the damage to the U.S. economy. Illustration by Edward Sorel.

316 L.A. NOIR David Friend spotlights David Hume Kennerly’s new book of photographs, with a revelatory shot of President Ford and Governor Reagan.

318 ART’S NEW SUPERPOWER
The booming contemporary-art scene in Beijing and Shanghai is fueled by China’s new money, as well as record prices in the West. Barbara Pollack identifies the stars on this vast new canvas. Photographs by Jonathan Becker.

330 ACT OF ATONEMENT Julian Broad and Ned Zeman spotlight Joe Wright, Keira Knightley, and James McAvoy, who are being faithful to Ian McEwan’s novel.

332 RICHARD PRINCE’S OUTSIDE STREAK
Richard Prince, famous for “re-photographing” magazine ads, has been called both joker and genius. While the Guggenheim cements his status as grand curator of Americana, the artist gives Steven Daly a tour of his private stash. Photographs by Mark Heithoff.

338 PRIDE OF LIONS Richard Corman and Elissa Schappell spotlight 15 New York Public Library lions—from Martin Scorsese to Robert Caro—who were inspired in the stacks.

340 PORTRAITS OF A MARRIAGE
Picasso’s first marriage, to Olga Khokhlova, became a brutal emotional conflict. In an excerpt from the final volume of his biography, John Richardson shows that it also produced some of the painter’s greatest work.

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Sometimes, home is just a feeling.
three, last day of shooting. Paris.

LOUIS VUITTON
Is there any greater journey than love? Room 27. Late June. New York.

Steffi Grcal, André Agnès and Louis Vuitton are proud to support The Climate Project.
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350 THOSE BRIGHT YOUNG FACES As Gossip Girl puts a TV gloss on New York’s private-school elite, Norman Jean Roy spotlights a few real class acts.


FANFAIR


COLUMNS

172 ON THE LIMITS OF SELF-IMPROVEMENT, PART II Christopher Hitchens submits to a second round of upgrades, involving laser acupuncture, fang-doctoring, and hot wax. Photographs by Art Streiber.

176 GENERALS, GADGETS, AND GUERRILLAS The age of the media gadget has one clear rule: Thou shalt steal. Michael Wolff wonders how any corporate warrior, even Steve Jobs, can conquer anarchy.

184 THE VERDICT IS MISSING Dominick Dunne concludes his coverage of the Phil Spector murder trial with details about the deadlocked jurors, the disappointing ending, and O.J.’s uncanny return to the media spotlight. Photograph by William Claxton.

188 ROCKETTES AROUND THE CLOCK Mark Seliger and Laura Jacobs spotlight those marvels of precision, the Rockettes, who have been revamped for their 75th Christmas.

190 SHOWDOWN AT FORT SUMNER With DreamWorks and Paramount squaring off, David Geffen and Sumner Redstone drop the gloves. Both sides vent to Bryan Burrough.


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Blue is the Color of Dreams

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On September 25, Calvin Klein Fragrances and *Vanity Fair* hosted a cocktail reception to launch Calvin Klein MAN, the brand’s newest men’s fragrance. The evening drew more than 100 Calvin Klein Fragrances beauty advisors to the Collins Building, in Miami’s Design District, to learn about the essence of Calvin Klein MAN, enjoy hors d’oeuvres by Touch Catering, and dance to tracks spun by D.J. Cue.

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On September 18, Gant and *Vanity Fair* unveiled the newly re-created Gant global flagship store, on Fifth Avenue in New York. The evening centered on the first-ever Gant Patterns of Green environmental guest lecture, featuring Robert F. Kennedy Jr. and benefiting Waterkeeper Alliance. Guests enjoyed champagne and hors d’oeuvres while exploring the all-new Gant store designed by Annabelle Selldorf, which includes four floors and a gallery space.

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204 WAITING FOR THE PLAGUE Every 48 years, in the remote state of Mizoram, vast swaths of bamboo bloom, spawning a biblical scourge of rats that devour everything in sight. Alex Shoumatoff reports on the race to avert a famine. Photographs by Steve McCurry.

222 FRANÇOIS PINAULT’S ULTIMATE LUXURY Vicky Ward finds the “Rosebud” of luxury tycoon François Pinault—"the Gallic Citizen Kane”—at his new museum in Venice. Photograph by François Halard.

232 MAJORING IN CRIME In 2004, four college kids pulled off a rare-book heist that Danny Ocean might have applauded—except for one mistake. John Falk gets the untold story. Photographs by Doug Bruce.

248 BARDEM CODE Brigitte Lacombe and Peter Biskind spotlight Javier Bardem, Spain’s latest gift to Hollywood.

252 THE LIBERATION OF FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA Youth Without Youth marks Francis Ford Coppola’s return to directing. At the film legend’s Napa Valley retreat, Bruce Handy learns what a difference a wine empire makes. Photograph by Robert Maxwell.

260 A TASTE OF FAME Top Chef host Padma Lakshmi is divorcing Salman Rushdie—and emerging as a foodie goddess. Nancy Jo Sales has the dish. Photograph by Alexi Lubomirski.

270 WHEN WASHINGTON WAS FUN Washington society used to be about bipartisan friendship—and a damn good time. Maureen Orth learns how the party died.

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We Are All Guilty

In Robert Harris's crackerjack new political thriller, *The Ghost*, a former British prime minister has settled into a borrowed house on Martha's Vineyard to work on his memoirs. The ex-P.M. happens to be very much like the one who just stepped down—indeed, he has a wife very much like the one the real one has, as well as a mistress very much like the one the real one is rumored to have had. This ex-P.M. is a glib, callow fellow, far more concerned with appearances than with substance. And, also like his real-life counterpart, this ex-P.M. envisions a comfortable life of big paydays as a newly minted member of the speaker/board-member fraternity. His grand plan begins to unravel when he is ordered by the International Criminal Court to stand before a war-crimes tribunal. It seems that the ex-politician's recent past, in the form of extraordinary rendition and torture methods such as water-boarding, has followed him out of office.

Harris was a superb journalist prior to becoming the best-selling author of such works as *Fatherland*, *Enigma*, and *Pompeii*. When Tony Blair watched the 1997 election returns that gave him the keys to 10 Downing Street, Harris, then working for *The Sunday Times*, was right there with him—the only journalist in the room. Blair's former top adviser, Peter Mandelson, is godfather to one of Harris's children. He knows his stuff, in other words.

All things being equal, such a legal fate may well await not only Tony Blair but our own President Bush, once his clench-jawed-white fingers have been pried from the nuclear "football" for the last time, in January 2009. It is now evident that the United States, beginning at the very top levels of the administration, has been engaged in a coordinated and widespread campaign of extraordinary rendition and real torture—offenses that would have appalled most thinking Americans an administration ago. Thanks to a major report in *The New York Times* in October, we furthermore know that the Bush White House was enabled at every stage by a compliant Justice Department that clandestinely re-wrote U.S. laws so that the president wouldn't technically be in violation of them when he broke them.

A year before his Iraq invasion, Bush sent a memo to his Cabinet declaring that the administration would hereafter not be constrained by the principles of the 1949 Geneva Convention Relative to the Treatment of Prisoners of War. The White House document argued that, because a war on "terrorism" was not a conflict with a particular state or "High Contracting Parties," the rules of war as stipulated by the Convention—especially those involving torture and due process—did not apply. Detainees suspected of having ties to al-Qaeda would thus not be covered by the historic conventions of war, because al-Qaeda is not a conventional nation-state. The administration then sought to legally and narrowly define what torture was. (Remember those balmy days of our youth when we got in a snit over a president who was parsing what was or was not sex?) Almost every manner of humiliation and punishment short of major-organ failure or death was deemed permissible under the administration's definition of torture. Note: the *Concise Oxford English Dictionary* defines torture as "use of intense or severe bodily pain—punishment or means of persuasion..."—meaning that America and her allies emerged victorious from World War II and the Cold War without resorting to any form of death-by-unauthorized torture.

Water-boarding, as we all know, gets two days from this administration. I've read many descriptions of it, but Robert Harris has one in *The Ghost* that is to the point. The prisoner is tightly bound to an inclined board with his feet higher than his head. His face is covered with cloth or cellophane, and when water is poured over it—some of which might leak into his lungs—the prisoner experiences an immediate drowning sensation. Harris says C.I.A. officers who have been subjected to water-boarding during the training have lasted an average of 14 seconds before giving up. Water-boarding can result in damage to the lungs and the brain, as well as a long-term psychological trauma. In 1947, Harris says, a Japanese officer was convicted of war crime for water-boarding an American prisoner and was sentenced to 15 years' hard labor.

Last year, the Supreme Court ruled that the administration's program for trials of accused terrorists by military commissions violated the Uniform Code of Military Justice as well as Common Article 3 of the Geneva Conventions. Article 3 is very clear on two points: This White House has chosen to ignore. Subsection (c) forbids "outrages upon personal dignity, in particular, humiliating and degrading treatment" (my italics), and Subsection (d) forbids "the passing of sentences and the carrying out of executions without previous judgment pronounced by a regularly constituted court affording all the judicial guarantees which are recognized as indispensable by civilized peoples" (my italics again).

Should this all follow the president out of office, as it did Harris's former leader, the lieutenants and functionaries who provided enabling documentation should recall that, when it comes to war crimes, following orders is no defense. No less an authority than Joseph Goebbels, Hitler's chief propagandist, had this to say on the subject in an article he published in May 1944: "No international law of warfare is in existence which provides that a soldier who has committed a murder can escape punishment by pleading as his defense that he followed the commands of his superiors. This holds particularly true if those commands are contrary to all human ethics and opposed to the well-established international usage of warfare." Goebbels was talking not about the Nazi atrocities—war criminals rarely discuss their own atrocities—but about Allied aerial-bombing attacks on Germany. And just as his words came back to haunt him, the White House's re-writing of our own codes of conduct will most surely come back to haunt them and us.

About the only thing stopping the International Criminal Court from going after the president, the vice president, and the former secretary of defense and attorneys general is that the U.S. is not a signatory to its conventions of warfare. Most nations (and all other Western nations) are, but not us. China's not a signatory; neither is Iraq. Such is the company we keep these days. You don't even have to care about the safety of detainees in our custody to care about this issue, because it also governs how other nations treat our sons and daughters (or, in the case of the Iraq war, fathers and mothers of people in their 20s) when they are captured.

At the end of the day, the torture conversation is a reflection of how much America's moral compass has shifted since 9/11. The administration's colossal and extremely wrongheaded reaction to the attacks has caused the U.S. to retreat to the dark, Cheney-esque shadows. The issue of torture goes to the heart of any discussion of who we are as a world citizen. It is not just the top levels of the administration that bear the guilt of war crimes committed in our name. Every government lawyer who helped construct the legal paper trail for the White House is guilty. So are the administration underlings who turned blind eyes to things they knew wrong. Every legislator and journalist who chose silence over the withering furies of right-wing demagogues and talk-radio hosts is guilty, too. We are all guilty, and we should be ashamed. A nation that used to be better than its enemies has, under the Bush administration, become its own worst enemy.

—GRAYDON CARTER
bellies full of wine, and plates full of food, we raised a glass and beckoned this new beginning.

RevealRenaissance.com and stay interesting
Joseph E. Stiglitz

In his first contribution to *Vanity Fair*, Joseph E. Stiglitz, Nobel laureate and a chairman of the President’s Council of Economic Advisers during the Clinton administration, calls attention to Bush’s economic policies and reveals the insidious effects they have already had on our economy and the effects they will have for generations to come. “Obviously, the Iraq war was a major foreign-policy mistake and a national calamity of enormous proportions, but it is also a major economic mistake,” Stiglitz says. “Simply put, for a fraction of what the war will cost our economy, we could have solved many of our nation’s problems—such as fixing Social Security for the next century.” In his piece “The Economic Consequences of Mr. Bush,” page 312, he assesses the damage done. “With the Bush administration, it’s often difficult to separate the different roles played by ideology, special-interest corruption, incompetence, and arrogance. Together, they are a potent mixture, which we have seen in Iraq and we are also seeing in the economy.”

John Richardson

This month, art historian John Richardson writes about Picasso’s tragic and all too often overlooked first wife, Olga Khokhlova. “My predecessors have tended to sweep Olga under the rug,” Richardson says. “In fact, she played an enormously important role and inspired some of Picasso’s most profoundly troubling works, as well as some of his most beautiful and classic ones.” In the 1950s and 60s, Richardson “lived in France, close to Arles and Nimes, where bullfights take place all summer in Roman arenas. Douglas Cooper, with whom I shared a house, and I would have lunch with Picasso before the bullfights, and then give dinners for him, Jean Cocteau, the bullfighters, and their entourages afterwards. We would get Gypsies from the Camargue to sing and dance for him. Picasso loved to join in.” The third volume of Richardson’s Picasso biography, *A Life of Picasso: The Triumphant Years, 1917–1932* (Random House), is available this month.

Jane Sarkin and Krista Smith

*Vanity Fair’s* ambassadors to Hollywood—features editor Jane Sarkin and senior West Coast editor Krista Smith—are familiar with the well-protected inner sanctums of celebrities. For this month’s issue, Sarkin and Smith combine forces to interview the world’s most recognizable actress, Julia Roberts, who invited the reporters into her home. “When we walked into Julia’s home, everything felt organic, all very natural, very calm,” Sarkin says. “Even though a household of three small children isn’t calm, she seemed very peaceful about it all. It’s clear that her priority right now is raising her babies, having a close-knit family, and working when the timing is right for them.” In an age of celebrity meltdowns and overexposure, Roberts presents a welcome respite. “It seems like a cliché, but she really has such a good sense of humor about being Julia Roberts,” Smith explains. “She refuses to give her life up to the paparazzi—she doesn’t let the fame affect her. She’s determined to live a grounded life.”

John Falk

Every time intrepid field reporter John Falk goes to Kentucky, “something weird happens.” He was there investigating a marijuana-growing ring when he read about the Transylvania University library heist in a local paper. In his first story for *Vanity Fair*, Falk, one of the journalists who inspired the recent Richard Gere film *The Hunting Party*, speaks with three of the four studious schemers who stole nearly a million dollars’ worth of rare books from the school’s collection, established underground art contacts in Amsterdam, met with an appraiser at Christie’s in New York, and were caught simply through a chain of careless e-mails. Falk says, “Their only regret is that they have zero access to women in prison,” but otherwise they’re all on the same page. “They’re behind bars, thinking. We’re totally free.” His next project will take him to Sudan with a lost boy in search of his mother.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

DECEMBER 2007
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Jonathan Becker

For the article "Art's New Superpower," which begins on page 318, photographer-at-large Jonathan Becker traveled throughout China to capture some of the artists, dealers, and collectors who are contributing to the booming art world there. "I hadn't been to mainland China in 13 years," Becker (seen here with curator Johnson Chang at the China Club in Hong Kong) says, "and I found the art scene to be a huge and wonderful surprise. It's straightforward, hopeful, and industrious—the whole experience was greatly inspiring." Becker, who has been working at Vanity Fair for more than two decades, began his career as a portraitist for Interview magazine. The New York City–based photographer's many books include Bright Young Things (Assouline) and Studios by the Sea: Artists of Long Island's East End (Abrams).

Michael Thompson

For this month's cover, photographer Michael Thompson, whose past V.F. subjects have included Teri Hatcher and Reese Witherspoon, captures a fresh-faced Julia Roberts. Thompson and Roberts have now collaborated on five separate occasions, and "each time she is an incredibly refreshing person to be around," says Thompson. "She is very truthful, and I simply allow Julia's inner self to come through." In addition to his first celebrityphotography book, due out in fall 2008, Thompson is currently working on a one-man show that will debut at the Hasted Hunt Gallery, in New York, in March.

Sheila Weller

Sheila Weller had Michelle Phillips on her mind while she was writing her forthcoming book, Girls Like Us: Carole King, Joni Mitchell, Carly Simon—and the Journey of a Generation (Atria). "Phillips grew up as a gorgeous baby bohemian in the 1950s and, in a very real sense, became America's first flower child, modeling a guilt-free sexuality that brought strong men such as John Phillips to their knees." While tracing Phillips's uniquely glamorous life, Weller realized that the last living member of the Mamas and the Papas had stayed on her feet not out of luck but out of smarts: "Where others fell, she knew how to be a survivor, in a classic, pragmatic, ingenious way." The senior contributing editor at Glamour, Weller, whose son, Jonathan Kelly, is an executive assistant to the editor of Vanity Fair, has explored other iconic players and subcultures for F. most recently in her story "Malibu's Lost Boys," in August 2006.
It's only insane if my son never makes it to the pros.
Pee-Wee football 2015 draft pick

My son Jason came into this world kicking. My wife said he’d been kicking long before he was even born. And growing up he kicked everything. Balls in the house, the tires on the truck. His little sister. The boy just wanted to kick. So we bought the cleats, helmet, shoulder pads, and a whole bunch of jerseys with our Citi card. And then we bought the goalpost. Getting it into the truck was interesting. Whatever your story is, your Citi card can help you write it.

What’s your story?

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**Bruce Handy**

Deputy editor Bruce Handy traveled deep into the heart of Napa Valley to seek out Francis Ford Coppola, at the legendary director’s wine estate, and discuss his upcoming film, *Youth Without Youth*. “Coppola is part of that generation of filmmakers who fled L.A. for the Bay Area,” says Handy, “like George Lucas and Walter Murch.” Besides being movie geniuses, those guys are also lifestyle geniuses.” Handy’s wide-ranging conversation with Coppola, “The Liberation of Francis Ford Coppola,” page 252, covers the many ups and downs of the director’s career and even touches on his abandoned dream project, a many-layered movie about utopian New York, called *Megapolis*. Coppola says he’s abandoned the expensive, effects-heavy project, but Handy isn’t so sure: “Who knows? In another five years, new technology might make it so cheap he could actually pull it off.”

**Wendy Stark Morrissey**

For this month’s issue, L.A.-based contributing editor Wendy Stark Morrissey took on the task of researching the major players in the rapidly expanding Shanghai and Beijing art worlds (page 318). Visiting the Far East with writer Barbara Pollack and photographer-at-large Jonathan Becker, Morrissey, an established figure on the global art circuit, found that the timing for the trio’s trip couldn’t have been better. “This is the place of the moment,” says Morrissey, who has traveled to China three times since 2005. “The Chinese contemporary-art scene is cutting-edge, and this is truly its breakout hour. It’s at the forefront of the international market.”

**Robert Maxwell**

Francis Ford Coppola may be known for being demanding, but according to photographer Robert Maxwell, when the director is the one being directed he couldn’t be more easygoing. “He was very affable, very nice,” Maxwell says. “He agreed to do everything I asked him to. I was charmed by his lack of pretense.” The clean, natural look of Maxwell’s portrait of Coppola, which accompanies Bruce Handy’s article “The Liberation of Francis Ford Coppola” (page 252), can be found in much of his work. “Simple, direct, and honest is what I try to do,” Maxwell says. “Simple things, in a way, have more bells and whistles than actual bells and whistles.”

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Growing Pains
Feat. "Just Fine"
SIP A DIAMOND
Barbara Pollack

In researching her first *Vanity Fair* piece, “Art’s New Superpower,” on page 318, writer Barbara Pollack, a veteran of the art world, spent one month visiting Shanghai, Beijing, and Hong Kong to snag interviews with typically reticent Chinese contemporary-art dealers, artists, collectors, and curators. Of the process of pulling a story like this together, Pollack says, “It’s always a surreal experience finding art players on such a foreign turf, but a trust exists that allowed me to enter their homes, galleries, and studios to view their collections and see firsthand the inner workings of art in China.” Pollack has been covering the contemporary-art scene since 1994 for *The New York Times, Art & Auction,* and *Art News,* and is currently working on a book entitled *Zoomerang,* which predicts that China will eventually steal the international art scene.

Alex Shoumatoff

Contributing editor Alex Shoumatoff has a well-earned reputation as a far-flung correspondent, and it doesn’t get much more remote than Mizoram, an Indian state blanketed by a species of bamboo that, when it flowers (every 48 years or so), precipitates an explosion of rats that devour the region’s crops. As he recounts in “Waiting for the Plague” (page 204), Shoumatoff (pictured at right in Varanasi, India) visited on the cusp of the bamboo flowering. “The people were very anxious, but they were lovely,” he says. “One night I jammed with some of their top musicians, and their singing was as sweet and beautiful as birdsong.” Shoumatoff brings his guitar on most of his reporting trips, and he plans to release his debut album, *Suitcase on the Loose,* 40 years in the making, in early 2008.

Richard Corman

Richard Corman can add a roomful of intellectual heavyweights to the list of personalities he has worked with for *Vanity Fair,* having shot this month’s “Pride of Lions,” spotlighting the New York Public Library’s distinguished honorees in the arts and sciences. “Over the years I have had a number of memorable experiences with the magazine,” he says. “Whether photographing Tom Wolfe with Kurt Vonnegut or Robin Williams with Saul Bellow or, this month, Martin Scorsese with a group of cultural luminaries, the assignments have always been intriguing and inspiring.” Corman recently returned from photographing participants in the Special Olympics World Summer Games.
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DOONEY & BOURKE
introduces the limited edition Hayden
applaud Evgenia Peretz for exposing some of the true villains of the 2000 election ["Going After Gore," October], those supposedly esteemed journalists who so obviously favored the aw-shucks flash of George W. over the true substance of Al Gore. How valuable and yet heartbreaking it is that, almost eight years later, each one can witness what havoc ultimately was wreaked, partly due to their misquotes and sucker punches. I wonder if any one of them possesses enough of a conscience to look within and ask, What hath we wrought?

Laurie Brookins
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

"GOING AFTER GORE" is a fascinating essay, but it seems to miss an important part of the story. Armed with more influence, and the protection of the amendment, the media bravely went out and inaccurately reported the story, not just once but repeatedly. Gore's message was distorted because the reporters covering him were out of their intellectual depth, overwhelmed by any reference to recent political history, and completely uneducated about the issues. Now they offer the reassuring suggestion that "he probably could have overcome" their incompetence.

As for Vanity Fair, it is good to see that seven years too late, you have noticed that there was a problem. But to explain it by saying, "George Bush made it easy," without progressing to the corollary that the media took the easy way out because they lacked the character, honesty, education, self-awareness, and intelligence to do the hard work that their jobs entail, is, at best, a delusion.

James MacMillan
Toronto, Ontario

EVGENIA PERETZ'S article regarding the treatment of Al Gore by the press in 2000 highlights a primary reason why I no longer read newspapers for news: the coverage proved that many reporters and columnists are so enamored of their own words that they will write almost anything just to get print space. That a large group of reasonably intelligent people overlooked the facts is astounding to me. Here's hoping every one of them does better in 2008, although given the softball coverage of Fred Thompson and Rudy Giuliani and the trash of Senator Clinton on a regular basis already, I rather doubt it. Perhaps the voting public will be smarter this time.

Penney Kobl
Granville, West Virginia

IN 1999 AND 2000, GORE came off as pompous and detached. George W. Bush
CHROME
REFLECTIONS OF MEN

★ macy's
AZZARO
appeared to be the opposite. And in the end that was his appeal to the voters and the media. He was the “anti-Gore.” The press did not do a bad job covering the election. Let’s remember, Gore lost his home state. So while the media may have piled on, the reality of his losing Tennessee will remain a far more damning fact than any column Maureen Dowd ever wrote. I can understand the desire to lament the Gore loss, given what has transpired these past seven years. But it is time to move on. After all, once the country got to see G.W.B. in action we still preferred “four more years” to the alternative. You can’t blame the media for that.

MICHAEL MARINELLO
Seattle, Washington

I APPRECIATED Evgenia Peretz’s article, but there seems to be an important question left unanswered: Why did Gore, and why do Democrats in general, get measured by a different ruler than Republicans? Why is Hillary Clinton’s taking money from a criminal somehow worse (and more likely to make headlines) than Mitt Romney’s taking money from a criminal (visible only on the blogs)? Why is the cost of John Edwards’s haircut reported without comparative information about the other 17 candidates’ haircuts? Although the G.O.P. has suffered expensive losses over the years, perhaps its greatest accomplishment is this: having convinced the country that the “liberal media” are so terrifying that reporters are afraid to play fairly for fear they will be called biased. I suspect the tune hasn’t changed and will not change until media ownership is decentralized.

HEIDI PERRYMAN
Lafayette, California

EVGENIA PERETZ’S vapid article would be pointless were it not so inadvertently telling. News outlets do not have the ability to define presidential nominees. Nominees define themselves both directly and indirectly over the course of long careers. The various caricatures of Gore presented by the media and ostensibly picked up by the unwashed masses are a result of his desire to be everything to everyone. The irony is that this was the death knell

POSTSCRIPT

In June 2004, contributing editor Judy Bachrach reported on a series of injuries Stephen Hawking, the world-famous British physicist and author of the best-selling A Brief History of Time, had endured between 1999 and 2002 (“A Beautiful Mind, an Ugly Possibility”). Hawking’s daughter, Lucy, had learned of these horrifying mishaps and informed the police in Cambridge, England, where Hawking lives and works, of her suspicions of abuse, but after two investigations no charges were brought.

As Stephen Hawking is also, since the age of 22, the victim of Lou Gehrig’s disease, the reports of these traumas (including, on different occasions, a broken wrist, a cut lip, swollen limbs, a black eye, and pain from a fall in the bathtub) made headlines around the world. The question on everyone’s lips: Who was responsible for the injuries? Suspicion centered on Hawking’s second wife, the flame-haired Elaine, who had been, until their 1995 wedding, his devoted nurse. It was she, another nurse claimed, who had been with him when he slipped in the bathtub; other caretakers had seen her scream at her husband, wound and humiliate him in public. But when confronted about his injuries, Hawking told Lucy, the press, and the police not to interfere and that the abuse allegations were “wholeheartedly” false. Nonetheless, something changed: in October 2006, the couple separated and lodged divorce papers.

“My father is very, very well, and very happy,” Lucy, now 36, says, with special emphasis on the word “well.” She also says he is healthy. (In fact, he participated in a zero-gravity flight—allowing him to move without the aid of his wheelchair for the first time in 43 years—last April.) About the divorce of her 65-year-old parent she will not utter a syllable. The same cannot be said of the British press, which published reports claiming everything from new significant others, each having played a part in the Hawking split, to the scientist having an affair. His family told the press that the rumors are completely untrue.

Lucy is talkative, honesty, when it comes to the book for children, called George’s Secret Key to the Universe, that she recently wrote with her father. Lucy describes the co-authoring experience as “very therapeutic for both of us.” Indeed, it is her belief that the collaboration “re-united us.”

In February 2005, Michael Shnayerson reported that crews of burglars—and one solo bandit—had been robbing high-hedged fortresses in affluent areas of West Los Angeles (“Nightmare on Sunset”). Almost a year later, he updated the story (Postscript, December 2005): although the burglars remained at large, robberies in the area had been reduced by 80 percent.

But in January 2006 a new rash of burglaries began; it lasted nearly 18 months, and this time had more sophisticated crooks. To date, the two—possibly three—ski-masked men have targeted at least 75 Westside residences and have stolen up to $8 million. The thieves break windows to get into houses, then quickly ransack the master bedroom, taking only expensive jewelry, cash, and occasionally whole safes. “I hate to say it, but they’re pretty good,” says the L.A. Police Department’s Lieutenant Ray Lombardo, who is leading the burglary task force. “They’ve left us very few clues.”

Because the Platinum Triangle (Beverly Hills, Bel Air, Holmby Hills) is home to scores of celebrities, it’s no surprise that boldfaced names—such as Duran Duran bass guitarist John Taylor and his wife, Juicy Couture president Gela Nash-Taylor, and country-music stars Tim McGraw and Faith Hill—are among the victims.

The L.A.P.D. went public with the robberies in July, after obtaining a picture of the men from a security camera, and since then this crime wave seems to have ceased. Still, the burglaries are cause for alarm—or at least a reminder for hillside and canyon residents to turn their alarm systems on.

To read the original stories, go to VANITYFAIR.COM.
Very famous amongst very few people

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Neiman Marcus
for both his candidacy and his character. It was clear Gore did not have a philosophical or moral baseline from which he operated and, by extension, would govern.

STEVE BRIDGES
Atlanta, Georgia

NICOLE, UNBUTTONED

READERS are accustomed to provocative magazine covers from Vanity Fair. October’s, of Nicole Kidman, is hardly daring when you compare it with some of the others. However, it is surprising to see an actress such as Kidman, who I previously thought had taste, class, and good judgment, allow herself to appear in such cheap, cheesy photograph. The images by Patrick Demarchelier that accompany the article [“The Lady Is Yar,” by Kris Smith] were lovely and elegant. What shame one of them couldn’t have been the cover, instead of a picture of a woman flashing her underwear.

REBECCA GILCHRIST
Los Angeles, California

ALL NEWS, ALL THE TIME

READING MICHAEL WOLFF’S though provoking “Is This the End of News?” (October), I was left with the feeling that...

MORE FROM THE V.F. MAILBAG

T he world’s gone to hell in a handbasket— is that smug, strutting disaster in human shape still deciding?— but never mind: there’s a Gabor hassock with a tear in it. “Is that really a ripped cushion on the ottoman behind Zsa Zsa?” asks Martha Cushing, of Corrales, New Mexico. “Couldn’t you have turned the ottoman around? Or was there an even bigger rip on the other side?” wonders Aileen Carroll, of Toronto. And this from Cathy Jones, in Pittsburgh (we think it might be a haiku):

Zsa Zsa in Chanel: classic
The Prince in Prada: impeccable
Having Jonathan Becker turn the shabby-chic ottoman to hide the torn side before the V.F. shoot: priceless

Apparently the matter of just how torn up that ottoman was, 360-degree-wise, remains an open question.

Distracted, apparently, by the classic beauty of Amy Adams (“Wild About Amy,” October), V.F. misidentified the car she’s in— small portions of which are visible in the photo with her— as a 1960 Cadillac. It is of course a 1960 Corvette. Distracted, apparently, in equal parts by the Corvette and Ms. Adams were K. Gumm, of West Bend, Wisconsin; Bruce Moore, of Hancock, New York; Craig Wexelblatt, of East Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania; and Mike Davitt, of Saline, Michigan— all of whom were kind and astute enough to point out the error.

The Nicole Kidman cover spoke deeply to readers. “Why?!!! Is Nicole selling bras? …SHAME! SHAME!” (Karen Patrick, Burlington, Ontario). “Why is it that all bras and other undergarments seem to have the consistency of swimsuits nowadays? It’s no wonder that the population of the Western world is in decline, given the lack of visual titillation the young male of today must be encountering” (W. W. Padgett, Daly City, California). And now a word from those readers who have just discovered the joys of CAPS LOCK:

“IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE HOW MANY SPAS MR. HITCHENS VISITS, OR HOW THEY ATTEMPT TO MAKE HIM LOOK MORE HUMAN; HIS INNER BEING WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY.” Barry Ross Parnell, of Palm Desert, California, is referring to Part I of Christopher Hitchens’s account of his recent desecration (among other things) regimen. And from Sylvia McLeod, of Cedar Crest, New Mexico: “I WAS ABOUT TO CANCEL MY SUBSCRIPTION, BUT I WILL HAVE TO RECONSIDER NOW THAT YOU HAVE AN ONGOING FEATURE ON CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS’S MAKEOVER.”

What is it about Hitchens that brings out the upperclass in our souls?

The Mailbag wanted to close with an update on the Graydon-Carter-should-he-or-shoudn’t-he-change-his-hairstyle controversy (Jacquelyn Jernigan, of Pensacola, Florida, says, “Definitely, you need a trim. Darling, you are handsome; flaunt it”— bringing the running tally to 6–4 in favor of Change), but we were too charmed by these thoughts from Mrs. Riviera Wechsler, of Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania: “In your mention of Giraffe Manor in Nairobi (Fanfair, October), you neglected to mention what I think is as much fun as the giraffes, and that is seeing gorgeous little warthogs grazing with them.”
rose gold and diamonds
necklace in rose gold.
there is simply too much news. It is everywhere and available immediately through the Web, TV, and radio. It has lost its impact through overkill. Just imagine the excitement before radio, when you heard a newsboy shouting, “Extra! Extra!” in your neighborhood. It had to be something big—and it was. The Titanic had struck an iceberg and gone down with enormous loss of life. Charles Lindbergh had flown across the Atlantic alone. That was the news.

LOUIS C. KLEBER
Las Vegas, Nevada

SLACKIDEMIC

IN “Lazy-Ass Nation” [October], Jim Windolf managed to take a serious subject, the fact that Americans are woefully inactive and alarmingly obese, and water it down with examples that were often not only ill-informed but downright mean. Yes, the Clapper may seem to encourage laziness, but I do seem to remember those early commercials for the product showing an elderly woman clapping the lights off from her bed. And attacking cup holders? For crying out loud, it seems to me that these convenient devices actually encourage the questionable but unlazy practice of multitasking. The holders allow a person to drink coffee while driving to work, where they will no doubt perform several tasks at the same time all day.

JIM ROMANOFF
South Burlington, Vermont

I WAS GOING TO WRITE and mail my letter of praise for Jim Windolf’s hilarious take on our “lazy-ass nation,” but I couldn’t find a pen or a stamp. Then I thought I could fax it over, but, alas, who faxes anything anymore? Dialing 10 numbers is much too taxing. Finally, I resorted to the tried-and-true e-mail method. Voilà! (But could someone work on a way for readers to text in our comments—or, better yet, ESP?)

LAURA DODD
Los Angeles, California

JIM WINDOLF proves himself to be the quintessential citizen of the “lazy-ass nation.” No contact was made before he gave incorrect information about Soho Parenting, the family-counseling service in New York City. Instead, he seems to have relied on inaccurate reporting from other publications. We do not toilet-train children for parents, and one simple call would have cleared that up. Our philosophy, Soho Parenting the Gentle Way, stresses not an outsourcing, for parents who are striving to maintain a clearheaded, hands-on, balanced approach to raising children in a sped-up and pressured world.

V.F. CLASSIC

While President George Herbert Walker Bush’s approval rating took a tumble during his four-year stint in the White House, his wife, Barbara, with her well-honed image as America’s favorite grandmother, retained close to universal popularity. The First Lady appeared, after all, to be a champion political wife. But in August 1992, Marjorie Williams chiseled away at Barbara’s public persona, revealing how the president’s spouse had managed to hide not only her combative fierceness but also her deep unhappiness behind a façade of cheerful photo ops and eager activism. As Williams reported, the devoted Mrs. Bush had become trapped within the domestic destiny she created for herself. To read Williams’s “Barbara’s Backlash,” please visit VANITYFAIR.COM.

DHANI SCHIMIZZI
Rochester, New York
FINALLY! I was so glad to hear that Christopher Hitchens may start to take care of himself. There is no one quite like him, and it would be a shame to lose his voice to booze and cigs.

HOLLY HANSFORD
Encinitas, California

THE GRILL, SOME PLAYING
FIELDS, AND THE V.F. 100

AS A LONGTIME SUBSCRIBER, I enjoy Vanity Fair cover to cover every month. Imagine my surprise to read that Michael Milken’s wife, Lori, owns the Grill in Beverly Hills (“The New Establishment,” October). Please be advised that, although Lori is the largest shareholder in our company, the Grill on the Alley continues to be owned and operated by Grill Concepts, Inc.

TERRI HENRY
Vice president of marketing, Grill Concepts, Inc.
Los Angeles, California

THE NAMELESS and “undeveloped” New York City pier to which Vanity Fair refers in Robert De Niro’s New Establishment entry is called Pier 40, and it holds in its center many soccer and baseball fields, which are practically in constant use. Dozens of schools and teams organizations, including the Downtown United Soccer Club and the Greenwich Village Little League, consider it their “home field.” Related Companies has proposed to build 12 movie theaters (to be used by De Niro’s Tribeca Film Festival), a banquet hall, and a permanent home for Cirque du Soleil on this 14-acre site. The proposal would turn Tribeca, a quiet family neighborhood where children ride their bikes to soccer practice, into a tourist destination. If Related’s proposal is accepted, the new facility could bring in, by some estimates, nearly 7,500 visitors a day, making it seemingly impossible for schools and families to enjoy their local fields (which would be relocated to the roofs of the new buildings). If De Niro still lived in the neighborhood, I am quite sure he would feel differently about the prospect of turning “his Tribeca” into a Disneyland of the East.

MARA SINGER
New York, New York

LEAVING YOUR MARK

I WAS EXTREMELY DISAPPOINTED to find that there was no advice for assholes over 55 years of age in “Know Your Asshole Footprint” (Vanities, October). It’s a sad day in this country when there’s an age prejudice against even assholes.

MICHAEL MANGANO
Greenwich, Connecticut

A PHOTOGRAPHER’S LIFE

“THE CULTURAL DIVIDE” [Fanfair] for October made reference to the Barnstorm photography workshop, in the Catskills. The description implies that the program is still conducted by photojournalist Edie Adams. Mr. Adams, the founder of this important workshop, died on September 19, 2004.

ASHER PAVEL
West Cornwall, Connecticut

BY GEORGE!

I FOUND George Wayne’s October Q&A, with Sarah Silverman, to be raw, raunchy, and refreshing! So many of us get intimidated by celebrities and feel that we must somehow worship the ground they walk on, but then an interview like this one comes along and it puts everything into perspective. Their volleying comments back and forth like two schoolyard brats made the dialogue not only enjoyable but laugh-out-loud funny.

DANA NODIOUMI
London, Ontario

EDITOR’S NOTE: Vanity Fair regrets that Carol Polgrove’s book It Wasn’t Pretty, Folks, but Didn’t We Have Fun: Surviving the Sixties with Esquire’s Harold Hayes was not cited as a source for the article “The Esquire Decade” (January 2007). A reference to the book was lost during the editorial process.

CORRECTIONS: On page 386 of the September issue (“Final Blow,” by Edward Helmore), we mistated where Isabella Blow discovered designer Alexander McQueen. It was at Central Saint Martins College of Art and Design. On page 266 of the October issue (“The Vanity Fair 100”), we stated inaccurately that Michael Bloomberg denies to name the charities he supports. He releases the names of the organizations every year.

Letters to the editor should be sent electronically with the writer’s name, address, and daytime phone number to letters@vf.com. Letters to the editor will also be accepted via fax at 212-286-4324. All requests for back issues should be sent to subscriptions@vf.com. All other queries should be sent to vfa@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of Vanity Fair.
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31 Days in the Life of the Culture

December 2007

LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL

Ray Charles and record executives strategise about Ray's album Together Again at the ABC Records offices in Manhattan, June 1966. Photographed by Steve Schapiro and included in Schapiro's Heroes (Powerhouse Books), out now.
HAVEN'T YOU EVER?

The tides change quickly around Mont-Saint-Michel. The surge, wrote Victor Hugo, arrives “as swiftly as a galloping horse.” Within hours, a footpath becomes an ocean and a mountain becomes a medieval isle. Those walking across the tidal flats to Mont-Saint-Michel have five hours before the route is swallowed by the sea. In the Range Rover, they have five and a half.
HAVE YOU EVER?
Collectors, critics, dealers, curators, and art enthusiasts from around the world flock to South Beach each winter for the annual Art Basel Miami Beach. This year, 200 galleries will exhibit work by established artists and cutting-edge newcomers in the city's beautiful Art Deco District. (12/6–12/9; artbasel.com)

For the first time, the ceremony to award the Turner Prize for contemporary art is held outside London, at the Tate Liverpool. The short-listed are Zarina Bhimji, Nathan Coley, Mike Nelson, and Mark Wallinger. (12/3; tate.org.uk)

Though Lucian Freud may be best known for painting Her Majesty the Queen with a five-o'clock shadow, the artist's etchings have become a highly touted addition to his body of work. This month, an exhibition of his etchings, some rarely viewed, will open at New York's Museum of Modern Art. (moma.org)
ho ho ho.

Hugh Hefner’s Playboy: The Complete Centerfolds (Chronicle) is a bunny hop through the history of American desire, from the blonde and bosomy bombshells of the 1950s to the sun-kissed and bushy-tailed nature girls of the 1970s, to the zealously waxed, fiber-buff beauties of this decade, and all in “a handsome carrying case.”

OTHER GOD-GIVEN GIFTS: Nadine Gordimer pushes buttons and the boundaries of race, politics, and sex in Beethoven Was One-sixteenth Black (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), her new collection of stories. The Matter Museum (Blast) swings wide the doors to its strange and transcendent collection of historical medical photographs. Trevor Paglen outs the top-secret meanings behind military patches representing clandestine government projects in I Could Tell You but Then You Would Have to Be Destroyed by Me (Melville). In his memoir, Steve Martin kids that he was Born Standing Up (Scribner). Karen Armstrong preaches the gospel truth in The Bible (Grove/Atlantic), explaining how the spiritual guide of choice for one out of three people on the planet came into being and evolved over the centuries. Mireille de la Lêt’s astonishing photos crystallize the devastation of global warming on the Vanishing World (Abrams) of the Arctic. The essays in editor Nell Casey’s An Uncertain Inheritance (Morrow) are revelatory glimpses into the everyday agonies and occasional flashes of rupture caregivers experience.

Far from the run-of-the-mill romantic-breakup novel, Louise McCormack’s witty debut, Six Weeks to Toxic (Key Porter), dramatizes the rarely explored yet universal story of a friendship’s demise. The American Society of Magazine Editors handpicks The Best American Magazine Writing 2007 (Columbia University). Life lensman Bob Adelman’s civil rights-era snaps proclaim Mine Eyes Have Seen (Time Inc. Home Entertainment). Barry Day’s collection of The Letters of Noël Coward (Knopf) glitters with the multi-gifted playwright’s claws-out bitchiness, tremendous charm, and creative genius. Whether he’s expounding on writing, bantering with F.D.R., or “almost” accepting a marriage proposal from Greta Garbo, his letters are absolute knockouts.

Daniel Handler and illustrator Lisa Brown see being Jewish at Christmas time through the eyes of The Lake Who Couldn’t Stop Screaming (McSweeney’s). Frustrated that Hanukkah has been virtually shoved into Santa’s sleigh, and provoked by his plunge into hot oil, the peaved potato pancake is sent shrieking into the night. Brimming with the message of Hanukkah—“Victory can occur even when you are thoroughly out-numbered, so you shouldn’t give up hope”—the lake enlightens a candy cane, a string of lights, and a pagan pine tree on the symbolism of the oil, the dreidel, and the menorah. The gift here (one of far more than eight) is the truth that both holidays are born of a miracle. And “on a cold snowy night everyone and everything should be welcome somewhere.” Amen.

—E.S.
GUCCI
FINE JEWELRY
HORSEBIT COLLECTION
Necklace and ring in 18kt white gold and diamonds
usic doesn’t usually last, but when it does you just can’t get rid of it.

While new music is out or expected soon from Mariah Carey, Mary J. Blige, Celine Dion, Britney Spears, and the Wu-Tang Clan, the gift-giving season brings an unprecedented excess of reissues in CD boxed sets, music DVDs, and even—from Joy Division, Radiohead, and the Sex Pistols—vinyl.

Here, some of the year’s best from the no longer alive. Miles Davis’s The Complete On the Corner Sessions is a deluxe six-CD set with previously unreleased tracks, a 120-page color booklet, and more than six and a half hours of music from the jazz great’s 1972–75 improvisational funk period. Billie Holiday’s Lady Day: The Master Takes and Singles is a welcome, edited version of the landmark 2001 boxed set from this magical singer. Opera fans will delight in Maria Callas’s six-disc Simply Callas, with rare, early performances from an actual diva. An updated version of Nick Drake’s Fruit Tree features three classic studio albums, a biographical DVD, and a 108-page book.

Musicians used to remix—now they re-box:

Michael Jackson’s Thriller, but indeed a repackaged, deluxe version of that blockbuster album is coming with a DVD that will include videos and, most notably, Jackson’s showstopping performance of “Billie Jean” on Motown’s 25th-anniversary TV show. Legends of American Music: Merle Haggard spans the impressive career of one of country music’s original outlaws. Jersey Beat: The Music of Frankie Valli & the 4 Seasons is a box with three CDs and a DVD that showcases the group’s influence. The David Bowie Box is a limited edition of Bowie’s five most recent, and eclectic, studio albums. The Brit Box includes four CDs of British bands who were big there, not so well known here, but who matter: My Bloody Valentine, Manic Street Preachers, New Order, Blur, Oasis, Stereolab, Supergrass, the Verve, the Cure, the Smiths, the Jesus and Mary Chain, the Stone Roses, and, trust me, more. And to go along with the Anton Corbijn-directed movie Control, about the late Joy Division singer Ian Curtis, the band reissues a double-CD collector’s item that includes three albums and unreleased live performances.

For those who like to watch, there are some rare, live musical performances available on DVD. The Best of the Johnny Cash TV Show has 66 clips on two discs, with appearances by Louis Armstrong, Kris Kristofferson, Waylon Jennings, Neil Young, Joni Mitchell, Ray Charles, Bob Dylan, and many others. The Other Side of the Mirror: Bob Dylan Live at the Newport Folk Festival, 1963–1965 shows the musician as he went from acoustic to electric in an 83-minute film directed by Murray Lerner. An expanded version of the Beatles’ Help! will be re-released on DVD with an extra disc that includes a missing scene, a documentary of the making of the movie, and an in-depth look at the film’s restoration. Hey, ho, let’s go: four hours of previously unseen concert performances by the Ramones are contained in It’s Alive, 1974–1996.

And it wouldn’t be Christmas without Frank Sinatra. He has no fewer than four Christmas albums, countless reissues of everything he’s ever recorded, and more than a dozen major boxed sets, including the latest—A Voice in Time—which gathers material from 1939 to 1952 and features liner notes written by his daughter Nancy.

Nobody understands a life like Frank’s.
Remote Control
THE LATEST INFLUENTIAL ART ENCLAVE

any places seek to enhance themselves with art, but few are so compellingly kooky as Truth or Consequences. This desert town of hot springs and 1950s-era billboards, on the banks of the Rio Grande 150 miles south of Albuquerque, is home to a growing community of artists and eco-seekers all following—to some degree—the Ur-example of the original New Mexico artist-settler, Georgia O'Keeffe. Being an artist here, says art elder and celebrated painter Delmas Howe, is akin to living in the Galápagos. "It allows us to develop our own vision." But, he adds, "it's a vision that doesn't necessarily put us into the mainstream."

Evidently, T or C has never been mainstream. To the Spanish it was Las Palomas del Ojo Caliente—Doves of the Hot Springs—and an Apache stronghold to be avoided; in the late 19th century it was known as Geronimo's hometown, and by the early 20th as the original Las Vegas—a place of speakeasies and brothels for men working on nearby Elephant Butte Dam.

MOVE OVER, MARFA
Clockwise from near right: artist Sky Hopson and one of her mantiques, Cowboy Culture, a whimsical exhibit of the Cowboy Culture Museum; Delmas Howe, painting on the town.

To Ralph Edwards, the radio and TV host, it was the town that took up the offer: he would do his program from the first town that renamed itself after the show. Hot Springs took on the new name, and in exchange, Edwards came to the town's annual fiesta, bringing with him Hollywood starlets, including Jayne Mansfield, and, on one occasion, an elephant. "He came until they had to prop him up in the car," recalls Howe. And that's not all—the town may soon play a part in a 21st-century space race if it is chosen as the R&R site for Sir Richard Branson's Virgin Galactic, set to begin blasting off from the nearby spaceport in 2009. WE CAN GO THERE FROM HERE! proclaims a billboard on the highway.

T or C is a good place to focus, says cartoonist Bret Berman, owner of one of the town's few cappuccino machines, located in a bank most likely built by the uncle of Paris Hilton's great-grandfather Conrad Hilton. "You have to learn to amuse yourself here," he offers. "It's an hour's drive to somewhere happening—and Las Cruces isn't exactly happening."

But there's more to do than watch turkey buzzards play overhead—you can dance to a Mexican band at the Pine Knot, dine at the 60s steak house Los Arcos, visit ghost towns, soak in the baths at the Sierra Grande, browse for art in a dozen galleries, and still have time to fantasize. "The whole Twilight Zone thing keeps us inspired," says painter Susan Koenick, who moved from New York five years ago and now runs a vintage-clothing store, Dust & Glitter.

T or C may not have the institution-backed heft of Marfa, Texas, home to the Chinati and Donald Judd foundations, but it is still serious about self-expression. The artist community recently fought off a Christian-fundamentalist-backed ordinance to outlaw the display of art created with "prurient interest in mind"—i.e., nudity. At the other extreme is Q, a self-styled artist-magician who says—cosmically speaking—"I receive information here I can't get anywhere else on the globe." In Truth or Consequences, a town on the edge in almost every respect, that's probably true.

—EDWARD HELMORE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN KUEHN
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Katherine Jenkins, the young opera star,
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HONORING 30 TALENTED YEARS

It will turn 30 years old on Sunday, December 2, but the Kennedy Center Honors is, more than ever, the hottest ticket in Washington. Created by the filmmaker George Stevens Jr. to uphold John F. Kennedy's dream of an America that would value the arts as much as commerce, the Honors has recognized a roster of immortals from Fred Astaire to Tennessee Williams. An event that began in 1978 with Stevens's wife, Liz, going door-to-door to sell $125-tickets raised $4.8 million last year for the Kennedy Center's programs, and only its biggest donors will get the chance to buy seats at $4,000 a pop to cheer this year's recipients: Steve Martin, Diana Ross, Martin Scorsese, Brian Wilson, and Leon Fleisher, the pianist and conductor.

"The most valuable thing I learned from my father was this idea of the test of time," says Stevens, son of the director of such classics as Gunga Din and Shane. "When this started out, it was about people whose contributions had stood the test of time." Now the esteemed program itself has proved it has endurance. Winners are recommended by a panel of artists such as Francis Ford Coppola, Christopher Plummer, Sean Connery, and Elton John, and chosen by the executive committee of the center's board. They don't have to sing for their supper; they don't get to say a word. They just have to show up, which means that some big fish got away: the reclusive Irving Berlin and the egomanical Vladimir Horowitz (who said he'd accept if the ceremony were held at four o'clock in the afternoon, for him alone).

-TODD S. PURDUM

FANFAIR

MONTREUX'S MUSIC MAGIC

At the Montreux Jazz Festival in December 1971, as the quiet shores of Lake Geneva a blazing fire consumed the casino during a performance by Frank Zappa, inspiring Deep Purple's song "Smoke on the Water." The moment is one of thousands captured in Live from Montreux (A Publishing), a massive, four-volume set compiled by art director Marc Balet and editor Perry Richardson for the festival's 40th anniversary. The collection, clasped by two sets of red plastic applauding hands, contains 1,600 glossy pages' worth of posters, concert photos, and backstage high jinks. "It's really the capture of a book publishing," says Balet, former creative director of Andy Warhol's Interview. Founded in 1967 by Claude Nobs, the son of a local baker, the festival grew in size and scope to attract the biggest names in music, billing jazz legends such as Oscar Peterson and Ella Fitzgerald alongside Eric Clapton, Queen, and even Kid Rock and the Black Eyed Peas. The volumes—one for each decade—include such diverse shots as Dizzy Gillespie plodding on the tennis court and David Bowie skiing down alpine slopes. Balet sums up the books—and the times—in four words: "Sex, drugs, and jazz."

-JULIAN SANCTON

Aretha Franklin at the Montreux Jazz Festival (1975), left, the Live from Montreux collection
Where the sun coaxes you to be a little less shy.

Elizabeth Arden
Mediterranean
The fragrance
CARRYING ON A LEGENDARY LEGACY, 29-YEAR-OLD SIMON HAMMERSTEIN IS PRESIDENT OF THE SULTRY NEW YORK LATE-NIGHT CABARET AND DINNER THEATER, THE BOX. HE IS ALSO THE FOUNDER AND ARTISTIC DIRECTOR OF LAST MINUTE PRODUCTIONS, AN N.Y.C.-BASED THEATER COMPANY. HEREWITH, HIS FAVORITE THINGS...

**CLOTHES**

**INSPIRATIONS**

**HOME**

**GROOMING PRODUCTS**

**GRECIAN FORMULA**
**THE DOYENNE OF BESPOKE SANDALS**

DIDN’T MAKE IT TO PATMOS LAST SUMMER? FAKE IT WITH A FEW VISITS TO THE EAST VILLAGE, WHERE BARBARA SHAUM HAS BEEN CRAFTING CUSTOM GREEK SANDALS SINCE 1961. LONG A FAVORITE OF DESIGNERS AND STYLE INSIDERS, SHE’S DONE RUNWAY VERSIONS FOR CALVIN, DUNNA, AND RALPH, AND ALL THE VAGUE GIRLS HAVE A PAIR. SHAUM’S TRULY CLASSIC DESIGNS HAVE BEEN AROUND FOR TOO MANY MILLENNIA TO GUESS AT. HER TECHNIQUE HASN’T CHANGED, EITHER. SHAUM, 78—WHO APPRENTICED WITH MENAKAS DUNCAN, NEPHEW OF ISADORA, IN THE 50S—FIRST traces the customer’s foot on cardboard. Although there are about 50 styles for women to choose from and she’s expanding her men’s line, Shaum usually makes the selection. “I can read people’s minds,” she says, puffing on a Nat Sherman Classic Light. (She’s usually right.) At the second meeting, Shaum has clients walk around her last-of-the-bohemians atelier in their custom-cut leather sales, pasted to help them conform to the feet. The hippie-deluxe sandals are ready for three weeks and $300 later. “In the 60s, when there were a lot of protests around here, a cop said to me, ‘When I see someone wearing sandals, I know they’re the enemy,’” she recalls. “Now it’s a totally different thing—everyone is wearing them.”

—OLIVIA STRAND
GUCCI

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FANFAIR

Two-year-old Lome with his aunt Joyce.

This dog-head inkwell was a present from Reese Witherspoon after she hosted the first post-9/11 show.

A planning board with confirmed future hosts and musical guests.

He loves fresh popcorn.

Bobble-head of favorite Yankee Paul O'Neil.

Lorne’s cat, Steve, is a former Purina calendar model.

This Bokar coffee can holds sharpened pencils. (It was the brand Lome’s mother drank when he was growing up in Toronto.)

Lorne bought this framed picture of someone’s dog in Paris.

Framed tickets from all the season premieres line the office.

The show’s lineup.

Glass doors open into the S.N.L. studio.


Youngest son Eddie dressed as an astronaut for Halloween.

“Same legal pad from 1975. Keep meaning to write something down,” says Lome.

The annual desk calendar from Broadway Video (his production company). It’s had the same design since 1979.

Lorne with Belushi at Joshua Tree in 1976.

There’s something very calming about a Tootsie Roll. You almost never hear of anyone committing a crime with a Tootsie Roll in their mouth,” he says.

Lorne’s cat, Steve, is a former Purina calendar model.

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Conan O’Brien was an S.N.L. writer for three and a half years.

In the green room with Ray Charles before his November 1977 performance.

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In the green room with Ray Charles before his November 1977 performance.
His family’s future depends on one unstable element.
rive down Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly Hills after nine on most nights and there's zero going on.

But 36-year-old hotelier Jason Pomeranc is hoping to change that faster than you can say "Polo Lounge" with the newly opened Thompson Beverly Hills, a sleek, modern outpost of his boutique hotel chain, Thompson Hotels. "We're adding an injection of adrenaline to Beverly Hills," he says. Pomeranc's hope is to do for stuffy 90210 what his 2005 renovation of the historic Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel did for the other side of town. (Teddy's, the hotel's club, still packs in all the young starlets and aspiring film executives.)

Dodd Mitchell, who oversaw the Roosevelt renovation, has done the Thompson's interiors in sleek black-and-white. Corridors are lined with metallic panels that create a fashion-runway effect. At the end of each hallway are life-size Steven Klein photographs of models silhouetted against floor-to-ceiling windows for a light-box look.

In guest quarters, there are smoked-mirror-and-leather headboards, globe-shaped chrome lighting pendants, walnut furniture, and bronzed-glass balconies. It's all very moody, very sophisticated, very rock 'n' roll.

There's also a private bi-level roof deck, ABH (Above Beverly Hills), which will have every agent in town trying to reserve one of its airy cabanas. With its breathtaking panoramic views of the Hollywood Hills and the Pacific Ocean, it's a perfect spot for poolside lunches and cocktails at sunset. And the 30-foot-high tilted mirror, above the pool's edge, makes for discreet people-watching and personal reflection.

On ground level, restaurateur Jonathan Morr has opened a new Bond Street—the original sushi restaurant in New York has been a late-night spot for years. Ask for the new Japanese salad—it won't be on the menu. "It's only for those in the know," says Morr. It's just one of the many details hidden in plain sight in which Pomeranc takes pride.

The boyishly handsome former real-estate lawyer, along with André Balazs, Ian Schrager, and Jeff Klein, has turned the designer hotelier into the latest thinking person's sex symbol. He's well traveled, possesses great taste in interiors, and, most important, has any number of rooms for a sleepover.

"But this is not something I do as a lone cowboy," Pomeranc says of the Thompson brand, a partnership with his brothers, Lawrence and Michael, as well as colleague Stephen Brandman, that is bracing for a huge expansion over the next 12 months. On the heels of New York's 60 Thompson, in SoHo, 6 Columbus, on the West Side, and the current L.A. site, new properties are set to open in Lower Manhattan, as well as in Washington, D.C., and Toronto.

"We're always trying to raise the bar," Pomeranc says. And when customers are impressed, "it makes me believe that what we do is not just a business. It's a cultural influence."

—MARSHALL HEYMAN
**BASKET CASE**  
The Conran Shop  
Spiralograph log basket, $95, conranusa.com.

**NATURAL EYE**  
Number (N)ine Takahiro Miyashita  
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**HOT GIFTS**  

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The 503CWD model from Hasselblad, widely considered the best medium-format camera, celebrates Victor Hasselblad’s classic from the 1950s. $12,995, hasselbladusa.com.

- **TABLE TOPPERS**  
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New York Times front-page jigsaw puzzle. Custom-order any date. $44.95, nytstore.com.

- **SLICE AND DICE**  

- **PLUMED PURSE**  
Salvatore Ferragamo pheasant-feather bag, $1,550, Ferragamo boutiques nationwide.

- **WILD WEST**  
Azedelous’s Tocha trays, made from magahoe wood with alpaca-silver studs, come in three sizes $150–$238, Barneys New York, 800-777-0087.

**FANFAIR**  

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Kaas GlassWorks will turn your favorite photograph, invitation, or love letter into a beloved customized memento. Custom work begins at $129. The letter tray above, $84, kaas.com.

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Marie Christophe Hibou lamp (owl lamp), $1,400, lisafontanarosa.com.
**FILM FANATIC**

United Artists 90th Anniversary Prestige Collection celebrates nearly a century of film with 90 DVDs, including classics such as The Great Escape, Midnight Cowboy, and Raging Bull. $869.98, barnesandnoble.com.

**MOOD LIGHT**

This lamp will offer mood lighting in an endless array of hues. Available in the U.K. in 2008.

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**BEACH PROP**

Milly bougainvillea-print Tortola beach blanket with detachable pillow, $302, Studio Sebastian, 214-360-9001.

**MAKE A CAMEO**

Personalize silhouettes. Send in a favorite picture, select a color, material, and layout, and create a framable silhouette of children, pets, or favorite objects. From $50, allpopart.com.

**INSPECTOR GADGET**


**MEASURE UP**

Roast’s scrimshaw desk accessories: flat bone-handle magnifying glass, $34; sundial with compass, $185; Ruler No. 1, $104; moawillschattel.com.
TRAVELING IN STYLE

Extra-light and ultra-durable, Tit luggage comes in seven shapes and seven colors. From top: 360° Four Flash Trolley, in pink ($295); Beauty case, in yellow (yes, it’s orange), $300; X2 4-W Special Edition Carbon laptop case, $450; titanluggageusa.com.

CALL OF THE WILD

Adapt a polar bear (or any of 79 other animals). By donating $50 or $100, you can symbolically adopt an animal in someone’s name. A photograph and certificate make a generous gift. Proceeds benefit the World Wildlife Fund, worldwildlife.org.

HOT GIFTS

HOT ‘N’ SPICY

Austin Grand Prize Hot Sauces, $3.20 each, Randall’s, 512-302-2500.

DIRECTOR’S CUT


MY HEAVENS

The SkyScout is like a handheld astronomy lesson; it identifies stars in the sky with the click of a button and locates any celestial object with its internal G.P.S. The built-in field guide will even name constellations with you. Celestron SkyScout Personal Planetarium, $399; REI.com.

The 10,000 Star Planetarium projects a realistic image of the Milky Way while simulating Earth’s rotation. Meteors will also streak across the sky. $129.95, hammacher.com.

FISH FINDER

This unique angler’s device charts water currents, measures depth and water temperature, takes picture-like images of the bottoms of rivers and lakes, and turns into a night-light, among other applications. Humminbird 997c SI Combo, $2,000, humminbird.com.

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DIRECTOR’S CUT


MY HEAVENS

The SkyScout is like a handheld astronomy lesson; it identifies stars in the sky with the click of a button and locates any celestial object with its internal G.P.S. The built-in field guide will even name constellations with you. Celestron SkyScout Personal Planetarium, $399; REI.com.

The 10,000 Star Planetarium projects a realistic image of the Milky Way while simulating Earth’s rotation. Meteors will also streak across the sky. $129.95, hammacher.com.

FISH FINDER

This unique angler’s device charts water currents, measures depth and water temperature, takes picture-like images of the bottoms of rivers and lakes, and turns into a night-light, among other applications. Humminbird 997c SI Combo, $2,000, humminbird.com.
Elle du Jour

' I wanted a face for the woman I dress,' said Yves Saint Laurent in 1978 when he made his break into the world of beauty. The following year he created a sensation as models blazed down the runways in YSL Rouge Pur Lipstick No. 19—a radical shade of fuchsia. This month, as a nod to the shocking color, YSL introduces Elle, a sophisticated and sweet fragrance embodying the modern femininity that is the ideal YSL woman.

Yves Saint Laurent, circa 1972; inset, YSL’s Elle fragrance and Rouge Pur Lipstick No. 19.

Elle, a sophisticated and sweet fragrance embodying the modern femininity that is the ideal YSL woman.
Dear Ketel One Drinker

At this time of year it can be difficult to find suitable gifts for all your friends and family. Please find below a list of helpful suggestions:

Ketel One

Ketel One Citroen
Behind your choir-singing smile, there often lurks the soul of a brooding, tortured artist. That could be especially true now, when your sibling and other family relationships are in such turmoil. Think twice before acting on your darker impulses. Not that you’d necessarily get lost in your fantasies and need rehab or an exorcist to fix you up, but with activity in your 12th house stimulating your wilder, secretive nature, you probably wouldn’t want TMZ to get wind of your so-called sex life. Hey, at least you have money.

Michelle Obama

There is a cosmic reason you’ve been buffeted by one financial trauma after another. Chiron in your solar 2nd house and Pluto in your 12th house. Yes, you have a lot to learn about business, but you should also be discovering that your greatest assets may not be material ones. Even if the people you thought would protect you are not in a position to do so, you have mental and spiritual gifts. Tap into them, not your 401(k).

Sheryl Crow

You don’t need an M.B.A. to see that our whole economy depends on the price of oil. What is surprising, however, is how deeply that is impacting the private comfort level of little old you. Astrologically speaking, the direct motion of Uranus in your solar 2nd house represents a global financial cycle that—horror of horrors—outweighs your ability to control the flow of prosperity. Know this, though: with Chiron right smack in the middle of your sign, you can be richer than Bill Gates as long as you stay healthy.

Sarah Jessica Parker

Creatively and sexually, you may be as hot as Baghdad in July, but you can’t be grabby, pushy, or division about it right now. You have to ask nicely for everything. Since Mars is your planetary ruler, its retrograde motion affects you more than it would any other sign. Although it’s only a six-week transit, it does put you at a disadvantage by removing open hostility from your repertoire. Your solar 12th house is acting up at the same time, so it’s the perfect moment to pretend to be all those things you normally aren’t: humble, grateful, and forgiving.

Tony Romo

Now is when you’ll probably talk, with those powerful and sexy people who turn you on like mad. You know the ones who can see right through to your underside from across the room. It’s hard to tell whether your real interactions have been at work, or whither these people have been living or your mind to distract you from pre-existing problems. Even if you have a dark side, it’s just that an internal struggle, since that’s how you can lock you for one hell of a loop.

Steve-O

If there is one thing you can’t tolerate right now, it’s somebody standing over you with a stopwatch and a whip. With Uranus going direct in your solar 10th house, that won’t fly. But if you can juice yourself up for a project, it won’t seem like work at all, and you won’t mind the extra hours you have to put in. Nobody can predict what the people upstairs are likely to do, because they are nuts, so it’s dumb to tear your hair out over financial insecurity. And if there’s one thing, to protect as Chiron moves forward, it’s your sanity.

Pamela Anderson

It takes tremendous effort to make love when you feel lousy. It’s the same feeling you get when you have to get up in the middle of the night to feed a baby even though you’re the one whose temperature is 103. The funny thing is, with Mars retrograde in your sign, Chiron moving through your 8th, and the Sun trining Uranus in your 9th, it’s love that will finally conquer your endless aches and pains and carry you through.

Coco Chanel

Even in the best of times, family can be a double-edged butcher knife. On the one hand, having an intimate home life anchors you, providing an emotional and physical refuge from the slings and arrows of this insane world. At the same time, you can easily start torturing yourself with feelings of guilt or think you’ve been trapped, either by your own choices or by other people’s trickery. Let’s be real. Sometimes your sexual needs cannot be met by the people you’re closest to. If you get caught, blame your 8th house.

Barbara Walters

As long as you continue to work hard, develop your natural talents, and organize your finances (in a sane, non-obsessive way), you won’t have to entertain any fears that your public image might be flagging when a powerful new moon hits your solar 2nd house. Chiron’s passage through your 5th house is troublesome, but it’s hard to say if that’s because you’ve sustained some loss in that area or simply because you’re in love. Artists, lovers, and parents live in a state of agony and ecstasy all the time. It’s your turn.

Warren G. Harding

If you’re in one of your madly intense creative/sexual moods, nobody can stop you. Go for it. Don’t waste a second, for tomorrow, who knows? A lunation trine to Uranus in your 5th house demands that you hurl yourself into the fray, grab the spotlight, and express yourself. What a performer. What an exhibitionist! When we look closer, we see Chiron smashing through your 4th house. Now we can understand the mad, extroverted search for attention. You’ve been wounded, and when a Scorpio is wounded, watch out, world.
ANGEL

Beware of Angels...

Thierry Mugler
Ask Jennifer Rubell Why She Loves Her BlackBerry

"I run hotels. I entertain constantly. I write about food and test recipes for my column. Real Life Entertaining doesn’t mean breaking out the perfect china and cooking for 5 hours. It has to fit into your actual life, like the way my BlackBerry® works—it’s completely intuitive. Ideas go from my head to my fingers to my publisher. Fast and easy. Like the way a good recipe should come together. For me, it’s natural. My BlackBerry works in the same way as my life."

Find out why people love BlackBerry, or tell us why you love yours, at www.blackberry.com/ask.
FOND FAREWELL, PAGE 164.
Friends, family, and esteemed colleagues say goodbye to nightlife impresario Mark Birley. Photographs by Dafydd Jones.

ELEVATING DESIGN, PAGE 171.
Established & Sons previews its spectacular installation. Photographs by Dafydd Jones.

TOASTING MODERN ART, PAGE 171.
A private dinner in honor of Art Basel Miami Beach director Samuel Keller. Photographs by Peter Wintersteller.

CROWING DOWN Samuel Keller is the guest of honor at this alfresco dinner at Eva and Michael Chow's Hollywood home.
Mourners gather at St. Paul Church in Knightsbridge for a memorial of Mark Birley, the founder of Annabel’s, the famous nightclub in the world.

**What**

Mourners gather at St. Paul Church in Knightsbridge for a memorial of Mark Birley, the founder of Annabel’s, the famous nightclub in the world.

**Who**

Lady Weinberg, the Duchess of York, Peter Blond, Lord and Lady Weidenfeld, Lucy and Da Tang, Sir Charles Powell, Mark Birley’s beloved dogs, George and Tara, and others.
Only one casino resort in the world holds both the Mobil 5 Star and AAA 5 Diamond rating.

Guess who?
Good guess.
The exhibition was held in an underground warehouse space.

Michael Chow and Jeffrey Katzenberg

Mitch Glazer and Kelly Lynch

Eddie Ruscha and Lauren Taschen

Luis Miguel

Anjelica Huston
ON THE LIMITS OF
SELF-IMPROVEMENT, PART II

Continuing his quest for a healthier, more handsome Hitch, the author puts himself in the hands of four experts. Yes, a Brazilian wax was involved.

In my squandered youth I was a friend of Ian Hamilton, the biographer of Robert Lowell and J. D. Salinger and a justly renowned figure in London's Bohemia. His literary magazine The New Review was published from a barstool in a Soho pub called the Pillars of Hercules, and editorial meetings would commence promptly at opening time. One day, there came through the door a failed poet with an equally heroic reputation for dissipation. To Ian's undisguised surprise, he declined the offer of a hand-steadying cocktail. "No," he announced dramatically. "I just don't want to do it anymore. I don't like having blackouts and waking up on rubbish dumps. I don't like having no money and no ends, smelling bad and throwing up randomly. I don't like wetting myself in the mornings. I don't like being repulsively unshaven and having my eyes follow the display of dirty underwear. Then Ian, fixing him with a stern look, responded evenly by saying, "Well, none of us likes it."

For a long time, I was a member of the Hamilton faction. (After all, is one a man or a mouse?) But Ian is gone now, and well before his time, too. His example was in my mind when I embarked on a course of treatment (V.F.E. October 2007) to see if I could become, as it were, born again. T.S. Eliot's Prufrock measured out his life in coffee spoons; I sometimes wish I could say the same, but the truth is that the calibrations have been somewhat more toxic, and that caffeine has been the least of it. They say that you can tell a lot about an animal by examining its teeth. Please look, if you can, at the "before" picture of my dentition.

My keystone addiction is to cigarettes, without which cocktails and caffeine (and food) are meaningless. So the first appointment was with a smoke ender. I took a one-on-one seminar with a senior practitioner of the Allen Carr method: a tough-minded and eloquent Ulsterman named Damian O'Hara. The Allen Carr system is this: You turn up and (in O'Hara's words) "smoke your face off"
I get nothing for what I put in.
I get charged for what I take out.

(Remind me again why I still bank here?)

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The dentist wanted to see that my teeth really were as “British” as they looked in the “before” photograph.

for about five hours, while a motivational speaker takes you relentlessly through the evils of the habit and the “pluses of quitting.” At the conclusion of this, you are invited to light one last cigarette and then hand over your paraphernalia before leaving as a free man. O’Hara was terrifically good and I have known some hard cases who quit by using this method, but there was a problem. Sit me down across a table with an ashtray and a bottle on it, and cue the other person to make an argument, and I am programmed by the practice of a lifetime to take a contrary position. The better he phrased it, the harder I worked to resist his case and to think of counter-arguments. Thus “Cigarettes are the only drug that doesn’t give you a high.” Well, what’s that bliss I get when I have just lit one with the first cocktail of the day? Eh? “Smoking doesn’t really ward off boredom and stress; it only appears to do so, and it actually increases stress.” Well, appearing to do so isn’t bad, as long as you mean if I find that a smoke and a drink help me make other decisions. Well, I have found an ally. Small wonder then that I am not able to be without it. I could continue, but the discussion of one’s reasoning faculties in the face of self-destruction I already knew. And there was a faint something about some of the terminology (“empowerment,” for example) that smacked a little too much of a self-esteem program. Anyway, I left my pack and my lighter in O’Hara’s care and for a couple of days didn’t smoke and didn’t much miss it, either. But then I hit a difficult patch in an essay I was writing, and turned again to the little friend that never deserted me.

A bit nettled by the rapidity of my own capitulation, tried again a month or two later at a place called New Life, in Manhattan, which practices a sort of laser acupuncture. Simple enough you lie in a reclining chair while a laser is applied painlessly to various points on your features, and are meanwhile reminded in a soothing voice of all the good reasons to give the damn stuff up. Again, though, there was something Goody Two-Shoes about it. At the end I was asked to sign a bright little card that congratulated me on becoming “a champion.” Something in me evidently resists or wants to resist, joining any good-behavior club that will have me as a member. That evening I had dinner at an organic restaurant where everything was made out of vegetation, just to see how that would feel without a cigarette, and drank about three pints of cold sake to make up for it. Didn’t light up until well past midnight.

Incidentally, and to give you a brief report on food intake, I have found it relatively easy to ingest smaller portions of leaner and better stuff, such as mercury-sodden swordfish. But here’s what causes me to laugh in a hollow manner: almost every diet guide that I have been shown contains a stipulation about the “size matters” element of the platter. Your chunk of fish or lamb or lean steak should not be larger than a cigarette pack or a deck of cards. That’s a terrific way to wean a guy who will go to Las Vegas to make an idiot of himself at the blackjack tables where they bring you free booze as long as you lose, all the while making detours to the nearby Indian reservation where they sell smokes by the ton.

The other problem with giving up a habit is that you don’t exactly get to see the results, or not anything like fast enough.

(Quit smoking once for several months and felt essentially no different, except for the absence of that parrot-cage feeling in my mouth.) Whereas with modern American dentistry it is simply amazing to see what transformation can be wrought in a single day.

I presented myself at the office of Drs. Gregg Lituchy and Marc Lowenberg one afternoon, and as the sun faded over the splendors of Central Park South, my fangs took on the luster that the sky was slowly relinquishing.

I am a proud child of the National Health Service in England and remember feeling rather hurt when, while reading Gore Vidal’s novel The Judgment of Paris many years ago, I came upon a character who was described as having “British teeth.” As Dr. Lituchy readied me with a series of numbing injections, his partner came by to have a look. He wanted to see with his own eyes, he said, that my teeth really were as “British” as they looked in the “before” photograph. I duly beamed for him, and he reeled back briefly. Having become a citizen last April, I felt as if this procedure was part of my new passport to Americanization.

Reassuring it was to see the picture of a gleaming Christy Turlington in the office’s glossy press clippings, and to reflect that soon I could dazzle just like her. But the clever thing about this treatment (known as JK Veneers) is that it takes away the stains and the shame, without making you look like a game-show host or a candidate claiming that he likes being back in Iowa.

It’s not easy to report on six hours of enforced idleness in a chair. I clicked my way through Dr. Lituchy’s massively accoutered Sonos sound system, moving from Bob Dylan through Paul
Simon and then—as the screech of the drill began to mount to a crescendo—the Rolling Stones’ Steel Wheels. A foot masseur was thoughtfully provided to alleviate the tedium. But gallows humor is inseparable from dentistry: at one point I heard the good doctor say, as he plowed through the layers of plaque and tartar, “Good news, I’ve found some of your teeth.” When it was over, and my pearls as white as snow, I looked more British in one way, since my numb and swollen lips resembled those of a bulldog, and I felt helpless because I couldn’t hold a cigarette in my mouth or, for the rest of the evening, swallow a drink without a bib to catch the dribbles.

This sense of a reversion to childhood was enormously increased the following morning, when I arrived at the studio of the renowned “J Sisters,” the seven girls from Brazil who have pioneered the waxing technique that bears their country’s name. The salon caters mainly to women: there was a picture of Christy Turlington on the wall, and I wondered briefly if, rather than wish to be like Christy Turlington, I secretly wanted to be Christy Turlington. (My old friend Simon Hoggart has written that it’s harder to become an ex-smoker than it is to have a sex change.) This thought was rudely dispelled by what followed.

The male version of the wax is officially called a sunga, which is the name for the Brazilian boys’ bikini. I regret to inform you that the colloquial term for the business is “sack, back, and crack.” I went into a cubicle which contained two vats of ominously molten wax and was instructed to call out when I had disrobed and covered my midsection with a small towel. Then I came Janea Padilha, the actual creator of the procedure. She whipped away the exiguous drapery and, instead of emitting the gasp or whistle that I had expected, asked briskly if I wanted any “shaping.” Excuse me? What was the idea? A heart shape or some tiger stripes, perhaps, on the landing strips? I disdained anything so feminine and coolly asked her to sunga away.

Here’s what happens. You have to spread your knees as far apart as they will go, while keeping your feet together. In this “wide stance” position, which is disconcertingly like waiting to have your Pampers changed, you are painted with hot wax, to which strips are successively attached and then torn away. Not once, but many, many times. I had no idea it would be so excruciating. The combined effect was like being tortured for information that you do not possess, with intervals for a (incidentally very costly) sandpaper handjob. The thing is that, in order to rip, you have to grip. A point of leverage is required: a place that can be firmly gripped and pulled while the skin is taunted. Ms. Turlington doesn’t have this problem. The businesslike Senhora Padilha daubed away, took a purchase on the only available handhold, and then wrenched and wrenched again. The impression of being a huge baby was enhanced by the blizzards of talcum powder that followed each tearing application. I swear that several times she soothingly said that I was being a brave little boy. Meanwhile, everything in the general area was fighting to retract itself inside my body.

Small talk is difficult under such grueling conditions, but I am ruthlessly professional and managed to keep my end up, so to speak. “What sort of men come here?” “Those who are preparing for hemorrhoid operations.” Oh, great. “And those from Wall Street who sit too much and get their behinds irritated.” Uh-huh. “And many who are urged by their wives and their fiancées.” You don’t say. I also gather, though this wasn’t integral to the pitch, that male porn stars get the wax in order to enhance their profile on video. By this stage, I thought I could tell we were drawing agonizingly near to the close, but I was wrong. Boy, was I ever wrong.

You ladies will know what I mean by the stirrup position, which I was now unceremoniously instructed to assume. That’s to say, I braced one leg up while Ms. Padilha braced the other. And she does this for a living. To be Dr. Lituchy and to spend every day up to your elbows in other people’s oral cavities would be tough enough. But this… And wait: surely you can’t be serious about putting… Oh Jesus. I was overwhelmed by a sudden access of lava-like agony, accompanied by the vertiginous sensation that there was no there there. Stunned into silence, I listened slack-jawed as she told of her plans to expand into the London market, and to fly to Dubai to demonstrate her technique. To call this a “growth industry” might be a slight mistake: the J Sisters will not rest until every blade has been torn from every crevice. Tomorrow, the world. But today, your humble servant. And my only question was: “Where’s the rest of me?” We did not take a “before” picture, so with your indulgence I shall not share the “after” one. The total effect, I may tell you, is somewhat bizarre. The furry pelt that is my chest stretches southward over the protuberant savanna that is my stomach, and then turns into a desert region. Below the waist, a waste. I suppose I could have had the whole torso denuded, but then I would have looked even more like a porpoise than I already do.

My divine editor and friend Aimée Bell had sweetly come along to lend moral support, which turned out to be the only kind I didn’t need. She told me later, over a healing and sustaining lunch, that the J Sisters staff had been surprised by my failure to Yelp or cry out, so I suppose I can be prouder of my British reserve than I was of my British teeth. And I have a new nickname for my porn-ready but paradoxically still-wincing courting tackle: “Smooth Operator.” How long, I ask myself idly, will this last?

Si fa faut afferir pour être belle, as the French say. Without suffering, no beauty. As I look back on my long and arduous struggle to make myself over, and on my dismaying recent glimpses of lost babyhood, I am more than ever sure that it’s enough to be born once, and to take one’s chances, and to grow old disgracefully.
The age of the media gadget is here, with Apple steamrolling the big distributors. But when consumers have the power to get content anywhere, anytime, for free, even Steve Jobs should be worried.

It is the age of the media gadget. The gadget is the culture. Possibly it’s just the age of the iPhone-iPod-iTv-iCar. But I don’t think so. I think Steve Jobs and Apple are merely the sharpest promoters of gadgetism—the gadget as accessory is Steve’s accomplishment.

But fashion and status are only two aspects of the gadget world. (At the most recent Allen & Company media-mogul conference, in Sun Valley, it was important not just to have an iPhone but to have been sent one by Steve himself, and then, giving corporate ethics rules their due, to mention you’d sent him back a personal check.) The real point of the gadget, and a reason, beyond fashion, why people are so proud to display their gadgets, is that itsticks it to some larger, more cumbersome, less responsive media system.

A little gadget takes on the big networks (so it’s a minor irony that the guys at the Allen & Company conference, who own the networks, are gadget-crazy). A marketer would call this empowerment—as a consumer you’re getting the service you want at the time and place you want it, more cheaply than you could have ever hoped to get it. As well as, often, critical help in stealing the particular service or tune.

Men with big jobs in big corporations have a word for this anywhere-anytime (let-us-help-you-steal-it) breakdown in distribution norms: anarchy. They’ve, in fact, had laws passed to inhibit it. But more and more, as gadgetism explodes, as it undermines every fixed notion of who delivers what to whom, as the big men with big jobs try to develop their gadget strategies, it’s comedy too. Everybody in charge of distribution channels is running around like a chicken with its head cut off. People at music companies, television networks, movie studios, cable providers, phone companies, and satellite systems are all trying, vainly so far, to figure out their place in a gadget-driven world, and are, mostly, looking like fools. NBC, in a huff, recently pulled its stuff from Apple’s iTunes downloading service because it believes its shows are worth more than $1.99 apiece. Then, in an about-face, the network announced it will give away its shows for free—figuring that somehow they’ll rig it up, those technological geniuses, so that after you download a show to your gadget and you see it once or twice, the show will dissolve or explode, or some such.

A gadget, it’s important to note, isn’t strictly a device—it’s something of a metaphor. A gadget, in whatever form, does something both better and more precisely than it was done before (including more efficient theft). Google is not a gadget—it’s too broad, too large (it’s more an operating system, in terms of metaphor). Gadgets have catchy functions: Google calls its blog-search tool—which, inserted on your home page, can keep you abreast of what anyone is saying about you—a gadget. A kind of gossip gadget. Dan Dubno, a gadgeteer who hosts the annual Gadgetoff, the premier competition for gadget inventors, in New York, and who introduced the developers of satellite maps to Google, calls the maps a gadget. Everybody’s G.P.S., with that dominatrix voice telling you where to turn, is a gadget. Your cell phone is a gadget (though not a very good one). And many of the boxes connected to your television are gadgets (silly, cumbersome ones). Though sometimes gadgets are called widgets. Widgets are the little, well, gadgets you can put on your Facebook pages to, for instance, notify you about somebody’s especially sexy playlist.

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For instance, there remains the belief, which became the reassuring mantra about 10 years ago, that the natural progression of content and technology was toward some primary and central device. This was called “convergence.” Indeed, there has been an enormous amount of effort and expense devoted by the hardware and software manufacturers to create and control this mythical convergence box. The stakes seemed great: someone would rule by dint of operating system, or distribution muscle, or hardware design (or a combination of all three). It was the super-television concept.

This seemed like an O.K. outcome if you were part of the great content-creating complex. Content was king and, obviously, the necessary product to be retailed through whatever system or hardware was developed. Content, branded content, would always be in high demand, and it wouldn’t matter, ultimately, how it got into the home—and content-makers would be able to charge whatever the market would bear.

Except if it was stolen, but that’s another story.

Some of the serious gadgets that seemed most likely to rule were the gaming systems, Xbox, from Microsoft, or PlayStation, from Sony, or any number of set-top solutions proposed by the cable companies. But Xbox and PlayStation, beyond the issues of their chronic development and delivery problems, turned out to be fixed platforms in a mobile world. Also, they turned out to be too generalized in their promises—while these mighty processors could, theoretically, do practically everything, they didn’t solve any problems. Gadgets are about specificity: what precise job is handled well. That’s what cool (as well as how it helps you steal).

Cable-system operators didn’t get the gadget ethos, either. With their big and dependent audiences they had what seemed like a no-lose opportunity to control the world with a felicitous gadget. But they failed. First, they have terrible technology. Their boxes and services are unreliable—and dumb. Why can’t you search on a cable box? What’s that about? You mean I can’t send this episode of Entourage to my mom? Hello? True, in an effort to compete with TiVo, the gadget undermining fixed programming (and advertising), the cable M.S.O.’s (multiple-system operators) gave away their own D.V.R.—a generic TiVo—which, while too kludgy and unappealing and immobile to create any user loyalty, did what gadgets do, which is to change their users’ behavior and expectations.

This further undermined the entire premise of television, leading to massive piracy and YouTube, which created new sources of video content, merely waiting for a new gadget to port this content from the Internet to the television, bypassing cable systems. Good show.

An equal kludginess and failure to connect the dots applies to cell-phone makers and mobile-system providers. They are, in a sense, the true progenitors of the gadget era. And yet no cell phone has managed to become the gadget pièce de résistance. There was the Razr, which enhanced gadgetism but hastened its own obsolescence—it was cool, but not cool enough. And now comes the iPhone. It offers not only gadget functionality but gadget sensibility too, heavy on the positive gadget experience. And that’s the state of gadgeting art: the elegant gadget, the wow gadget. (Forgetting about the fact that the iPhone doesn’t work very well—mail sucks, keyboard laughable.)

The wow standard is, however, likely to be undermined, too. The Google phone, in super-secret development, takes an approach that’s radically different from Apple gadgetism. Seeing design as authoritarian, Google (gadget spies and gadget-rumor mongers say) will go
Why is this top model giving her friend Pravda Vodka?
The top model is giving Pravda Vodka because she is knowledgeable...

She has read the results of taste competitions
The American Academy of Taste in 2006 and
the World Beverage Championships in 2004
both ranked Pravda as the best
superior vodka.
Better than Grey Goose,
Belvedere, Level...

The very best of all.

See www.prawdavodka.com for the perfect martini
Indeed, there are more and more business-development teams populating the media world, dedicated to striking deals with the makers of the new gadgets.

But the problems with this ideal of simple transference become more manifold every day. For one thing, the gadget-makers are much less impressed with the value of the content than the content-makers are. (Various consortiums of old-media behemoths are vowing to band together to build their own iStores and charge what they want to charge—good luck with that.) For another thing, media and behavior and desire are pretty finely linked (this is part of what McLuhan was so cryptically saying). It turns out that if you're moving you want information and entertainment to be different than if you are sitting. (I'm too old to have paid any attention to what's actually on YouTube until, waiting on some line or other, I pushed the YouTube button on my iPhone. I may be among the last to know: many of the most popular videos on YouTube, which cost little to produce and which nobody is getting paid for, are more diverting than anything on television.)

Still, there remains a certain stubborn determination to use technology to deliver the one true thing. Fujitsu has in development a futuristic roll-up screen, the Flepia (believe it or not), which will reproduce with startling colors and definition actual magazine and newspaper pages. You'll be able to carry a newsstand, weighing ounces, in your pocket. There are other companies, HP and Sony included, at work on this same concept. It's something of a holy grail of gadgets—a sort of plastic paper that can receive Wi-Fi signals, so your newspaper and magazines download to you. The premise here is that, again, in defiance of McLuhan, the form is irrelevant, or that technology can simply improve on the existing form. While this is theoretically logical—Fujitsu's Flepia thing is merely a more efficient way to distribute and to read a magazine—it will never quite work out. For one thing, control shifts, and now it's Fujitsu's world (instead of, say, Time Inc.'s or Condé Nast's world), and, likely, Fujitsu won't want what magazine publishers want. And, for another, consumers take advantage of almost any opportunity to alter or customize their behavior; once they alter their behavior, the content itself has to be altered, which is never good news for the makers of the old content.

There is, too, the Sony Reader—Amazon also has one—a gadget that is in essence designed to facilitate the iTunes download model, but for books. You buy books from an online store and download to your portable book facsimile. This is an entirely intuitive idea, whose time seems to have been on the verge of coming for 10 years.

*What about the content people, those former kings? If the way we consume all types of entertainment and information is changing, what happens to the people (and the fortunes of the people) who produce the entertainment and information? This is, in every meeting of media suits, in every contract discussion, in every Hollywood union negotiation, the fundamental, inchoate, and addled existential question. What is to become of us? And who gets paid? (It is actually possible, and comic, that, of all the parties trying to screw one another in these meetings and negotiations, none will get the dough. Some yet-to-be-invented-gadget guy will run off with it.)*
now—but it never does. Possibly because these gadgets don't help you steal the book (or possibly because it's a book, so nobody wants to steal it).

Any good gadget has to be sly about how it respects digital-rights management (D.R.M.—the thing that prevents you from copying stuff), trying to stay within the bounds of the Digital Millennium Copyright Act, which sends you to jail for cracking somebody's D.R.M. lock. But everybody knows which end is up and what the point really is.

Except when they don't.

Sony, once the premier gadget-maker, has become an also-ran, not least of all, perhaps, because it bought content-makers Columbia Pictures and CBS Records (now Sony Music). It suddenly found itself in a deeply conflicted position. It declined to give the Walkman (remember the Walkman?) the devious capabilities to help you steal the music Sony was now selling. Sony's chief, Sir Howard Stringer, has become a great defender of traditional copyright rules, at, arguably, the expense of his company's future—at least the great gadget side of his company.

Microsoft, as an ardent defender of corporate property, went so far as to have its iPod competitor, Zune, virtually install copy protection on songs that users had already stolen. Similarly, its media-center package—a P.C. version of a set-top box—is scrupulous and relentless, and counterproductive in the way it stands up for all sorts of protection features that make the ordinary gadget consumer laugh out loud. And, indeed, its gadgets are duds.

Content creators—and Microsoft is largely the content creator, whereas Apple, arguably, is a hardware company—have actually tried to wish into existence not just their own pro-protection gadgets but gadgets that will stop other gadgets from stealing their stuff. Technology will defeat technology, in the new Expanse, but not in the way that the content creators hope to do it.

THE VERY HEALTH OF THE GADGET WORLD IS BASED ON FREE AND UNSTUCK CONTENT. NEWS FLASH: GADGET-MAKERS WANT YOU TO STEAL.

And, to feed your gadgets, you do. It is true that, at Apple's store, since it began in 2003, more than three billion songs have been legitimately sold, which sounds like a lot. But, every month, there are three to five billion search requests for illegal downloads from the peer-to-peer file-sharing networks (among them, LimeWire, eDonkey, BitTorrent, Ares). Music-industry estimates figure that you have, on average, 600 to 1,000 songs on your portable gadget of choice: one-third are from CDs in your collection at home; two-thirds you've stolen. Oh, and 20—not 20 percent, actually—you've bought from iTunes.

In other words, given this level of theft, the media world ends, eventually. We put ourselves out of business. Soon we will, with our gadgets, have stolen all the music and videos.

Except there's always another gadget.

Or, in this case, there's the seen and the unseen world of gadgets. Behind your benign gadget there's a gadget war of the worlds.

MediaDefender, in a sense more an antigadget than a gadget, was developed by some guys out of the electronic-warfare division of Raytheon, where they were working on the radar system for the B-2 bomber. Among its warfare tactics, MediaDefende carpet-bombs the peer-to-peer networks. The old-media guys hire these warfare guys. (They are sort of mercenaries, I suppose, in this metaphor) to protect specific titles. Say the Black Eyed Peas' "My Humps." Their former weapons-systems experts bomb the peer-to-peer networks with millions of (or hundreds of millions—whatever) of fake, decoy files. You download mush. Clever.

But here's the thing. When behavior changes—in this instance, gadgets giving us license and wherewithal to take whatever diversion we want whenever we want—there is not a lot of profit in trying to change it back. It might be honorable to try, but not profitable. In the media business, it is always better to promote than to inhibit. Rather than try to stand in the way of the ever burgeoning gadget world, and its license and entitlements, the MediaDefender mercenaries have savvily reversed their technology, not to stymie gadgets but to use them.

In the end, their approach to solving the problem of making a buck in a gadget world was not, in fact, rocket science, which they understood, but, in media terms, the most obvious solution: turn gadgets into advertising media.

Instead of shooting their decoys out there, now the MediaDefender people actually shoot the real thing. They shoot millions of files of this or that title, which, when you download, you download with, say, the Nike swoosh or the Coke ribbon—or other logos, and trailers, and 30-second spots. A sponsor pays, in other words, the content-maker for the privilege of being associated with his song or show.

And so, in a way, matching ads with songs and ads with videos, and giving you this for free on your gadgets, we've handily re-created radio and television.

Perhaps nothing changes, except the gadgets. ✈
Design changes.
Taste is timeless.
The new look of DUNHILL International.

To locate DUNHILL at a fine tobacconist near you, ring 1-888-XPRTDNL (977-8365).*
*Calls restricted to legal age tobacco consumers.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

A taste for the International
Fine imported tobaccos
THE VERDICT IS MISSING

Talking to members of the hung jury, the author learns how Phil Spector escaped a guilty verdict, for now at least, while O.J. Simpson finally ended up in a prison jumpsuit.

They say one of the items O.J. was trying to get back was the suit he wore to court the day he was acquitted of murder. O.J. calls it his lucky suit. Apparently, Phil Spector wanted to borrow it.

—Jay Leno

I had always thought that Phil Spector would commit suicide in the courtroom if he were found guilty of murdering Lana Clarkson. I could not even imagine Phil in prison. He’s a drama queen, albeit straight, who cares deeply about his legend in the history of music in the United States. One of the passions of his life is his place in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. I thought perhaps he would swallow a cyanide pill. What an exit that would have been. He’d live on forever. A martyr. One night before the end of the trial I went to a sort of farewell dinner with some of the other reporters, who get as obsessed as I do at these trials and want to talk of nothing else. I said, “Does anyone think that Phil might commit suicide?” One person who was there looked at me aghast. After a long pause, he gave me a few others in the group a very inside scoop, which he was in a position to know. The police were aware that Spector was a potential suicide. By law, they had no right to search him after he’d passed through security and entered the courtroom to listen to the verdict. One policeman in the courtroom was assigned to watch Spector during the reading of the verdict and never take his eyes off him. If he made one move toward his pocket, this officer was to leap on him.

It was all so quiet when it actually happened. All the principals were there, the people who have been sitting together in the Clara Shortridge Foltz Criminal Justice Center, in Los Angeles County since Spector’s murder.

We have come to dislike. Among the last to arrive in Judge Larry Paul Fidler’s extremely well-run courtroom were Phil Spector and his increasingly controversial wife, Rachelle, who was believed to have recently posted on a MySpace page, “The Evil Judge Should Die,” signed Chelle, which is the nickname she goes by. Phil’s lawyers have denied that Rachelle posted any such note. I heard the police were investigating it as a threat against a judge. It would have been poetic justice if, after Judge Fidler declared a mistrial on account of the hung jury, Rachelle had gone to jail and Phil had gone home to the castle, at least until the re-trial and the civil trial which loom over him.

If there had been a verdict, there would have been three buzzes from the deliberation room, but there were only two. Still, we were all told to assemble in the courtroom at 1:30 on Wednesday, the 26th of September. The last to arrive were Donna Clarkson, Lana’s mother, and Lana’s sister, Fawn. They took their regular seats in the front row with their lawyers. My eyes met for a second with those of Mrs. Clarkson. I was sorry I had never gotten to talk with her. We had things to say to each other that no one else could say, but it was not to be. She looked exactly right for the sad news she was about to receive, that the jury was stymied by two people who were unwilling to convict Phil Spector, and thought it possible that her daughter, who had been tossed for five and a half months by Spector’s lawyers, had taken her life in his house. I understood the rage she was feeling under her calm exterior.

When Judge Fidler announced the mistrial, there was dead silence. No hugs, no shaking of hands, nothing but general disappointment. An hour or so later, Phil, Rachelle, and Horace, Phil’s guard, arrived back at the castle, to which they had been trailed by a helicopter. I found it utterly offensive that Phil and Rachelle danced in their courtyard and hugged Horace, and that, in a real class act, Rachelle humped Phil’s leg, like a horny dog, laughing uproariously. Her public intimacy did not engage him—he never looked at her during the merriment. They looked so cheap. It reminded me of the way O.J.’s family behaved after his victory: the ladies were all holding champagne glasses and doing high kicks on the lawn at the Rockingham house. At both houses they had forgotten that a beautiful dead woman was the cause of the celebration.

For years, ever since the shooting death of Lana Clarkson, my old friend Jackie Collins, of the best-seller lists, has been saying to me, “You have to read Ronnie Spector’s autobiography. It’s fascinating.” Ronnie Spector was married to Phil Spector when he was still known as “the tycoon of teen.” She had been the lead singer of the popular all-girl group the Ronettes, which Phil produced. For some reason, I never read the book until another old friend out here, Jack Martin, a former gossip columnist, sent over a worn-out, tattered copy to the Chateau Marmont, where I was staying for the trial. The book is called Be My Baby: How I Survived Mascara, Miniskirts, and Madness or My Life as a Fabulous Ronette. “Be My Baby” is the title of one of Phil’s most famous hit songs, a rock ‘n’ roll classic. I couldn’t put the book down. It became my waiting-for-the-non-verdict reading. Ronnie was an absolute prisoner in her own mansion, surrounded by staff. She had nothing to do all
day but drink, and drink she did. Phil had lost interest in her career. He told her not to talk to the servants. (When Lana Clarkson, on the night that was to become the last of her life, told Adriano De Souza, the driver of Phil’s Mercedes, that she was going to stay at the castle for only one drink, Phil forbade her to speak to De Souza.) Ronnie and Phil’s marriage was one of day-to-day madness, from which she ultimately escaped in bare feet. She ran down the hill to Sunset Boulevard and caught a taxi out of his life forever.

Back in the courthouse, the Spector jurors gave a sort of press conference after the mistrial announcement. Only three jurors came forward to meet with the media—Nos. 9, 10, and 12. My fellow reporters and I had spent five months trying to analyze the jurors. I’m quite proud that my own opinion of Juror No. 10, the foreman in the deliberations, altered much earlier than when he became by far the most disliked member of the jury, having personally forged the hung jury that ended this trial. I took a dislike to him when the jury went to the castle to visit the crime scene. It was he who presented 10 questions from the jury to the judge. He was extremely pleased with himself. I wrote in my notes that he had an “I’m the smartest guy in the room” attitude. He took notes with such fervor that I sometimes felt he missed what was going on, so engrossed was he with his 13 scribbled-in notebooks.

I thought it was curious that at the press conference he refused to tell us his name or whether he had voted for conviction or acquittal. He also was the least forthcoming of the three present, sitting in a corner as if monitoring what the other jurors were saying, but his power to control them was over. Beth Karas, of Court TV, and I received notes from Juror No. 9 saying he would like to talk with us. I found it interesting to learn that the vote, in which 10 of 12 jurors voted to convict, at one time had been 11-1. At that point the single vote to acquit was the foreman’s, but he was able to change the mind of one other juror, No. 1. According to notes taken at the voir dire, No. 10 is a civil engineer, 32, with three sons, and lives in Alhambra, about a block and a half from Phil’s castle. He said in voir dire that he had once seen Phil in the Target store in Alhambra. He owns a gun. He had a friend who shot himself, but it may have been an accident. It is usual but not obligatory for the foreman to take a vote on the first day of deliberations to see what the breakdown is before discussion begins. For the first 3 days of the 12-day process, no vote was taken. After the third day, Juror No. 9 threatened to ring the buzzer to the judge if a vote was not taken.

Juror No. 9 told Beth and me that when it came to scientific evidence the jurors, even No. 10, always relied on the prosecution expert witnesses more than the defense expert witnesses. In the next trial, Phil could save a lot of money on those expert witnesses. The word is that money’s tight for the next trial. He is thought to have already spent between $8 and $10 million on legal fees. Forensic pathologist Dr. Henry Lee took a big blow to his lofty reputation, as did Dr. Michael Baden, after prosecutor Alan Jackson went to the mat with them. Keep an eye on Alan Jackson. This guy’s big-time.

Another juror who particularly interested me was No. 6, although I was not able to speak to him personally. He is a former executive at a Hollywood studio, and a former friend of mine. The movie experience brought me to the studio during the shooting of the courtroom scene, and the occasional catnaps the fellow jurors took. The juror was a foreman to the jury. Juror 6 wrote long, passionate arguments, so long that, with aArk, they broke for the weekend to think it over. On Monday, everyone still had the same feeling, except No. 10, the foreman, who was certainly his right.

Juror No. 6 asked another juror if he thought No. 10 could ever be brought around. No, replied the other juror, who then recounted a story that the foreman had told about himself during the deliberations. One of his sons, who is very stubborn, refused to eat his broccoli. His father told him he had to stay at his place at the table until he had eaten his broccoli. After 12 hours at the table, the son finally gave in. When they heard this story, the jurors gave up and told the court that they were hopelessly deadlocked. So unpopular was the foreman’s stand that, after the trial ended, he received what he called threats, and has asked the Alhambra police for protection.

For a week during the deliberations, Phil Spector was put in his place when O.J. Simpson roared back into the public eye, charged with the armed robbery of a memorabilia collector in a cheap hotel in Las Vegas, where O.J. had gone to attend a friend’s wedding. There were pictures of him in the newspapers in black-tie with a smirk on his face. For the week following, O.J. got much more space in the news than Spector ever got. As a result of the publicity, O.J.’s book, If I Did It, which was brought out by the Goldman family, who made the word “If” so small on the cover that the title appears to be I Did It, jumped to No. 1 on Amazon.

I wrote the afterword to the book as a favor to my friend Fred Goldman. All the TV shows I was asked to be on that week wanted to talk only about O.J. I had a bit of a dustup with Star Jones on her show. She started giving me a little attitude about not mentioning Johnnie Cochran in the afterward I wrote. I said something like “Listen, Star, you and I are on different sides in the O.J. case. I remember you used to go up to his house on Rockingham nights to sit with him during the civil trial.” That interview ended quickly.

O.J. in the news again stirred up a lot of memories. I think it was one of the great injustices that O.J. was acquitted for the two cruel killings of Nicole and her friend Ron Goldman. I believe in ultimate justice. He got away with murder in the courtroom, but here he was back in the clinic, where he belonged, handcuffed behind his back and in a prison jumpsuit. Finally he was in the right clothes.

When I came out to Los Angeles last April, I had no idea the Phil Spector trial would last for almost half a year. I might not have come if I had realized that. But if I had not come, I would have missed the wonderful experience of living in Los Angeles again. For years I’ve had a very complicated relationship with this city. Great times. Terrible times. Success. Failure. The pain of the terrible times exceeded by far the joy of the good times. My daughter was murdered here. The first article I ever wrote for Vanity Fair, in March 1984, was about the trial of the man who had strangled my daughter and then received a slap on the wrist of six years in a cushy facility, cut to three years on the day of sentencing, and who was out and about in two and a half years. I went to the cemetery in Westwood and thanked my daughter, Dominique, for leading me into the courtroom for the last 24 years. I hate to see guys like O.J. walk free. I hated to see Phil Spector get to postpone his verdict the way he has for the last four years. Every place I went when I was out here covering this trial, people stopped me to ask about it. It was the talk of the town in Los Angeles. They all wanted Phil to go down. They cared deeply about Lana Clarkson. When I went to dinner parties, I was always asked to get up and speak about what had happened in court that day. I loved doing it. I saw all my old friends and had long talks about olden times. I felt like I belonged again.
They’re as lovely as Ziegfeld girls, as leggy as showgirls, as apple-pie as pom-pom girls, and they inhabit a surreal realm between A Chorus Line and a halftime band (only with T-straps instead of tubas). They make Busby Berkeley’s mad tappers look sloppy, and their grueling performance schedule—up to five 90-minute shows per day for almost eight weeks running—requires the stamina of Seabiscuit. They’re the fabled Rockettes of Radio City Music Hall, and this year’s Christmas Spectacular, November 9 through December 30, marks the 75th anniversary of a show that’s like no other on earth.

The act began in 1932 and was soon presented as free entertainment between screenings of the first-run movies playing Radio City Music Hall. Today, the Rockettes are the show, a six-acre auditorium that begins with an illusion. A Rockette can travel a foot and a half in a second and a half, but “on the stage you have a trick of perception that events are moving faster than they are,” says Hochwald. “It’s like a movie. It’s not just the illusion of a moment that you just have to do it on your own.” The result—36 women moving as one, and with the finesse of Fosse dancers—is a stirring sight that sells more tickets in two months than any Broadway hit sells in a year.

“Most companies would have said, ‘It’s a classic, it works, leave it alone,’” says Jonathan Hochwald, executive V.P. of productions at MSG Entertainment, which produces the show. This company, however, sees the 75th anniversary as perfect timing for a millennial re-invention. New numbers, costumes, technology, grand finale, and even new snow—not to mention a real live double-decker tour bus—all are taken to cutting-edge levels of virtuosity.

Rockette-heads need not worry. The amazingly mathematical “Parade of the Wooden Soldiers” (like Balanchine on acid) and the beloved “Living Nostalgia,” a tableau vivant complete with sheep and three camels, both in the show since 1933, remain as historical touchstones. But these, too, have been spruced up. “There’s not a moment that we haven’t addressed,” says Hochwald. “This show’s going to have more Rockette numbers than ever—each of them a tour de force.”

—Laurajacobs

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK SELIGER

DECEMBER 2007
SHOWDOWN AT FORT SUMNER

Two years after Paramount purchased DreamWorks, Hollywood is transfixed by one of the nastiest breakups ever. As Sumner Redstone and David Geffen went to war (over Steven Spielberg?), the author got it from both sides

BY BRYAN BURROUGH

There was a time, not long after Sumner Redstone came to Southern California four years ago, when the world must have seemed rosy and new and full of hope. At 82, an age when peers were dead or lying in retirement homes, Redstone had everything a mogul could want between his two main companies, Viacom and CBS, he owned a television network, cable channels by the score, and no one cared if he was ever seen without a suit. But all that has changed, and now Redstone is in the company of his daughter, Shari, 53, who runs National Amusements, the family's movie-theater chain, and reportedly fighting with his wife, Paula. At the same time, relations between Redstone and the influential Geffen-Spielberg-Katzenberg troika—incensed by a stream of perceived slights—had deteriorated into a nasty cold war, to the point where an untried new employee will not return Spielberg's employment contract expires, next fall. Down at the Ivy and the Palm, the gossip about Redstone is withering: among the agents and producers in Hollywood's chattering class, he is increasingly viewed as an isolated, mean-spirited old man who cares nothing for the film community's traditions. All summer the ill will bubbled up into a series of unflattering media portrayals—much of which Redstone now blames on the man he has come to believe is behind not only the bad press but almost all of his "image problems" in the broader Hollywood community: David Geffen.

In a series of talks with Vanity Fair beginning in August, Redstone's men have blamed Geffen, the mischievous music turned film magnate, for practically every bad press notice they have received, even the reports of trouble
Go ahead, Truffle yourself.

To: Me
in Redstone's marriage. "This is all Geffen," an executive close to Redstone told me. "We know what's going on. He's doing all of this. He's relentless. He and Sumner, when they're in a fight like this, it's war. It's war."

When I first relayed these sentiments to Geffen, he exploded. "Whoever said these things, they must be out of their minds," he said, his voice rising with each syllable. "I am not responsible for the public discourse about Mr. Redstone at all. He is. To imply I have anything to do with his image problems is just shameful. The lawsuits with his children and the statements he has made on the record speak for themselves."

But Geffen, who to his credit had no problem speaking on the record, was only warming up. "I don’t care for Sumner’s behavior," he went on, "and I have that in common with a great many people in the entertainment business. I don’t like the way he treats people. Most of all, nobody is going to treat me or my partner [Spielberg] in that manner and stay in business with us. Nobody."

It was this level of behind-the-scenes vitriol that spawned the first serious broadside in the developing Redstone-DreamWorks fight, in mid-September, when Viacom’s C.E.O., Philippe Dauman, told an audience of New York investors and analysts that Paramount could survive the departure of Spielberg and Geffen. In one of the more memorable smackdowns in recent Hollywood history, Dauman characterized the potential loss of Spielberg as “completely immaterial.”

Katzenberg immediately fired back, defending Spielberg in remarks that ran beneath one of Variety’s traditionally clever headlines: KATZ SHOWS CLAWS. Still, Redstone’s team was happy with the exchange, feeling they had put the DreamWorks trio, especially Geffen, in their places. “They don’t scare us,” a Redstone executive told me not long after. “What are we supposed to do? Bend over some more? Uh-uh. No more. This is it.”

Tough, tough talk for a tough, tough town. But how much of it was real? How much of it was simply Hollywood-style posturing? Did the Redstone-Geffen fight involve genuine bad blood or was this all just silliness and drama in an industry that makes its money selling silliness and drama?

You could see this from the start. All the ingredients were in place. It just took time for them to come to a boil. Redstone, the imperious elder, unaccustomed and almost unwilling to kowtow to Hollywood royalty. His studio chief, Paramount’s Brad Grey, a veteran talent manager and producer but a newcomer as studio executive, still unsure of his footing, yet eager to assert his leadership over the proud DreamWorks team. Spielberg, the legend, comfortable in his routines, suspicious of change, ever respectful of Hollywood tradition. And Geffen, hyperprotective of Spielberg, easy to offend, only fully engaged, it seems, when consumed by some epic life-or-death struggle.

Whether or not you believe Geffen was behind the spate of anti-Redstone articles this past summer, there’s no denying his unhappiness triggered all this. In fact, the sheer vehemence of Geffen’s anti-Redstone fervor reminds more than one observer—including this

Ovitz—who after leaving his all-powerful position atop the Creative Artists Agency found himself vulnerable to press attacks—and Redstone, a multi-billionaire who doesn’t cut deals with studios. He owns studios, "You're right, you can't take down Sumner Redstone," the adviser admits. “But in a Sumner Redstone situation, you can expose him. He's already damaged.”

Why on earth did Geffen launch a crusade against Redstone? For a time, the conventional wisdom was that he was trying to drive Redstone to the bargaining table to get something he wanted: a better deal for Spielberg at Paramount, or the sale of DreamWorks Animation—now an independent company run by Katzenberg—to Viacom. Inside the Redstone camp, the feeling was that Geffen had his eye on an exit strategy for when Spielberg’s contract with Paramount expires, next fall. Either this was a ploy to coax more money out of Redstone or—and this was the guess heard most often—it was Geffen’s strange way of placing a FOR SALE sign on DreamWorks.

On the record, Redstone’s men refused to parring with Geffen for this article. “We will not engage in tit for tat,” says a Viacom spokesman. “Steven is a great talent whom we all treasure. We are taking the high road.” Speaking for background, however, they are more than willing to talk trash. “We know why he’s doing it—it’s obvious,” says the Redstone adviser. "Because next year Paramount will have the hot hand. DreamWorks won’t. Look at the slate [of planned movies]. Everything good is coming from Paramount. The DreamWorks films don’t look anywhere near as good. So if you’re Geffen and you want to negotiate, you want to do it now. He’s looking for any leverage he can find on Sumner.”

“I WILL NOT BE BULLIED. I AM ABSOLUTELY UNAFRAID OF SUMNER REDSTONE,” SAYS GEFEN.

Geffen hotly denies this. “Absolutely not true,” he says. “I want nothing from these people. Nothing. This is not about money. It is my job to look out for Steven Spielberg and Jeffrey Katzenberg and our employees and the people we are in business with. We have a responsibility here. I chose to sell this company to Paramount. It has turned out to be a poor choice. To me, it’s about protecting these people. That is my goal and my raison d’être. Redstone, he is accustomed to bullying people. And I will not be bullied. There is no fight I will run from. I am absolutely unafraid of Sumner Redstone.”

What’s really driving Geffen, most observers believe, is a deep-seated desire to place
Whether she’s playing a sharp-tongued fashion assistant or a bookish wallflower, Emily Blunt is a character in every sense of the word. Since her scene-stealing role in The Devil Wears Prada (which earned her one of two Golden Globe nods in 2007), the British-born actress’s rising star shows no signs of slowing. She has a slate of films due out this year—including The Jane Austen Book Club, The Great Buck Howard, and Charlie Wilson’s War—and will take on the role of a young Queen Victoria in 2008. Fabulous life, indeed.

The Fabulous Life
For today’s most promising stars, living “the fabulous life” means more than just waltzing down red carpets and basking in the glow of popping flashbulbs. It’s about having all their wildest dreams truly realized. Here, Moët & Chandon celebrates the next generation of young Hollywood as they ascend into the silver-screen firmament.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NIGEL PARRY
To say that Hugh Dancy has been enjoying a golden run lately is an understatement, to be sure, especially when you look at what he's accomplished to date. In 2006, the Oxford-educated actor scored an Emmy® nomination for HBO's *Elizabeth I*, and before this year's out, he'll have been on Broadway in *Journey's End* and on the big screen in *Evening, Savage Grace*, and *The Jane Austen Book Club*. It certainly appears that this Brit is on the cusp of fabulousness.
ACTRESS, INGÉNUE

Fabulous, thy name is Zoe. The Dominican Republic-raised stunner began her career as a dancer until her breakout role in the cult flick Center Stage. Her turn in the film led to a bevy of other roles in big-screen hits such as Pirates of the Caribbean: The Curse of the Black Pearl, The Terminal, Guess Who, and Drumline. She's also producing the upcoming movie Diez Duartes. And if that doesn't sound promising enough, consider what's next on her docket: James Cameron's sci-fi epic Avatar and J. J. Abrams's Star Trek. This is one actress who should brace herself for stardom.
BE FABULOUS

TURN AN EXIT INTO AN ENTRANCE.
the most important partner he has had in a long and illustrious career. "This is all about Steven Spielberg," the DreamWorks adviser says. "David is doing this to keep Steven happy."

In an odd way, the Redstone adviser agrees. The Redstone camp believes Geffen is suffering from "seller's remorse," that is, selling DreamWorks to Paramount for too little money. That, they charge, and not any slights felt by Spielberg, is behind Geffen's anger. "Can you imagine how [Geffen] feels?" the Redstone adviser asks. "He told Spielberg he would take care of everything. He's supposed to take care of the business side, right? And he got taken. Well, tough!"

What Geffen fears, the Redstone man alleges, is losing Spielberg as a partner. The DreamWorks adviser chuckles at the idea. "That's not going to happen," this person says. "Let's be clear: Steven needs David. David is richer than Steven. That will not change."

Understanding all this—the charges, the countercharges, the public motivations and the hidden ones, the spin on the spin—isn't as difficult as it might at first appear. Like almost every marriage gone bad, you just have to start at the wedding.

By the summer of 2005, it was clear to everyone at the top levels of DreamWorks SKG that their dream of running an independent studio was no longer possible. DreamWorks had been the product of another bitter feud, the early-1990s struggle between Katzenberg, then Disney's studio head, and his boss, Michael Eisner. When Katzenberg was fired, Geffen and Spielberg formed DreamWorks for him to run. In the intervening years, the trio made a slew of hit movies—from the animated Shrek series to Saving Private Ryan and Gladiator and American Beauty—but never attained the scale needed to safely weather the occasional flop. The poor showing in 2003 of the animated Sinbad: Legend of the Seven Seas, which lost $125 million, almost bankrupted the studio. By early 2005, Spielberg was making noises about their churning out fewer movies each year—6 to 8, as opposed to 12 to 14—and everyone involved realized it wouldn't be enough to keep DreamWorks financially viable.

The answer was obvious: a merger with Universal Studios, now owned by General Electric. Spielberg has maintained offices on the Universal lot for three decades, and all the DreamWorks principals felt comfortable working with its president, the soft-edged Ron Meyer, and his studio chief, Stacey Snider. In mid-2005, Geffen entered into talks with Meyer and NBC Universal's C.E.O. Bob Wright about purchasing DreamWorks. He had just brokered a tentative deal when an especially expensive DreamWorks production, The Island, a science-fiction thriller with Ewan McGregor and Scarlett Johansson, flopped at the box office. G.E. reacted by trimming about $100 million from the price it was willing to pay.

It was then that Geffen turned to Brad Grey, who had just taken the reins at Paramount. The two had a good relationship; Geffen had been among those to urge Viacom's then C.E.O., Tom Freston, to hire Grey in the first place. Paramount was the sick man of Hollywood and had been for years. Grey saw the purchase of DreamWorks—Shrek and Spielberg and a dozen strong movies in the pipeline—as an elixir that would cure all Paramount's problems. The talks were far from smooth—Redstone initially rejected Geffen's demand for $1.6 billion as far too high—but once Viacom struck a deal to sell DreamWorks' film library to a group of New York investors led by George Soros, it reduced its investment to a more manageable $600 million. The deal was finalized in December 2005.

Everyone seemed happy—everyone, that is, except Spielberg. By one account—denied by everyone at DreamWorks—he was so unhappy at the collapse of the Universal deal he didn't speak to Geffen for weeks. At the very least, he was deeply ambivalent about working for Paramount. While most of Dream-Works' employees moved into new offices on the Paramount lot, Spielberg stayed put in the old, southwestern-style complex at Universal. "I remember talking to Steven right after the sale, and he was already [having second thoughts]," says a longtime friend. "He had such an emotional reaction. He was leaving his home of 20 years. He refused to move to Paramount. That pretty much says it all."

It was a difficult marriage from the start, although not nearly as rocky as some accounts portrayed it. In the post-deal trimming of duplicate jobs, there was a perception that DreamWorks executives won most top positions, leading to the inevitable moral problems among Paramount veterans. Some DreamWorks executives, many of whom clearly viewed themselves as too cool for this new school, struggled to hide their sense of superiority, and no wonder—in every sense that mattered, the accomplishments of Geffen, Spielberg, and even Katzenberg towered above anything on the Paramount executives' résumés. "It took about a minute to realize these people didn't know what they were doing," says the DreamWorks adviser. "Tom Freston was a cable-television guy. He hires Brad Grey, who's never run a studio. And Brad turns around and hires another television person, Gail Berman, who knows nothing! You had three people who had never run a studio!"

And yet, it was Paramount's very weakness, many believed, that made it so attractive to Geffen as a merger partner. More DreamWorks workers would keep their jobs, and it was widely thought, Geffen expected to dominate the inexperienced Paramount team. His post-merger decision to hire Universal's Stacey Snider to run DreamWorks beneath the Paramount banner was viewed as a way of positioning an ally to take over for Grey if and when he stumbled.

Still, despite a difficult transition period, relations between the DreamWorks and Paramount camps remained generally peaceful in those early months. Insiders give much of the credit to the calming influence of Freston, who was friendly with all the principals.
especially Geffen. “Things were actually going O.K. internally,” says a Paramount partisan. “The DreamWorks guys weren’t in the strongest position, remember. Their first three movies, The Last Kiss, Flags of Our Fathers, and Flushed Away—none of them did anything. They actually took a $100 million write-down on Flushed. But then, toward the fall, things began to change.”

The first tremor came eight months after the merger, in August 2006, when Redstone suddenly “fired” Tom Cruise from a Paramount production deal; though it had been Grey and Freston who decided to let Cruise’s deal lapse, it was Redstone who, in a series of interviews, blamed Cruise’s erratic behavior—jumping on Oprah’s couch, etc.—for disappointing ticket sales for Paramount’s Mission: Impossible III. Redstone clearly enjoyed his moment in the sun, but his criticism of Cruise broke one of Hollywood’s long-standing commandments: Suits Do Not Publicly Criticize Talent. In the DreamWorks camp, no one is more respectful of Hollywood tradition than Spielberg, who was irked by Redstone’s comments. Ironically, the incident came at a time when relations between Spielberg and Cruise were poor. Spielberg felt the actor’s antics had hurt his own movie, 2005’s War of the Worlds. Far worse, though, had been an episode when Spielberg told Cruise the name of a doctor who had prescribed medication to a relative and the doctor’s office was subsequentlypicketed by Scientologists.

The Cruise dismissal, however, was nothing compared to the sudden firing of Freston as Viacom’s C.E.O., two weeks later. Now it was Geffen’s turn to burn. Geffen, for whom much of business is personal, had felt he was selling DreamWorks to Freston; he barely knew Redstone and didn’t much like what he saw. Worse, he felt the abrupt dismissal showed a lack of respect for Freston’s 26 years of service. “There was a loyalty issue for David,” says the DreamWorks adviser. “David was deeply loyal to Tom Freston, and he couldn’t fathom how Tom could be in the situation that it was insanity to him.” The DreamWorks adviser confirms that Geffen made a call to Freston of Freston’s firing, in which Geffen reportedly suggested that Katzenberg be hired to replace Freston. (Geffen, who met Katzenberg at this point, had said he didn’t believe Redstone had said he did give up the notion of Katsenberg being the replacement.)

other suggestion from Geffen that Viacom purchase DreamWorks Animation. Geffen and Redstone didn’t speak for a year.

Had Freston remained in place, it’s entirely possible he could have calmed the waters. With his departure, however, Brad Grey was left to fend for himself, and Grey and his team swiftly proved unable to keep DreamWorks happy. Less than two months after Freston’s firing, Paramount’s distribution chief, Rob Moore, was quoted in The New York Times blaming director Clint Eastwood for the disappointing performance of Flags of Our Fathers. “The biggest draw of the movie is its director, who’s not in the movie,” he claimed. Like Redstone’s castigation of Cruise, it was a moment when a “suit” publicly took “talent” to task, and across Hollywood the talent didn’t like it one bit.

“I remember that morning, the whole town was like, ‘Did he really say this?’” recalls the DreamWorks adviser. “This is Hollywood—you just don’t do that! You simply say, ‘It was a great movie,’ and let it go. Well, all you need to know is Clint Eastwood is Steven Spielberg’s idol.” Spielberg felt Eastwood had been publicly humili-ated and, according to several sources, demanded and received a meeting with Moore, who tried his best to mollify him.

But Spielberg’s irritation at the Cruise and Eastwood incidents paled before the behind-the-scenes drama over Dreamgirls. The big-budget musical had been Geffen’s baby for almost 25 years, since it had debuted on Broadway. He had been involved in every detail of its production, and as the movie’s New York premiere approached, last December, he had strong feelings about how he wanted the evening handled. Most of all, he wanted a “cold opening” (that is, for the movie to begin in darkness, without the usual endless introductions from the studio head and director and pre-curtain calls for the actors), the better for the audience to appreciate its rousing, spectacular first scene.

The request was initially routed to Paramount’s public-relations representative, Janet Hill, who rejected it. She said Grey had remarks he planned to deliver before the movie began. DreamWorks’ marketing chief, Terry Press, appealed to Hill to change her mind. He wouldn’t, Stacey Snider appealed that too had no effect. Finally, Grey himself telephoned Hill. She said it was Grey’s call. Geffen pined Grey, who

said it was important that he say something because there would be members of the Viacom board in the audience. Geffen was beside himself. The night of the premiere, Press took Grey aside and pleaded with him to stay seated, and director Bill Condon was even sent over to second the request. But Grey went ahead anyway, giving the impres-sion that Dreamgirls was a Paramount film.

Geffen’s anger only intensified when Redstone was quoted in Nikki Finke’s gossip blog, telling a dinner party that Grey had explained to him that Dreamgirls’ failure to win an Academy Award nomination for best picture occurred because “everyone hates David.” Geffen. “That was big,” says the DreamWorks adviser. “That was a big mark in the road.”

By early 2007, every week seemed to bring a new disagreement between DreamWorks and Paramount operating executives. A January Los Angeles Times article reported that Stacey Snider had heatedly objected to a press release Grey’s office issued that lumped her in with others reporting to Grey; it was true, but Snider, who as DreamWorks C.E.O. had the ability to green-light films on her own, took offense at the tone, leading to a sharp telephone exchange with Grey. Spielberg, meanwhile, was growing irked at Grey’s tendency to refer to DreamWorks movies as Paramount movies. “I take exception when the press is contacted by our friends and partners at Paramount, who refer to every DreamWorks picture as a Paramount picture,” Spielberg told The New York Times in February. “It is not the case.” (Through a spokesman, Spielberg declined to comment for this article.)

As tensions rose, the most common flash point was the form of nasty exchanges between the longtime DreamWorks press handler, Terry Press, and Paramount’s P.R. woman, Janet Hill. Hill blamed Press for unflattering references to Grey in the New York Post’s “Page Six” and other gossip columns. Press criticized Hill for allowing Grey’s name to be drawn into media coverage of the Anthony Pellicano wiretapping investigation; nor could she understand Grey’s willingness to announce a separation from his wife, Jill, in Liz Smith’s gossip column. The situation had erupted spectacularly at the 2006 Cannes Film Festival, when Hill angrily blamed Press for talking to a gossip columnist. When Geffen got wind of this, he walked into the Vanity Fair dinner at the Hôtel du Cap, barking, “Point out Janet Hill,” and then proceeded to rip into Rob Moore, accompanied by his wife, as terrified onlookers ran for cover. Hill resigned this past June. Geffen was widely blamed. (Hill could not be reached for comment.)

“All this, all this noise, really started to per-

“THESE PEOPLE ARE A NIGHTMARE,” SAYS GEFFEN.
“I’VE NEVER SEEN BEHAVIOR LIKE THIS.”
he word GOLD to GOLD24 to download 'ONLY GOLD' jewelry catalog and store locator. Normal messaging charges apply. www.onlygoldusa.com
colate after they finally had a successful film, "Dreamgirls," notes a Paramount partisan. "After Dreamgirls, there started to be a lot of noise about credit, that Paramount was getting too much credit for the success of Dreamgirls. Then DreamWorks had a string of huge successes. Norbit, $95 million. Blakes of Glory, $120 million. Disturbia, $80 million. And then Transformers, the biggest [live-action] hit in DreamWorks history, $315 million. So it's all during that run, where DreamWorks has been doing better and better, where DreamWorks has gotten more and more unhappy. It was in the spring. I remember, where everyone [at Paramount] began reaching out to DreamWorks, saying, 'What do you need? We want you to be happy.'" (Paramount, meanwhile, had been floundering with Shooter, $47 million, and Zodiac, $33 million.)

A series of meetings between Geffen and Grey ensued. Anxious to placate Geffen, Grey gave him practically everything he asked for. Paramount would stop referring to DreamWorks movies as its own. Snider's green-light authority was increased from $85 million to $100 million—$150 million for a movie Spielberg directed. And DreamWorks was given authority to hire its own corporate public-relations person. By June, as the talks wrapped up, tensions appeared to be diminishing.

A nd there things lay for a month or so. For a time, peace seemed attainable. All through the spring Grey appeared to re-double his efforts to soothe Geffen and especially Spielberg, reportedly visiting the director on the Connecticut set of his fourth Indiana Jones film, which Spielberg was filming for Paramount. Grey also visited Spielberg at his home in the Hamptons to hand him a $1 million check for the Shosh Foundation, an archive of oral histories about the Holocaust started by Spielberg. He even attempted to co-opt Terry Press, soliciting and accepting her advice on how best to live peacefully with the DreamWorks trio. When Press and others urged him not to be photographed alone with the stars of DreamWorks' "Spy Kids: The Third," at the movie's premiere, the better to keep the focus on DreamWorks' performance, posing alongside Stacey Snider. He ended, the same at the premiere of Paramount's "Pulaski." But then, in mid-July, just a couple of Paramount executives began to buzz in the glow of a Pax Geffenica, came a bombshell: a pointed article by BusinessWeek's Los Angeles bureau chief, Ronald Grover, claiming that Spielberg and Geffen remained unhappy and were prepared to bolt once Spielberg's contract expired, in October 2008. The article's souring was anonymous, but Geffen's fingerprints were all over it; Geffen admits, in fact, that he was one of Grover's main sources. The piece blindsided Grey's team. "We gave them everything!" says one Paramount executive. "And then what—six weeks later, it was: Well, not really. People are scratching their heads saying, 'We don't understand.'"

I n August, in the wake of these stories, I called the Redstone adviser, who blamed all the bad publicity—including the Finke item—on Geffen, who, he said, was launching a covert press campaign in an effort to bring Redstone to the bargaining table. What Geffen wanted, he couldn't say. At first the adviser's tone was more winsome than combative. "We're not going to win this one," he said. "There's nothing we can do. We don't have the leverage Geffen has in this town. Summer doesn't even want to play the game. Geffen, I mean, he'll do anything. He'll say anything. We keep telling Sumner, 'Keep your head down till this blows over'; but it probably won't. If we fight back, well, then they'll come after Sumner with ev'rything they have.'"

Articles about Redstone in Fortune and elsewhere, spurred in part by critical remarks Redstone himself had made about his daughter. Shari, continued through August, and by Labor Day Redstone's men had come to believe they had no choice but to respond. The next time I spoke with the Redstone adviser, in early Septem-

"WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO? BEND OVER SOME MORE?" SAYS A REDSTONE EXECUTIVE.

ber, he all but jumped through the phone in a full-throated excoriation of Geffen. I was in a taxi, and struggled to scribble down remarks that flew as fast as bullets. Of Geffen, the adviser said, "He's all over town, saying this and that. You know what this is? Seller's remorse. I tell you, they're testing our patience… I'm telling you, we're about fed up with this stuff. All their movies, Indiana Jones, everything in their library and everything in their pipeline, you know what? It's all ours! Tough! They want to leave? They want to go start over? Fine. Leave! We have done everything we can to make them feel special. Everything! And nothing is enough!"

B y September the escalating tension between Geffen and Redstone was making things difficult for Katzenberg, whose role in all this is sharply different from those of his partners, Spielberg and Geffen. He remains C.E.O. of DreamWorks Animation, whose movies are marketed and distributed by Paramount; unlike Geffen, who has few day-to-day management responsibilities.
at Paramount, Katzenberg depends on getting along with Brad Grey's team—a team, it should be said, that Katzenberg has the highest compliments for, Katzenberg wanted peace. So on Monday night, September 17, he sat down with DreamWorks attorneys Skip Bratenn and discussed how to obtain it.

"I think everyone agrees that the purchase of DreamWorks was both a great coup and a giant financial success," says Katzenberg. "But when you have profited so greatly, it's imperative to find other ways to reward people, especially people like Steven Spielberg and David Geffen, who are more interested in how they are treated than in money. Everyone wants to be appreciated.

"Separate from money, there are ways you can reward talent... make them feel appreciated, valued, respected. That is the crux of the issue... DreamWorks has not been given the proper respect, or credit. Talent relations is the fuel of this industry. Every day for 25 years, [former MCA/Universal studio chief] Sid Sheinberg made Steven Spielberg feel like the most important person in the world to him. In ways large and small, he made it clear to Steven how much he mattered. The people at Paramount and Viacom haven't done this. Maybe it's out of intimidation or fear or a lack of understanding of what's at stake, but when it comes to talent relations, they've simply missed."

On Tuesday morning, September 18, Katzenberg telephoned Geffen and urged him to dial things down a notch. Geffen said he would keep an open mind. Then, barely an hour later, came the news that Redstone had finally "engaged." Viacom's C.E.O., Philippe Dauman, the man who had replaced Tom Freston, was speaking at an investors' conference in New York. A Viacom adviser had already told a handful of reporters what to expect. But Dauman's words still rocked Hollywood.

Asked about the possibility of losing Spielberg, Dauman said, "We're doing everything possible to make him happy... Now, Steven and his team have the right to leave if they choose at the end of next year. At that point, if there is someone who steps in with $1 billion, $2 billion, whatever, stepping into the [Microsoft co-founder] Paul Allen role a decade ago to start a new studio from scratch, that is a possibility. And we're planning for that." Dauman then praised Paramount's upcoming films, before concluding, "So, the financial impact to Paramount first and especially to Viacom overall would be completely immaterial in the event somebody shows up to help them start a studio from scratch."

For Dauman, whose public remarks are almost always diplomatic and reserved, it was tantamount to telling Spielberg and Geffen to go to hell. Much of Hollywood—and all of DreamWorks—erupted. "Completely immaterial? Can you believe this?" a DreamWorks adviser blurted the next morning. "How could they call Steven Spielberg insignificant? They must be out of their minds!"

"As a filmmaker, storyteller, artist and conscience, Steven Spielberg is nothing short of a national treasure," Katzenberg said the next day. "To suggest that not having Steven Spielberg is completely immaterial seems ill-advised. I think calmer heads need to prevail here."

Geffen's adjectives were more colorful, not to mention unprintable. "These people have stricken down a man who knows Geffen well...

Redstone's men, meanwhile, were elated. They felt Dauman had struck just the right tone and had succeeded in placing Geffen on the defensive. "What we did was take the bogeyman out of the closet," Redstone's adviser told me. "You don't scare us. You can't rattle [the prospect of leaving] at us anymore. We understood this would be a big deal in Hollywood. Because nobody ever says that kind of stuff. Out there, Geffen and those guys yell 'Jump' and you're supposed to yell, 'How high?' Well, they got slapped on the wrists a little for trying to turn this into an attack on Saint Steven. We're fine with that."

He sighs. "What are we supposed to do? I mean, Brad doesn't know what to do at this point. He doesn't know what to do to make them happy. Do we have to have lunch with them every day? It's hard to have lunch with David Geffen when you know what he's saying about you all over town."

Indeed, DreamWorks partisans can be withering when discussing Grey, whom they portray as an imperial overlord in love with his perks, grabbing seats reserved for actors on private jets. Geffen, who has been heard around town saying that Grey has betrayed him, is still reluctant to criticize him publicly, in large part, as a DreamWorks adviser points out, because he was instrumental in Grey's hiring.

By October, while the public sniping was receding, the break between the Geffen and Redstone forces appeared permanent. Privately, DreamWorks executives say they see little chance of salvaging the relationship. Geffen has already told people he has been approached by G.E. about Universal and by other prospective new homes—and indeed he has said that he is considering buying NBC Universal if G.E. were to sell it. If a move is made, it would allow Geffen to “reboot” everything and still call it DreamWorks. (Rights to the DreamWorks name are owned by Katzenberg.)

"Oh, I think they're gone," says a onetime Hollywood C.E.O., who has worked closely with everyone involved. “I think they get a big offer and go back to Universal. Maybe they take an equity interest. Ronnie [Meyer] takes some piece of it.” He chuckles, then mentions Kirk Kerkorian, who has seemingly bought and sold a single studio, MGM, a dozen times over the last 30 years. “They're going to be like Kirk Kerkorian, where they keep selling the same thing over and over again. I always wondered how Kirk did that. I guess now we'll find out.”

And the Geffen-Redstone feud? Was it real or some kind of corporate Kabuki? As this article was going to press, a sudden telephone call from Geffen suggested it might all have been a lot of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

"I just want to say thank you," Geffen said. "Your reporting on this story, somehow you've so provoked Redstone he has come over to see me and we've cleared up a lot of these issues. This article, you, you did this. A lot of this was bullshit. This was about our personal relationship. And we've cleared up a lot of this. And a lot of this I feel like I owe to you. All of this stuff we've allegedly said, I've allegedly said, we don't have a problem anymore. Our personal problem, we've solved. We've cleared the air. And it was all because of you. Most of it was misinformation. And when you're not talking to each other, you can't resolve anything. So Summer called up, he apologized to me for anything he said that may have upset me. I apologized for things that may have upset him. And we cleared the air. And we don't have a problem with each other. We may still have problems between Paramount and DreamWorks. But not with each other."

The Viacom spokesman confirmed the cease-fire, but declined to comment further. It's certainly possible Vanity Fair possesses miraculous diplomatic clout. But the actual reason for this latest twist can likely be found only in the strange and wonderful mind of David Geffen.
REVOLUTIONARY ED

Ed Schlossberg in the offices of his company, ESI Design, in Manhattan.

INTERACTIVE MAN

Stylish, cerebral, and reticent, Ed Schlossberg was something of an enigma when he married Caroline Kennedy, in 1986. Twenty-one years later, after he's designed hands-on exhibits for some of the country's highest-profile museums and other institutions and acquired the lofty tag "grand master of human interactivity," many people are still in the dark.

Don't let the exquisite tailoring of his clothes or his own, cryptic, modernist, text-centered creations fool you: this is no snobby aesthete. Schlossberg's favorite description is "really cool," and his philosophy is democratic to the core. Raised on Manhattan's Upper West Side, he believes that learning and cultural experiences should be social, fun, and physically engaging. In the design world, this is called "interactivity" or "experiential design." These terms might seem obvious in the age of YouTube, but when Schlossberg spoke about such ideas to his first client, the Brooklyn Children's Museum, in 1971, it sounded like Tagalog. "It's amazing that the board of directors didn't just throw me out on my rear," he says. That project, in which children climbed through gigantic models of molecules, was followed by the American Family Immigration History Center, on Ellis Island, where visitors discover the history of their own families; Macomber Farm, in Massachusetts, where kids use "Sight Masks" to experience how animals see; and dozens more interactive projects, including the upcoming Home to the Future, in the Time Warner Center, in Manhattan, and the Reuters display in Times Square.

Among Schlossberg's new projects is a redesign of Cleveland's Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, which previously was so respectful of its I. M. Pei building that "it was like rock 'n' roll without the volume up," Schlossberg says. The new plan gets to the feeling of rock, he explains, complete with graffiti and inappropriate sexual comments. His new Children's Museum of Los Angeles is really cool, too, featuring a big bear, a big dog, and a big tree—all inanimate until children pet or feed them. "It's a cultural place that says, "Without you, this is not functioning,'" he says.

His design firm, ESI, has 50 people, but some of the shrewdest planners are his three kids (Jack, 14; Tatiana, 17; Rose, 19), who frankly tell him what young people will love and what they won't tolerate. "Kids are so moral," says Schlossberg. "And [they] have a great nose for bullshit." Alas, his own still have trouble describing exactly what their dad does.

—EYEVENIA PERETZ
WAITING FOR THE PLAGUE

Every 48 years or so, in the remote Indian state of Mizoram, hundreds of thousands of acres of bamboo bloom, touching off a plague of rats and devastating famine. As the Mizos face the next outbreak, can anything help them?

BY ALEX SHOUматOFF

S

ome time ago, my attention was caught by a bizarre item buried in the back pages of the Montreal Gazette. It was about a small, remote state in the northeastern corner of India, wedged between Myanmar (formerly Burma) and Bangladesh, called Mizoram. Hundreds of thousands of acres of Mizoram are forested with a single species of bamboo, which flowers only once every 48 years or so. When this happens, the flowers produce fruits whose protein-rich, avocado-like seeds are devoured by jungle rats, and the rat population explodes. The rats go on to eat everything. They move out the villagers’ crops and grain bins, and Mizoram is gripped by hunger. Ten years later, this happened in 1982: thousands of Mizos (as the region’s inhabitants are called) starved to death, and the Indian government’s failure to respond with adequate food aid sparked a guerrilla war that lasted 20 years.

Now, I read with mounting interest, the bamboo was starting to flower again, and everyone was cringing. Masses of rat traps and tons of rodenticide were being trucked in and distributed to the rural population. Mizoram’s chief minister, Zoramthanga (many Mizos go by only one name, but the names are distinctive), had been the dreaded leader of the guerrillas. A Castro figure in India, he had risen to power on the flowering of the bamboo, and now he had to deal with it.

A place where people’s lives are held hostage by the reproductive cycle of a plant—the story seemed like a ghastly Orwellian fable, the vision of a grim realism, fodder for Ripley’s Believe It or Not. Was Mother India, still reeling from the 2004 tsunami, sending us a message: nature runs the show, not us?

Researching the matter further, I discovered that the Mizos, who number fewer than a million, are Tibeto-Burman—a different race with a different culture from the other billion-plus people of India. They are believed to have migrated from southern China down into the humid, bamboo-infested armpit of the Bay of Bengal a few centuries ago. Through most of the 19th century, they lived in scattered villages and made war on one another and their neighbors, taking the heads of their enemies. Transvestism was widespread among the men and was accepted by the society. The women had an unusual amount of say, and still do.

The Mizos lived in isolation until the 1890s, when two Baptist missionaries from Wales arrived. Their effort to convert this population of “hitherto ignorant tribes” was facilitated by the fact that the Mizos al-
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Coming soon.
Between the ridges are deep valleys choked with bamboo, 95 percent of it the species that will soon be nurturing millions of jungle rats. Its scientific name is Melocanna baccifera, but the Mizos call it maw or mautak. Its impenetrable brakes cover about 30 percent of Mizoram’s 8,142 square miles. After the bamboo flowers, the whole plant dies—a tragic event for the animals in the jungle, and for the rural people, who depend on the bamboo for almost their entire material culture. This “dying of the bamboo” and the ensuing outbreak of rats and famine—the whole horrific cascade of events—is known as the mautam.

In New Delhi, I had paid a call on Dr. I. V. Ramanuja Rao, a botanist with the International Network of Bamboo and Rattan (INBAR). As we sat in the group’s conference room, lined with shelves displaying some of the 1,500 products that are made from bamboo (there are even bamboo golf shirts), Dr. Rao said, “mautak is a ‘running’ bamboo, as opposed to a ‘clumping’ one. Its rhizomes spread rapidly underground, like tentacles, sprouting shoots that mature into 30-foot jointed poles in just two to three months. A single grove can cover 700 square miles and yield 10 miles of usable pole.

But then the mautak waits 48 years to flower. Why is this?” I asked. “This is not at all unusual in bamboos,” Dr. Rao said. “Some species take a hundred years. What triggers the ‘gregarious flowering,’ as it is called, after so long is a botanical enigma. Maybe some sort of genetic memory in the rhizomes, or alarm clock ticking in their cells. Even bamboos from Burma that were taken to Kew Gardens, in London, have somehow remembered decades later when they were born and have blossomed on schedule. The last time Sinarrudinio natalis [a bamboo native to China] flowered gregariously in Szechuan and died, there was heavy mortality among the pandas, which eat its shoots. But then, after a year or two, new shoots appear and the cycle begins anew. It’s as if, periodically, the entire eco-system has to be purged with these species. But other species flower every year, or nearly so.”

By the time of my arrival, the mautak in Mizoram is flowering only “sporadically.” Scattered reports of the bamboo’s blossoming or even bearing fruit have been coming in since 2002. The forests around at least 30 villages are in flower. Six districts are overrun by hemipterous stinkbugs—hanyang in Mizo—which are the size of a large kernel of corn. As they suck on the nectar from the bamboo flowers, the bugs grow fat and oily and are considered a great delicacy. Historically, an outbreak of these insects means that the mautam is imminent.

The big wave of gregarious flowering will begin in the coming months, moving up from the south, from the Chittagon Hill Tracts, in Bangladesh, into Tripura and Mizoram, and then up to Manipur, Meghalaya, and Nagaland—the other tribal, semi-assimilated states in the northeastern corner of India. Mizoram, because it has more mautak than all the other states combined will be the epicenter of the catastrophe.

“A Fear Psychosis”

The nearest place that’s flat enough for planes to land is 12 miles from Aizawl, but the drive from there to the city takes an hour. The road weaves tortuously and precipitously up, past houses with latticed mautak walls, perched upon pilings on 60-degree slopes. Women carry products in mautak baskets, and a waterfall flows into a split-mautak pipeline. Everything around here—fences, slates, furniture, fish traps (to list just some of the artifacts starting with f)—seems to be made of the bamboo, and its shoots are a major part of the Mizos’ diet. “They’re softer and taste better than the shoots you get in restaurants,” says Dr. Lalthangliana, who is giving me a ride in his jeep, “and the labashker [the fine-grained silica found in the hollow stem] is used to make love potions, poison antidotes, and medicine for diabetes, ulcers, asthma, chronic cough, and old-age weakness.”

Aizawl is a spectacular hill town. It began as a British fort 112 years ago and spreads for several miles along a 4,000-foot-high ridge, spilling down its slopes, with a maze of narrow roads and alleyways and staircases connecting the various levels. The Mizos have the uncomplicated innocence of people whose exposure to the West has been limited. “Mizoram is very homely. We have a happy outlook,” says Dr. Lalthangliana’s wife, Ngurmawii, who, like most of the educated urban elite, speaks fluent English.

No one in Aizawl is fat, and hardly anyone drinks. The entire state is dry, and the only thing to do in the evening is go to church. Every major sect has a congregation, and one or another of them holds a revival meeting just about every evening.

Much of Aizawl’s commerce is conducted by the few thousand Mizos who believe that they are Jews—an idea that seems to have come from the early missionaries, who found remarkable similarities between their animal sacrifices and other rites and those
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of the ancient Israelites. They have little shops with names like Israel Electrics, Zopa Goldsmith, and Ebenezer Foto, and are the only segment of the population that has an explanation for the maniam: the famine comes because they have not been observing the “jubilee” rite, prescribed in Leviticus, which enjoins Jews every 50 years to “neither reap nor sow,” free their slaves, and forgive all debts.

Outside the headquarters of the ruling party, the Mizo National Front, our jeep pushes through a crowd gathered around a loudspeaker that is issuing instructions about the coming maniam: Grow extra rice and store it in rat-proof bins. Don’t eat any more than you have to. Plant vegetables close to the house and crops that rats don’t eat, like ginger and turmeric. People will be coming to your village and telling you what to do.

The Mizos are starting to freak out. Dr. Lalthangliana tells me. “They have a fear psychosis since the last maniam.”

He drops me off at the Hotel Ritz, a cozy little hostelry in the heart of town. In the dining room, with its breathtaking view of the city, I have breakfast the next morning with the Reverend Ray Hannah, an Australian Baptist missionary who has been ministering to the tribal Christians of northeastern India for 25 years. “I’m not out to change anything,” he assures me. “I just want to give them the added dimension of the power of the Lord.” Reverend Ray, as he calls himself, says he has just come from three villages where he laid on hands, got people to speak in tongues, and helped perform 200 miracles. “One woman had been bedridden for three years and was up and cooking breakfast the next morning,” he claims.

In his room, he has a laptop with a digital edition of the King James Bible. We search “plague,” “famine,” “locusts,” and “mice,” finding all kinds of references. Jehovah was a wrathful God, and he was always raining down some natural disaster or other on the backsliding people of Israel, the passages warn. “If ye walk contrary to me, and will not hearken to me, I will bring seven more plagues upon you according to your sins.” But the Christian missionaries, all Jewish patriarchs, don’t regard maniam as a biblical punishment for their sins. “No one can ascertain the reason why it is happening,” Dr. Lalthangliana says. “Only God knows.”

“I saw it myself, in November 1958.”

I cut it one. It has a hard yellow pulp and a harder, globose white seed, about the size of an avocado pit. The seed is supposed to be an aphrodisiac for the rats. I bite into one, and it is not bad. Kind of like a palm heart, but tougher.

Biakthuama, squatting in his hut, says, with Rongur translating, that he brought up some seeds of manak from the jungle and planted them here after the last maniam. He had been cultivating rice on a jhum, a temporary slash-and-burn farm, on the river Tut toward the Bangladesh border. “So many rats were coming,” he recalls. “They started attacking the paddies before the manak flowered, and stayed for two or three months. They ate up not only the kernels of the rice but the whole stalks. I was raising some mice to eat, and they ate them too. I fed them poison. Some died, but there were still so many rats, I couldn’t do a thing. So I left the farm and came to Aizawl. And everyone had the same experience. The rats came even to Aizawl.”

Did you know that the maniam was coming, or was it a surprise? I ask the old man. “Our grandfathers, who lived through the 1911 maniam, told us that the paddies and crops will be eaten,” he says. “The rats can finish the whole farm even in one night. Our grandfathers said it is the routine correction of the manak. It is natural. God has arranged these things. We do not know why it happens.”

“We also knew it was coming because C. Rokhuma announced it to the whole of Mizoram,” Biakthuama continues. “You should talk to him. He is knowing everything.”

**Rodent Control**

Rokhuma (who is so revered that he is known to most Mizos as Pu C. Rokhuma, pu meaning “Mr.” or “Sir”) was in charge of rodent control during the last maniam and is the local expert on the phenomenon. He is 90 now and lives in a

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**THE RURAL PEOPLE DEPEND ON BAMBOO FOR ALMOST THEIR ENTIRE MATERIAL CULTURE.**

Khawvelthanga, Mizoram’s joint director of information and public relations, tells me. “We went out to harvest the rice and nothing was left. I was 15. The rats came out of the jungle into the farmland below Aizawl. They came at night, so we didn’t see them. Then they all died in the jungle. Not many dead rats were seen in the villages or towns. Many people died of hunger in remote villages with no supply roads. They lived on roots and leaves as long as they could.”

When word comes that a small patch of manak is blooming and bearing fruit right in town, I am taken to see it by a forest ranger whose name is C. The patch is behind the house of an 80-year-old man named Biakthuama, or “acorns,” in botanical nomenclature. It is 10 feet tall and about two inches in diameter. It has a quarter of an inch thick skin, and the kernels have sprouted long, wispy sprouts of flowers, known as panicles, and other acorns bearing green, pear-shaped fruits, or “corn,” that come to a long point.
M A L A C H I T E
THE NEW FRAGRANCE FROM
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large, welcoming house in a quiet part of town. Still spry and alert, he takes me into his garden to show me his Rodent Control Demonstration Centre, which he set up in 1951. "I was a schoolteacher, and in 1951 I started an organization called the Anti-Famine Campaign with the victims of the 1911 mautum," he says. "We knew that the mautam was coming in 1959, and wanted to take precautionary steps. We taught the women to grow more food, and to cook only sufficient food to eat, and save the rest. But our main objective was to kill rats. We used traps and poison—zinc phosphide—and the government paid a bounty of 20 paisa [one-fifth of a rupee, or about half a cent today] for each rat's tail the villagers brought in." He shows me five different kinds of traps that he invented. One trips a log that crushes a rat as it comes for the bait. Another gathers the rat. There is a tube for blowing tobacco smoke into the rats' resting holes, which suffocates them, and a facility for testing deadly "cyano gas powder." Rokhuma has six small rats in cages and a number of other rats picked up in jars, including a large female with 13 teats. He shows me a scrapbook with snapshots of enormous heaps of rats' tails. His campaign netted 2.1 million tails, but it wasn't enough to stop the rats or the famine. He claims that no one starved to death, but most accounts place the number of victims at 10,000 to

"Some Remarkable Incidence," includes an anecdote under the heading "Killing of Surprisingly Big Rat": Mr. K. Laltawna, of the Diliang village, was standing guard in his barn, which contained the rice he had harvested from his paddy, when the rats came swarming in. He clubbed easily 120 of them to death. Returning to the barn several hours later, Laltawna relates:

I suddenly spot what look like a wild cat sitting in one corner on a gunny bag but surprisingly other rats do not afraid of him. Without having a second thought I hit him hard with my club but such a blow is far from a deadly hit and he merely shows me [his] teeth as if he is trying to attack me by producing sneering sound. I immediately take out my dow and kill him at last.

Other entries include "Caterpillar changed into rats," "Grub changed into rats," "White- and swines, deprived of proper food, could not produce any audible sound but just stood trembling against the hedge waiting for their dying date...[Men] could hardly muster their strength to catch hold of such half-dead animals."

Then there is a smaller but locally devastating famine called the thingtam, which is precipitated by the flowering of another species of bamboo known as rawthing (Bambusa tulda). It, too, blooms every 48 years, but the outbreaks come 18 years after one mautam and 30 years before the next. The last thingtam, in 1977, "proved to be quite disastrous to the people on the western side," Rokhuma writes, while "many villagers in the eastern part of Mizoram did not feel the effect." During the 1851 thingtam, 15,000 people died. This was one-sixth of the population. Colonel E. B. Elly, the local colonial administrator, wrote that "the famine arose from the depredation of rats, who multiplied exceedingly the previous year owing to the ample food they obtained from the seeding of the bamboos." The next thingtam is due in 2025.

I n other parts of the world, famines are caused by excessive rainfall, floods, droughts, and earthquakes—natural disasters that strike without warning and can't be prepared for. Or they can happen for political reasons. From 1958 to 1961, between 20 and 30 million people starved in China because of Mao Zedong's disastrous industrial and agricultural policies. It was the worst famine in history, and it happened to coincide with the last mautum.

But Rokhuma is convinced that the cyclical visitations on the Mizos are a deliberate act of God. "God has destined such regular and periodic famines so that we may not just sit idle but strive for our own betterment and all around development."

Most of the time, Rokhuma writes,
“MANY PEOPLE DIED. THEY LIVED ON ROOTS AND LEAVES AS LONG AS THEY COULD.”

Mizoram is like an earthly paradise, where tigers, elephants, deer, wild boars, and all sorts of other animals roam, never failing to find their daily sustenance. Monkeys swing in the branches, and beautiful and exotic birds “find life full with the unfathomable riches of the forests.” But there are these periodic cataclysms, which have been going on “since times immemorial” and “could not be done away so far with the present knowledge and technology of mankind.”

The sounds of the thangnang bugs moving through the forest the year before the 1911 mautam, a survivor tells Rokhuma, are “nothing less than the onset of a monsoon hail and thunderstorm.” Big branches snap under the insects’ collective weight. In 1958, a swarm emerges and follows exactly the same route. How they knew where to go is a scientific mystery.

Heavy rain in the months before the 1929 thangnang causes landslides. The roads are blocked and bullock-pulled carts cannot reach the afflicted villages with food. A teenage Rokhuma helps with the relief effort. He doesn’t record how many people starve, but he does give a figure for rat’s tails that are turned in for bounty: 2,660,630.

In 1948, three square miles of green grasshoppers swarm in from nearby Manipur. They are followed by an even more destructive invasion of brown grasshoppers with white stripes. But the 1950s really put the Mizos to the test. In 1954, the flowering of yet another species of bamboo, *B. khasiana*, causes a noticeable increase in the jungle-rat population. Two years later there is a bloom of *phulna* (*Dendrocalamus hamiltonii*)—another event heralding the mautam. But the honorable supply minister of Assam dismisses the rumors of an impending rat increase and famine as superstition, and no rice is sent to see the Mizos through.

By 1958, mautak is flowering and bearing fruit in every corner of the land. Locusts and grasshoppers attack paddy seedlings in certain areas, but even this will be remembered as the “year of preparation.” The full brunt of the famine is not felt until 1959. Great multitudes of rats are seen scurrying across jungle paths at dusk and swimming across rivers. Everyone suffers.

The following year, 1960, is supposed to be a year of abundance, with all the mautak dying and the rotting poles providing excellent mulch for crops, but the monsoon doesn’t come and there is a long dry spell. The poor harvest doesn’t yield enough food for the Mizos to recover from the famine. As the quantity of bamboo seeds dwindles, the rats become leaner and leaner until, for want of nutritious food, they die by the millions.

The 1961 harvest is not much better, due to the “fire havoc” and insect mayhem the year before. The Mizo National Famine Front, a statewide mobilization effort to provide relief to the starving people, becomes the Mizo National Front (M.N.F.), a political party spawned by the Indian government’s inaction. Its platform is separation from the central government in New Delhi. The 1963 harvest is also bad. Only in 1964 and 1965 do things start to look up, but then 1966 is the most politically turbulent year in Mizo history. The M.N.F. goes underground, and the guerrilla war starts. It is unsafe for farmers even to follow the paths to their *jhums*. The Indian government herds the rural people into “protected and progressive villages.” or P.P.V.’s, where they can’t help the guerrillas, and this disrupts paddy growing and causes even more suffering—a man-induced famine this time. In 1976, just as the Mizos are getting back on their feet, with the political turmoil subsiding and the insurgency quiescent, the *thangtam* engulfs the west, and a swarm of rats pours in from Tripura to eat the raw *thingam* seeds. In 1977, the *thingam* hits its peak. At the same time, enormous numbers of locusts swarm over Aizawl. But 1978, thankfully, is a year of abundance.

It has been one thing after another for Mizoram. This is not an easy place to live. Indeed, it is Rokhuma’s theory that no one has ever lived in these hills for very long. They were always driven out by the next *mautam* or *thingam*, and went off to settle in more hospitable habitats—outside the range of these diabolical plants.
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jeepable road. Now almost 95 percent are connected. There are still some villages that are 12 kilometers from the nearest road, but food can be dropped to them by helicopter.

“The Health Department will be working full-time to combat the bubonic plague, typhus, and typhoid that the rats carry,” he says. “Another sector is in charge of building rat-proof [grain-storage] bins in every village. There are weekly broadcasts on the radio, and teams are going out to the villages to make sure everyone knows what to do.”

But the main thrust of BAFCOS, Lalringa says, is “to turn adversity into opportunity. There are 25 million tons of mautak in Mizoram—14 percent of all the bamboo in India, which has more bamboo than any other country on earth. A vast untapped resource is about to die and go to waste, so this ‘green gold’ has to be harvested. Bamboo is excellent building material—like vegetable steel. It is particularly good in areas prone to earthquake, because it is so flexible. You normally will not die in a house made of bamboo during an earthquake, even if it is plastered over. It is also well suited for areas battered by cyclones, hurricanes, gale-force winds, and torrential rain.

“The seed is rich in protein and enhances the fertility of the female rats,” he continues, “and maybe it is applicable to humans. Maybe it is a natural Viagra or something. We are looking for scientists to study it.”

The Mautam Insurgency

At the Chief Minister’s Secretariat, I am led up a broad flight of stairs to the spacious but unluxurious office of Zoramthanga. The windows are open, and the excited cries of a girls’ field-hockey match waft in from the playground next door. Zoramthanga is a small, unassuming man, completely lacking in the macho swagger and uncouthness of most of his ilk. But he is built like a pinto-size Schwarzenegger, and can probably still dispatch an adversary with a blow of his hands.

“I was born in a small village on the Burma border in 1944,” he tells me. “The British were liquidating the last pockets of Japanese resistance, and some of the bloodiest battles of the war came very close to our village.” India’s independence, in 1947, opened up new avenues of possibility for young Indians, and, like many in his generation, Zoramthanga chose an education over a traditional life of tillage in the fields. “I was a month away from getting my B.A. in English literature at the Manipur University, in May 1966, when there was an uprising in Mizoram because the Indian government’s failure to respond to the famine. The victims of the 1911 mautam had forewarned the Indian government that big famine was coming, but the government said these are just tribal superstitions and didn’t prepare, and the mautam came in 1959 to ’60, and the rats increased like the Pied Piper story.

“We realized that, as long as we were under India, they would not care, so we started to fight for independence,” Zoramthanga continues. “After the famine, the Mizo National Famine Front became the Mizo National Front, and in the spring of 1966 its leader, Lalenga, made a unilateral declaration of independence, and the M.N.F. went into the bush. I joined at the age of 22 after taking the B.A. exam, before I even learned the result.”

So the last flowering of the bamboo played an important role in Mizoram’s history. It brought about a flowering of nationalism, I offer. Zoramthanga quietly nods.

At first, the M.N.F. staged guerrilla attacks from neighboring Myanmar, where a large population of Mizos has been living for centuries. Gradually, the M.N.F. infiltrated and gained control of certain districts in Mizoram and, in classic Maoist mode, struck out from them against the Indian Army. The army committed My Lai-like atrocities, and the M.N.F. used pit traps with razor-sharp bamboo poles to impale Indian soldiers, much as the Vietcong were doing to American G.I.’s not very far to the east. Every family in Mizoram was obliged to contribute to the cause. The villagers helped with food and shelter, until the army herded them into P.P.V.’s. But the suffering of the Mizo people only increased their determination. “We fought for 20 years,” Zoramthanga says. “Sometimes we were thousands, sometimes only 700. Sometimes we went for a week with nothing to eat but bamboo shoots. Life was difficult, but we never lost heart. The hope of independence kept us going.”

The insurgency dragged on for two decades, drawing support first from East Pakistan (now Bangladesh) and later from China. In 1986, the Indians realized that the insurgents were never going to give up until they got what they wanted, and a peace accord was finally reached. By then Zoramthanga had become the M.N.F.’s vice president.

“We came aboveground and handed in our arms, and they gave us a special constitutional protection,” Zoramthanga says. “Any approved by the Indian Parliament regarding religious or customary practice used as a clarifying agent for sugar, he tells me, adding that Audi, BMW, and Volvo are replacing their fiberglass dashboards with bamboo ones. As the world’s wood runs out, bamboo will become only more important. “Mautak is a great wood substitute,” he says.

And if the seeds of the mautak turn out to have sexually stimulating compounds for humans, the Mizos could be sitting on a gold mine—if they can get them before the rats do. “Yes!” Zoramthanga says. “And this is a distinct possibility. It definitely needs to be investigated.”

One might expect Zoramthanga to have formed a nostalgic attachment to mautak, having spent so many years living in and off of it. But he is in fact planning to replace much of it with thicker, more commercial species such as _B. gigantea_, which grows
wants to harvest the 25 million tons before it dies. It is worried about how to get this wood, not about how to take care of the people. It is not a good idea to replace mautak with thicker species from the alluvial plains. There is a reason why the mautak is there, and why it is so abundant. It evolved on steep slopes. The rhizomes package the soil into their interlocking walls and hold it in place, like honey in a honeycomb. There would be massive erosion if it is all cleared."

In any case, it doesn't seem possible to remove the mautak. Agricultural conversion and suburban sprawl in Japan and Brazil have wiped out local species of bamboo that caused mautam-like rat swarms in the 19th century, but Mizoram's mautak is mostly inaccessible, growing in deep gullies and river gorges. Harvesting it would require a Herculean effort. Access roads would have to be bulldozed, rope trolleys installed to drag the poles up slopes, and rivers cleared of rocks and fallen trees so the poles could be floated out. A critic in Aizawl describes the harvest plan as "another way to waste the government's money." Zoramthanga himself admits that he expects to get only 5 percent of it, at most.

Dr. Rao's strategy for mitigating the mautam, which he presented at the World Bamboo Congress in 2004, in New Delhi, so far has fallen on deaf ears in Mizoram, although a district in neighboring Manipur is trying it out. He recommends clear-cutting the bamboo and even digging up the rhizomes at the edge of the villages to create "buffer zones"—open areas that the rats will not venture into for fear of being attacked by hawks, snakes, and cats. He also recommends leaving an unbroken swath of the bamboo, through which the rats can be "channelized." "The Mizo have a better chance of not being eaten out of house and home if they leave a food corridor of intact trees, we glimpse valleys that are 20 miles long and covered with nothing but mautak. Some of it has turned yellow—a sign that it is about to flower. Rokhuma's evocation of an earthly paradise is no exaggeration. Down in a gully, peacock pheasants in a mating frenzy are kicking up a racket, and we spot a large, black, long-armed, tail-less primate—a hoolock gibbon—flinging itself 30 feet into the next treetop.

The flora and fauna of the reserve are almost completely unstudied. At least seven Bengal tigers roam its expanse, and it is crawling with cobras, kraits, vipers, and many nonvenomous serpents that hunt rats. I wonder if there is going to be a spike in the snake population when the rats get going. Lianmawia says that a few years ago the reserve's barking deer got out of hand, and the wild dogs that prey on them rose to the occasion with a noticeable surge in their numbers. Eventually, both the deer and the dogs returned to normal levels.

One thing still puzzles me about all this, I tell Rongura. Why the explosion of rats? There must be some biological reason for it. The rats must be serving some purpose. Or are they just a population that periodically

"THE SEED IS RICH IN PROTEIN... MAYBE IT IS A NATURAL VIAGRA OR SOMETHING."

mautak so the rats can migrate northward with the flowering wave," he argues. Critics of the plan say that buffer zones will not stop the rats once they get hungry enough, which they will be after they have polished off the paddies. They know there is food in the villages, and predators will be able to pick off only a fraction of them.

The Laughing Rats

The day after these meetings, Rongura, the forest ranger, takes me into the bush for two days to see more flowering bamboo. The further we get from the capital, the fewer jhumers have been hacked out of the forest, and the more bamboo there is—thick jungle, with poles no more than a foot apart, smothering hillsides and frothing up valleys. After five hours of serpentine single-lane roads, our jeep reaches Mamit, where many people died during the last mautam. We drive past a uniformed forester and stop, noticing that he is holding a spike of flowering mautak. Flowering poles can be seen right beside the road.

On the morning of our second day, we go for a walk in the Dampa Tiger Reserve's magnificent tropical hardwood forest with its field director, Lianmawia. Through the
where we are staying. Before turning in last night, we'd set traps in the nearby jungle, along one of the rats' known trails, but they are empty. Rongura says that means the rats are not abundant yet. "If they were, we would have caught one."

The only rats I have seen on this trip, in fact, are the ones in Rokhuma's lab. A few months ago, an Australian field biologist came and collected 11 species of rats in the jungle. It's not clear how many of them eat mautak seeds. Maybe they all do, given the rare opportunity. In any case, "rat" is a loaded term that plays to Western phobias. Unlike their garbage-eating urban cousins, the rats in the jungle eat natural food and are usually healthy. The big one with the spots sounds a lot like the paca of the Amazon rain forest, whose flesh is delectable.

The Indian attitude toward rats is very different from the Western one. Hindus and Buddhists, which make up small minorities of Mizos, accept rats as fellow sentient beings, deserving of respect and compassion. Hindus even revere rats. There is a rat temple in Rajas, and Ganesh, the elephant-headed god of wisdom and prosperity, has a nameless rodent sidekick. To Buddhists, both rats and bamboos are, like humans, caught on the wheel of suffering. We have been rats in previous lifetimes. Western science may be coming around to this view: a recent study found that rats can laugh—or at least emit ultrasonic chirps when they are tickled.

I try to imagine what the mautam must be like for the rats—to be seduced by this fruit and driven to a frenzy of mad procreation and then to have it all turn on you, to be done in by your own appetite. It’s not an enviable way to go.

The Human Swarm

The Mizos have a term for the climax of the mautam. They call it sazu puang, or when the rats start coming, and as sazu puang approaches, to be drawing near.

For the first time, we have an exotic tail—has not made an appreciable dent in their numbers. One pair of rats can produce 14,000 offspring in a year if the males have something better to eat than their young.

Because of better connectivity and communication, there have been few food shortages; the full brunt of famine will not be felt until next year. Zoramthanga sounded upbeat when I last talked to him. He had just made a deal to supply paper mills in Assam and Bangladesh with 420,000 tons of mautak, harvested before it died, and he told me he had personally invented three machines for flattening and peeling the bamboo so it can be made into pressed bamboo board, which is revolutionizing the flooring in Mizoram. "This is an example of how we are using the catastrophe as a stepping-stone, and I think we will end up coming out of it economically better than we were before."

There is no confirmation of the mautak fruit’s alleged aphrodisiac properties, but some have reported that the juice is an effective agent against dandruff.

As the sazu puang was building to its climax, there was an unrelated outbreak of some two billion rats, unleashed by heavy rain and flooding, in central China. As of July, 6,000 square miles of cropland had been wiped out.

But whatever happens to us, my hunch is that the bamboos will survive. One of the world’s most ancient and adaptable life forms, they have been around for more than 60 million years. There are about 1,200 known species in this enormous family of giant woody tropical grasses, and undoubtedly hundreds more to be identified, so its prospects seem promising, although some 600 species are now endangered. And the rats will not be disappearing anytime soon. Like the bamboo, they evolved millions of years before we came on the scene and are likely to remain long after we’ve vanished. They are always waiting in the wings, waiting for their moment, ever vigilant.

Nature will recover from what we are doing to it. The show will go on, and the mautam. I suspect, will continue to come every half-century, regardless of whether people are still around to suffer its consequences. It seems to be in no immediate danger of extinction—unlike so many things in the world.
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BY VICKY WARD

On Friday, June 8, 2007, the thousands of Art Week patrons who had made the pilgrimage to the 52nd Venice Biennale in a week that felt like a miracle—despite endless days of rain, just as the Venice art shows were coming to an end—saw the sun suddenly come out.

Parties in particular benefited—Italian and French tycoons who own, among others, Balenciaga, Bottega Veneta, and Alexander McQueen, Christie's auction house, and the storied vineyard Château Latour, in the Médoc region of France. He was throwing a dinner that night in honor of "Sequence II," the second exhibition at his Venetian museum, in the Palazzo Grassi, a famous 18th-century building formerly owned by the Fiat Group. For the party, 600 guests had been invited to gather on the small Grand Canal island of San Giorgio Maggiore, on which is located the Fondazione Giorgio Cini and its gleaming white 16th-century church, designed by Andrea Palladio. As guests arrived off water taxis and private boats to sip...
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A removable and stowable center table, allows Frances, George, and their kids to have homework, or have a meal in comfort. Two second-row bucket seats fold face the third row. (Safety belts with shoulder restraints are built in.) The kids can move and forward, remove and store the table in covered floor bins.
THE MOBILE MEDIA CENTER.
A satellite TV system, SIRIUS Backseat TV™, streams video from Nickelodeon™, Disney Channel, and Cartoon Network™. And because two 8” DVD screens play independently, Frances can watch her favorite show while George plays a videogame or listens to music. It's a good thing, too, since the family says George likes to listen to particular songs over and over and over again—including some Polish rap he loves. Jane loves that he has no idea what the lyrics mean.

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I SPY... OR DO I?
In-floor storage includes bins that let Jane and Mary Louisa stash plenty of presents out of sight. Speaking of things that are in and out of sight, Mary Louisa’s favorite car game is “I spy.” However, since she tends always to spy the same three items inside the vehicle, the game is usually a short one.

HOW’S THE WEATHER BACK THERE?
A three-zone climate control system and retractable sunshades let the kids adjust their climate and light. Overhead LED swivel lamps focus bright white light where it’s needed without bothering Mom while she’s driving. That’s handy for Frances, who often carries homework or a favorite book on long drives.
Jane and Brad are the founders of a charity organization called "Clothes Off Our Back" that auctions celebrity attire to benefit children's hospitals. Their efforts pair with those of celebrity and personal appearances and raise money for more than 40 children's charities. 

ENTERTAINMENT TO GO

Jane and Brad say that, if a family member starts singing in the car, Frances politely suggests some music. Fortunately, the 2008 Town & Country's MyGIG Multimedia Entertainment System has a 20GB hard drive that store up to 2,500 songs, playlists, JPEGs, and more. The family likes to belt song at red lights with the windows down and with appropriate facial expression. Brad has the best voice, and sings in different accents to make everyone laugh. Jane says her voice is so bad it's sometimes threatened as punishment.

DOWNLOAD 
THE FAMILY'S ROAD-TRIP SOUNDTRACK

Brad, Jane, and their kids have put together a list of favorite traveling tunes that includes selections from family shows such as Broadway's hit musicals WICKED and MAMMA MIA and catchy rock and pop classics. To download your Town & Country driving playlist, including music from this on-the-go family's list, visit sendenet.com/go/chrysler.
It is not my job to be happy,” Pinault says. He wants his tombstone to read, WHY ME?

I'd met François Pinault twice before, and on each occasion found him to be odd and mesmerizing. The first time was on a snowy February day in Urs Fischer's studio in Long Island City. Inside the enormous warehouse, Pinault, who stands around five feet eight inches, seemed utterly incongruous in his perfectly tailored suit beside the much larger, heavily tattooed Fischer, who was dressed, as he often is, in jeans and shirt sleeves. Yet, it was only when Pinault was standing next to Fischer, making jokes and clamping his arm around him, that he seemed relaxed. Otherwise, he paced like a caged tiger.

Our next encounter was in March in the three-star restaurant of the hotel Le Meurice, in Paris. I had been warned by a member of Pinault's staff to be early, since the boss was in the habit of showing up 30 minutes ahead of scheduled appointments. But at the appointed time of 12:30 exactly, Pinault arrived. I joked that I had expected him earlier. He told me he had, in fact, been sitting outside in his car. We began our conversation by discussing his desire to build museums to house his contemporary-art collection—amassed over 30 years—which has, for the most part, sat in storage or been displayed in his private residences. The gauntlet was laid down, though, in October 2006, when Bernard Arnault, often referred to as Pinault's nemesis, and the C.E.O. of rival luxury house LVMH (Moët Hennessy Louis Vuitton), announced his plans to build a $127 million, Frank Gehry–designed cultural foundation in Paris.

Pinault’s collection has been bought quietly for the most part, but it includes a great many important works. Under the guidance of French art dealer Marc Blondeau and then a coterie of advisers including Philippe Ségalot, the former head of the contemporary-art department at Christie’s, he collected major post–World War II artists, including Willem de Kooning, Mondrian, Agnes Martin, Mark Rothko, Richard Serra, and Robert Ryman. More recently, under the influence of the Grassi curator Alison Gingeras, he has embraced younger, emerging artists. To make room he sold off some of the older work—which some critics claim is a mistake. One leading international art adviser says that Jasper Johnson's The White Target was sold by Pinault for $25 million to hedge-fund shaman Steve Cohen two years ago and has now doubled in value.

Even so, the first Palazzo Grassi show, in 2006, demonstrated that Pinault still has plenty of first-rate art, some of it dating back well into the 20th century. Entitled “Where Are We Going?,” the
show included pieces by Mark Rothko, Agnes Martin, Andy Warhol, and Cy Twombly, as well as such contemporary stalwarts as Damien Hirst, Takashi Murakami, Richard Serra, Jeff Koons, Gerhard Richter, Charles Ray, Mike Kelley, David Hammons, Cindy Sherman, and Rudolf Stingel.

“Sequence I” was deliberately more edgy. “I know the critics are going to go for me for including Richard Prince”—the American artist known for his collages and re-photographs—Pinault told me, rubbing his hands together. He was wrong. The show was a triumph. The “600-pound gorilla,” as Artnet had labeled him, was outshining everything else at the Biennale. Yet the fact that Pinault was up for the challenge illustrates the very core of his character. He has long had a reputation as an outsider in the world of French business.

“I have no regrets,” says Pinault of his break with Tom Ford. “[I wish] I had hired him 10 years earlier.”

and he is intensely proud of it. “I could not stand to be bourgeois,” he told me fiercely. He describes the “bubble” that most “rich people live in” as very “dangerous…. You must fight against that at all costs.” In fact, his support of the Grassi museum came about precisely because of an argument with bureaucrats in his home country.

In 2000, Pinault announced, with considerable fanfare, plans to open a contemporary-art museum on the Île Seguin, the site of a former car factory outside Paris. He brought in Japanese architect Tadao Ando to design a new building. But in 2005, after five years and $24 million, he abandoned the project, claiming that the local government had made it impossible to go ahead. “I waited five years for them to get their act together and I just ran out of patience,” he says without emotion.

Actually, many French art critics were opposed to the very notion of a Pinault museum, which they saw as a colossal act of self-aggrandizement, not to mention the fact that Pinault’s collection included almost no French artists. Pinault is dismissive of such criticism. “I don’t feel compelled to collect and show contemporary French artists just because they are French,” he says with a shrug.

He responded by buying a controlling stake in the Palazzo Grassi for $37 million and getting Ando to subtly revamp the 6,600-square-foot space. He has also taken a 30-year lease on a much larger space (37,000 square feet), in Punta della Dogana, the Venetian custom-house, for which he had to top a bid from the Guggenheim Foundation. As with the Grassi, Pinault is footing the bill for a massive overhaul of the space, again by Ando, expected to cost $26 million. Running costs will run at $2.6 million annually. This October, Pinault also announced a blockbuster exhibition of his collection in Lille, the northern French city where he has lived recently about opening museums in London and Berlin.

Small wonder, then, that he is called the French Citizen Kane.”

Saint-Martin was interested in Pinault’s modern-day business background, so he persuaded his father, who works at Froeren lumber mill in Sweden, to eventually take it over again. Pinault’s strategy of supporting local中间 grew and made him

In 1981 he helped a friend, a rising young political figure named Jacques Chirac, get re-elected by buying a bankrupt local sawmill and saving 20 jobs. In 1986, when Chirac was prime minister, Pinault bought another failing wood business—but this time, reportedly breaking his pledge to the French government, he resold it and eliminated 1,800 jobs in the process. Yet his bond with Chirac remained close.

Having climbed to the top of the timber business, Pinault turned his eyes elsewhere. He started to build the company that would become Pinault-Printemps-Redoute. In 1990, with the help of Serge Weinberg, an investment banker from the French bank Paribas, he bought an undervalued African trading company, CFAO, and turned it around. Weinberg would go on to become Pinault’s right-hand man and PPR’s C.E.O. Pinault also hired a bright executive from Renault, Patrizia Barbizet, whom he appointed managing director.

Pinault added to his holdings by acquiring Printemps, a French department-store chain, in 1992. In 1994 he bought La Redoute, a mail-order-catalogue company. But the most profitable—and most controversial—move in Pinault’s career was his involvement with Crédit Lyonnais and New York financier Leon Black in the French bank’s 1991 takeover of Executive Life, an American insurance company that had posted enormous paper losses on its extensive junk-bond portfolio. Crédit Lyonnais proposed a rescue package that enabled both Black and Pinault to profit hugely by buying the junk bonds—to the tune of hundreds of millions for Pinault. To do so, Crédit Lyonnais had to promise U.S. regulators that a new company, Aurora, which was taking over Executive’s insurance contracts, would be independent of the bank—as required by federal law. In fact, Aurora’s new shareholders were mostly fronts for Crédit Lyonnais, including Pinault, who bought 50 percent of Aurora in 1993 with money loaned to him by the French bank. Regulators subsequently accused Pinault of being in on the deception.

In 1999 a grand-jury investigation was convened. Pinault absolutely denied he had known of Crédit Lyonnais’s fraudulent scheme. In fall 2003, in an unprecedented step, Jacques Chirac intervened, and an agreement was reached. Pinault agreed to pay a settlement of $180 million, and Crédit Lyonnais was fined $525 million, which went to California’s Department of Insurance. Civil litigation is ongoing.

While the legal battle raged, Pinault was hardly standing still. In 1994 he purchased FNAC, a retailer of everything from books to electronics. He would later put François-Henri in charge of it “as a test” and came to feel that his son “emerged as a proven C.E.O.”

Then he turned his attention to the luxury market.

Weinberg, who retired from PPR in 2005, explains: “The idea of luxury for PPR was simple. We were in the distribution business…. It’s hard to expand internationally…. Having a luxury business helps you get across to [America and Asia] without having investments.”

In 1998, Pinault bought Christie’s. In 2001 he purchased Gucci—a three-part deal costing more than $5 billion—beating Bernard Arnault to the post.

In the wake of the 9/11 attacks, which occurred the day after the deal, Gucci stock plummeted. Asked if he overpaid, Pinault becomes animated and says, “[Gucci designer] Tom Ford was the best and you have to pay top dollar to get the best. People are stupid. They react to a deal and its price immediately, but really the proof of whether a deal was good or was not only comes seven years later.” He is no doubt referring to the fact that Gucci now generates more than $7 billion worldwide annually.

In 2004, Ford left the company after he and Pinault could not come to terms. The fashion world equated Ford’s departure
with the death of a king. “I have no regrets,” says Pinault now. “It would have been better if I had hired him 10 years earlier.”

Weinberg explains that PPR came to feel that Ford’s ego was too big for its management style. “He’d lost touch with the ground…. He had no experience of management on this scale,” he says.

“It is amusing that Serge says that he felt that I had ‘no experience of management of this scale’ as it was precisely our management of the company for 14 years that built Gucci Group into the company that it is today,” replies Tom Ford. “At that time I was vice-chairman and creative director of Gucci Group, and the entire organization had reported to me for over 10 years on all matters of product, merchandising, P.R., advertising, store design, etc…. As for my ego, I am afraid Serge is confusing that with my job description, which was to guard and maintain the integrity of the brand and to protect it from exploitation for short-term benefits. Serge was a fish out of water at the Gucci Group, as he had absolutely no experience in the fashion or luxury-goods sector. He is a nice guy, but had no understanding whatsoever of our business. He was a bit surprised. I think, when I challenged his knowledge of certain things, which I often did. I tried to explain to him that Gucci was not Conforama or FNAC or even Printemps. In any case, he didn’t last long after we left.”

Now Gucci has opted for a completely different tack, employing designers less well known than the brands themselves.

Over dinner one night in spring 2003, Pinault handed François-Henri the keys to his office. “I felt [he] was ready,” Pinault says. “I had watched other families in similar positions and I felt they all had made mistakes. I didn’t want to let François-Henri run the company too soon, nor too late. Also, I didn’t want him to think ever it was his right. He had to earn it.”

In fact, Pinault had long before appointed a special board to discuss the appropriateness of his son’s succeeding him, and for 20 years had put him through a grueling apprenticeship as they all watched. “In some ways I think my son is better than me,” Pinault says. “I am all about instinct. I have no training. He is educated.”

But many still consider Pinault the elder to be at the wheel of the company, given that PPR is essentially controlled by a private holding company called Artemis, whose management and finances have never been fully revealed.

When Pinault talks about the business, he does not sound emeritus. “You have to keep making deals or you are out of the game,” he told me. At the time of our meeting, PPR had just bought Vinci, a giant French construction company, surprising people who had expected it to buy a water utility company called Suez. “I love that!” he almost shouts. “Everyone is looking one way at Suez, and we went for Vinci. I love to do the unexpected.”

His hands make the motion of a stealth missile seeking its target.

There are those who see Pinault’s entry into the luxury market as grandiose, the same way they view his need to build art museums. Pinault disputes this furiously. “The last thing I want to be thought of is egomaniacal,” he says. He insists that he collects and displays art “to provoke thought and ideas.”

People close to Pinault say it is far too simple to label him a ruthless opportunist and leave it at that. And his attachment to art is real, say those who have advised him. “I’ve shown him work that he will look at for half an hour, study intently, then say, ‘There is no choice. How much is this?’” says Ségalot.

Pinault did not pretend to know anything about art when Marc Blondeau showed him what would become his first acquisition—Mondrian’s Tableau Losangique II, for $8.8 million—but he threw himself into his new hobby with a passion that few can rival, and is now, according to experts, extremely educated. “He has superb taste,” Peter Brant told me.

“I find myself running to keep up with him,” says Alison Gingeras. “On a recent trip to California we’d go to look at an artist’s work all day, then have dinner, and then we’d agree to meet the next morning, and he’d be waiting an hour early, saying, ‘Let’s go…. I had to ask galleries to open early especially for us’.”

The hiring of Gingeras was a significant and gutsy coup for Pinault. Just 34 years old, she is the blonde. American-born part-
ner of Polish artist Piotr Ukraniski. She was a curator at New York’s Guggenheim, and then at the Centre Pompidou, in Paris, where she met Pinault. Frustrated by the bureaucratic hurdles one had to leap to get Paris shows curated—a sentiment echoed by Pinault—he left the Pompidou, and Pinault hired her to curate the first Palazzo Grassi show.

It was, on the face of it, a risk, because she was still so young. But Gingeras introduced her to several of the stars of this year’s show, including Roberto Cuoghi, a 34-year-old Italian painter, Anselm Reyle, a 37-year-old German artist, and 32-year-old American Kristin Baker, an abstract painter.

Baker, a tiny, shy blonde, told me she was petrified a year or so ago when Gingeras informed her she’d be bringing Pinault to her Brooklyn studio. “First, I don’t like anyone seeing my work, so that freaked me out. I was so nervous that I fell over and scraped my knee just before he arrived. My jeans ripped and there was blood on it, so I just stood there, one leg behind the other, hoping he wouldn’t notice.” (He didn’t.)

Getting Baker’s work to Venice required a huge amount of effort because of its enormous size. A Luxembourq cargo plane was required, and then a special scaffold had to be erected to get the paintings up the Palazzo’s walls and into their designated room. Pinault, according to Gingeras, was in on every detail.

“He is most comfortable hanging out with artists,” Baker explains. “When they fly in to New York [which he does regularly], he is not out at some high-society party but hanging with people like Urs [Fischer] or Rudolf [Stingel].”

After this year’s installation was set up at the Palazzo Grassi, Pinault and his wife, Maryvonne, a connoisseur of 18th-century furniture, took all the artists in the show out to dinner at Da Fiore, arguably the best restaurant in Venice. After the Pinaults left, the artists closed the place down. “Kristin was having this intense debate about art with Franz [West] and Piotr,” says Gingeras. Pinault, unable to stay away, kept coming back into the restaurant. “He just didn’t want to miss out on all the fun,” she adds.

Pinault sees himself as spiritually linked to artists in that he is forever making connections, seeing a bigger picture than the microcosm before him. “I really believe it was my destiny to do all this,” he tells me without irony, adding, “There are other people who are far happier. It is not my job to be happy.”

He wants his tombstone to read, why me?

Yet for all the grandiose talk and image-carving of a ruthless financial titan—“I am not rich enough to be tender,” he says, only half humorously—there are examples of a softness beneath the thick skin. Bernard-Henri Lévy gave a very moving account of how Pinault saved the ailing timber business of Lévy’s father on terms that were unfavorable to Pinault. This seems all the more uncharacteristic, given that Pinault and Lévy Sr. had long been rivals. But Pinault explained to the young Lévy that he was prepared to help his father save his reputation because he considered him an old “lion” for whom he had the “deepest respect,” and he had no wish to see him brought down.

Now Lévy and Pinault have breakfast once a month in Paris and are extremely close friends. It is an unlikely pairing, considering Pinault’s right-wing tendencies (he is great friends with France’s new president, Nicolas Sarkozy), but Pinault helped finance Lévy’s 1994 film, Bosnian, on the war in Bosnia. In 1997, after Lévy Sr.’s death, he also bought the timber company from Lévy, who was struggling to manage the business and find time for his writing. “It was a completely unnecessary thing to do,” says Lévy. “By now he had no need of a timber company. There was no financial gain in it for him.”

The day after the “Sequence I” dinner, Pinault called Gingeras to get her impressions. He asked her about the after-party. She told him that Urs Fischer, Kristin Baker, and the other artists had been dancing all night. Slowly, as the conversation unfolded, she realized that he already knew.

Like Jay Gatsby watching the lights of his neighbor’s house at night, Pinault had been on his boat, outside his own party, bobbing up and down on the water, watching, celebrating vicariously.
On the morning of December 17, 2004, Betty Jean Gooch, a librarian in the Special Collections Library at Transylvania University, in Lexington, Kentucky, was preparing for her 11 o'clock appointment with Walter Beckman, a man she had never met. Over the phone and by e-mail, Beckman had asked to view, among other items, a first edition of Charles Darwin's *On the Origin of Species* and four double-size folios of John James Audubon's *Birds of America*.

Wearing a heavy coat, gloves, and a wool cap, Beckman signed the visitors' log. With a long, thin face and bleached-blond hair and sideburns, he appeared younger than Gooch had expected. He was also less cordial and more agitated in person, asking Gooch soon after arriving if he could invite a friend along to see the books. She agreed. A few minutes later, a short, dark-haired young man, also dressed in a winter coat, cap, and gloves, entered the library. He said his name was John.

The two men followed the librarian into the Rare Book Room, and John closed the door behind them. As she was heading toward a display case, Gooch felt a tingling on her right arm and collapsed to the floor.

By one o'clock that afternoon, the 227-year-old liberal-arts college was swarming with campus police, uniformed Lexington Police, plain-clothes detectives, and forensic teams, as well as local news crews covering the developing "Transy Book Heist," a crime that would one day be listed among the F.B.I's most significant art-theft cases.

Even the facts that were available, it was later learned, were not in the hope that they had led investigators to the books or the conspirators' second stop.

### MAJORING IN CRIME

The untold story of the "Transy Book Heist" is one part *Ocean's 11*, one part *Harold & Kumar*: four Kentucky college kids who had millions to gain and nothing to lose

**BY JOHN FALK**
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all have hair down to their shoulders. Each has a different style of facial hair—mutton-chops (Lipka), a Fu Manchu (Borsuk), a Tom Selleck (Reinhard)—which Lipka informs me they had carefully trimmed for my visit.

When the four boys were arrested the news was met with disbelief, as none of them had been in any serious trouble before. Far from being social outcasts, they had been popular athletes, and two were on some form of college scholarship. The press invariably described them as "good boys" from "good families"—upper-middle-class phone, a bong, the Transylvania library, and loose sheets of notepaper, floating above a desecrated one-eyed young man in a watch cap, kicking back on a beat-up couch with a blue dog on his lap. Opposite him there is another young man, fully fleshed and with a neat haircut, resting in a chair, staring into space. The painting, in digital form, would become a popular screen saver on the FBI computers in the Lexington field office.

Spencer Reinhard and Warren Lipka had grown up together in adjacent subdivisions on Lexington’s south side—fully planned residential tracts wedged in between the city and the gradually receding horse country that rings it. Built over old tobacco fields in the 80s, they feature ponds with fountains, cookie-cutter brick Colonial houses, street names like Ironbridge Drive and Turnberry Lane, and regulations authorizing penalties for unkempt yards and tacky lawn santas.

In high school, Warren, a lanky six-footer with a mop of brown hair, was a popular jock and a class clown who delighted his classmates by bear-hugging his nemesis, the dean of students, at graduation. Spencer, meanwhile, was short, wiry, distant, and in many ways Warren’s opposite: an over-scheduled, over-achieving, diamond-tipped drill of a kid who excelled at whatever he set himself to. He focused above all on painting, gaining admission into a prestigious Lexington arts program.

Despite the differing temperaments—and the disapproval of Spencer’s parents—the two were best friends from the age of eight, a friendship that revolved largely around soccer. Though they attended different high schools, both were varsity captains, and both made all-state. In their senior year the two became local celebrities after a dramatic photo appeared in the Lexington Herald-Leader showing Lexington Catholic star goalkeeper Lipka and Tates Creek forward Reinhard battling midair during a playoff game.

In the fall of 2003, Warren left for the University of Kentucky on a full athletic scholarship, eager to take his game to the next level, and with vague plans of getting into politics. Spencer, meanwhile, was accepted to Transylvania on an arts scholarship, his sights firmly set on a career in graphic design. Because their campuses were only a mile apart, they assumed they would stay close, but as with most freshmen, their assured identities and easy expectations muddled once they hit campus. For

BY FAR THE MOST COMMON THEORY WAS THAT THE HEIST HAD BEEN JUST A FRAT PRANK THAT SPUN WAY OUT OF CONTROL.
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Spencer it all started with a series of mild disappointments. "I was expecting to play soccer quite a lot, but the coach was a completely different person once I got on the team," he tells me. "And I pledged a fraternity, but I really didn't get into that too much. In all my art classes I was the only guy—in with a bunch of girls who didn't have any idea what they wanted to do. All these girls I could draw better than when I was in sixth grade."

Across town at U.K., in a towering cinder-block dorm, Warren's world was spinning apart at a much faster clip. His malaise was likely exacerbated by his parents' impending divorce amidst his mother's allegations that his father, Big Warren, the celebrated coach of the university's women's soccer team, had gambled the family into bankruptcy. (Big Warren declined to comment on the gambling accusations at the time.) When not at practice, Warren spent his time smoking pot, watching Comedy Central, and reading German philosophy.

"It was very punishing, that first couple of months in college. Not what I expected, not what I wanted it to be," Warren says. "I want to say living that kind of life—the country clubs, sitting in a classroom and listening to two girls argue about turning down a BMW S.U.V. because she wanted a new Range Rover, like, what? These people's perspectives, because they have money, they're tweaked."

In October of his freshman year, Warren quit the U.K. soccer team, forfeiting his scholarship. He was still enrolled, but only nominally, and remained on the fringes of campus life. Shortly thereafter he was introduced to a Lexington Catholic alum who was making an easy living in identity theft. Seeing something in the wayward Warren, the preppy grifter pitched him the idea of selling fake Kentucky driver's licenses in the U.K. dorms. Warren jumped at the opportunity and recruited another adrift freshman.

"TWELVE MILLION DOLLARS, JUST SITTING THERE? THEY GOT SECURITY AROUND THAT?" WARREN ASKED SPENCER.

"O.K., so we're sitting in the car, smoking weed," Warren recalls, "and then Spencer said, 'I just took a tour in that library, and there's shit sitting there you wouldn't believe. They said that this set, Birds of America, sold for $12 million.' I said, 'Twelve million dollars, just sitting there? They got security around that?' Nonchalantly, very nonchalantly. I mean, just kind of shooting it between us. So I kind of go, 'That would be pretty crazy, wouldn't it?' He said, 'Yeah, that would be kind of crazy.' I then said, 'You know, why don't you look into it more and we'll go from there.' Just like... very unofficial."

"I was studying for his first semester's exams, so I was working out, oil painting. Spencer asked me to scope out the Special Collections section of the Trinity library, reporting of sparked my imagination, like a fantasy."

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where, we want to get out of the country, and we need documentation," Warren explains. "We can do a license, but now we need a passport." So he says, 'Come see me in a couple of days or a week, but I need money. $2,500.' All right, you know, just another thing, O.K., 2,500 bucks. Bam. Bam. So we get the passport from the dude, plane tickets. Boom. Spencer drives me out to Lexington [Blue Grass Airport] on a Friday. Spencer gives me 500 bucks, in my pocket. Can't have any of this documented. Like if we ever get caught, we're talking about international issues, way past interstate commerce or whatever the hell it is."

Because of the expense, only Warren made the trip, touching down at Amsterdam's Schiphol Airport on a Saturday morning in early March 2004. He took a cab to Dam Square, an old hippie hangout in the center of the city he had read about on the Internet. He scored a joint before checking into "a hole-in-the-wall" and falling asleep.

The next morning, all nerves, he left for the meeting site, a café within walking distance. He was told to look for a bearded, heavyset man in a solid-blue sweater. When Warren arrived, he saw a man fitting that description seated with three other men. Undeterred, Warren introduced himself as Terry, firmly shaking hands before sitting down. Like Barry, the men were immediately put off by Warren's youth, and even got what we thought would be impossible... possibly taken care of." Spencer tells me. After researching auction houses online, Warren singled out Christie's in New York.

"I was kind of skeptical," continues Spencer, "but the way I rationalized it was: it's the biggest auction house. If we go in there they're not going to suspect that we stole these. Because no one would go to Christie's with stolen books to get them appraised—that's how we did a lot of stuff, like, we would smoke weed directly under ter. "So we ate at Pazzo's pizza pub. We had a few pitchers, feeling each other out. He's probably thinking I blamed him for [stealing] the money, which I never really did. And one thing led to another and we were just like, 'Let's put this behind us.' And once we get past all of that, we started talking about this plan that he and Spencer have.

"Warren was like, 'I've talked to these guys, I've met with them,'" Eric continues. "'They think we have [the books]. Now the hard part—we have to steal them.' I was nervous. I'm not going to lie. Because this is so much bigger than anything we've done before."

When summer break began, the three returned home to the subdivisions of South Lexington. Spencer received a commission to paint murals at a local school and kept up his soccer training. Eric started a lawn-care business with his friend Chas Allen, and Warren landed a job at a local day camp. The guys hung out together when they could, with Warren frequently conjuring up fantasies—through billowing clouds of marijuana smoke—of post-heist life for them in the Mediterranean, complete with sleek catamarans and topless women.

A Working Plan


dged in among the other houses on Beaumont Avenue, a quiet residential street near the U.K. campus, is a beaten-down yellow cinder-block bungalow, with two bedrooms on the second floor and two on the first. In the fall of 2004, Warren Lipka moved into the unfinished basement. At only $200 a month, the price was right, as Warren was broke after having shut down his and Spencer's fake-ID business and dropping out of U.K. for the semester to focus full-time on the heist. More important, the basement was secluded. Warren sectioned off a bedroom by hanging bed sheets from the rafters and furnished it with an old mattress and a tangerine easy chair he had picked up from Goodwill. Near the boiler he also jerry-rigged a greenhouse for growing marijuana. He topped off his new living quarters with the last of his worldly belongings: a large-screen television, a DVD player, and a Sony PlayStation. Eric rented a proper bedroom upstairs, while Spencer moved back into the dorms at Transylvania.

During a meeting in the basement, Warren convinced the other two that they were going to need a fourth, principally to help haul the nearly 250 pounds in Audubon folios out of the library. After a brief discussion they chose Chas Allen, a handsome, clean-cut U.K.
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business major who had started the law-care company with Eric the previous summer. Chas not only lived in the yellow bungalow but also was a part owner of it with his father, a prominent Lexington real-estate investor.

When Eric let him in on the plan, Chas mocked the three as deluded potheads, he recalls. But after stewing in the magnitude of the potential dollar amount involved, and once convinced of the ease of the heist, the logic of the appraisal, and the legitimacy of Warren's Amsterdam connections, they say, he threw his lot in with the others.

In between soccer practice, classes, painting, and studying, Spencer drew detailed sketches of the inside of the Special Collections Library and the adjacent Rare Book Room, making several appointments with the Special Collections librarian, Betty Jean Gooch, to scout the premises. The others spent time in the library, too, taking notes on staff routines and viable escape routes. They surveyed the offices of the campus police. They climbed onto dorm roofs, where they’d stake out the library for hours at a time, marking down the comings and goings of teachers, students, and security personnel. They also did considerable research on the Internet, using such key terms as “auction house appraisals,” “stun guns,” and “Swiss bank accounts.” For inspiration, they watched heist movies like Ocean’s 11 and Snatch.

Around Halloween, Warren drafted a working plan, which he presented to the other three in the basement. The day of the heist was to be Thursday, December 16, one of the last days of final exams—the library would be nearly empty. Warren, under an alias, would make an appointment with Gooch for that afternoon to view the books they wanted to steal.

The plan for the actual robbery sets out three distinct phases. Phase 1 begins at the bungalow when all four get into what Warren designated the G.T.A.V., or the “Get-to-and-Away-Vehicle,” all disguised as old men. Phase 1 ends when the G.T.A.V. is parked in front of the library and the four “are in 1st story at bottom of stairs of library.”

Phase 2 involves the actual theft, whereas Spencer takes his position as an employee of the venerable, smoking, and seemingly rested student, he risks being caught in the library. Warren and Gooch turn to the Rare Book Room, on the third floor, and Warren “brings Gooch down hard and fast” with a stun gun, making her “a non-factor throughout the operation.” Warren and Chas then let Eric in and they begin wrapping the Audubons in bed sheets and put any smaller books in backpacks. The three then take the staff-only elevator down to the bottom floor and escape out the west fire exit. Phase 2 ends when the “loot” is loaded into the G.T.A.V.

Phase 3 is the escape, which involves switching the G.T.A.V. for a second vehicle at a secret location, which, according to Warren’s plan, “is used to transport team and loot to temporary resting place.” After the heist, since it is certain that the stolen books will be entered into art-theft databases within a week, they have to get the books appraised at Christie’s in New York immediately.

Lifting a technique straight from the film Reservoir Dogs, Warren assigned code names based on color: Mr. Green (Spencer), Mr. Yellow (Warren), and Mr. Black (Eric)—as in the film, emotions turned testy when he assigned Mr. Pink, in this case to Chas.

The reaction to the plan was generally positive—shortly after Thanksgiving, they moved forward.

Warren made an appraisal appointment at Christie’s in New York for Walter Beckman, a pseudonym inspired by the soccer star David Beckham. He covered his tracks by using public phones and campus computers. Writing from warter.beckman@yahoo.com, Warren sent B. J. Gooch an e-mail confirming Beckman’s December 16 appointment at the Rare Book Room to view the Audubons and a few other items.

“I know the collection is extensive and anything you think I might be interested in seeing, by all means, share,” he wrote. Warren also ordered four stun guns over the Internet. Meanwhile, Eric lined up the G.T.A.V. from an unsuspecting friend and got his hands on zip ties, a wool cap, electrician’s tape, and bed sheets. Spencer assembled a small wardrobe of fake beards, gray wigs, and costume glue. To have time to properly apply the disguises, he tried to reschedule his art-history final for later in the day on the 16th, but was unsuccessful. Warren called Gooch back to change Walter Beckman’s appointment to three P.M.

On the morning of December 16, Warren’s carefully scripted plan began to unravel almost immediately. Eric couldn’t get hold of his friend’s car, leaving Chas to borrow a Dodge Caravan his mother was fortuitously selling the next day, the boys say. The stun guns Warren had ordered never arrived, so he drove around town and returned with a Black Cobra Stun Pen, and had Spencer zap him and Eric to test its knockdown power. When they arrived on campus in the replacement G.T.A.V., they couldn’t find a parking space anywhere near the library. Once the boys were inside the library, students stared at the ridiculous old-man disguises. (Spencer had had to do a rush job on them because his art-history final had run long.) They also noticed a group of people lingering in the Rare Book Room. After a quick powwow in the stacks, the conspirators decided to abort the mission for the time being and retreated to the bungalow.

By five P.M., Warren—as Beckman—was back on the phone with Gooch explaining that he had missed his appointment because he had been out of town on business. Gooch agreed to reschedule for 11 the next morning. According to the revised plan, they would ditch the old-man disguises and only Warren and Eric would enter the
So Clicquot...
The Heist

I get the call on the cell phone. [Warren's] like, 'Come on up.'” Eric remembers. “I'm expecting when I get up there it's going to be taken care of and I'm just going to start lifting books. That was the plan. When I get up there, B.J. opens the door for me and I'm just like, 'Holy shit.' I quickly came up with some fake name and started walking in and I'm like, 'Oh, shit, this is gonna happen at any moment.'

So while I'm shutting the doors I look back and Warren took her to the ground. And that's when I came up... I took my zip ties and put them around her feet and put them around her arms.” It was about at that point that Gooch remembers Warren saying, “Quit struggling, B.J., or do you want to feel more pain?”

Once Warren had pulled the cap over Gooch's eyes, the two laid a bedsheet on the ground and began piling on the seven Audubon folios they intended to steal (the four volume Birds of America plus three volumes from another Audubon series). The books were much heavier than the boys had projected, and the pair could handle only three at a time. They stuffed some of the smaller books Gooch had pulled out for them into their backpacks. With each taking one end of the Audubons, they made their way to the staff-only elevator.

"We told B.J. as we left we were going to make an anonymous phone call so they knew she was up here.” Eric continues “We felt bad.”

Warren and Eric rode the elevator to the basement, but they couldn't find the fire exit. They went back up in the elevator, accidentally stopping on the main floor, where they were spotted by another librarian. "[This librarian] doesn't know what we're carrying, but she's like, Where did these kids come from?"’ Eric says. “So we go back down to the bottom floor just to get away from her. I guess when we did that she went upstairs to check on B.J.”

Realizing that the only way out was through the main floor, they took the elevator up once again and carried the books into a back stairwell that led to another exit. As they scooted down the stairs their arms gave out and they stopped to catch their breath.
Erie had propped the folios on the steps with his foot when the librarian appeared at the top of the stairs, beside herself with rage after finding Gooch hog-tied in the Rare Book Room. Erie dropped the books, and he and Warren made a run for it.

"I see Warren and Erie bust out of the back door," Spencer says, describing what he saw unfold from his lookout position. "They were 20 steps ahead of the librarian. Chas backs up [the van] and almost hits the woman as Erie comes around to the door. Warren had run up the side of the hill and frantically ran off. And Eric calls to him. And so I see Warren go back…. They jump in the van and peel out around the loop."

Chas turned the G.T.A.V. onto nearby Fourth Street and careened through traffic before stopping a mile farther on, in front of a predominantly black housing project. Improvising on the plan, he kicked Eric and Warren out on the street, believing three men in a gray minivan would draw too much attention. Chas promised to return to pick them up in another car after dropping the minivan off at his mom's house.

Warren and Eric got out of the G.T.A.V. believing that they had escaped with next to nothing. In fact, wedged in their backpacks was nearly three-quarters of a million dollars' worth of books and manuscripts: an 1859 first edition of Charles Darwin's *On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection* ($25,000), an illuminated manuscript from 1425 ($200,000), a set of the two-volume 15th-century horticultural masterpiece entitled *Hortus Sanitatis* ($450,000), 20 original Audubon pencil drawings ($50,000), and Audubon's *A Synopsis of the Birds of North America* ($10,000).

The two boys sought cover from the cops in the sprawling grounds of the housing projects. But before long they were put to chase once again, this time by two local thugs. Frightened and alone in an unfriendly neighborhood, they weighed down with priceless books. Warren and Eric barreled down the street, frantically trying to hail a police cruiser to rescue them. As they ran, they stumbled again into Chas, who had returned in another ear as promised, just in time to save them and drive Erie to U.K. for his tennis-class exam.

"It was only a tennis final," Eric says, "but that final that day was actually harder than I thought it was going to be. It had some tennis trivia in there that I wasn't expecting."

Back at Warren's that afternoon, the boys were transfixed by local coverage of the "T人身 Book Heist." According to the news, it appeared that neither Gooch nor anyone else was able to provide the police with an accurate description of the boys. (The librarian who chased them out of the library did tell police the correct total of four thieves, even though she had seen only three.) A witness had written down a license-plate number, but it was way off. They tried to come up with some link the cops could make between them and the theft, but they couldn't. In the early evening, they say they smoked some celebratory "Kentucky Bluegrass" weed they had stashed away for the occasion.

Having told their parents that they were going on a ski trip to West Virginia, that weekend they loaded the loot into Eric's Ford Explorer and took off on the 12-hour drive to New York for their Christie's appointment. Along the way a stoned Spencer read aloud from the purported first edition of *On the Origin of Species*, particularly fascinated by the section on how the ears of domesticated animals have drooped over generations "due to the disuse of the muscles of the ear from the animals not being much alarmed by danger."

**Road Trip**

The crew arrived in New York City early Sunday morning. They had reserved a room in the same Midtown Hilton that Spencer and Warren had stayed in nearly a year earlier. That night they had dinner at a Japanese restaurant, followed by drinks at the hotel bar, where Warren chummed up to an Iraq veteran, Spencer almost started
a brawl after knocking a table full of drinks over, and Eric picked up a middle-aged Bra-
zilian tourist. Warren and Chas left the other
two and staggered to the nearby China Club, a
tacky West Side nightclub, which they
knew about from the famous “Rick James”
episode of Chappelle’s Show.

The next day, they worked off their hang-
overs by checking out Ground Zero before strolling into the bustle of China-
town for lunch. That afternoon they worked
their way back uptown, to scope out Chris-
tie’s steel-and-glass headquarters before their
Tuesday appointment. Afterward, they re-
turned to the Hilton for an early night.

It had been agreed that Warren, with his
smooth talk, and Spencer, with his artistic
knowledge, would go to the meeting. The
other two would wait around the block in
the S.U.V.

Warren and Spencer readied themselves
early without waking the others, silently
showing, shaving, and putting the finish-
ing touches on their outfits. Dressed for suc-
cess in a tailored dark-blue suit his parents
had bought for special occasions and future
job interviews, Warren cultivated the young-
conservative look. Using a Windsor knot on
his red tie and giving his wing tips a last-
minute buff, Spencer assembled his outfit
with even greater care. Starting with a 1970s
Pierre Cardin canary-yellow blazer that had
belonged to his grandfather, he wore a dress
shirt with an ostentatiously large collar
and a gold silk scarf. For footwear he went with
clean white sneakers.

Eric and Chas dropped Warren and
Spencer off around the corner from Chris-
tie’s. As a precautionary measure, they left
the books in the car. A uniformed doorman
cheerily welcomed both boys into the lobby,
where they informed reception that they
were there for Mr. Walter Beckman’s ap-
pointment with Thomas Leckey, Christie’s
rare-book specialist. After a short wait, a
young Christie’s employee, Melanie Hallo-
ran, came out to apologize, as Mr. Leckey,
due to an impending public auction, would
be unable to see them. She offered to take
his place. The boys readily agreed, and she
escorted them through the offices to a small
conference room.

Warren introduced himself as Mr. Will-
liams. Spencer called himself Mr. Stephens.
As they took their seats in the conference
room, Warren explained that he and Mr.
Stephens “are the sole representatives of
Walter Beckman,” whom he described as
“a very private individual from Boston” who
had recently inherited several valuable rare
books and manuscripts. Mr. Beckman now
wanted these books appraised. When Hal-
loran inquired about them, Spencer spoke
up and offered to fetch them from the car.
Returning five minutes later with a rolling
red suitcase in tow. Spencer opened it on the
conference table. Inside were the books,
wrapped in sheets and pillowcases. As she
inspected the items, Halloran dutifully took
notes, then asked a few questions regarding
their provenance, which Spencer answered
as best he could under the circumstances.
The meeting ended after 30 minutes, and
Ms. Halloran escorted the two out, assuring them that she'd be in touch after conferring with her superiors on the best way forward. When she asked for contact information, Spencer gave her his cell-phone number.

Afterward, Warren and Spencer briefed the others, and the four went to lunch, where, the boys say, Chas insisted they spend another night in New York and attempt to see Mr. Leckey the next day.

In the morning, Warren says, he left two messages with Leckey's secretary and two more that afternoon. No response. That night Chas snapped, they say, fearing the Christie's book appraisal—the Jesus bolt holding Warren's entire heist plan together—was in danger of falling through. Chas cursed Warren as an incompetent, and condemned the other two as burnouts, demanding that the three figure out a way to get the books appraised so they could move on to the next phase of the plan. They simply ignored him, and the four returned to Lexington. (Throughout the interviews with the three, it became clear that Chas was the odd man out among the group. During our interview Eric told me, "He was like just a weight on us. He was just so unbearable. He thought he was much better than everybody else, and he got to the point where he wasn't like us. Us three, we were much thicker than he was.") And what Chas likely didn't know was that, for Warren, Eric, and Spencer, the actual appraised and sale of the stolen books had become irrelevant to the mission.

**Endgame**

In the weeks following the book heist, law enforcement followed leads at Transy and reviewed countless hours of security footage from the U.K. computer lab, to which a police technician had traced the e-mail from Walter Beckman to Gooch. Nothing panned out until mid-January, when, following a federal subpoena, Yahoo delivered all the data on its servers related to the walter.beckman@yahoo.com address. Buried in the file was a series of e-mails to Christie's in New York. The F.B.I. sent a team to interview Melanie Halloran, who told the agents about her meeting with Mr. Stephens and Mr. Williams.

She described one of the young men as about six feet tall, with bleached-blond hair, well dressed in a nice suit, and very talkative. The other was short and quiet, wearing a yellow jacket two sizes too large and a matching scarf. "He looked like he was dressed from a thrift store," Halloran told the agents. She also said that she was so suspicious and put off by the young men's youth and demeanor that she had recommended to her boss that they not pursue the business.

After the Halloran interview the F.B.I. received two additional pieces of evidence from Christie's: security-camera footage of the meeting and a cell-phone number the men had left behind. The phone number was registered to a Gary Reinhard of Lexington, Kentucky. When an agent called, he got a voice-mail recording, "This is Spence. Leave a message." A Google search of Spencer Reinhard brought up numerous hits for soccer in the Lexington area. Among them was the 2002 photo from the Lexington Herald-Leader of Spencer and Warren playing soccer. Both boys were spitting images of Mr. Stephens and Mr. Williams.

In early February 2005, the F.B.I. and Lexington police put the pair under surveillance. A female detective went undercover as a Transy student, tailing Spencer while a team staked out the yellow bungalow. It didn't take long to tie in Eric and Chas.

By that point Warren, Eric, and Spencer knew for certain they were going down. Warren had been convinced after spotting a suspicious man loitering near the yellow bungalow—when he stepped outside, the man disappeared into an unmarked white van with tinted windows and speed off. One evening it occurred to Spencer that they had used the Walter Beckman Yahoo account to contact both Christie's and Gooch.

Waiting for the law to snatch them was nerve-racking, but they went on with their lives as if nothing had been amiss. Spencer
continued with his heavy schedule of classes, studying, painting, and working out, while Warren returned full-time to U.K. With the pressure mounting, however, Warren was caught shoplifting a TV dinner from a local supermarket. Eric was arrested and charged with D.U.I.—police pulled him over not only for running red lights but also because Warren was caught hanging on to the roof rack—and Spencer crashed his Acura Legend. Just days before their arrests the three even took in a movie: Ocean's 12.

"It was just funny because we've been in a lot of places that they've been," Eric says. "Like, they were doing something serious, talking about the heist, going over the plan, and somebody would make a joke. So we would see parts like that and we would be 'Oh, this is just like us."" Little did the three know that F.B.I. agents were sitting behind them the whole time, listening to their every word.

The investigation of the Transy Book Heist came to an explosive end on the morning of February 11, 2005, as a SWAT unit broke down the front door of the yellow bungalow with a battering ram, blasting stun grenades throughout the building. A 20-man task force of Lexington police and F.B.I. agents poured in over the wreckage. The ground floor quickly filled with shouting cops, screaming young women, and a few dazed men in boxers shorts. On the second-floor landing, Chas., in high-end flannel pajamas and thinking they were being robbed, pulled out a derringer, only to drop the weapon at the last moment.

"Oh, yeah, he almost got shot," says Eric, laughing. "I was surprised he didn't.

Cops entered the basement, a dank reeking of marijuana, and found Warren sprawled out on a mattress. He was whisked into a squad car. In a duffel bag by his bed an F.B.I. agent discovered the stolen books, all undamaged, as well as the five-page typed plan for the heist, an accounting ledger, wigs, instructions for opening a Swiss bank account, and stun guns, which had apparently arrived after the robbery.

Spencer was arrested in a simultaneous raid to his dorm room at Transy. All four were brought to Lexington police headquarters and individually interrogated by F.B.I. agents determined to get the last word before they all Innocent until proven guilty.

Sentencing hearing, in December 2005, the federal prosecutor asked for 11 to 14 years each for Eric, Chas., and Spencer, and 14 to 17 years for Warren, deeming him the leader, organizer, and recruiter. The severity of the requested sentences was predicated on the dual propositions that, although the Audubon volumes had never been physically removed from the library, according to the letter of the law they were nonetheless stolen—increasing the monetary value of the crime—and that the Black Cobra Stun Pen used to subdue B. J. Gooch not only inflicted "physical harm" but was in actuality "a dangerous mistake"—the trip to Christie's—"they probably would have gotten away with it." A Lexington police detective told me.

Escape Plan

Aside from harming B. J. Gooch, Spencer, Warren, and Eric maintain that they have no regrets. In fact, they tell me that as the planning picked up in the months before the heist, the three of them came to believe that it was their best and perhaps last chance to create a viable life for themselves after college. Only by committing a felony could they ensure that they would never end up living back in the sterile, suburban world of the subdivisions. As far as they could see, there were only two ways out: either getting away with the crime or getting arrested for it.

"We did the robbery as a way to escape," Eric says. "I think we all knew that we wanted something different, and we had to break away from where we were living. If we got away with it, we'd be in Europe living this crazy life thinking we were Ocean's 11 types. If not, we were going to get caught and it was going to be a crazy story."

And now that we've diverted from that path, we feel liberated," Warren tells me, waving his arms around the room. "We can never go back if we wanted to—I would rather have not been busted, but all I can say is it feels right in here, and before, in college, it just never did.

"I remember talking to Eric and Warren

**CON ARTIST**

Spencer Reinhardt, a talented painter and the only Transylvania student in the crew, in prison and, below, in his mug shot.

**THE TRUTH IS, BUT FOR ONE BIG MISTAKE, THEY PROBABLY WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT**, AN L.P.D. DETECTIVE SAYS.

weapon." Worse still for the defendants, B. J. Gooch's ordeal had become a cause célèbre among librarians, many of whom wrote letters to the judge arguing against leniency.

Before rendering her decision, the judge made preliminary findings that each of the boys was equally culpable, that the value of the books stolen would include only those physically removed from the building, and although Gooch suffered no "bodily injury," the stun pen was in fact a dangerous weapon. Because the boys made the highly unusual decision not to accept the prosecutor's offer to testify against one another during sentencing in exchange for leniency, they were each sentenced to identical seven-year terms. In early 2006, the three began serving their sentences in federal prison, with no possibility for parole.

"The truth is, but for one obvious, big one day and I was like, 'So what, they're going to put us in jail?'" says Spencer. We spoke about his paintings, especially A Plan to Fail. He loved that it had been made the screen saver on the F.B.I.'s computers. "You know, most people look at that painting as if it was a plan destined to fail, but at the same time, we were planning to fail."

"In a few years we'll be released. We'll all be... still young," Warren says. "We will be stronger, better, wiser for going through this together, the three of us. Before, in college, growing up, we were being funnelled into this mundane, nickel-and-dime existence. Now we can't ever go back there. Even if we wanted to, they won't let us. That was the point all along. See, we have no choice now but to create something new, somewhere else. Believe me, you haven't heard the last of us yet."
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Robert De Niro made him do it. Become an actor, that is. Javier Bardem, 38, first thought his place might be in front of the camera after seeing Raging Bull when he was a child. The Canary Islands–born Bardem comes from a filmmaking family—his uncle did jail time for directing anti-Fascist films in Franco-era Spain—but when Bardem saw De Niro’s performance, he couldn’t tell if he was watching an actor or a real boxer. He said to himself: How beautiful that is to really become somebody else. Bardem didn’t want to be a performer, but he thought, If I would be that actor, I would like to be that actor.

With a 2001 Oscar nomination for Before Night Falls, he is becoming a rough-hewn, brawny rising star. He played rugby and worked in Marlon Brando, though Anthony Quinn might be more apt) has two new films out this fall: the eagerly awaited No Country for Old Men, made by the Coen brothers and based on Cormac McCarthy’s pared-down, page-turning impression of Elmore Leonard; and Mike Newell’s Love in the Time of Cholera, from Gabriel García Márquez’s exquisite novel. Going forward, the actor has just finished a new picture with Woody Allen, which co-stars his friend Penélope Cruz; the two actors are in talks about re-upping together for the musical Nine, the first Rob Marshall—Harvey Weinstein pairing since Chicago.

Bardem plays a sociopathic killer in No Country for Old Men. “Since Blood Simple, the Coens have been special to me,” he says, recalling their first film, released in 1984. But when he met them to discuss the new movie, he told them he was wrong for the part. “I don’t drive, I don’t speak English, and I hate violence,” he said. The brothers laughed, and one or the other replied, “Maybe that’s the reason we want you.”

—Peter Biskind
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With the holiday season right around the corner, retailers are gearing up to release new holiday fashions. The theme at Banana Republic is Share the Gift of Color. “Rich reds, deep blues, vibrant greens and purples add the perfect dose of holiday cheer to your wardrobe,” says Deborah Lloyd, Banana Republic EVP of Design. A mix of the right items will answer the casual-versus-formal conundrum. “For a spot-on casual look, sweaters are always in and this holiday...”

Try a sweater dress for her and an argyle or striped sweater for him. For a night out, she should slip on a shimmering party dress while he sports a tailored suit or velvet blazer,” adds Lloyd.

The number one rule for any holiday outfit is versatility. Lloyd’s advice: “Accessories are key when dressing up a look that can take you from day to evening. Keep a pair of heels or a tie at the office, then you’ll be ready at a moment’s notice to hit the town.”
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THE LIBERATION OF FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA

The Coppola with the hot new movie isn’t Sofia. Thanks to his wine-food-and-resort empire, Francis Ford Coppola has finally freed himself from Hollywood, directing his first film in a decade—Youth Without Youth—completely on his own terms.

BY BRUCE HANDY

Visiting Francis Ford Coppola one day this summer on his impossibly picturesque 1,650-acre estate in the Napa Valley, where 235 of those acres are planted with grapevines whose fruit was ripening in the noon-time sun—the morning fog had just started to burn off—I couldn’t help thinking that Orson Welles should have made wine, too. He only got as far as shilling for it in those corny old Paul Masson commercials that were endlessly parodied in the late 70s and early 80s. (Oleaginous basso voice: “What Paul Masson said nearly a century ago is still true today: We will sell no wine before its time.”) Welles died in 1985 at the age of 70. He spent his last decades scrounging for money to complete unfinished films, scrounging for more money to initiate new ones, and debasing his talent by acting in god-awful movies, TV shows, and commercials—shortly before his death he provided the voice for Unicron in the original, 1986 Transformers movie—in order to keep his head above water. This was not the ending anyone aside from William Randolph Hearst would have wished on him. Coppola, for his part, is now 68. It seems fair to say that he is one of the few American film directors who can match Welles both for talent and for showmanship—for sheer cinematic nerve. Like Welles, he is also no stranger to grandiosity, bunkum, overreach, self-immolation, and red ink. Unlike Welles, and thanks in no small part to those vineyards, his story looks to have a happier dénouement.

This December, Coppola will release his
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first film as a director in 10 years: Youth Without Youth, a romantic parable with a strong metaphysical bent. It will almost certainly prove to be the strangest mainstream movie of the year, with a narrative that dances along the sometimes slippery borders between waking and dreaming, reality and imagination, being and not being—the parameters of that slippery thing we call human consciousness. If that’s not theme enough, the film also has a plot regarding having to do with time and language. Plus Nazis. If it sounds Eastern European, it is: Coppola adapted the film from a Romanian novella and shot it in Romania and Bulgaria, in English, with a largely Romanian cast and crew. The protagonist—a 70-year-old professor at the end of a bitter life who becomes 35 again after being hit by lightning—is played by the gifted but not exactly bankable English actor Tim Roth. His co-star, as the woman whom the professor loved in his youth and whom he meets in a different incarnation in his second youth, is the Romanian actress Alexandra Maria Lara, who played Hitler’s secretary in the 2004 German film Downfall. Matt Damon is in one scene as an American spy. Bruno Ganz, who 20 years ago starred as the angel in Wim Wenders’s Wings of Desire, may be the only other cast member known to a measurable number of Americans.

Coppola has made a defiantly old-fashioned movie in the sense that it would probably have found a larger audience if it had come out alongside Blow-Up in 1966, when serious people would have argued about its meaning. Maybe they will in 2007, too, but maybe they’ll just shrug, or simply not go. I’ve seen the movie twice and am still not entirely sure what to make of it. The philosophical stuff is a hash (at least to me; I’m no better with metaphysics than I am with regular physics), but the less heady parts of the story are moving, exploring as they do questions of work and love, aging and loss. The film as a whole unfolds with a feverish yet precise urgency—the work of a master. It’s as if the Coppola who made the first two Godfather films, with their exquisite sense of control, somehow emerged with the Coppola who rode the crazy last third of Apocalypse Now like a rodeo cowboy on a bucking bronco, hanging on for dear life as Marlon Brando lay around in the shadows spouting Eliot and swatting at flies. Coppola says Youth Without Youth is exactly the film he wanted to make, and it must be: it betrays not a molecule of commercial calculation, and for that it’s heroic.

Financial independence from Hollywood—that’s what a private company with half a billion dollars in revenue last year (Coppola’s figure), built on wine, but also including cigars, a line of prepared foods, two restaurants, and three Central American resorts, will buy you. The director, taking profits from his various enterprises, financed the movie himself, underwriting a budget somewhere around $20 million—the cap, Coppola says, on what he can afford to spend, and theoretically lose, on a film. He got a little help by pre-selling the film to distributors in Italy and France. Still, this is a significant accomplishment for a man who is quoted in Peter Biskind’s book Easy Riders, Raging Bulls saying, “It takes no imagination to live within your means.” Perhaps anyone who has ever picked up a bottle of one of Coppola’s popular Diamond Collection wines—claret, Syrah-Shiraz, Malbec, Merlot, Zinfandel, Pinot Noir, Chardonnay, or Sauvignon Blanc—should be considered an executive producer of Youth Without Youth.

“I’m no longer dependent on the movie business to make a living. So if I want to make movies as other old guys would play golf, I can,” Coppola told me, as though an eight-figure greens fee weren’t pretty steep. We were speaking on the porch of his office, a small bungalow looking out over the grapes. Dressed with disheveled flair, he wore a white linen suit, rumpled, a bright-yellow shirt, untucked, and bright-orange-red socks. He smoked one of his own cigars, a thin one (like the kind Clint Eastwood used to chomp between his teeth in spaghetti Westerns), named for his father, Carmine. (They’re called Carmine Thriftys; you can buy them online in packs of five for $5. The side of the box reads, STEAL FROM THE BEST.) Clearly, whatever professional storms Coppola has weathered, whatever personal tragedies he’s survived (including the accidental death, in 1986, of his son Gian-Carlo), he knows how to live. In his expansive, padrone-like splendor, he puts me vaguely in mind of the Sicilian Mafia don from The Godfather Part II, the one that Robert De Niro’s young Vito Corleone guts in the revenge killing that climaxes the prequel half of the film.

One thing students of Coppola’s oeuvre will remark about Youth Without Youth is its fairly erotic sex scene—a rarity from a director whose films have been relatively chaste, though many moviegoers will remember Sonny Corleone’s wedding-day tryst in The Godfather. “My films are not known for steamy-hot sex scenes,” Coppola admitted when I brought up this deficit. “Part of the reason is that I’m too shy to ask the girl to do it. You know, even in Dracula”—his 1992 film—“when there was supposed to be these really erotic scenes, we’d make the deals with these girls and say, ‘O.K., you’re going to be naked in it,’ and they’d agree. And then, on the day, she’s in there and she’s too shy. She says her boyfriend’s going to be upset. My son Roman was shooting second unit, and I say, ‘Roman, you go tell her she’s got to take her clothes off.’ And he says, ‘I’m not going to do it. Let the assistant director do it.’ It’s always uncomfortable, and I always end up pulling back.”

Coppola has been less sheepish about trying to claw his way free from Hollywood. In 1969, before he’d even had a big commercial success, he moved his family to San Francisco from Los Angeles, where he’d gone to film school at U.C.L.A. and
made his first three movies. He founded his film company, American Zoetrope, at the same time, but it was only recently, after years of taking a battering ram to the system, and sometimes getting battered back, that he finally won his independence, albeit through a side door. He had been looking for a weekend house in Napa in the mid-70s when, in typical Coppola fashion, his eyes got big and he ended up buying the lion’s share of the original Inglenook winery, one of the oldest in the valley and once one of the most fabled. (The 1941 Inglenook Cabernet is widely judged one of the greatest California wines ever vinted; last year, according to Food and Wine, Coppola bought a bottle at auction for $24,675 and drank it with friends.) In the beginning he was in the wine-making only for fun, inspired by his immigrant grandparents, who made wine in their basement. But after buying the rest of the Inglenook vineyard in 1995, he ramped up production to the point where his company is now the 12th-biggest wine producer in the country, by volume, with two wineries—the second is in Sonoma—and a dizzying array of vintages from high-end to cheap but potable. “I don’t consider myself a wine-maker,” Coppola told me. “I’m involved in all of it, but more like a movie director. I mean, even though as a movie director I’m very involved in the music, I don’t pretend to call myself a composer.”

To hear him describe it, Coppola made Youth Without Youth almost on the sly. He claims he didn’t tell many of his friends or associates, or even Eleanor, his wife of 44 years, much about the film until he was well into pre-production; on his first scouting trips to Romania, he took along only his teenage granddaughter, Gia. “And the fact that I financed it myself,” he said, “meant I didn’t have to go to some guy and say, ‘Oh, would you read my script?’ And have him say, ‘Well, if you can get Brad Pitt to do it’...” And then you have to deal with Brad Pitt, and he has to read it. Some of these guys—Brad Pitt and Leonardo DiCaprio—they’re very nice and very intelligent. But, ultimately, they know what’s good for their careers. Leo once told me, ‘Well, I have to be the guy that the movie’s about.’ Of course, he’s totally right. And he’s a very nice person. But you know what I’m saying?” Coppola’s pleasure in having run his own ship was palpable: he seemed as proud of having made the film modestly and efficiently as he was of the thing itself.

“I think the idea of self-financing is always good for him,” says Tim Roth. “There’s nobody looking over his shoulder, telling him when to stop and when to start, or where the story can go or how it should change, and so on. It’s just him. If film is a director’s medium, Youth Without Youth was a good example of that.”

But what independence really means isn’t just the ability to make a film free from interference—Look, Ma, no marketing V.P.’s—but the ability to make the next film as well, even if the current one crashes and burns at the box office; it’s the specter of the unmade films, more than failure per se, that seems to haunt directors. “Most filmmakers can’t afford to try something out that doesn’t work,” Coppola said. “Or maybe when they’re riding really high they can, but then they get a couple of other tries, and then you hear, ‘Well, I’m going to direct a thing for Home Box Office.’”

Coppola’s riding-high years lasted a good decade, beginning with the first Godfather film, released in 1972, which established him as the leading light of the so-called movie-brat generation that revitalized American movies in the 1970s. He played big brother and head cheerleader to a group of friends and fellow filmmakers that included George Lucas, Steven Spielberg, Martin Scorsese, and Brian De Palma. He was the most acclaimed of his peers, pulling off the unprecedented trick of competing against himself at the 1974 Academy Awards as a writer-director-producer of two best-picture nominees, The Godfather Part II, which won, and The Conversation. With the first Godfather he was the most successful at the box office too, until Spielberg and Lucas invented the modern blockbuster with Jaws and Star Wars. Across 1977 and ‘78 he flirted with financial disaster, and possibly mental illness, period Orson Welles. He went on to make a few more passion projects—including The Outsiders and Rumble Fish, both adapted from S. E. Hinton’s young-adult novels, and both released in 1983—but spent most of the next 15 years working off that $25 million debt, peddling himself as a gun for hire on films that seemed more commercially than artistically ambitious, among them Peggy Sue Got Married (1985), Brian Stoker’s Dres- uka (1992), and John Grisham’s The Rainmaker (1997). These films had their virtues, especially in terms of craftsmanship; Coppola has never been a hack. Said virtues are maybe more visible in hindsight, however, because at the time these films left people wondering what the hell they were doing being made by Francis Ford Coppola. His great 70s films had managed to foreground vivid personal dramas against backdrops teeming with political, historical, and societal import—they told great stories and they said something about America (Topic A in the 70s). Coppola directing Jack (1995), a sentimental comedy in which Robin Williams plays a 10-year-old with an aging disease who has the body of a 40-year-old (in this case a very hairy one), was like Goya dashing off a clown painting, although to Coppola’s credit he coaxed as restrained a performance as possible from Williams, given the deep vein of pathos they were mining. It was a too small victory. “The best thing you can say these days about the five-time Academy Award winner,” the Los Angeles Times said of Coppola, reviewing Jack and echoing the critical consensus, “is that he turns out a fine bottle of wine.”

“Other, less resilient people. I think that would have broken them,” says Walter Murch, the legendary film editor and sound designer, who is a longtime friend of Coppola’s and a frequent collaborator (including on the new film), speaking of this period in the director’s life. There are probably a half-million people in Southern California, resilient or not, who would give their left arms to become Hollywood journeymen, but that wasn’t the original promise of Coppola and his generation.

Coppola himself was both disarmingly frank and a touch defensive on the subject: “That’s being a prostitute, in a way, when you’re making films as a job. Someone says, ‘Well, you know, I’ve got a payment of $3 million this October. I have expenses. I have children. I have to get that job.’ Think of how many people are in that...”
position—especially when they have more than one wife. But if I were a prostitute, I would only spend the night with someone I could find something to fall in love with. And that’s what I always did. I can’t say that I ever made any film—that was successful, or unsuccessful, or damned—that I didn’t try to find something that I loved about it.” He took on Jack, he said, because he wanted to work with Robin Williams, whom he considered a genius. He wrote and directed The Rainmaker as an exercise to “learn the magic of Grisham.”

The decade between The Rainmaker and Youth Without Youth wasn’t a vacation. Aside from tending to his various business concerns, Coppola released expanded versions of Apocalypse Now and The Outsiders, both of which improved on the originals; mulled a takeover of United Artists (friends and colleagues were peppered with e-mails asking, “Who should I get to run UA?”); kicked around the idea of a Godfather Part IV before it was mixed by Sumner Redstone’s Paramount; co-wrote a musical workshop based on the original Gidget novel and staged it with a cast of non-professional Orange County teenagers; and was responsible as an executive producer for an impressive slate of films that included Robert Duvall’s Assassination Tango (2002), Bill Condon’s Kinsey (2004), and the three features to date written and directed by his daughter Sofia, who took on the mantle of “the Coppola whose movies you want to see” and who began Oscar’s Best Feature, Lost in Translation

or more substantial drafts since the early 80s. It was one of those swing-for-the-fences dream projects, like Scorsese’s Gangs of New York or the unmade Napoleon film that Stanley Kubrick noodled for decades, the kind of project that if it does get made can suffer from incubating too long. Coppola’s was an epic about the efforts to build a utopia in New York, of all places, from the ashes of a financial crisis modeled on the one the city weathered in the mid-70s. (The story’s money angle must have had personal resonance for its writer.)

With scripts running upwards of 200 pages—nearly twice as long as a standard screenplay—Coppola held readings with actors including Paul Newman, Robert De Niro, Leonardo DiCaprio, James Gandolfini, Edie Falco, and Uma Thurman. The film would have tackled all kinds of messy, hard-nosed, real-world stuff, but also airy, philosophical questions, with a nod to ancient Rome. “What I remember from Megalopolis is the big issues—New York City politics, architecture, race, the struggle between past and future—and how metaphysics ties all these things together,” says Linda Reisman, a producer who was working with Coppola on other films during this period. “We’re talking big themes here—the city being rebuilt and a lot of Romanesque characters—complicated and brilliant.” Perhaps it’s a tribute to Megalopolis’ complexity that when an old friend gave Coppola the novella Youth Without Youth written by Mircea Eliade, a Romanian professor of religious studies who had died in 1986, he looked at its dense surreality and thought, “This I can make!”

Aside from the conceptual kinks he could never quite hammer out of the Megalopolis screenplay, there was another problem: 9/11. That day Coppola was in Brooklyn, where he had a production office, shooting second-unit material at his own expense in an effort to goose the project along. Figuring out how to tell the story of a reborn New York in the aftermath of the attack proved to be the last straw. “How was I going to write my way out of that one?” he asked. “Already I’m trying to re-invent the language of cinema so it can deal with time and interior consciousness”—the great thing about Coppola is that he says things like that with cheerful unfself-consciousness—and I’m going to make this parallel between America as the historical counterpart of republican Rome. And I realized…” He paused. “I mean, look at me. My problem in life is too much. I didn’t know how to pare it down.”

“…”He just kept hitting his head against something in that project,” says Murch. “And it was a very expensive film to make, which meant the studios had to be involved. And a film in the $100 million budget range—which I think that Megalopolis probably would have been—then that means: these kinds of actors, this amount of action, this amount of special effects, can’t have this, can’t have that. And if Francis had been, in Hollywood’s eyes, the golden boy he was in the 1970s, it would have been ‘Whatever you want, Francis!’ But, you know, this was Francis coming out of a decade and a half of a more problematical relationship with the studios.”

For Coppola, Megalopolis is clearly the one that got away: “I’ve described my experience with it as like being in love with a woman that, basically, doesn’t want you. When you’re in love with a woman who doesn’t want you, of course, you don’t have her. You don’t have any other woman, either, because you’re so obsessed with her that you don’t invite in, maybe, this nice little girl who wants you and who would be really good for you. So that’s what Youth Without Youth was: the young woman who did want me—or was more in my range.” He laughed.

At times, as he wrestled with Megalopolis...
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F. Coppola toyed with the idea of quitting directing altogether, telling friends—none of whom believed him—"Oh, I'm done with it. You know, I love making wine. I get to sit out in the sun. People come by. I can enjoy my family." I put the question to him with a slightly different spin. Was he ever afraid he'd never make another film? "I wasn't afraid, because I was trained in the Roger Corman school. I mean, I could make a movie with $20,000. I was more worried about what my place was." It's the legacy issue, as George W. Bush knows all too well.

What have you done with your life? That's a question that haunts many of Coppola's films from the past 20 years. Prostituted or not. Think of Michael Corleone trying to atone for his sins and cleanse the family name in The Godfather Part III (1990). Or the title character in Jack, who has to figure out how to make the most of his foreshortened life. Peggy Sue Got Married—in which Kathleen Turner magically gets to go back to high school, taking with her the sad wisdom, such as it is, of middle age—shares a do-over theme with Youth Without Youth and its lightning-struck hero, one that clearly has personal meaning for Coppola, who has often said he sees his career as a kind of three-decade detour. "The Godfather made me a big shot," he told me, almost as a complaint. What he really set out to do was make little movie after little movie, like Henry Jaglom, he said. Or maybe—he reconsidered the thought—Woody Allen.

"I've been offered lots of movies. There's always some actor who's doing a project and would like to have me do it," Coppola told me, from the vantage point of solvency. "But you look at the project and think, gee, there are a lot of good directors who could do that. I'd like to do something only I can do. Youth Without Youth is a step to get back to a more personal type of filmmaking, which is what all of us—my colleagues, the people more or less my age—want to do. And wanted to do, from those days in the late 50s and 60s when we saw the films of Michelangelo Antonioni, or Federico Fellini, or Akira Kurosawa, or Ingmar Bergman, or Francois Truffaut, or Jean-Luc Godard, or Stanley Kubrick. This is the kind of career I wanted, and any of the directors you're familiar with wanted."

Of his 70s cohort, I told him, he seems to be the only one right now courting Cahiers du Cinema raves and risking art-house box office. "You've got to have a lot of money to do it," he replied. "The only one who could really do it, of course, is George Lucas. He has that side of him, and he's very talented." Lucas, as it happens, has spent the last 30 years telling reporters that what he really wants to be doing is directing experimental, non-narrative films. (I interviewed him 10 years ago, when his net worth was only $2 billion.)

Coppola seemed anxious about the reception of Youth Without Youth—he was reportedly hovering like a stage father at a San Francisco screening for director friends last spring—but at the same time willing to trust in the film as it makes its way into the world. "I realize not everyone is going to enjoy the movie," he admitted. (It drew lukewarm to hostile reviews when it premiered at the Rome Film Fest in October.) He offered a modest lens through which he'd like people to view the film: "At best you could say, 'Well, you know, I made a movie, and if you're curious to see the kind of movie I would make now, then I hope you'd go see it.' And just take it as that, you know, neither good nor bad, but maybe just—hopefully—interesting." The hard sell!

"I'm anxious to make another film now, because I feel I have a momentum," he continued. "You work hard on a movie and when it's done, it's done, you know, and you want to go on." To that end, he's already in preproduction on Tetro, a family drama about two estranged Argentinean brothers and their father, a world-famous conductor: it's his first original screenplay since The Conversation, more than 30 years ago. It's also the movie he thinks should have been his follow-up to that film. Though the screenplay has autobiographical elements—Carmine Coppola was a conductor and composer, but, said his son, "he wasn't Herbert von Karajan"—the director insists it's strictly fiction. "This is kind of my Tennessee Williams period," he told me. "Call it 'poetic drama.' I'm going back to the sort of things I wanted to write when I was 25." As it often seems to be, his face was lit with enthusiasm. Honestly, he looked boyish.

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A TASTE OF FAME

For a brainy model with a hot new cookbook, marriage to a literary superstar creates opportunities—and problems. *Top Chef*'s Padma Lakshmi now has an empire in the making, but Salman Rushdie won't be part of it

BY NANCY JO SALES

She walked the red carpet that night with Helen Mirren and Queen Latifah and the ladies of Wisteria Lane. It was the 59th Primetime Emmys, and although she wasn't there for the reason she'd always envisioned—her acting—it was, she said, "a big fucking deal."

She could laugh over the fact that she was on a nominated reality show—she hated reality shows, except for Bravo's *Top Chef*, which she hosted, murmuring alluring "Mmmm" as she tasted food and delivering the signature line, "Please pack your knives and go," all while looking like an earthly incarnation of Lakshmi, Hindu goddess of prosperity, her namesake.

Padma knew the acting thing would happen—she'd come a long way since appearing with Mariah Carey in *Glitter* (2001). She'd been in a Bollywood film and a British mini-series, and she had her own media company now, Delicious Entertainment. At 37, she was still one of the most beautiful women on the red carpet that evening, luscious in a white satin Dolce & Gabbana gown with a hint of nipple. She was proud to be the only Indian woman making the paparazzi scream her name—"Padma!" So what if it was because of food. She liked food.

"I never thought that this would be the way," she told a reporter, "I never thought it would be food. But if you think about it, I'm the kind of girl who thinks about what she's gonna cook for dinner when she's finishing her lunch."

"Padma Lakshmi," she hoped, might one day be on as many food labels as "Paul Newman"—"a big hero." Soon there would be Padma jewelry and fashion, "like Jennifer Lopez," she said, and television and
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cooking. “Like Martha Stewart.” In September, she sealed a major deal with IMG, the sports-and-entertainment marketing giant. “She has a global image and no end of ideas,” said John Steele, a senior V.P., “so we have multiple agreements.” “Like,” Padma said, “Tiger Woods.” How amazing was it that she, the daughter of a single mother who fled India to escape the stigma of divorce, was poised to become the first Indian woman with an American brand—perhaps the first to self-brand. “I’m as American as anyone else,” she has said.

“Everyone was an American now, or at least Americanized. . . . Even anti-Americanism was American in disguise, conceding, as it did, that America was the only game in town.” So wrote her husband, Salman Rushdie, in Fury (2001), the novel he composed after leaving his third wife and moving to New York to be with Padma. If there was a sadness in her eyes in those pictures from the red carpet that night, it was because “I wish I could have shared this Emmy nomination with him.” Now they were divorcing, and, she said, “I’m really fucking sad.”

Mmmm, mmmm, yummy.” On a summer night at Socialist, a noisy, glammy Cuban restaurant in Manhattan’s West Village, Padma Lakshmi was eating ribs, gnawing them to the bone, sucking the grease off her fingers. “Mmmm,” she said, “aren’t these good?”

She was wearing a diaphanous summer dress, smelling sweet and spicy, of her own- made perfume. Her shiny black hair was up in a loose bun which she would shake down and pin back again, kittenish and familiar.

She was drinking champagne, laughing loudly and merrily. She was talking about her breasts. “I got boobs at 17,” she said, remembering herself in high school in La Puente, California—a pimple on the map between Hollywood and Disneyland where the girls were so mean. They’d say, “You look light-skinned, but you don’t be speaking Spanish!” “She does now, as well as Italian, Hindi, and Tamil.

“I went to India one summer and I came back with boobs. I don’t know what happened. I went to the boob ration line.” Padma laughed. “Where is it written that a smart woman can’t also be stacked?” she once asked in a column for Harper’s Bazaar entitled “Do You Dress for Men?” “My agenda,” she wrote, “arouse from a distance the object of my longing.”

Padma also writes. Her first book, Easy Exotic—a phrase to make a politically correct Yale professor spit his jeans—won the 1999 Versailles World Cookbook Fair award for best cookbook by a first-time writer. Included in it were pictures of Padma which might be described as “foodie porn” (Padma in a lacy, low-cut dress, kneeling dough: Padma in a silk slip, frying something up in a pan).

Her latest cookbook, Tangy Tart Hot & Sweet, was named after her preference for a contradiction in flavors, but could also suggest the many contradictions in its author, such as: she’s an educated woman—with a B.A. in theater arts from Clark University, in Worcester, Massachusetts. 1992—who swears freely: “Finishing the fucking book was like being in labor for two years!”

She is East and West, also East Coast and West Coast, having grown up in India and America, New York and Southern California. In 1972, her mother, Vijaya, a nurse, moved to New York from Madras (now Chennai), after divorcing Padma’s father. (A

ed the meaning of amuse-bouche—a chef’s one-bite calling card; Padma says hers “would have bacon in it”—was tickled by Ratatouille, and watches Top Chef.

The show is a runaway hit for Bravo; last season it was the No. 1 food show on cable. Created by the company that does Project Runway (Magical Elves, Inc.), Top Chef capitalizes on the same mood of cutthroat competition, managing to turn a simple trip to the supermarket into the chariot scene from Ben-Hur. Female foodies of a Sex and the City age seem especially drawn to the unapologetic sex appeal of its host. “Padma!” they call from sidewalk cafes. Padma smiles, does the celebrity wave.

And it all happened by accident. Sort of. Padma accident is never quite an accident because it is always about capitalizing on a moment. There was the moment in 1998 when Padma, then still just a model and acting novice, was at a movie premiere and met Harvey Weinstein: “He said, ‘Are you that girl who loves to eat and cook, do you have a scar on your arm?’ and I said, ‘That’s me!’” (Weinstein had heard about her from some actor friends who’d just had dinner at her apartment, after which they had been raving about the food at a meeting at Miramax.)

“And I told him, ‘I’ve always had a fantasy to write a cookbook, because every one wants to know what a model eats.’” Padma’s ex-wife [Weinstein’s ex-wife] Eve was standing there, and she said, “Harvey, that’s a slam dunk.” and he was like, ‘That’s a great idea.'”

The result was Easy Exotic, a model’s guide to staying thin on Padma’s Asian-Italian-Indian-influenced cuisine. The summer the book came out was a pivotal time for her, career-wise. It was also the summer she met Salman Rushdie.

It was at the party for the launch of the now-defunct Talk magazine. Even Salman Rushdie was there. Enjoying a newfound freedom after the Iranian government withdrew its support of the Ayatollah Khomeini’s fatwa, he was standing, symbolically enough, on Liberty Island, home of the Statue of Liberty, and Padma, who had been a new and shall we say more delicious kind of danger.

At least, that was how he characterized it later. describing his thoughts on seeing the image of Padma Lakshmi for the first time in a profile in an Italian magazine, Panorama: “If I ever meet this girl, my goose is cooked.”

The night of the party, Padma, then 28, was wearing a silky turquoise dress and in a car to conquer America. “I met Henry Kissinger at that party,” she said. “There were, like, fireworks, and my book was out in the stores, and I had just moved back to the States.

“SHE’S THE WOMAN OF TODAY,” SAYS HARVEY WEINSTEIN.

Padma?” The two ebullient blondes next to our table at Socialist declared they were Top Chef fans. “I thought it was you,” one burbled, “and I text-messaged my husband and he said, ‘I’m coming. I’m on the way!’ and I said, ‘Oh, no you’re not!’”

Meaning Padma might prove too distractingly lovely.

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from Italy,” where she had been hosting Dominion Ih, a popular Sunday variety show.

“I saw him very briefly,” she said of the controversial Indian novelist, Booker Prize winner for 1981’s Midnight’s Children. “And I thought that it was him, but then he rattled off all this personal information about me—he totally knew everything about me!”

He would write, of the character modeled on Padma in Fury, of “the intoxicating effect of her presence.” He was married at the time, to Elizabeth West, a British book editor.

“But they were not doing well,” Padma said. “And then I was on book tour, so I talked to him on the phone all the time”—as often as five times a day. “I was in a lot of hotels and we developed this telephonic relationship—incredibly chaste.

“Eventually we did wind up having sex. Yes. We fell in love, you know? I was having like a few, like, non-interesting dates with people in L.A. But I would want to get home early because I would want to talk to him on the phone.”

What attracted her to Rushdie, she said, was “his incredible mind. We talked about everything—baseball, food, music, art. I think we did have a lot in common even in spite of our age difference”—Rushdie was then 52—“because, like me, he’s an Indian who is living in the West. For us,” she said, “he’s like Hemingway or Faulkner, and it felt really amazing to have somebody like him love me.”

After months of getting to know each other on the phone, they finally arranged a first date, agreeing to meet on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It’s fitting somehow that they officially began there, because their relationship was to become a very New York marriage.

The city boiled with money,” Rushdie wrote in Fury, of pre-9/11, Clintonian Manhattan. “Rents and property values had never been higher, and in the garment industry it was widely held that fashion had never been so fashionable. … The future was a casino, and everyone was gambling, and everyone expected to win.”

In that heady era, even Salman Rushdie was partying. The image of the beleaguered genius, who had just emerged after almost 10 years in hiding, with his gorgeous new model girlfriend, proved irresistible to paparazzi. There were Padma and Salman at nightclubs, premieres, charity events, gallery openings, and concerts.

They went out “a lot,” Padma says—she always posing in something eye-catching as Rushdie proudly squeezed an arm around her. “He couldn’t keep his hands off her,” said someone who knows them. “He was so sweet to her. He adored her.” (Salman Rushdie declined to be interviewed for this story.)

 “[A gossip column] ran an item saying we were together and they ran my bra size,” said Padma, laughing. “Except they got it wrong—they said it was 36C. I said, 34C, motherfucker!”

She had written a cookbook, yes, but it was really on the arm of Rushdie, literary lion, survivor of a fatwa, that she attained a certain, highly coveted level of celebrity. And he seemed surprisingly happy to engage in the fame game himself, appearing in a cameo role in Bridget Jones’s Diary (2001). They became a high-profile media couple.

“I think we were both drawn to each other,” she said, “because we both were genuinely fascinated with the other person. I remember when I first took him to a fashion show.” It was Luca Luca. “He loved it.”

“And he introduced me to all his friends. One of the first dinner parties that we had,” in New York, “I cooked this big, huge Indian meal. It was Paul Auster and Don DeLillo and Susan Sontag. All his friends were really sweet to me, I never had them be snooty or anything.”

She received a chillicier reception from London intellectuals. The writer of a rather rough profile of her in The Sunday Times remarked how “bitchy members of the London literati [asked]… why on earth did Salman Rushdie marry her?”

But in New York, where no one ever wonders why someone marries a model, their wedding, in April of 2004, was considered a very stylish event.

The bride wore a madrigal-baring, purple sari. “Dinner was punctuated with humorous speeches,” reported the “Vows” section of the Sunday New York Times, “including one by the bridegroom, who noted that each of his new wife’s three names”—Padma Parvati Lakshmi—“was shared by powerful Hindu deities. ‘Three goddesses in one.’” [Rushdie] concluded, “How could I pass this up, even if I am an atheist?”

“A mortal who makes love to a goddess is doomed, but once chosen cannot avoid his fate,” he wrote in Fury.

What can I say?” said Padma, sipping champagne that night at Socialista. “Salman is the greatest love of my life. We really tried to work it out. I wish I could tell you exactly why [it ended], but there was no ‘That’s it’ moment. It was just like slowly getting very hard. There was no third party. I wasn’t mean to his kids.” (Rushdie has two sons, Zafar, 28, and Milan, 10, from his first and third marriages) “There was no, like, infidelity.”

After the couple separated, in July, the Daily News ran an item speculating that Padma was seeing Ted Forstmann, 66, the billionaire private-equity mogul who owns IMG (and reportedly once dated Elizabeth Hurley and Princess Diana). “It’s my understanding they’re just good friends and business associates,” said Christina Papadopolous, Padma’s publicist. A spokesperson for Forstmann had no comment. But someone familiar with the situation said, “They’re an item. They’re dating.”

In July, Rushdie released a statement through his spokeswoman, Jin Auh, saying, “Salman Rushdie has agreed to divorce his wife, Padma Lakshmi, because of her desire to end their marriage.”

“It was filled with too much information, he didn’t need to do that,” Padma said. “I had thought we would eventually say we wish each other well, we love each other, and we’re separating amicably. I didn’t know he was going to go to Reuters. I was shaking. I had to go to bed.

“And you know, for a long time,” she said, “when all that shit happened to Salman”—meaning the fatwa—“he really didn’t have anybody saying, ‘This is my husband, this is my son, this is my father,’ because it was so serious, what happened to him, so I made a very conscious decision when we first got together that I would hold his
hand. I was also naïve. I was very young.

In the past, she has suggested that they sometimes felt their generation gap (“He hates Kanye West and I love him,” etc.). But she has said she thinks his only “complaint” of her was his feeling she “is too preoccupied with her career.”

With the show, the book, and multiple other projects, “I was, like, becoming less portable,” she said. “We had two homes and Salman would go back and forth between London and New York,” to visit his son Milan, “and it just seemed our schedules got so crazy and he has a very big life, too.

“I think he was genuinely proud of me, but I think while theoretically he wanted me to do well, in practical terms it meant that we would each be having to do different things, and I think that that was hard for him.”

She said that she had missed out on the last day of her photo shoot for Tangy Tart Hot & Sweet in order to catch a lecture Rushdie was giving at Emory University, in Atlanta, where he became the Distinguished Writer in Residence last spring. “I knew he was gonna be really pissed off if I didn’t make it down there,” she said.

“I think she just outgrew him,” says a friend.

“I sat down,” Padma said, “and I wrote him a long love letter by e-mail and said, ‘I’m writing to you as a woman who has loved you and stood next to you for eight years. And I’m asking you to do the unexpected with me, to take my hand and not fight about anything.’ And he called me the next day and we worked it out and part of us working it out was he wanted me gone,” as in out of his house. And she agreed.

“The only thing I wanted were the gifts he gave me during our marriage and some artwork, like a painting that Francesco [Clemente] did of me, and that was fine,” she said. (Padma’s publicist would not comment on whether they had a pre-nuptial agreement.)

“I really miss him. I miss his counsel, I miss the sound of his voice. Now I’m staying in a fucking hotel with all my shit in storage. Some days I’m like, ‘You know, I think I’m going to be O.K.,’ and then I have a day where I feel, like, exiled from my life because I had to move out.

“It was really hard to pack up and leave. I was just in pieces. I couldn’t function. My cousins came and helped me pack. They said, ‘We’re gonna pack all your jewelry,’ and we did. And there was a story on about a week and a half before we left. Something about...”

“I pulled this out of my ass,” Padma kept telling people the night of her dinner party at the SoHo office suite of her friend Rick Schwartz, a producer of The Departed and The Aviator. When I arrived, a chef and a sous-chef were in the kitchen making rice and fish curry. A “prop stylist” was padding about lighting candles. A famous New York D.J., D.J. Rekha, was spinning hip-hop tunes.

Padma was swirling around in a 1970s lace dress, looking breathtaking as usual.

“Taste this,” she said, showing a piece of bread in my mouth. It was smothered with goat cheese and mango chutney. Delicious. Can she cook? “She’s very good, she has her own style,” Tom Colicchio, the celebrated chef and Top Chef head judge, later told me on the phone. “Chef” means you’re the boss of a kitchen,” he said. “She’s a cook, and an interesting one.”

The guests started arriving, an eclectic crew: there was Maureen Chiquet, C.E.O. of Chanel, Tommy Boy Music founder Tom Silverman, and Harper Simon, son of Paul.

“I met Padma when I worked for Harvey Weinstein at Miramax,” Rick Schwartz said. “I had a million things going on with Harvey, and this woman Padma Lakshmi kept calling saying she needed us to buy her a computer—it was part of her book deal for Easy Exotic.” “I was like, ‘I’m not dealing, whatever. Then one day someone in the office said, ‘There’s a Padma Lakshmi here to see you.’ ‘What is a Padma Lakshmi?’ I said. I go out, and she stands up, and I’m like, ‘Um, there’s a computer store around the corner,’ and five hours later…”

Padma, who was listening, laughed.

Now they’re working together on bringing Jhumpa Lahiri’s Pulitzer Prize-winning Interpreter of Maladies to the screen, with Padma attached as a producer and actress.

“She has that thing a producer needs,” said Schwartz, “chutzpah. She’s tough.”


Later, she was sitting in Andre Harrell’s lap.

Harrell, the former head of Motown Records, said, “What I remember about Padma,” from when he met her in the late 90s, “was she was really dedicated to making her star shine. We used to talk all the time cause she’s so intense. She believes in what many stars believe, that you can create your own destiny.”

Near the end of the evening, Padma was driving around the room making people taste her “chocolate soup.” It was supposed to be ice cream, but it didn’t quite take. (Don’t tell the contestants on Top Chef.)

“One taste,” she insisted of Harvey Weinstein, as he backed away with his hands up (he recently lost 55 pounds).


“I have to talk to you,” she told him intensively. “I’m an ambassador now for Keep a Child Alive,” an AIDS charity, “and we’re doing a campaign and an event and you should buy a fucking table.”

Weinstein smiled. “I will buy a fucking table.”

A couple of weeks later, it was the night of the Marc Jacobs show, the hottest ticket during Fashion Week in New York, and Padma, dressed by Jacobs himself in a lemon-yellow dress and raincoat, was slinking up and down before the throng of photographers shooting arriving guests inside the New York State Armory.

She was seated in the front row that night—a perch the New York Times “Thursday Styles” section would later call “a snapshot of where, at any particular time, as a culture, we find ourselves.” There was Anna Wintour, Carmen Electra, Courtney Love, Heath Ledger, and Vincent Gallo.

And here came Russell Simmons. The Godfather of Hip-Hop scooted me aside and snuggled down next to Padma. “You got a boy?” he demanded of her, wrapping an arm around her. (They’re old friends; Simmons has a girlfriend, Porschla Coleman.)

“No, I don’t,” Padma said, laughing, “and if I did, I couldn’t tell you. My husband would call fucking Reuters.”

Simmons went on with his teasing, squeezing Padma’s lovely knee. Now the paparazzi came running, blasting. The shot wound up on the cover of the Thursday Styles” later that week.

“Now see what you did?” said Padma, when the photographers had run after Posh Spice.

“I’m sorry,” said Simmons, not very convincingly, and then, “You O.K.?”

“Of course,” Padma said. “I have too much going on to not be.”

“Hey, Lakshmi is the goddess of gold,” said a colleague of Simmons’s, seated next to us. “If your name is Lakshmi you must have gold dripping from your palms.”

“Not yet,” said Padma, gaily.

And then the show began.
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WHEN WASHINGTON WAS FUN

The grand hostesses are history, the president would rather be in bed, and there’s a price tag on every evening these days. Who killed Washington society? Ask a few of the local experts.

BY MAUREEN ORTH

Ed Fay, undersecretary of the navy under John F. Kennedy, was a charming bon vivant, a great pal of the president’s, and the uncle of my roommate at Berkeley in the 60s. So it was my great good luck, on my very first trip to the capital, in May 1964, just six months after Kennedy’s assassination, to have “Uncle Red” invite me to dinner on the presidential yacht, the Sequoia. A few minutes after we arrived on board, I was amazed to see not only Jackie Kennedy but also Bobby and Ethel Kennedy and Jean Kennedy Smith and her husband, Steve Smith, walking up the gangplank. They were followed by George Stevens Jr., the youthful head of the U.S. Information Agency’s motion-picture division; the Peruvian ambassador and his wife; and my roommate’s parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McGettigan, of San Francisco. This was one of Jackie’s first nights out since the tragedy, but she greeted everyone graciously. She was breathlessly white and spoke little during dinner except to the historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr., who was seated to her right.

What I remember most vividly about that evening was an exchange I had with Bobby Kennedy, the attorney general. “What are you going to be next, vice president or senator?” I asked rather impudently, because I did not want him to think I was a brainless bimbo. The question of how the Kennedy dynasty would proceed was very much in the air, for Lyndon Johnson had not yet announced a running mate. “What do you think I should be?” Kennedy shot back, his steel-blue eyes boring into me. “Well, I think you should be senator,” I said, “because everyone remembers you trying to twist arms at the last convention, and I don’t think Lyndon Johnson will let you be vice president.” He then opened up a barrage of questions: “Who are you? What does your father do?” In the middle of one of my answers, he turned away and waved to a group of tourists on a boat at least a hundred yards from us across the Potomac. I was highly insulted, for I had been planning to enlist in the Peace Corps, whose director was his brother-in-law Sargent Shriver, and suddenly Bobby Kennedy seemed to...
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me like just another pol. (In those days he was still closer to J. Edgar Hoover than to César Chávez or Martin Luther King Jr.)

The dinner was great fun, however, with lots of jokes and toasts, and the next day Uncle Red took me out to Hickory Hill, Bobby and Ethel’s residence in McLean, Virginia. R.F.K., in cutoff jeans, was playing touch football on the front lawn. Ethel, wearing a two-piece bathing suit, was visibly pregnant. In the driveway, a limousine waiting to take the attorney general “up to New York” was sure proof, I felt, that he must be going for the Senate. (Like Hillary Clinton, R.F.K. became an instant resident of the state, and he went on to defeat incumbent Ken Keating.)

“Bobby,” Red Fay said, “I brought Maureen out here so you could give her some advice about her life.” Bobby smiled. “Advise her?” he said. “Hell, last night she told me what to do!”

That trip to the capital allowed me to catch a glimpse of what I thought life in society must be like at the highest level, and to talk to the people who lived it. There was no agenda, no fund-raising, and a young woman like me could actually be allowed in close. In her three years in Washington, Jackie Kennedy set a standard against which social behavior here is still measured. Her White House was a locus of beauty, taste, and excellence. At the dinner the Kennedys gave for French author and cultural minister André Malraux in May 1962, for example, the guests included Tennessee Williams, Arthur Miller, Saul Bellow, Robert Penn Warren, Mark Rothko, Andrew Wyeth, Isaac Stern, George Balanchine, Leonard Bernstein, Robert Lowell, Elia Kazan, Charles Lindbergh, David Rockefeller, and Adam Clayton Powell, the out-
spoken Harlem congressman. Just 12 days before that, they had given a dinner for 49 Nobel Prize winners, which the staff referred to as “the brains dinner.” That evening Jack gave an often quoted toast: “I think this is the most extraordinary collection of talent, of human knowledge, that has ever been gathered together at the White House, with the possible exception of when Thomas Jefferson dined alone.” And before those two momentous events, the First Couple had thrown a sumptuous state dinner for the Shah of Iran.

Today, people who remember those days never cease to lament how the capital has changed. The cost of running for office, the proliferation of lobbyists, the intense preoccupation with security since 9/11, the increase in careers for women, the deaths or withdrawals of ruling society figures, and an unpopular president and an unpopular war have all converged to kill much of the fun and excitement once unique to Washington social life. I spoke to a number of participants in, and close observers of, the Washington social scene then and now in order to hear what they have to say about how “the city of conversation,” as Henry James called it, has become more partisan, less tolerant, and unabashedly focused on doing well rather than doing good.

Letitia Baldrige, social secretary to Jackie Kennedy and author of Toward Camelot: For the Kennedys, the criteria of a White House guest has been great minds, people of substance, power, and the social scene—painters, composers, actors. We all contributed to the guest lists because the Kennedys cared about it. Jackie and the president went over the lists very carefully. They knew there always had to be a few fat cats, but the majority of people were those who deserved to be there…. It was the best in everything—and hold back the political paybacks so they don’t take over the guest list. The Kennedys would ask, “Where are the interesting people who make the place go?” President Kennedy used to throw the whole list in the wastebasket, he’d be so mad when he saw a list of all the political paybacks that have to go in. The Kennedys would just say no and would throw it away.

Sally Quinn, author, co-founder of the blog On Faith, wife of former Washington Post editor Ben Bradlee, and Georgetown hostess: The biggest difference is that entertaining now is so much more partisan. When I first came here, you’d go to dinner and all different political persuasions were represented. You were all working for the same country, but you differed in what you thought was best for the country…. The people who did the entertaining were women who today would have a career, and what they did for a living was to bring people together. At parties, a lot of news was made and deals were made. That rarely exists anymore.

Laurie Firestone, social secretary to George Herbert Walker Bush from 1988 to 1992 and author of An Affair to Remember: State Dinners for Home Entertaining: Everything today is about money and “I want it my way—I don’t want to compromise, and, by the way, I want a lot of money too.”

Last spring, George and Laura Bush’s state dinner for Queen Elizabeth II raised eyebrows all over Washington, because the guest list was not only mediocre but also heavily sprinkled with people who had contributed hundreds of thousands of dollars to Bush or the Republican Party. The event was only the fifth state dinner the Bushes had had since he took office, almost seven years ago. “They do the bare minimum, and they do it glumly,” one former member of Bush’s staff told me.

At the White House luncheon for Chinese President Hu Jintao,
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in April 2006, which I attended with my husband, Tim Russert, of NBC News, there was one gaffe after another, starting on the South Lawn in a ceremony preceding the lunch, when a heckler interrupted and rattled Hu for several minutes before she was finally removed. A White House announcer referred to Hu’s country as “the Republic of China,” the official name of Taiwan, China’s renegade province, and, later, when Hu started to exit the stage the wrong way, Bush grabbed him by the sleeve to turn him in the right direction.

At a formal reception at the White House last December, before the Kennedy Center Honors, three women showed up wearing the same red lace Oscar de la Renta gown the First Lady had chosen, causing her to flee upstairs and change. That sort of thing never would have happened to Jackie Kennedy or Nancy Reagan. For one thing, their designers would have protected them. For another, the invited ladies would have known one another well enough to discuss in advance what they were planning to wear.

With all the open, hostile criticism of the Iraq war, it is a struggle for this administration to fill the White House with the sort of glittering members of the cultural community that the Kennedy's favored. Entertainment for the Hu luncheon, for example, was provided by the Nashville Bluegrass Band, which had been formed originally to accompany Minnie Pearl, the hillbilly comedienne of the Grand Ole Opry. Similarly, at the state dinner for the Queen, the two big names among the guests were Arnold Palmer, the golf champion, and Peyton Manning, the star quarterback of the Indianapolis Colts. During the welcoming ceremony, President Bush said that the 81-year-old sovereign “had helped our nation celebrate its bicentennial in 17---” Then he caught himself and concluded “in 1796.”

Buffy Cafritz, member of the Kennedy Center board and noted Republican hostess: I have never seen a worse guest list than that of the state dinner for the Queen. Arnold Palmer? He won the British Open in 1962! Peyton Manning? And all the corporate people they had. Then someone said, “How dumb can you be, Buffy? It’s the library. He has to fund the [George Bush presidential] library.”

Liz Stevens, Democratic hostess married to George Stevens Jr., co-producer of the Kennedy Center Honors: Do you think the Queen had fun? I didn’t know she was such a jock.

Lettia Baldrige: Now it is so much more of a payoff than it used to be. Now it’s just payoff, payoff, payoff. It’s still a great party, because it is still the White House, still the most fabulous place in the world for a party.

Elisabeth Hasselbeck, the pretty blonde Republican of ABC’s The View, was a guest at the state dinner for the Queen. The next morning she gave her viewers the inside scoop, including the scary fact that wives were not allowed to sit next to their husbands. “When we first opened our place cards and saw we were at different tables, we had a semi-private panic attack,” she confided, adding, “but I had Jeb Bush to my left. It was amazing to be able to sit with the Prince [Philip] and First Lady, who was so generous. This was such a meeting of the two nations, and I just thought, Gosh, it was such a peaceful moment.” Dessert, she reported, had also rung alarm bells. “They had rose blossoms for dessert. They brought out a bowl of water that smelled like roses, and then something in the middle. And someone asked me what was for dessert, and I said, ‘This is it.’ But then I saw Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice—you dip your hands in it and you wash your fingers in it.”

Lea Berman, former social secretary to George and Laura Bush and wife of lobbyist Wayne Berman: We stopped using finger bowls at all but the fanciest dinners, because people don’t know what to do with them.

Deeda Blair, biomedical-research advocate, international social figure, and wife of former ambassador William McCormick Blair Jr.: It’s almost vanished, the finger bowl. I can remember, in Paris and in Washington, women who cultivated scented geraniums in pots to
MY TASSIMOMENT:

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Many of the grandes dames who were so raaffiné back then were of the World War II generation. They usually came from, or married into, old money, an illustrious family, or great wealth. They often had lived abroad and spoke more than one language. Susan Mary Alsop, for example, who had a leading role in the J.F.K. Georgetown set, was a descendant of Founding Father John Jay, and her platonie husband in her second marriage was syndicated columnist Joseph Alsop, a cousin of the Roosevelts and a flamboyant and irascible snob. Who got behind Jack Kennedy almost from the start and took great pride in arranging artfully mixed dinners that were designed to produce elevated discourse as well as great gossip. Evangeline Bruce, another of the capital's doyennes, was the wife of millionaire David K. E. Bruce, who served as a leading diplomat in France, Britain, Germany, and China. British-born Pamela Harriman’s first husband was the son of Winston Churchill, but she really gained fame for her long list of lovers, including Gianni Agnelli, Edward R. Murrow, and Averell Harriman. She eventually married Harriman, in 1971, became a fixture in Washington society, and created a fund-raising Democratic political-action committee known as “Pam PAC.” Seven years after Averell’s death, she became Bill Clinton’s ambassador to France. Katherine “Kay” Graham was the famous publisher of The Washington Post, which brought down Richard Nixon, but she was also a friend of another Republican president, Ronald Reagan, and his wife. Truman Capote gave his snobbish Black and White Ball in 1966 in Graham’s honor. Her great pal was Meg Greenfield, the Post’s editorial-page editor. All of these women have died within the last 15 years. The sole survivor, Ossie Charles, has retired to Newport, Rhode Island. A bipartisan philanthropist, she told The Washington Post’s editorial-page editor, All of these women have died within the last 15 years. The sole survivor, Ossie Charles, has retired to Newport, Rhode Island. A bipartisan philanthropist, she told The Washington Post’s editorial-page editor,
was to have fun. That doesn't seem to be the case now.

**Letitia Baldrige:** Jackie Kennedy introduced round plywood tables and cloths to the floor. Within four weeks Bloomingdale's was selling round cloths to the floor, and carpenters all over the country were making plywood tabletops. Jackie said conversation was best with 8 or 10—now 12 or 14 crowd around. We also had people like [Theodore Roosevelt's daughter] Alice Roosevelt Longworth, who was loved and cherished. There hasn't been another character like that since.

**Andrea Mitchell, NBC correspondent and wife of former Federal Reserve chairman Alan Greenspan:** My introduction to that world was pre meeting Kay Graham and Meg Greenfield. It was an introduction to Judith Huxley, a food columnist for the Post. She used to have table-for-eight dinner parties, with lots of conversation around a round table—New Dealers, artists, gardeners. She was married to Aldous Huxley's only child, Matthew. She had this salon going. . . . It was not about social climbing or social connections. It was about conversation. Meg Greenfield had one round table in a small house on R Street [in Georgetown]. She would have lots of bright Democrats and Republicans. The difference was that in the past people who entertained were old Georgetown grand ladies or journalists, and sometimes those two were the same. Now the younger generation is political types. This new generation that entertains a lot are lobbyists. Before, you would not willingly have a lobbyist to a party.

**Sally Quinn:** I find that, with both parties, the longer an administration goes on, the times get really bad no matter what. There are scandals in the second term. So they hunker down, circle the wagons, and disappear—there is no community at all.

**Buffy Cafritz:** We are in serious times, and this president is not a type to . . . . likes to go to bed.

**Gahl Burt:** [George W. Bush] is not a social animal and not sociable. . . . The Reagans had a state dinner every single month, with the exception of July and August. We scheduled them six months out. Every single month we were looking for a state dinner and actively pursuing whom we should honor. There was a real outreach to foreign leaders. It helps you to start to know a world leader, instead of just meeting him in an office, and the wives get to know each other. If a real friendship develops—like Reagan and Thatcher—it gets you through the sticky times.

**Laurie Firestone:** George Bush Sr. worked at entertaining, in the sense he knew how important it was. We were entertaining the top six countries all the time [Great Britain, France, Germany, Canada, Japan, and Russia], not just at state dinners, but private receptions, luncheons, and dinners. . . . He always told me that sitting at a dinner or a lunch and talking to people, and breaking bread at a meal together, [made] negotiations the next day much easier. . . . Every time Bush would lose a vote, he'd tell me to get on the phone and get the leaders over—at the time, they were all Democrats. We had a lot of bipartisan functions.

**Buffy Cafritz:** President Reagan used to have [Democratic Speaker of the House] Tip O'Neill over for a drink. Nancy had a little lunch here in May, and Bob Strauss [Democrat and former ambassador to Russia] sat right next to her in his wheelchair. He used to go in the back door and advise her. You don't see that in this administration.

**Ken Duberstein,** lobbyist and former chief of staff for Ronald Reagan: As much as our campaign was anti-Washington, the Reagans understood you had to be part of Washington, and they encouraged us to participate fully and go out. That meant embassies—where we chatted over dinner and did so much business.

**Sally Quinn:** Once Kay [Graham] died, that was the end of bipartisan entertaining.
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White House. After that, Reagan was the land of all-out. The wives [of the Reagan circle] got more involved than anyone. They went on boards.

Gahl Burt: Reagan's Kitchen Cabinet was so moneyed, a good chunk of the library got raised from 10 people. That makes a big difference... Between the [Walter] Annenbergs, the [Alfred] Bloomingdales, and the [Charles] Wicks, those people didn't blink to have a major dinner at Blair House that cost a lot of money. Those were fabulous parties with glittering guest lists. . . The de la Rentas, the Henry Kissingers, [socialite walker] Jerry Zipkin were together in New York before the Washington connection. For Zipkin it didn't hurt to have your best friend be the wife of the president... If J.F.K.'s were the golden years for the Democrats, then Reagan's were the golden years for the G.O.P.

Leitia Baldrige: By the time the Reagans were in, the money started to matter a lot. California money and western money we were just not used to. That changed things a lot. The Annenbergs had a lot of money to throw around.

Lea Berman: I remember at the end of the Reagan years we got Democrats in Congress, and it really got ugly at dinner parties. We were just under siege the whole dinner. I told my husband, “I am not going to go through that again.” People of different parties weren’t really friends.

Buffy Cafritz: I remember Kay Graham had a lovely dinner in March of 2001—she died that summer. George W. Bush was there, and so was Laura, who was so adorable and outgoing and wanted to be part of the community. Everybody had high hopes he would be part of the community. Then we had 9/11.

Lea Berman: In the first term, September 11 threw them off. They did a lot of quiet diplomacy, based on the foreign country asking for a certain kind of visit; they asked for Crawford, Texas. Going to Crawford was considered intimate. Also, at the dinners, there are certainly people who are invited who choose not to come. For entertainers, the vehemence with which some said no, you could tell they were not supporters.

When the Clintons came to town, in 1992, there was tangible excitement that these two attractive young couples, the Clintons and the Gores, would somehow revive Camelot. Instead, the Clintons got off to a shaky start, with the issue of gays in the military, Nannygate, the suicide of Vince Foster, Travelgate, the failure of Hillary Clinton’s health-care plan, and Whitewater. There were so many scandals that the White House came to see the press as the enemy, and the First Couple did not venture out much, but they sent loyalists such as Mack and Donna McLarty, who were Arkansas friends, and Vernon and Ann Jordan to cover Georgetown.

In the beginning, however, they also had a series of dinners in their private quarters. At one, which I attended with my husband, Bill Clinton gave a detailed tour of the Lincoln Bedroom. Later, that room would give rise to yet another scandal when it was revealed that wealthy donors were being invited to spend the night there. The Clintons did have a very lively, bipartisan engagement party early on for Bill’s adviser James Carville and his very Republican fiancée, Mary Matalin; they also entertained at informal “movie nights”; and they significantly helped the cause of peace in Northern Ireland by beginning an annual White House St. Patrick’s Day party, which both sides—who would never ordinarily venture into the same room together—attended. The Clintons, however, appeared in the end to view the White House not as a vibrant salon in which to host the best and the brightest, but as coveted real estate that could be used for fundraising.

Dee Dee Myers, press secre-
The Clintons' second term was marred by the Monica Lewinsky scandal and ended with the president's shocking eleventh-hour pardon of the fugitive financier Marc Rich. Favored hostesses during the time were Clinton fund-raisers, who are now hoping a second Clinton presidency will provide a new opportunity to shine. One of the most aggressive contenders still vying to become a successor to the likes of Pamela Harrisman is Beth Dozoretz, former Democratic National Committee finance chair. Dozoretz, who constantly touted her close, personal relationship with Bill Clinton and pledged to raise $1 million for the Clinton library, is a one-time garment-industry executive married to Ron Dozoretz, a psychiatrist and the C.E.O. of a behavioral-health-care company that is heavily dependent on state contracts and that has been criticized in the past for providing substandard services. He contributes to both Republicans and Democrats. His wife first became known to the public when she took the Fifth Amendment before Congress in order not to have to answer questions about her role in the Marc Rich pardon. Last February, Clinton friends were taken aback when the Dozoretzes hosted a fund-raiser for New Mexico governor Bill Richardson, a presidential candidate, but that should not have been surprising considering the contract for a reported $325 million that Ron Dozoretz's FHC Health Systems has in New Mexico. Beth Dozoretz is said to phone media outlets to tout her parties and ask to be included on "A-lists," and in the middle of dinners she allegedly confers with her husband to discuss whom they've spoken with and whom they should cultivate.

Lady Catherine Meyer, wife of the former British ambassador Sir Christopher Meyer: Poor Beth. She did try to invite us all the time.

Buffy Cafritz: Beth Dozoretz? Enough said.

The most controversial nouveau social figure on the scene is student-loan impresario Catherine Reynolds, whose tax-exempt nonprofit student-loan company, EduCap, is currently under investigation by Congress, the I.R.S., and the New York State attorney general's office. The Washington Post has reported that with funds from EduCap, Reynolds has donated more than $100 million to cultural institutions, including $400,000 to her daughter's private school; has bought a $30 million Gulfstream IV private jet; and has given $9 million to her husband. Wayne, who runs the Academy of Achievement, another nonprofit organization, which stages an annual multi-million-dollar weekend extravaganza to bring global glitterati together with outstanding graduate students. After all the negative media attention. Reynolds' student-loan business, which was already being downsized, was severely curtailed, and dozens of employees were laid off.

In 2002, Reynolds made headlines when she pledged $100 million to the Kennedy Center, but the project in question was abandoned, so in the end she paid nothing. She still pledges $1 million a year for special performances, and stages a lavish annual dinner there. The $38 million she pledged to...
love them back with cesar
the Smithsonian Institution she took back. Because scholars at the
museum thought she wanted too much say in the contents of its
exhibitions. After pushing to have Laura Bush host a White House
dinner to benefit the Dance Theatre of Harlem, to which Reynolds
had pledged $1 million, she brought in her own producers to stage
the entertainment. The event later aired on PBS. In 2005, when she
became chairman of the board, she promised that she would help the
dance company for three years, but she severed ties after a year. Lady
Catherine Meyer had a similar experience with Reynolds and ACT
(Parents and Abducted Children Together), a nonprofit Meyer began
because her ex-husband, in Germany, had refused to return their two
sons to her, and the German courts sided with him.

Lea Berman: Catherine Reynolds is very persuasive and very deter-
mined. She had very fixed ideas of what she wanted the evening to be
and who the entertainers should be for the White House dinner for
the Dance Theatre of Harlem. It was an intense experience.

Lady Catherine Meyer: She immediately said, “I’ll help you.” She
organized a dinner at the embassy. We invited 85 percent of the
people, and she paid for it. It was completely free for us, and what-
ever money people paid for the tickets went towards the charity. At
that time, around 2000, nobody had ever heard of Catherine Reynolds.
I said, “Why don’t you join the board?” Every
time we had a dinner or a
lunch, we invited her
and her husband. I wasn’t
born yesterday. I knew
why she cultivated me.
She wanted to be invited. She stepped into the British Embassy, met
people, and then she dropped me. . . . She made a pledge of $100,000
with the condition I would match it. I went out and raised the money,
but lots didn’t stack up for her, and she only gave $38,000, which of
course was very disappointing. I never heard from her again. I was
completely shocked.

Buffy Cafritz: Catherine Reynolds has left behind a trail of broken
friendships. This I will never be able to understand. She has none
of the old relationships. The [Tom] Daschle [former Democratic
Senate majority leader from South Dakota and his wife, Linda] are
now her best friends. I can go through seven people she’s dumped.
Nobody understands her. She goes to the ladies’ room and her hus-
band stands outside. Why not? She’s the bank.

Thanks to the explosion of information technology and the bil-
lions appropriated for domestic security in the last several years,
Washington today is flush as never before, and a whole group of
people not associated with politics is coming to the fore. However,
the city is so polarized that even the caterers are characterized as Republi-
can or Democrat. Members of Congress rarely socialize across party
lines. They vote on bills at night, so they don’t really go out much, and
as a rule they do not bring their families to live in Washington any-
more, because it’s too expensive and many of their spouses work.

With the spread of the 24-hour news cycle and the rise of the
Internet, interviewers and their subjects are occupied more than
ever before, so there is little time for politicians or journalists to
socialize. Also, social affability and compromise do not play well
with the increasingly powerful bureaucrats who zealously patrol the
Republican and Democratic bases.

Biz Stevens: The other night five new congressmen came to din-
er. It was the old days we used to see lots of them and members of
other parties at events sponsored by anyone. So they
told us, “You are our new best friends! We haven’t gone out at all.”
None has a family here. They are here for three days and then they
go home and fund-raise. It seems to me it’s a miserable life.

Ken Duberstein: The result of partisanship is gridlock—nothing
gets done—and Washington and Capitol Hill have become the
laughingstock of the nation. If you had a more nonpartisan social
life, people would understand one another better as individuals,
understand people’s motives and integrity, and not see everything
in terms of political one-upmanship. You also know that if they
ever have to decide between being on a cable program and your
dinner party, it’s no contest.

Ted Kennedy, Democratic senator from Massachusetts: When my
children were growing up and we had votes at night, the members’
wives would bring picnics and we would watch our children play soc-
cer on the lawn and listen to the various bands that would play on
the Capitol steps. It was a way of getting to know the other members
and their families, both Republican and Democrat.

Grega Daly, prominent hostess married to architect Leo Daly:
Intimate, small dinners have always been the most intellectually
stimulating, and still are, but they’ve changed over the past 10 or so years.
It used to be that both Democrats and Repub-
licans would attend, and interesting discussions would ensue, focused
on the future of our coun-
try. Today the animosity
between the two political parties is so great and so openly hostile
that the blending of the guests at the dinners is no longer possible.

Letitia Baldridge: There is no question it is different here. The people
who are giving the parties are the lobbyists. They eat lavishly all for
a political reason. In the old days, 50 or 60 years ago, there was a
real society here.

Bob Barnett, lawyer: book representative for Bill and Hillary Clinton,
Bob Woodward, and Alan Greenspan; lawyer for my family; and hus-
band of Rita Braver, of CBS News: Given the legal restrictions on loby-
ing, social occasions are used in a totally legal and proper way to
advocate your client’s position to a lawmaker or a regulator without
having to spend money that is restricted. . . . Socializing is an
important part of life for lobbyists and lawyers. A lot of old barriers
have broken down. . . . The irony is, as more barriers are made official
and written, the looser it is in the social realm.

Ken Duberstein: The pressure goes both ways. Everybody is getting
leaned on, not just for presidential candidates but more importantly
for Congress and the Senate. The fax machine just spews out these
invitations for social events for fund-raising—for $500, for $1,000.
I hear from people what kind of pressure they are under to con-
tribute. Fund-raising has become insatiable.

One consequence of the fund-raising carnival is that embassies
have been largely sidelined. The Bush White House barely
socializes, so there is no one for embassies to honor in order to
draw top guests. Embassies cannot contribute cash to members
of Congress, so why should members bother to go to embassy par-
ties? The British still make an effort to entertain, and from 1998 to
2005, when he was Colombia’s ambassador to the United States, Luis
Alberto Moreno was a highly visible social presence, gathering sup-
port for the $4 billion in U.S. aid under Plan Colombia. He became

"The fax machine
spews out invitations for events for
fund-raising—for $500, $1,000."
Shopping in Milan?
or
A trade show in Las Vegas?
friends with Kay Graham by inviting her to a birthday dinner for Gabriel García Márquez, his country’s Nobel Prize–winning author.

Luis Alberto Moreno, current head of the Inter-American Development Bank: Any ambassador has to influence 500 people [Congress and the White House], depending on the portfolio of his country. If you request a regular meeting, it takes two years. I would never say no, and I’d always try to go to big events. Nobody notices if you are late. I’d go into a room and say hello even if they were eating. Then I’d leave my little sound bite and get my feedback. You need to find ways to network and meet because Americans do business all the time.

Today, the only embassy making a big push is Kuwait—not the soft-spoken ambassador Salem Al-Sabah himself, but his intense, flamboyant wife, Rima, a former Lebanese journalist with platinum-blond hair down to the middle of her back, who in October gave birth to her fourth child, at age 45. Invitations to the first of four baby showers were mailed four months in advance, and 120 women attended. Rima Al-Sabah, who is known to call guests who have R.S.V.P’d no to one of her dinners and plead with them to change their minds, draws Bush Cabinet members and top generals to her lavish evenings, which are always carefully photographed. Oil companies and their C.E.O.’s help sponsor her yearly benefit for various causes, where guests have included Angelina Jolie and Michael Douglas. About the only big private black-tie event last spring that both Republicans and Democrats attended was the Al-Sabahs’ 60th-birthday party; for Marvin Hamlisch, the principal pops conductor with the National Symphony.

Rima Al-Sabah: We came to Washington three weeks before Sep-
All Is VANITIES... Nothing Is Fair

Giovanna Mezzogiorno

AGE: 33.
PROVENANCE: Rome (birth) and Paris (much of childhood).
HIT THE SMOOTHERING LATIN JACKPOT BY... landing the female lead in Mike Newell’s Love in the Time of Cholera (based on the novel by Nobelist Gabriel García Márquez), in which her husband is played by Benjamin Bratt and her yearning would-be lover by Javier Bardem. “The producers have been great, because it was not easy for them to choose an Italian actress that nobody knows in the United States,” Mezzogiorno says. “I mean, I was just happy that I met Mike Newell.” BUT DON’T CALL HER AN INGENUE: Mezzogiorno has already walked down the red carpet at the Academy

CONTINUED on page 290
YEARS

SEVEN CRUCIAL YEARS

| 1969 | Relations grow chilly with longtime professional partner John Lennon. |
| 1970 | Broken and bearded, retreats into arms of loving blonde wife, Linda. |
| 1971 | With Linda, sets out on homey, crunchy new path with albums Ram and Wild Life. |
| 1972 | Baffles some of his faithful by sprouting mullet, releasing a cover of “Mary Had a Little Lamb” as a single. |
| 1973 | Tarnished professional reputation restored with critically and commercially successful Band on the Run—abetted by the crappiness of competitor/adversary John Lennon’s Mind Games. |
| 2000 | Relations grow chilly with longtime professional partner Bill Clinton. |
| 2001 | Broken and bearded, retreats into arms of loving blonde wife, Tipper. |
| 2003 | With Tipper, sets out on homey, crunchy new path with book Joined at the Heart: The Transformation of the American Family. |
| 2004 | Baffles some of his faithful by campaigning for Howard Dean. |
| 2006 | Tarnished professional reputation restored with critically and commercially successful An Inconvenient Truth—abetted by the crappiness of competitor/adversary George W. Bush’s war. |

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**Giovanna Mezzogiorno** CONTINUED from page 269

Awards—after the Italian psycho-thriller in which she starred in 2005, Don’t Tell (original title: La Bestia nel Cuore, or “The Beast in the Heart”), was nominated for best foreign-language film, “It was an amazing night even though we didn’t get the Oscar,” she says. “It’s such a great moment of cinema, really. In Europe we’re not used to that kind of big, big machine. We have another mentality. We very much believe in minimalist things.”

**ON LOVE IN THE TIME OF CHOLERA’S FLASH-FORWARD SEPTUAGENARIAN SEX SCENE:** “Everybody prefers to see young people making love, but you know what? It’s not as if you make love from 20 to 50, and then it’s over. I hope that people can see how brave Mike Newell was to do that. We freaked out (filming the scene). We were all very tense, because you have to have sweetness, it has to be believable, but at the same time, it has to be ironic. Because García Márquez is never one thing or another.”

— KRISTA SMITH

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**Paul McCartney, 1969-1976**

1969
Relations grow chilly with longtime professional partner John Lennon.

1970
Broken and bearded, retreats into arms of loving blonde wife, Linda.

1971
With Linda, sets out on homey, crunchy new path with albums Ram and Wild Life.

1972
Baffles some of his faithful by sprouting mullet, releasing a cover of “Mary Had a Little Lamb” as a single.

1973
Tarnished professional reputation restored with critically and commercially successful Band on the Run—abetted by the crappiness of competitor/adversary John Lennon’s Mind Games.

**Al Gore, 2000-2007**

2000
Relations grow chilly with longtime professional partner Bill Clinton.

2001
Broken and bearded, retreats into arms of loving blonde wife, Tipper.

2003
With Tipper, sets out on homey, crunchy new path with book Joined at the Heart: The Transformation of the American Family.

2004
Baffles some of his faithful by campaigning for Howard Dean.

2006
Tarnished professional reputation restored with critically and commercially successful An Inconvenient Truth—abetted by the crappiness of competitor/adversary George W. Bush’s war.
PHILIP ROTH'S

CHRISTMAS FAIRY TALE

White's face shriveled to a fist. She looked like she'd been mauled by a Doberman. “This is how we end up,” she cursed. “We think we're enjoying a light snack when no one's around, then we look up and find seven dwarfs busting in, setting up a public fucking inquiry into who stole their stool, their plate, their knives and their forks! Jeez! What kind of a merry Christmas d'you call that?”

She begged me to tell the true story of how she'd spent that Christmas with those hateful, narcissistic, overbearing, emasculated, impotent, squat, sniveling, grunting, obsequious, drunken dwarfs in their rotten hovel.

“MY GOD!” SNOW WHITE SAID, slamming her brandy on the bar. “Who the fuck were these six—no, seven—squashed-up little morons to get so tight-assed over their kitchen arrangements?”

White delivered him a sharp kick in the groin with her razor stiletto. “Well, that should help you wake the fuck up!”

The six other dwarfs covered beneath the table. Their heads level with her inviting rump.

“We'd best get down to work,” said Doc, a thin spittle of saliva oozing its way down his mossy beard.

“And don't you guys even think of fucking whistling,” said Snow White. “I hate whistling. Last time a man whistled on me, I crushed his head to a pulp between my thighs.”

Immediately all seven dwarfs broke into a frenzied whistle like a madwoman's wail. Snow White thought of stowing them into a cupboard. But how? Maybe they were stackable.

“I'm the hell out of here,” she said, opening the door. Just outside stood an ugly old dyke, the twin of Kissinger, apple in hand. An apple: stripped of its white flesh, it was nothing but a core, a skull-less skeleton. Chewing on an apple, you're chewing on your own desiccated brain.

With one movement, Snow White snatched the apple and shoved it into her own mouth and began crunching it with her perte, ripe teeth. Peeping out from behind a tea towel, Bashful marveled at the bazaar death-defying eroticism of the woman.

Snow White fell to the floor.

“She's dead,” said Doc, who'd been struck off the register years before for repeated interference with patients, nurses, elderly relatives, inspectors. The board had called it “transgression.”

Dead. To one sex-crazed dwarf that news only made Snow White all the more alluring.

“Get off the corpse, Bashful!” said Grumpy. “And put that thing back in your filthy trousers!”

IN THAT SAD NEWARK BAR, the shriveled-up White smashed down her empty glass. “O.K., so I woke up, but what kind of a two-bit Christmas did that turn out to be? Those stunted guys were trying to feast on me like I was a turkey. I guess that's how we all end up: meat on a plate with a cold potato to keep us company. Christmas, Shmismas!”

—AS TOLD TO CRAIG BROWN

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Celebrity Math by Mark O'Donnell

- 123 MARK KEOHAN + 212 VERTLE = 93 LARRY DAVID

- NEW BRUNSWICK PAPER-TOWEL GUY X ROB SCHNEIDER = THE ROCK

- 2002 (BLOG)
JOURNEY BEYOND THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD.

TIN-MAN

PRESENTED BY verizonwireless

A SCI FI CHANNEL ORIGINAL MINISERIES
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October 19, 2007

Graydon:

Thanks for putting me in charge of running V.F.’s podcast. I’m very excited about this opportunity. Here are the first fruits of my brainstorming efforts...

On the fourth of each month, Broadway legend Jim Dale reads the entire new issue aloud.

V.F. Sports: our weekly take on events in the sporting world, featuring Buzz Bissinger and maybe one of the other heterosexuals on the masthead.

Dept. of Secret Talents: Did you know that Barlett and Steele have teamed with those guys you brought over from The Atlantic, Cullen Murphy and William Langewiesche, to form a barbershop quartet? They call themselves the Special Report-Tones. They’re evidently quite the hit at church suppers, summer fairs, and ground-breaking ceremonies.

Finally, and forgive me for asking, what about Ed Coaster? I know he’s not high on your list these days, but he has that great radio voice, and an audio essay he did for All Things Considered, “The Lanyard and the Laminate,” has been No. 1 on N.P.R.’s most e-mailed list for three consecutive days!

Thanks again.

Michael

The Lanyard and the Laminate

October 16, 2007, from All Things Considered


I am a famous reporter and novelist—or, rather, I used to be. Of late I’ve slid off the syllabi of the universities, off the radar of the media for which I dutifully write, off the front page of the Sunday review sections. Now I find myself relegated to the gilded purgatory of the speakers’ circuit, addressing tax lawyers and pharmaceutical sales reps at resort conferences, pocketing my poundage and per diem for thirty-five minutes’ worth of snow-white reminiscence.

I step to the podium. I survey my audience: all corporate-logo polo shirts, the piqué mesh stretched over extended bellies. I can map out the outlines of some of their novels, their goatees—why so many goatees?

“Good afternoon,” I begin. “And don’t worry—I’ll have you out of here by five. I have an appointment at the bar with a Mr. Blandton.” I hate this joke as much as I mean it. But it does always get a laugh, sometimes...
Larry the Cable Guy, 44, was raised Dan Whitney on a pig farm in Pawnee City, Nebraska. Years later, the tongue-in-cheek, catchphrase-driven stand-up star who propelled the various Blue Collar Comedy caricatures to sensation status, and landed a role in Pixar’s hit film Cars, sits atop the comedy world as the most lucrative man on the market—all goofy film and TV work aside, he laughed his way to the bank with $21.7 million in 2006 alone. With his Christmas special airing on VH1 this month, the deep-fried American hero hangs out with his correspondent.

George Wayne: Are you a titty man? I’ve watched Blue Collar TV. The female extras and the supporting cast—they all have the biggest knockers. It must be a requirement to get a gig on that show.

Cable Guy: That was the casting director. I am more of a legs guy.

g.w. To get on the Cable Guy’s show, all you got to do is have a big ole pair of titties.

c.g. You gotta have ratings.

g.w. So how’s it hangin’, Larry the Cable Guy?

c.g. It must be fall, my wife’s finally losing her back hair.

Q: Someone is going to get spanked tonight! Tell me about the genesis of your comedy.

c.g. I was always a fan of all the old-time comedians. My favorite comedian is Steve Martin. I was a fan of Monty Python’s Flying Circus and Don Rickles, Milton Berle, Phyllis Diller.

Q: What made you give comedy a shot?

c.g. I am not good at physical labor.

Q: I know you had a job as a bellhop at a Hyatt Regency in Florida.

c.g. Yes, sir. That’s when I started doing stand-up in 1985.

Q: Do you enjoy making around $100 bills or are they just standing there?

c.g. “God bless America.”

Q: No, but you know what, George? I’m a good tipper, because I used to work in the service industry.

Q: Forbes magazine says you made more money in 2006 than any other stand-up comedian in America.

g.w. That’s right. I have awesome fans. When they like something they like, they are faithful to it. And I love ’em to death.

g.w. Well, among your greatest fans are the Bears of America.

c.g. Oh yeah!

g.w. Yeah, the Bears—homosexuals who worship and fetishize big, burly, hairy blue-collar guys like you who love wearing cutoff flannel shirts.

c.g. Too bad I’m married and off the market.

Q: Trust G.W., Cable Guy. The Bears of Castro Street would love nothing more than to have their way with you. Can you recall the first time you played in the Big 12?

c.g. You mean kiss a girl? I was about 10. I didn’t get laid until I was 22.

Q: You were a virgin until 22? That’s a little late to lose your cherry. Have you ever revealed that before?

c.g. My dad was a preacher and I wanted to wait until I was married, and then I saw myself naked in the mirror one time. I said, “That’s not going to happen. To heck with it.” I was trying to remain pure, but it didn’t happen. I never talked about it before.

Q: Another G.W. exclusive.

c.g. I never talked about it because it’s not funny.

Q: I can just see you and, say, Brett Favre being married. He loves chewing tobacco like you and hangin’ out.

Q: I met Brett Favre. It’s aovsky. I’d love to hang with him. Last year, he told me that my CD never leaves his player. After the game we hung out for about an hour telling jokes and eating Cajun chili.

Q: Dan Whitney is not that far removed from his alter ego, Larry the Cable Guy.

c.g. It’s a magnification of a small part of myself. I am a country boy who grew up on a pig farm in Nebraska. Went to college in Georgia. All my friends are real southern. I blend a mix of me and everybody I’ve met along the way.

Q: Keep on truckin’, Larry the Cable Guy.
CHOCOLATE SANTA

COLLABORATION WITH HAUSER & WIRTH, ZURICH/LONDON

by Paul McCarthy
MOMMY'S BEING FAMOUS RIGHT NOW

To Julia Roberts's kids, her latest on-screen incarnation—Tom Hanks's socialite co-conspirator in the new Mike Nichols film, Charlie Wilson's War—is "Cuckoo Mommy." To those who think of Roberts as the world's most famous actress, her low-key life with husband Danny Moder may be equally curious. JANE SARKIN and KRISTA SMITH get the first in-depth interview in years with a woman who has a handle on the grit as well as the glamour.
RENEE QUEEN

in Roberts in Los Angeles, she says “has always intimidated.” Her husband, Danny Moder, is building a new house for the family in Malibu, where he grew up.
"I was like, Here I am, finally going to put on a bathing suit in a movie, and I'm almost four months pregnant. And people didn't know. I thought, I'm really going to be screwed here."
In 2000, Roberts became the first actress to earn $20 million for a role (in Erin Brockovich). Asked how it felt, she replies, “Just as good as it would if you were a man, I bet.”
2002, and their twins, Hazel and Phinnaeus (Finn, for short), were born two years later. The place looks and feels lived-in. There's a homemade wooden swing tied to a tree in the backyard, and no piece of furniture appears to be off-limits to little people. Inside the house, a basket of little shoes sits on the kitchen floor, and the smell of a hamburger dinner being prepared by the babysitter permeates all corners.

After sorting through her vast collection of teas, Roberts brews a cup for each of us and we sit down at a weathered picnic table in the yard. This is the first in-depth interview she has given in years. The occasion is the December 25 release of *Charlie Wilson's War*, adapted by screenwriter Aaron Sorkin from the nonfiction book of the same name by the late journalist George Crile. Roberts plays Joanne Herring, the Houston socialite who conspired with the title character—a Texas congressman played by Tom Hanks—to fund the anti-Soviet jihad in Afghanistan in the 1980s. While their efforts helped topple the Soviet empire, they also laid the groundwork for the rise of Islamist extremism in Afghanistan. The film was directed by Mike Nichols, who first worked with Roberts on 2004's *Closer*.

"The thing about great actors, and she is a great actor," Nichols says, "is that we don't know how they do it. We simply believe that they are alive on-screen and, whatever character they are playing, we believe that is their true self." He adds, "We feel we know her and are part of her life simply by looking at her."

Inside, the babysitter is keeping Finn occupied so that Roberts can talk to us. (Hazel is staying late at nursery school.) But every so often he comes outside to see his mom. At one point she takes Henry up for a nap, but he's back within an hour to be breast-fed again. In the few hours we spend with Roberts, she sings songs to the children, changes a diaper with impressive fluency, and calms a fussy three-month-old without breaking a sweat.

Our conversation covers the whole range of Robert's life—her career, her children, her hopes and plans for the future. When she talks about her husband, and how much he means to her, her eyes well up with tears. Moder himself arrives carrying groceries around six, sends the babysitter home, and finishes the preparations for the family dinner. Meanwhile, we keep talking.

**V.F.** How did you come to take the role of Joanne Herring in *Charlie Wilson's War*?

**J.R.** Aaron Sorkin wrote a great script. When I read it, I was blown away. It's tricky material, but I love the tone of it. It's so Mike Nichols. I said, "I will do this movie if for no other reason than to be with my beloved Mike and Tom Hanks."

**V.F.** You voiced a character in *The Ant Bully*, which Tom Hanks produced, but this is your first time working together on-screen. How did you two get along?

**J.R.** All Tom and I talk about are our kids. He's got great stories. Everybody thinks their stories are great, but his stories about his kids are great. He'd be on my top-five list of people to sit and have a drink or dinner with and just talk to. You can talk about really deep topical things or just be a girlfriend and gossip. I love that about him.

**V.F.** In one of your scenes with him, your character says, "Unless I'm wrong, which would be unusual for me..." Did you just love saying that line?

**J.R.** I did. I have a love-hate relationship with a southern accent, but there are certain words that are so much fun to say. You know, "That would be unusual for me."

**V.F.** There's also a scene where you're sitting at the bathroom mirror using the sharp end of a safety pin to separate your eyelashes. Where did that come from?

**J.R.** Well. I *do* that. And my makeup artist is always saying, "Don't!"

**V.F.** It's a great moment, because at the same time that you're poking away, you're also delivering this intense speech about Afghan military situation to Wilson—who's wallowing in the tub.

**J.R.** Well, with makeup scenes, it's always the same. It's bullshit that you try, because you have to do it over and over again. You don't want to have to keep washing your face, you have an empty mascara wand or you do the powder thing. So I was just trying to think of something interesting, and the dialogue is so crazy and nonstop. I loved the paradox of talking about war and rifles and guns and ammunition and doing my makeup. Actually, I have to give credit to my longtime makeup guy, Richard Dean, who said, "You know you do this thing with the safety pin?"

**V.F.** We asked Tom Hanks for a quote about what it was like to work with you, and he said, "Just say... she was pregnant the whole time."

**J.R.** I wasn't! Well, I was pregnant the whole time, but I did know it the whole time.

**V.F.** Were you morning-sick?

**J.R.** I was pretty sick. But I had this looming bikini scene in the movie, and I was like, Here I am, *finally* going to put on bathing suit in a movie, and I'm almost four months pregnant. And people didn't know. I thought, I'm really going to be screwed here. I wasn't showing that much. I just looked like I had a little pouf, but you don't want to be in a movie in a big pouf, looking like that. The day before we shot that scene, Mike and Diane [Sawyer, his wife] came over here for lunch, and I thought it would be nice to tell them together. So we said, "We have some exciting news," and we told them we were going to have a baby, and they were all excited and happy. And I said, "So, that bikini scene tomorrow. Can we not do that?" But it is always hovering near in some form or another, because when you came time to shoot the scene my stomach was probably the finest it had been in three months.

**V.F.** How did the wardrobe department deal with your growing bustline?

**J.R.** Well, that was fine. What I did was wear, like, double sets to start with, and then as the movie progressed just start taking the things out.

**V.F.** What is it you like about working with Mike Nichols?

**J.R.** I just love to hear Mike share his take on a piece of material or a film. It's so intricate. He's seen a lot of things in his life, he's powerful things, and his interpretation of the world is so funny. People decide things about the world and about who they are. A Mike is just made of water in a way. He shares his experience, a takes in your experience and makes that part of his design. I and Steven [Soderbergh] and my husband are probably the three men I would go to for career advice. I'll turn to usually Dan first, but if it's a little puzzle or something, Mike and Steven ways have something interesting to say.

**V.F.** Did you know Mike Nichols before he cast you in *Closer*?

**J.R.** No. I think the reason Mike came to me was on the recommendation of Steven, actually, because Cate Blanchett was supposed to play my part in *Closer* and she got pregnant, and I was ready.
V.F. We asked some drama students at an all-girls school in Columbus, Ohio, what questions they would ask you if they had a chance. Here’s one: “How did it feel as a woman to cross over a $20 million pay range [with 2000’s Erin Brockovich]?”

J.R. Just as good as it would if you were a man, I bet. I mean, I less I shouldn’t belittle it like that. I should take pride in being a runner, even if it’s something that seems kind of stupid, like being overpaid for a great job. But I don’t really think about it. Elaine Oldsmith-Thomas was my agent then, and she took a real position, a woman in the industry representing a woman, to make strides that way. So she really deserves credit. It was really a thing for her.

V.F. Here’s another question from the school: “Were you ever encouraged in trying to act?”

And I think it made all the difference that the movie that I went back to work on was The Pelican Brief, with Alan Pakula and Denzel and Sam Shepard. That movie changed my life. As much as people talk about Pretty Woman or even Mystic Pizza, there’s something about Pelican Brief that, to me, is almost the beginning of my career. It was a mature part and it was a different kind of movie for a young girl. I mean, I know it was John Grisham, but I wasn’t this girl in peril. It was deeper than that, and I think that had a lot to do with Alan.

It’s such a funny job, because it really is just pretending. I do it here all day with my kids. And then sometimes I leave the house and get paid a lot of money to do the same thing. So it’s kind of this funny, wacky, silly job.

V.F. But it’s still a job.

J.R. It is still a job, and there are aspects to it that I really have a hard time with, that I really struggle with now, 20 years later. Something as ridiculous as the frenzy of publicity, the paparazzi. My stomach still drops when I turn and see someone with a camera.

V.F. So you do have your own issues with paparazzi.

J.R. I just feel like it’s so demeaning the way they behave, and I hate the fact that I even put any of my energy into thinking about it or being stressed about it. And really, more than anything, it just has to do with my kids. There’s no reason to take pictures of celebrities’ children other than for people to say, “Oh, they’re cute.” I think magazines shouldn’t run pictures of people’s kids. I have a problem with that. I also have a problem with the whole notion that, if I have Henry in a sling, I’m hiding him. He’s a baby and I’m carrying him around, and so the lady across the street. I get pissed off, because I think that it’s inhuman to chase a woman with her children. We’re all the same. Why can’t we get on board with this? That we’re all the same. Some have cooler jobs.

Career over years and many movies. Now it’s like you do one good movie and they throw a ton of money at you and a ton of attention at you. You’re being constructed outside of yourself before you even know who you are, and what you are, and how you want to do it, and why you want to do it.

I think one of the smartest things I ever did for my career was not working for two years in the early 90s. I was being offered a lot of different movies, but I just didn’t see the point of any of them. People would say to me, “How can you just be passing on all these things?” And my response was “Tell me a movie you’ve seen in the last year that I should have made.” I don’t know how I knew to serve myself like that, but I think those two years of strength and fortitude are what allowed me to have a long career.
How many art-world stars can fit in a single room?
ANNIE LEIBOVITZ captured the unparalleled
talent and influence that assembled in New York last May
to celebrate the 20th anniversary of the
American Patrons of Tate, supporters of Britain’s
illustrious museum.
HELEN AND BRICE MARDEN
American artists.

ROBERT MANGOLD
American artist.

GUILLERMO KUITCA
Argentinean artist.

AGNES GUND
President emerita, Museum of Modern Art, Dinner benefactor.

VIK MUNIZ
Brazilian-American artist.

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG
American artist.

JUSTINE WHEELER AND JEFF KOONS
American artists.
LADY SYNN FORESTER DE ROTHSCHILD AND SIR EVELYN DE ROTHSCHILD
Chair of the American Patrons of Tate and of the Artists Dinner, and her husband. Dinner benefactors.

FRANK GALLUP
Dinner patron.

RICHARD TUTTLE
American artist.

KARA WALK
American artist.

JOEL SHAPIRO
American artist, married to Ellen Phelan.

SUSAN ROTHENBERG
American artist, married to Bruce Nauman.

DAVID TEIGER
Honorary trustee of Museum of Modern Dinner patron.

MELVA BUCKSBAUM AND RAYMOND LEARSY
VERONICA HEARST
Dinner benefactor.

ANDREA AND JAMES A. GORDON
Trustee of the Chicago Museum of Contemporary Art and his wife. Dinner patrons.

ELLSWORTH KELLY
American artist.

KATE AND ANDY SPADE
American designers. Dinner benefactors.

BRUCE NAUMAN
American artist, married to Susan Rothenberg.

JEFF AND JEANNETTE WALL
Canadian artist and his wife.

GUIDO ALBI MARINI
Italian artist, partner of Elisa Fontanoh-Cineras.
Vice-chairman of the Museum of Modern Art.

DONALD MARRON
President emeritus of the Museum of Modern Art.
Chair of the American Patrons of Tate Artists Dinner. Dinner benefactor.

SANDRA AND SAMUEL NILES
Trustee of the American Patrons of Tate and her husband. Dinner benefactors.

FRANCK AND CATHERINE PETITOAIS
Dinner benefactors.

MIMI KAAS

TELA FONTANA-CISNEROS
Trustee of the American Patrons of Tate, partner of Guido Albi Marini. Dinner benefactor.

CHUCK CLOSE
American artist.

ERNesto MELO
Brazilian artist.
ALEX KATZ
American artist.

TERRY WINTERS
American artist.

LILIANA PORTER
Argentinean artist.

MERCEDES BASS
Dinner benefactor.

BILL VIOLA
American artist, married to Kira Perov.

JULIO LE PARC
Argentinean artist.

CINDY SHERMAN
American artist.
Who’s Who of artists and collectors gathered in New York last May to celebrate the 20th anniversary of the American Patrons of Tate. Founded in 1987 with an endowment from Sir Edwin Manton and a mandate to acquire North and South American art for the illustrious British museum, the group has since raised more than $100 million. On that single night in May another $1.5 million was raised, and artworks valued at $5 million were donated—including paintings by John Currin, Ellen Gallagher, Ellsworth Kelly, Susan Rothenberg, Richard Tuttle, and Terry Winters. Lady Lynn Forrester de Rothschild, a chair of the event, described her job of gathering the key figures as easy. “The event stood on the shoulders of all the years Nick Serota has traveled to the artists’ shows around the world and the time he’s spent with the collectors and patrons, all of whom have great respect for him.” Donald and Carrie Marron were also drawn to the Tate through their friendship with Serota, the museum’s director. “The Tate is doing extraordinary things. Not only do they build great museums, but they are kept accessible—admission is mostly free,” says Donald. “It’s a global world, both in terms of artists and collectors … And it’s important for artists to be seen in different contexts—to bring the Tate to America and America to the Tate.” The number and range of artists who attended the event illustrate the significance of the artists’ and patrons’ relationship to the museum. For Tate patron and event chair Jeanne Donovan Fisher the great joy of the evening was watching the artists interact. “They were so happy to see each other—rarely are they all together.” Lady de Rothschild agrees: “We had the best of everything in that room … people whose generosity was not just notable but colossal.”

—A. M. HOMES
THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF MR. BUSH

THE NEXT PRESIDENT WILL HAVE TO DEAL WITH YET ANOTHER CRIPPLING LEGACY OF GEORGE W. BUSH: THE ECONOMY. A NOBEL LAUREATE, JOSEPH E. STIGLITZ, SEES A GENERATION-LONG STRUGGLE TO RECoup

When we look back someday at the catastrophe that was the Bush administration, we will think of many things: the tragedy of the Iraqi war, the shame of Guantánamo and Abu Ghraib, the erosion of civil liberties. The damage done to the American economy does not make front-page headlines every day, but the repercussions will be felt beyond the lifetime of anyone reading this page.

I can hear an irritated counterthrust already. The president has not driven the United States into a recession during his almost seven years in office. Unemployment stands at a respectable 4.6 percent. Well, fine. But the other side of the ledger groans with distress: a tax code that has become hideously biased in favor of the rich; a national debt that will probably have grown 70 percent by the time this president leaves Washington; a swelling cascade of mortgage defaults; a record near-$850 billion trade deficit; oil prices that are higher than they have ever been; and a dollar so weak that for an American to buy a cup of coffee in London or Paris—or even the Yukon—becomes a venture in high finance.

And it gets worse. After almost seven years of this president, the United States is less prepared than ever to face the future. We have not been educating enough engineers and scientists, people with the skills we will need to compete with China and India. We have not been investing in the kinds of basic research that made us the technological powerhouse of the late 20th century. And although the president now understands—or so he says—that we must begin to wean ourselves from oil and coal, we have on his watch become more deeply dependent on both.

Up to now, the conventional wisdom has been that Herbert Hoover, whose policies aggravated the Great Depression, is the odds-on claimant for the mantle "worst president" when it comes to stewardship of the American economy. Once Franklin Roosevelt assumed office and reversed Hoover's policies, the country began to recover. The economic effects of Bush's presidency are more insidious than those of Hoover, harder to reverse, and likely to be longer-lasting. There is no threat of America's being displaced from its position as the world's richest economy. But our grandchildren will still be living with, and struggling with, the economic consequences of Mr. Bush.

REMEMBER THE SURPLUS?

The world was a very different place, economically speaking, when George W. Bush took office, in January 2001. During the Roaring 90s, many had believed that the Internet would transform everything. Productivity gains, which had averaged about 1.5 percent a year from the early 1970s through the early 90s, now approached 3 percent. During Bill Clinton's second term, gains in manufacturing productivity sometimes even surpassed 6 percent. The Federal Reserve chairman, Alan Greenspan, spoke of a New Economy marked by continued productivity gains as the Internet buried the old ways of doing business. Others went so far as to predict an end to the business cycle. Greenspan worried aloud about how he'd ever be able to manage monetary policy once the nation's debt was fully paid off.

This tremendous confidence took the Dow Jones index higher and higher. The rich did well, but so did the not-so-rich and even the downright poor. The Clinton years were not an economic Nirvana; as chairman of the president's Council of Economic Advis-
DAY OF RECKONING

The American economy can take a lot of abuse, but no economy is invincible.

LOST MY COUNTRY
PLEASE GIVE WHAT YOU CAN

SOREL
ers during part of this time. I'm all too aware of mistakes and lost opportunities. The global-trade agreements we pushed through were often unfair to developing countries. We should have invested more in infrastructure, tightened regulation of the securities markets, and taken additional steps to promote energy conservation. We fell short because of politics and lack of money—and also, frankly, because special interests sometimes shaped the agenda more than they should have. But these boom years were the first time since Jimmy Carter that the deficit was under control. And they were the first time since the 1970s that incomes at the bottom grew faster than those at the top—a benchmark worth celebrating.

By the time George W. Bush was sworn in, parts of this bright picture had begun to dim. The tech boom was over. The NASDAQ fell 15 percent in the single month of April 2000, and no one knew for sure what effect the collapse of the Internet bubble would have on the real economy. It was a moment ripe for Keynesian economics, a time to prime the pump by spending more money on education, technology, and infrastructure—all of which America desperately needed, and still does, but which the Clinton administration had postponed in its relentless drive to eliminate the deficit. Bill Clinton had left President Bush in an ideal position to pursue such policies. Remember the presidential debates in 2000 between Al Gore and George Bush, and how the two men argued over how to spend America's anticipated $2.2 trillion budget surplus? The country could well have afforded to ramp up domestic investment in key areas. In fact, doing so would have staved off recession in the short run while spurring growth in the long run.

But the Bush administration had its own ideas. The first major economic initiative pursued by the president was a massive tax cut for the rich, enacted in June of 2001. Those with incomes over a million got a tax cut of $18,000—more than 30 times larger than the cut received by the average American. The inequities were compounded by a second tax cut; in 2003, this one skewed even more heavily toward the rich. Together these tax cuts, when fully implemented and it made permanent, mean that in 2012 the average reduction for an American in the bottom 20 percent will be a scant $45, while those with incomes of more than $1 million will see their tax bills reduced by an average of $162,000.

The administration crowed that the economy grew—by some 16 percent—during its first six years, but the growth helped mainly people who had no need of any help, and failed to help those who need plenty. A rising tide lifted all yachts. Inequality is now widening in America, and at a rate not seen in three-quarters of a century. A young male in his 30s today has an income, adjusted for inflation, that is 12 percent less than what his father was making 30 years ago. Some 5.3 million more Americans are living in poverty now than were living in poverty when Bush became president. America's class structure may not have arrived there yet, but it's heading in the direction of Brazil's and Mexico's. Agricultural subsidies were doubled between 2002 and 2006.

Tax expenditures—the vast system of subsidies and preferential treatment in the tax code—increased more than a quarter. Tax breaks for the president's friends in the oil-and-gas industry increased billions and billions of dollars. Yes, in the five years after 9/11 defense expenditures did increase (by some 70 percent), though much of the growth wasn't helping to fight the War on Terror, but was being lost or outsourced in failed missions in Iraq. Meanwhile, other funds continued to be spent on the usual gun-toting, tech-gimmickery—weapons that don't work, enemies we do have. In a nutshell, money was being spent everywhere, where it was needed. During these past seven years the percentage of G.D.P. spent on research and development outside defense and health has fallen. Little has been done about our decaying infrastructure—be it levees in New Orleans or bridges in Minneapolis. Coping with most of the damage will fall to the next occupant of the White House.

Although it rallied against entitlement programs for the needy, the administration enacted the largest increase in entitlements in four decades—the poorly designed Medicare prescription-drug benefit, intended as both an election-season bribe and a sop to the pharmaceutical industry. As internal documents later revealed, the true cost of the measure was hidden from Congress. Meanwhile, the pharmaceutical companies received special favors. To access the new benefits, elderly patients couldn't opt to buy cheaper medications from Canada or other countries. The law also prohibited the U.S. government, the largest single buyer of prescription drugs, from negotiating with drug manufacturers to keep costs down. As a result, American consumers pay far more for medications than people elsewhere in the developed world.

You'll still hear some—and, loudly, the president himself—argue that the administration's tax cuts were meant to stimulate the economy, but this was never true. The bang for the buck—the amount of stimulus per dollar of deficit—was astonishingly low. Therefore the job of economic stimulation fell to the Federal Reserve Board, which stepped on the accelerator in a historically unprecedented way, driving interest rates down to 1 percent. In real terms, taping inflation into account, interest rates actually dropped to negative 2 percent. The predictable result was a consumer spending spree. Looked at another way, Bush's own fiscal irresponsibility fostered irresponsibility in everyone else. Credit was shovel ed through the door, and subprime mortgages were made available to anyone of life support. Credit-card debt mounted to a whopping $900 billion by the summer of 2007. "Qualified at birth" became the drunken slogan of the Bush era. American households took advantage of the low interest rates, signed up for new mortgages with "teaser" initial rates, and went to town on the proceeds.

All of this spending made the economy look better for a while, the president could (and did) boast about the economic statistic. But the consequences for many families would become apparent within a few years, when interest rates rose and mortgages proved impossible to repay. The president undoubtedly hoped the recession would come sometime after 2008. It arrived 18 months early. As many as 1.7 million Americans are expected to lose their homes in the months ahead. For many, this will mean the beginning of a downward spiral into poverty.

Between March 2006 and March 2007 personal-bankruptcy rates soared more than 60 percent. As families went into bankruptcy, more and more of them came to understand who had won and who had lost as a result of the president's 2005 bankruptcy bill, which made it harder for individuals to discharge their debt...
a reasonable way. The lenders that had pressed for “reform” had been the clear winners, gaining added leverage and protections for themselves; people facing financial distress got the shaft.

**AND THEN THERE’S IRAQ**

The war in Iraq (along with, to a lesser extent, the war in Afghanistan) has cost the country dearly in blood and treasure. The loss in lives can never be quantified. As for the treasure, it’s worth calling to mind that the administration, in the run-up to the invasion of Iraq, was reluctant to venture an estimate of what the war would cost (and publicly humiliated a White House official who suggested that it might run as much as $200 billion). It then pressed to give a number, the administration suggested $0 billion—what the United States is actually spending every month. Today, government figures officially acknowledge that more than half a trillion dollars total has been spent by the administration.

**HERBERT HOOVER HAS BEEN REGARDED AS THE “WORST PRESIDENT” WHEN IT COMES TO THE ECONOMY, BUT BUSH’S LEGACY IS MORE INSIDIOUS AND LIKELY TO BE LONGER-LASTING.**

S. “in theater.” But in fact the overall cost of the conflict could quadruple that amount—as a study I did with Linda Bilmes of Harvard University has pointed out—even as the Congressional Budget Office now concedes that total expenditures are likely to be more than double the spending on operations. The official numbers do not include, for instance, other relevant expenditures hidden from the defense budget, such as the soaring costs of recruitment, the re-enlistment bonuses of as much as $100,000. They do not include the lifetime of disability and health-care benefits that will be required by tens of thousands of wounded veterans, as many as 20 percent of whom have suffered devastating brain and spinal injuries. Astonishingly, they do not include much of the cost of the equipment that has been used in the war, and that will have to be replaced. If you also take into account the costs of the economy on higher oil prices and the knock-on effects of the war—for instance, the depressing domino effect that war-fueled uncertainty has on investment, and the difficulties U.S. firms face overseas because America is the most disliked country in the world—the total cost of the Iraq war mount, even by a conservative estimate, to at least $2 trillion. To which one needs to add these words: so far. It is natural to wonder, What would this money have bought if we had spent it on other things? U.S. aid to all of Africa has been hovering around $5 billion a year, the equivalent of less than two weeks direct Iraq-war expenditures. The president made a big deal out of the financial problems facing Social Security, but the system could have been repaired for a century with what we have bled into the sands of Iraq. Had even a fraction of that $2 trillion been spent in investments in education and technology, or improving our infrastructure, the country would be in a far better position economically to meet the challenges it faces in the future, including threats from abroad. For a sliver of that $2 trillion we could have provided guaranteed access to higher education for all qualified Americans. The soaring price of oil is clearly related to the Iraq war. The issue is not whether to blame the war for this but simply how much to blame it. It seems unbelievable now to recall that Bush-administration officials before the invasion suggested not only that Iraq’s oil revenues would pay for the war in its entirety—but also that war was the best way to ensure low oil prices. In retrospect, the only big winners from the war have been the oil companies, the defense contractors, and al-Qaeda. Before the war, the oil markets anticipated that the then price range of $20 to $25 a barrel would continue for the next three years or so. Market players expected to see more demand from China and India; sure, but they also anticipated that this greater demand would be met mostly by increased production in the Middle East. The war upset that calculation, not so much by curtailling oil production in Iraq, which it did, but rather by heightening the sense of insecurity everywhere in the region, suppressing future investment.

The continuing reliance on oil, regardless of price, points to one more administration legacy: the failure to diversify America’s energy resources. Leave aside the environmental reasons for weaning the world from hydrocarbons—the president has never convincingly embraced them, anyway. The economic and national-security arguments ought to have been powerful enough. Instead, the administration has pursued a policy of “drain America first”—that is, take as much oil out of America as possible, and as quickly as possible, with as little regard for the environment as one can get away with, leaving the country even more dependent on foreign oil in the future, and hope against hope that nuclear fusion or some other miracle will come to the rescue. So many gifts to the oil industry were included in the president’s 2003 energy bill that John McCain referred to it as the “No Lobbyist Left Behind” bill.

**CONTempt for the World**

America’s budget and trade deficits have grown to record highs under President Bush. To be sure, deficits don’t have to be crippling in and of themselves. If a business borrows to buy a machine, it’s a good thing, not a bad thing. During the past six years, America—its government, its families, the country as a whole—has been borrowing to sustain its consumption. Meanwhile, investment in fixed assets—the plants and equipment that help increase our wealth—has been declining.

What’s the impact of all this down the road? The growth rate in America’s standard of living will almost certainly slow, and there could even be a decline. The American economy can take a lot of abuse, but no economy is invincible, and our vulnerabilities are plain for all to see. As confidence in the American economy has plummeted, so has the value of the dollar—by 40 percent against the euro since 2001.

The disarray in our economic policies at home has parallels in our economic policies abroad. President Bush blamed the Chinese for our huge trade deficit, but an increase in the value of the yuan, which he has pushed, would simply make us buy more textiles and apparel from Bangladesh and Cambodia.
Gerald R. Ford died a year ago December, at age 93. To honor the 38th president, his White House photographer, David Hume Kennerly, has compiled Extraordinary Circumstances, a photo homage to his former boss. In sifting through his picture archive to produce the book, Kennerly discovered this previously unpublished study of a 1974 encounter between Ford and then governor Ronald Reagan, taken in a hotel room after an L.A. fund-raiser.

Today, the image conveys a touch of Rat Pack swagger, an architectural elegance, and a hint of the California glamour that Reagan would eventually import to Washington. At the time, however, Kennerly, who had won a Pulitzer for his work in Vietnam, considered the picture too dark and brooding; he almost overlooked the frame on his contact sheet. But that darkness captured something of the spirit of the time; less than three months before, Watergate had forced Richard Nixon from office; inflation, unemployment, and gas prices were on the rise; and the U.S. was facing defeat in Vietnam.

The picture also caught the sometimes frosty relationship between the two leaders. Both Reagan and Ford, after all, would nix the 1980 "dream ticket" idea, floated by some Republican mandarins, to draft Ford as Reagan's vice president. And Ford, during his unsuccessful 1976 campaign against Jimmy Carter, resented Reagan's political infighting. "Truthfully," Ford confessed to Kennerly years later, "I was upset when he challenged me [for the '76 Republican nomination]. I thought it was unwise for a Republican to challenge another Republican president. We had a pretty good relationship, I thought; I had a pretty good relationship with Jimmy Carter, after he had won the presidency a couple of years before."

FOR MORE OF DAVID HUME KENNERLY'S PHOTOGRAPHS GO TO VF.COM.
WARY ROOM

Governor Ronald Reagan and President Gerald Ford at the Century Plaza Hotel, in Los Angeles, October 31, 1974.
A few years ago, names such as Zhang Xiaogang, Liu Xiaodong, and Zhang Huan might have drawn blank stares from Western collectors. Now, with an explosion of museums, galleries, and prices, China has become the hottest stop on the international art circuit. In the emerging cultural capitals of Beijing and Shanghai, BARBARA POLLACK examines the forces in a stampede of new money, unleashed talent, and national pride, while JONATHAN BECKER turns his camera on this vast new canvas.
KIN' HOT

Hjinjun's Yuxi cigarettes, tea, and sketchbook in his living studio. Opposite, artist Lin Fan at his Beijing studio with a Fendi lounge chair. Jenny Lui, who is also featured in the paintings in the background.

Superpower
With his closely cropped hair, ever burning cigarette, and trademark round eyeglasses, Zhang Xiaogang has become the face of Chinese art, an unlikely rock-star figure at the head of a mania sweeping auction houses from Beijing to New York. In the mid-1990s, his work was banned in his home country. Now it hangs in state-approved galleries, with his individual paintings fetching between $500,000 and $3 million.

Zhang, 49, didn’t come by his status easily. When he was a boy, in the tumultuous years of the Cultural Revolution, his parents were sent to a “study camp” in the countryside, forced to give up their government posts and leave their children behind. Raised for several years by an aunt, Zhang immersed himself in drawing, only to be sent to re-education camp as a teenager. Following the collapse of the Cultural Revolution upon Mao’s death, in 1976, he made it into the prestigious Sichuan Institute of Fine Arts, where he didn’t really distinguish himself. After hitting upon his mature style in the early 1990s, Zhang ran into another obstacle when authorities deemed his paintings unfit for public display.

As the country gradually opened itself economically and culturally, he found himself back in favor. In 1997, Beijing galleries started showing his work—which mainly comprises large, haunting portraits of hollow-eyed Chinese citizens—and now he is one of China’s highest-earning artists. Film director Oliver Stone bought a Zhang, as did the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, in New York.

Zhang’s big international moment came in 2006, when London gallery owner Charles Saatchi purchased A Big Family for $1.5 million at a Christie’s London auction. Since that sale, Zhang’s prices have continued to explode: his Tiananmen Square fetched $2.3 million at a 2006 Christie’s auction in Hong Kong, and another canvas, Change of a New Century: Birth of the People’s Republic of China, sold for more than $3 million at a September 2007 Sotheby’s auction.
AWAKENING THE BUDDHA WITHIN

Zhang Huan, in his Beijing studio, with Two Legged Buddha.
DIO CITY

Meg Maggio in her Pekin Fine Arts gallery. (2) Cai Guo-Qiang in the courtyard of the 18th-century house that he’s renovating for his studio/residence, two blocks from the Forbidden City. (3) Zhang Huan and assistants in the crematorium of his Shanghai studio, where he creates ash in his art. (4) Leng Lin, the director of the Beijing Commune gallery, in the Factory 798 district of Beijing. (5) Fan Di’an, the director of the National Art Museum of China. (6) A work from Jianhuan’s polychrome ceramic series, Game. (7) Art patron Bosco Chan, photographed in his private museum in Hong Kong. (8) At his private museum in Beijing, collector Guan Yi stands with a Yang Maoyuan sculpture. (9) Collector David Tang, who owns the China Club restaurant. (10) Curator and gallery owner Johnson Chang in the stairwell of China Club. (11) Pearl Lam in her Shanghai apartment in front of an untitled painting by He Jie.
boom of this magnitude requires distinctive artists and eager collectors with cash to burn. China has both. Consider the case of Newly Displaced Population, a 2004 canvas by realist painter Liu Xiaodong, which presents a critical view of the Chinese government’s displacement of more than one million people as a result of building the Three Gorges Dam. Not only was this painting left uncensored but it sold at the Beijing Poly International Auction in November 2006 for $2.75 million, at the time a world record for a painting by a contemporary Chinese artist. It was snapped up by a mainland collector: Zhang Lan, a female restaurateur who is becoming the Wolfgang Puck of China. Her upscale chain, South Beauty, earned a reported $25 million in 2006, and she aims to open 100 new locations by 2008. Expressionist architect Philippe Starck has designed a showpiece South Beauty restaurant for Times Square, which is to come complete with a gallery to show off her purchases.

Another major Chinese collector is Hong Kong real-estate heiress Pearl Lam. At her penthouse soirées, I have run into American collector Stephan Edlis, Tate Liverpool curator Simon Groom, and Art Basel emeritus Samuel Keller, as well as local stars Lorrie Helbling, founding director of ShanghaiART Gallery, and Victor Lu, formerly creative director of the Museum of Contempor ary Art (MoCA) Shanghai. “I thought to myself, For Chinese con temporary art to be strong, I had to be a bridge,” says Lam.

Until recently, Chinese contemporary art was purely an export market. Baron Guy Ullens, a Belgian philanthropist, was an ear collector, beginning with purchases he made in the mid-1980s on business trips to China. Uli Sigg, Swiss ambassador to China from 1995 to 1998, was another who put together an encyclopedic selection of Chinese contemporary art at a time when most works sold for a few hundred dollars. Another important “foreigner” from this period was David Tang, the entrepreneur who turned Mao jackets into the Shanghai Tang brand. Born in Hong Kong but the product of a British education, Tang assembled his collection by combing through the squallid studios where Chinese artists worked in the late 1980s.

Tang did everything to promote Chinese contemporary art: the 1990s, even inviting Princess Diana to the 1995 Venice Biennale, which featured several Chinese artists. “I said, ‘Would you please come?’ and she agreed,” Tang says. Just one problem, a Tang recalls: when Princess Di’s private secretary conducted a walk-through of the show, he was stunned by Liu Wei’s graph paintings. “He wasn’t going to allow the Princess to stand before [works like these] and have her picture taken,” Tang says. With the photographers banned, they took her through the gallery with her back turned to the most scandalous pieces. At a celebratory dinner held afterward, Tang stood on his chair and announced “This is a new dawn for Chinese art!” The crowd applauded. He remembers thinking, “I’ve got the most famous person in the world to come and give us a lift. If this doesn’t succeed, nothing will.”

More than a decade later, the rest of the world caught on. In March 2006, Sotheby’s held its first New York sale of Chinese contemporary art, attracting both Asian and Western collectors, bringing in $12.7 million, and establishing auction records for Zhang Xiaogang, Zhan Huan, Liu Xiaodong, and Fang Lijun, among 20 other artists. In their springtime 2007 auctions, Christie’s saw $36 million and Sotheby’s $27 million in sales of Asian contemporary art at their Hong Kong branches, with Chinese artists delivering the majority of the lots on offer.

Mainland auction houses have also entered the fray in the last two years. Poly Auctions, the most lucrative auction house in China, is one of a number of cultural enterprises affiliated with Beijing Poly Group, a former unit of the People’s Liberation Army now owned by the state. Its chief competitor, Guardian, opened in 1993. It was founded by Wang Yannan, daughter of Zhao Ziyang, the late Communist Party leader who was deposed and put under house arrest when he opposed the use of armed troops in Tiananmen Square, in 1989.

The Chinese houses seem to encourage speculation. It’s not unusual to see the same piece sold over and over again in a single year, rising in price at each sale. Nor is it rare for an artist or dealer to place new works directly into auction, then bring along friends and sympathetic collectors to bid up the price. But with the market this hot, buyers from New York and London have been showing little compunction in flipping contemporary Chinese artworks. Today’s $500,000 painting could fetch $1 million tomorrow.
“When people talk about the high prices, I would say that Chinese artists believe that their top artists deserve to be right alongside the best artists from anywhere else,” says Charles Saatchi, who plans to mount a show called “The Revolution Continues: New Art from China” at his new London gallery this spring. “I like to think that any of the works I will be showing could be included in a Whitney Biennial, and you wouldn’t have to stand in front of it and say, ‘That’s pretty good for a Chinese artist.’”

A possible Chinese counterpart to Saatchi–someone who can single-handedly send prices skyrocketing—is Joseph Lau, a Hong Kong real-estate mogul, who bought Andy Warhol’s Green Car Crash for $71.7 million at Christie’s New York in 2007. But collectors from the mainland are seemingly more circumspect. Yang Bin, an automotive dealer in China, and Zhang Haiqing, owner of Beijing’s upscale Le Quai restaurant, have helped the boom along with big purchases, but they have yet to pay Saatchi prices. And then there is Guan Yi, who has an enviable private collection on display in his Beijing warehouse. Guan refuses to put a cash value to his collection, saying, “I think about art—I care about art.”

Even as late as 2002, none of this seemed possible. Beijing had just begun developing its contemporary-art district, Factory 798, a former munitions plant whose Bauhaus-style architecture attracted dozens of artists and dealers. The most notable gallery in the 798 complex is the Beijing Commune, founded by Leng Lin, a curator who has known artists such as Zhang Xiaogang and Yue Minjun throughout their careers. Today, Factory 798 has been designated a “historic district” by the city of Beijing, and visitors already complain that it has become overgrown and too commercial. And in the few years since Factory 798 established itself, additional galleries have sprung out of the crowded streets. “If you go to the other art centers of the world—London, New York, or Los Angeles—you may hear about a new gallery opening up here or there,” says Basil Walter. “In Beijing, you hear about an entire neighborhood opening up overnight. The construction happens so quickly, and the number of galleries and the amount of art that’s proliferating is just astounding.”

Shanghai’s smaller gallery district, named 50 Moganshan Lu, for the address at which it is located, has begun to spread out to the adjoining neighborhood and is in the midst of an explosion of new museums. MoCA Shanghai (founded by Hong Kong jewelry designer Samuel Kung), the Pompidou Center’s Shanghai satellite branch (scheduled to open by 2009), and the Zendai Museum (backed by Shanghai real-estate developer Dai Zhikang and scheduled to open in 2010) join the state-run Shanghai Art Museum and municipal Duolun Museum of Modern Art.

“It is an extraordinary scene,” says Arne Glimcher, an éminence grise who just returned from a tour of China during which he signed Zhang Xiaogang and Zhang Huan to Pace Wildenstein, his prestigious New York gallery. “It is a little bit like Germany after the Second World War. With the culture being annihilated, it was fresh to start again. Or like America in the 50s, when we didn’t really have an indigenous style, so we were fresh to start from scratch.”

Painter Yue Minjun built a splendid compound for himself on the outskirts of Beijing in the Songzhuang district, a kind of Chinese East Hampton, given the number of artists living there. His neighbor Fang Lijun went further, opening a chain of art-filled restaurants in Beijing. On a recent trip, Agnes Gund, the president emerita of New York’s Museum of Modern Art, feasted on a buffet at Yue Minjun’s lawn. She also stopped by the studio of Lin Tianmiao, the sole female artist in this group of alpha males, whose home and studio are contained within a restored farmhouse.

Back in Shanghai, bad-boy artist Zhang Huan has taken over a vast industrial complex in the southern part of the city, which exceeds in size and scale even the most lavish studios in Beijing. In 1994, this artist covered himself in honey and fish oil at a public toilet, remaining motionless for an hour as insects covered his flesh. Now he has a production line that rivals that of Damien Hirst or Jeff Koons, employing more than 100 craftsmen who live in an adjoining dormitory. Wood-carvers chip away at blocks for prints that will be larger than billboards, and welders work on sculptures more
than 25 feet tall. In a room filled with hundreds of canvases, assistants sprinkle ash, like Buddhist monks making sand mandalas, to create photo-realistic images. The powdery substance is created in his studio, as well as collected from temples where people burn incense; the artist has his own truck to drive around to collect it.

Topping the list as the most independent of all of the self-made artists in China, Ai Weiwei was born in Beijing, grew up in Xinjiang, and saw his father, once Mao’s favorite poet, discredited during the Cultural Revolution and forced to clean latrines. He left for New York in 1981, completely pessimistic about the future of art in China, only to return 12 years later, when his father fell ill. During the 1990s, he was the chief agitator in the Beijing art scene, his antics culminating in a show he curated called “Fuck Off,” which coincided with the Shanghai Biennale 2000. With little hope of a further art career, either inside or outside of China, Ai Weiwei built a home for himself, modeled on the traditional gray brick courtyard houses found in central Beijing, and launched himself as a self-taught architect.

Now heralded as an international artist of the first rank, Ai Weiwei sent 1,001 Chinese citizens to Kassel, Germany, this past summer as his contribution to the Documenta arts festival. In 2008 he will see his crowning achievement unveiled at the Summer Olympics: Beijing’s new Olympic stadium, often called “the bird’s nest,” on which he collaborated with the architecture firm of Herzog & de Meuron. But he still works with a wary sense of freedom. “It’s like the movie Home Alone,” he told me when I visited his studio. “The parents have gone away . . . but they can always come back.”

His sense of caution may be justified. Just two summers ago, government agencies in Shanghai and Beijing removed numerous artworks from galleries after a long period when censorship of the arts had seemed to cease. Earlier this year, the staff of the Duolun Museum of Modern Art, in Shanghai, walked out over disagreements with authorities about what art could or could not be shown. Wang Qingsong, an artist who stages large photographic tableaux akin to movie sets that sell for up to $320,000 at auction, was questioned for two days and had his negatives seized after a model complained about the nudity in his latest production.

Yet the feeling of suppression has definitely subsided. Many believe that the Chinese government simply has bigger concerns: the Internet and movies—mass culture that more people see and are
Many believe that the Chinese government has bigger concerns—the Internet and movies—than contemporary art.
CHINESE NEW GEAR

(1) Sculptor and painter Chen Ke at her studio, in the Liquor Factory neighborhood. (2) David Tang’s restaurant China Club. (3) The Beijing Gallery, designed by Ai Weiwei. (4) In his Beijing studio, photographer Wang Qingsong works with acrobat for his 2008 Olympics photo series. (5) Collector Guan Yi with a Huang Yong Ping sculpture; the chandelier is by Ai Weiwei. (6) Former creative director Victor Lu and a Kehinde Wiley painting at MOCA Shanghai. (7) Li Guosheng, owner of the Chinablue Gallery, in Beijing, with photographer Wang Qingsong. (8) Zhang Huan’s wood-carving shop inside his studio complex, in the southern part of Shanghai. (9) The Luo brothers with their recent work, in Beijing. (10) Lorenz Hellbling pictures in front of the ShangART Gallery, on Moganshan Road in Shanghai. (11) Kai-Yin, an international jewelry designer and art collector in Hong Kong.
influenced by than contemporary art. On a more cynical note, it could be that promoting contemporary art counterbalances China’s human-rights record, in addition to generating lots of cash.

If anything demonstrates a change in mood, it is the inclusion of the iconoclasts Cai Guo-Qiang and Ai Weiwei in the Olympic program. Cai is possibly the most famous Chinese art expatriate, having left his homeland in 1986 and launched a spectacular international career. Despite his status as a “foreigner,” Cai was permitted to be the curator of China’s first pavilion at the Venice Biennale, in 2005. Now he will bring one of his famous fireworks displays—seen in the skies throughout the world—to the Olympics. In acknowledgment of his new role within China, Cai is building a studio within the ruins of a double-courtyard house two blocks from the Forbidden City, the 18th-century imperial residence that was handed over to the mayor of Beijing when the Communists took over, in 1949.

A key player in bringing the often politically inconvenient artists into the state’s embrace is Fan Di’an, head of the National Art Museum of China, in Beijing. He has been selected to orchestrate the cultural activities at the Olympic Village and other key sites in Beijing. In addition to commissioning fireworks maestro Cai Guo-Qiang, Fan has persuaded Chinese film director Zhang Yimou to help with the ceremonies. (Steven Spielberg, a consultant on the project, has threatened to resign over China’s role in the Darfur genocide, but has yet to do so.)

Most established Chinese artists built their careers without the benefit of gallery representation (in contrast to Western artists, who can’t seem to tie their sneakers without a major dealer). Zhang Huan, who moved to New York in 1998 and now has returned to China to set up his studio in Shanghai, jumped from Max Protetch to Jeffrey Deitch to Lehning Augustine, burning bridges along the way. China’s other powerful artists—Ai Weiwei, Cai Guo-Qiang, Yue Minjun, Fang Lijun, as well as Zhang Xiaogang—reached the international market without a gallery. Foreign dealers, while welcomed for sales, were not trusted enough for long-term relationships.

China’s rising art stars are more likely to go the gallery route. Yang Fudong, born in 1971, an artist whose atmospheric films have been featured at virtually every biennial and major art museum in the past five years, has worked with Helbling at ShanghART and more recently with the Marian Goodman Gallery in New York and Paris. Wang Qingsong began his career through his association with Meg Maggio, who brought the artist to the attention of the Albion Gallery, in London, and art dealer Jeannie Greenberg Rohatyn, in New York.

Twentysomething dealer Fang Fang, director of the Star Gallery, in Beijing, has made a specialty of scooping up artists fresh out of school, a generation he calls “the naughty kids.” As opposed to their elders, who often came from poverty, these artists have had travel visas from age. Chen Ke, one of Star’s stars, graduated from the Sichuan Institute of Fine Arts in 1998 and has already had a gallery show—a tale-like pieces, peopled with faceless, and sad-faced clowns, might have come anywhere. In interviews, she talks about young seeing no need to define herself or herself as Chinese.

Young Chinese artists are free to think and feel about anyone who wields a paintbrush in Brooklyn or on the Lower East Side. It seems the Chinese government has managed to defuse the explosive potential of contemporary art simply by allowing it to develop.

FOOTNOTE

For more of Jonathan Becker’s photos of China’s art scene, go to VF.COM.

SPOTLIGHT

ACT OF ATONEMENT

Core one for the writers. When Ian McEwan’s best-selling novel Atonement entered the film-adaptation factory, soon after its publication, in 2001, it faced the standard de-lousing process: its nonlinear structure was streamlined, and entire scenes and characters were, as they say, reimagined. But then along came director Joe Wright, the gifted Englishman who in 2005 had successfully adapted Jane Austen’s Pride and Prejudice, starring Keira Knightley (also seen currently as the face of Chanel’s Coco Mademoiselle in a massive media campaign). Wright, along with Oscar-winning screenwriter Christopher Hampton (Dangerous Liaisons), had a heretical idea. “Filmmakers always say, ‘There comes a point when you have to throw the book away,’” Wright says. “I never understood why.” And so he commenced making a fairly literal adaptation of the novel, a three-part metafiction about doomed lovers in World War II-era England. Knightley plays the heroine, opposite James McAvoy (The Last King of Scotland). But Wright’s toughest casting job involved a smaller role (the surprising specifics of which will not be revealed here) that ultimately went to Vanessa Redgrave, whom Wright had long admired. “The only way I’ll get to talk to her,” Wright told himself, “is by hiring her.” After spending three anxious hours at Redgrave’s London apartment, gulping tea and smoking, Wright couldn’t believe his ears. “Are you offering me the part?” Redgrave asked. As if “No” was ever an option.

—NED ZEeman

PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIAN BROAD
UPSTAGED BY ANOTHER DAMN CLASSIC WALLPAPER

Director Joe Wright, James McAvoy, and Keira Knightley at the Master Shipsright's House in London.
Young artists may dream of being Richard Prince, but the 58-year-old former Time Inc. staffer spent years in obscurity before his “joke” paintings, re-photographed Marlboro Man ads, and muscle-car sculptures began to fetch record-breaking prices. With the Guggenheim Museum spiral turned over to Prince’s work, STEVEN DALY visits the art world’s man of the moment, who talks about hitting bottom; being on top, and his own exquisite collection of 20th-century hipster culture.
Outside Streak
On one evening this past summer, a ferocious electrical storm swept through the Hudson Valley in upstate New York. Residents cowered in their homes as thunder shook the area with alarming violence; at around seven p.m., a fearsome lightning bolt struck a remote one-story building. By the time the local fire brigade arrived on the scene the damage was irreparable.

"The lightning hit right here," says artist Richard Prince, pointing to the charred remains of a fuse box just inside his front door, and the black scorched marks that streak upward from it. "I couldn’t believe it. I mean, this place has stood here for 30 years…"

Prince purchased the house in 2001, sight unseen, from a New Jersey policeman who used it as a hunting lodge. Although he is clearly put out by the incineration, Prince, 58, seems more bemused than crestfallen—perhaps because in 2005 he donated the place to New York’s esteemed Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum. Fortunately for the museum, when the lightning struck, the Second House, as it’s called, was being renovated for its opening as a unique Guggenheim outpost, and most of the art that normally resides there was in storage elsewhere.

All that remains of the interior now is carbonized wood and ugly entrails: bales of pink insulation spew forth from the rafters like toxic cotton candy; light fixtures dangle from the ceiling like post-industrial vines. Out front, Plexiglas sliding doors have melted into Dali-esque grotesques. Virtually the only thing left intact is the silver insulation wrapping around the house, a feature that Prince left in place when he bought it as a kind of personal clubhouse a few miles away from his primary residence.

Yet despite his formidable renown in the art world, mainstays of culture did not really become aware of the Prince phenomenon until November 2005, when Christie’s auctioned one of the artist’s 1989 photographs of the Marlboro-ad cowboys for $1,248,000. At the time this was the most expensive photograph ever sold—and it was hardly a photograph of a cigarette advertisement, minus the text. Understandably it got people asking, “How does this guy get away with it?”

Prince is an artist whose work is so dependent on digitized images, it seems appropriate that Rich Prince started his art career in the belly of publishing giant Time Inc. He joined the company in 1973, after working countless “shitty jobs” on the low end of the service industry. For Prince, indignities of the workplace were a small price to pay for staying in the city of his dreams.

Growing up in Braintree, Massachusetts, Prince was an obsession of a younger who would re-arrange his bedroom furniture dozens of times a day and vacuum his carpet in different geometric patterns. The boy was a budding pop-culture aesthete who’d swoon every time one of his favorite film stars or musicians made some new star breakthrough. “Who gave him permission to look like that?” Prince remembers asking himself. “And where the fuck do you get clothes like that? The answer was always New York.”

His job at the Time Inc. library involved providing the company’s various magazines with tear sheets of articles, which left him with stacks of advertisements piled up on his desk. Prince decided to re-photograph some of these ads and—starting with a set of four bland advertisements for a furniture store—present them as his original work. “It looked like a real photo. People would look at it and say, ‘Wait a minute…’

“I guess I approached the camera just like a kid who picks his first guitar and goes onstage a week later. It’s nothing to do with theory and academia. It was a personal crisis—I didn’t believe anything, certainly not the editorial part of the magazine.”

In 1986, Prince was still struggling, living in tiny railroad apartments where he’d have to throw out the refrigerator and the stoop just to have enough room to think about his art. “I’d hit rock bottom,” he says. “I’d been working 10 years and I still wasn’t known.

“My studio is the only place I feel good in. There I

The ghoulshol remains of the Second House could almost pass for an actual artwork created by Richard Prince, who over the last couple of decades has become known for documenting in great depth the underbelly of demotic American culture. This season the famous spiral of the Guggenheim Museum is given over to an exhibition of Prince’s oeuvre in all its sprawling glory: his early “rephotography” of advertising images is there, as are his found pictures of bikers’ molls and surfer gangs, his “Check Paintings,” his “Nurse Paintings,” his montages of autographed celebrity photos (many of them Prince-made forgeries), and his painted fiberglass muscle-car hoods. “I refer to this as my first review,” Prince remarks as he takes one last look around the charred shell of the Second House.

For Richard Prince the Guggenheim show represents a coming-out party of sorts. He may have been celebrated with a high-profile retrospective exhibition at the Whitney Museum in 1992, but his reputation soared dramatically since then, and the commercial value of his work has increased fivefold in the last three years alone.

So I wrote a joke in pencil on a piece of paper, and I’d invite people over and ask them, ‘Will you give me $10 for this?’ I knew I was on to something—if someone else had done it I would have been jealous. You couldn’t speculate about it. So much of art depends on the crisis of the art itself. With a joke there’s nothing to interpret.”

The art-buying public was slow to respond. “People would look at these things and say, ‘Is this a joke?’” Prince did many things to persuade one person, art dealer Josh Baer, to buy three of the $10 masterworks. “And he asked for a discount,” notes Prince.

With the help of influential art dealer Barbara Gladstone, Prince eventually broke the Masonic code of the art world, and his previously derided works began to sell out, including the joke series, no paintings done on a larger scale. Someone, somewhere, would eventually pay more than half a million dollars for a two-panel canvas bearing the words, in unpunctuated block capitals, I NEVER HAD PENNY TO MY NAME SO I CHANGED MY NAME.

As his commercial star rose, Prince flirted from one style to another, sometimes settling for a lowbrow in the footsteps of his hero Roy Lichtenstein and sometimes looking to Dali or Warhol with both admiration and impeccable taste.

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other, each one—from his re-photographs to his car hoods—offering distinctively puckish take on some banal piece of Americana, each elected with an adroit curatorial eye. The only thing that tied them together was the artist’s name. “I have no fear of changing looks,” says Prince. “In a way I pattern myself after all the bands I used to like as a kid. Every time they put out LPs, they had a whole new look and a new sound. For me it’s 10 or 11 pieces—that’s this year’s deal.”

One of Prince’s artist contemporaries remembers his surprise at seeing Prince break into the major leagues. “I always remember him as this awkward little guy,” says the artist. “No one ever thought he’d end up being a star.”

Prince admits to not being the most socially adept individual, even at this point in his life. “My studio is the only place I feel good in,” he says. “There I’m fearless; outside I’m a mess. The editorial world, the square world. The studio is a hipper world where you can operate according to my own artificial reality.”

That reality is primarily based on pleasure—as is most of Prince’s work. Although he’s been hailed for his “sophisticated critiques . . . of American consumer culture,” Prince insists that his motivation is far more basic in nature. “Art has always made me feel good,” he says. “Anything I do, I hope it would make you feel good. It’s as simple as that. There’s no real mystery.”

This hedonist millionaire is an unpretentious figure, a slightly balding individual who favors the washed-out sweatshirts, hand-me-down jeans, and paint-splattered sneakers of the eternal art student. Unlike his good friends Jeff Koons and Damien Hirst, there is little of the art-world huckster about Prince, who speaks with great deliberation, and who assiduously shuns media exposure. “You have to be careful,” he intones. “It can be like a vampire.”

The bulletproof mystique surrounding Richard Prince seems to have been something he was already crafting even when he was living in a painful obscurity. For instance, in 1983 Prince opened a temporary art gallery on the Lower East Side to exhibit Spiritual America, his re-photograph of a picture of a semi-nude 10-year-old Brooke Shields. Prince slipped out of town and let the receptionist answer questions. Later he faked an interview between himself and British author J. G. Ballard, and you can’t quite tell if Prince is serious when he repeats the old story about his father working for the Office of Strategic Services, the precursor of the C.I.A., and defoliating forests in Vietnam.

As Prince went from success to success in the downtown art world of the late 80s and early 90s, he began partying harder and harder, to the point where something had to give. “Substance abuse was very much part of everyday life,” he recalls. “Sometimes it was a lot of fun. But one day you wake up and you look in the mirror and you know it has to stop.” Although Prince has long since curbed his own excesses, there were times when substances fueled his work. “They were the secret ingredient in the [early-90s Prince series] White Paintings.” Those were basically fueled by . . . the powder.”

In 1996, Prince relocated himself and his family 150 miles away in the foothills of the Catskills, where he proceeded to create his own artificial reality on a grand scale. Prince lives with his second wife, the artist Noel Grumwald, and their two children in an expansive, well-appointed farmhouse on 88 acres of land. Prince’s real-estate portfolio also contains a $4 million house in Southampton, to which he recently added an adjacent property.

Prince’s main house and its adjacent guest cottage are surround-
ed by a cluster of large, purpose-built structures in which the artist spends most of his days. Adjoining his two-room workshop is a garage that contains, as well as many of Prince's larger works, an over-decorated 1954 Harley motorcycle and a 35,000-pound clay model for a prototype of the Ford GT. Prince says he's the only civilian who owns one of these items; a real version of the GT, dark blue with white racing stripes, sits in Prince's driveway alongside a more practical Volvo station wagon.

The psychic epicenter of Richard Prince's rural empire would have to be his "Library"—this 1821 brick building, located on a street corner in the town nearest to Prince's upstate compound, is filled with a collection of mind-boggling worth. In a way, its contents tell you most of what you need to know about Richard Prince.

The Library is a climate-controlled shrine to midcentury hipster culture: it's like the most exquisite bookstore on the planet, except nothing is for sale. On the ground floor you'll find mint-condition first issues of Mad magazine, Playboy, and Zap Comix, and acres of Beat-sploration paperbacks. You might well drool over photo books like Young London: Permissive Paradise, the "Do-It-Yourself Beatnik Kit," the poster for a (canceled) Los Angeles concert by the Velvet Underground, and row upon row of artist monographs by the likes of Larry Clark, Ed Ruscha, Martin Kippenberger, and Christopher Wool. And, of course, Andy Warhol, with whom Prince shares more than a birthday. As Prince's writer friend Glenn O'Brien once put it, "He's to Andy Warhol what Jean-Luc Picard is to Captain James T. Kirk."

Upstairs, locked behind thick metal doors designed to withstand a 14-hour fire, is the heart of Prince's collection, ceiling-high shelves filled with ultra-rare inscribed editions of works by 20th-century literary icons such as Dashiell Hammett, William S. Burroughs, and Jack Kerouac, among countless others. (Prince has 65 versions of Lolita, including Vladimir Nabokov's hand-corrected desk copy.)

Prince is quite happy to discuss the prices of his exotic acquisitions, revealing that he recently paid "a little bit over $100 grand" for the only known first edition of Hammett's The Glass Key in a dust jacket. Then there was the copy of Philip K. Dick's 1968 novel, Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?, inscribed to Dick's fellow science-fiction writer Tim Powers. "I paid $150,000 for that," says Prince. "I was more than happy to pony up—it's an important book for me."

For Prince there is little separation between spending and creating, but while the grand scale of his collection is made possible only by the spectacular prices of his own art, Prince insists that commercial concerns never drive the work itself.

"Of course, there's a big difference between something selling for $22 and something selling for $22 million," the artist allows. "But you get used to it—the novelty wears off after a while, and you expect it. It's not something you really think about that much. Just because something sold for a lot of money doesn't mean it's going to affect my next body of work... It's hard to talk about it... It's still a fairly new experience, I suppose."

The most recent Richard Prince works featured in the current Guggenheim exhibition are a series of paintings that the artist has called his "De Koonings," in tribute to the Abstract Expressionist master. "It was time to pay homage to an artist I really like," says Prince. "Some people worship at the altar—I believe in de Kooning."

Prince's offering to his idol involved first creating a montage of body parts culled from catalogues and vintage girlie magazines, then having it blow up onto a large canvas via ink-jet printer. He then paints over most, if not all, of the original material with dark sludgy colors before conjuring up crude figures in vague homage to de Kooning's "Women" series.

The idea for these aesthetically challenging paintings came to Prince when he was leafing through a catalogue of de Kooning's work. "I started to sketch over the paintings," he explains. "Sometimes I'd draw a man to his woman. There's a contribution—for me, it's all about 50/50."

"Making art has never been a mystery to me," Prince continues. "It's never been something that's very difficult."
The “umpires” of the art world could re-purpose that same statement as an indictment of Prince’s work. “I’m old enough to not worry about being judged,” Prince responds. “Most artists have made their decision about their work before it goes out of the studio. What am I going to say about something I did 30 years ago? There’s nothing to say.”

Prince admits that the de Kooning paintings might be a different story, since they find him abandoning the why-didn’t-I-think-of-that immediacy of his early works. “One way to look at it is that it could be a bit risky because those particular works could be really criticized,” he admits. “But I can’t worry about it.” It helps that the whole series has already been bought by collectors, the larger ones fetching upwards of $1 million at the Gladstone Gallery.

Among major collectors, Prince’s personal equity is higher than ever. According to one Manhattan art-world insider, “All these boy artists like Nate Lowman and Dash Snow, they all want Richard Prince’s mystique and his money, and they want it now. They all want to be Richard Prince.”

The 58-year-old Prince greets this news with very amusement. “They’re welcome to it,” he says.
This month the New York Public Library celebrates the 10th anniversary of the Library Lions, which honors remarkable cultural figures in the fields of literature, art, the performing arts, history, and science. Past Lions have included Maurice Sendak, Philip Roth, Renée Fleming, James D. Watson, and Oprah Winfrey, and this year’s luminaries are Martin Scorsese, Shumpa Lahiri, Tom Stoppard, and John Hope Franklin. Aside from raising money to benefit the library’s many worthy programs, President Paul LeClerc seeks “to establish how essential libraries are to the cultural, artistic, and intellectual life of the nation.” Imagine a world without the works of Mike Nichols, George C. Wolfe, both of whom courted the muse in the performing arts library at Lincoln Center, or Robert Caro, who wrote The Power Broker in the bosom of the main library, or Martin Scorsese, who relied on library research to realize Gangs of New York and might never have become a director had it not been for a book of stills he discovered as a boy in the Tompkins Square Library. “This book,” the director has said, “cast a spell on me.” As these honorees can attest, libraries are where ideas are born, where people are inspired to make art and, later, history. —ELISSA SCHAPPEL

Spotlight

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD CORMAN
IN GOOD COMPANY

At 36, eager to settle down and have a son, Picasso married the beautiful Russian ballerina Olga Khokhlova, who embraced the role of Mme. Picasso, social hostess and zealous mother. But he came to resent the bourgeois grip of his increasingly sickly wife, turning to the bohemian sensuality of a mistress, Marie-Thérèse Walter. In an excerpt from the third volume of his epic biography, JOHN RICHARDSON explores the split in Picasso’s psyche, through the rage, fear, and cruelty of some of his most famous paintings.
The Art of Revenge

Detail of Bust of a Woman and Self-Portrait, 1929 (oil on canvas, 28 in. by 24 in.), one of Picasso's furious images of his wife, Olga, 11 years after their marriage. Opposite, Picasso in their apartment at the Rue la Boétie, Paris, 1933, photographed by Cecil Beaton.
Picasso’s first visit to Rome, in February 1917, had originally been conceived as a wedding trip, but at the last moment his on-again, off-again mistress, Irène Lagut, who had promised to marry him, changed her mind, as had her predecessor, Gaby Lespinasse, the year before. Instead of Irène, Jean Cocteau accompanied Picasso. In a vain attempt to set himself at the head of the avant-garde, this ambitious young poet had inveigled Picasso into collaborating with him on Parade, a ballet about a couple of shills who lure the public into their vaudeville theater by tantalizing them with samples of their acts. Cocteau had desperately wanted Serge Diaghilev to stage this ballet in Paris, and Picasso’s Chilean patron and mother figure, Eugenia Errázuriz, had persuaded the impresario to agree, provided Picasso did the décor, Erik Satie the score, and Léonide Massine the choreography. Sets, costumes, and rehearsals were to be done in Rome, where the impresario had his wartime headquarters.

Picasso’s Cubist followers were horrified that their hero should desert them for the chic, elitist Ballets Russes, but he ignored their complaints. After two and a half years of war, with its appalling death toll, hardships and shortages, and above all the absence of some of his closest friends, who were at the front (notably fellow Cubist Georges Braque and the poet Guillaume Apollinaire, who both suffered severe head wounds), Picasso was elated at the prospect of leaving the war behind to spend a couple of months in the relative peace of Rome, which he had always wanted to see.

When he arrived there, he was still suffering from chagrin d’amour. Eager to find a replacement for the woman who had turned him down, he promptly fell for one of Diaghilev’s Russian dancers, 25-year-old Olga Khokhlova. Although he courted her assiduously and did a drawing of her, Olga proved adamantly chaste. Chastity was a challenge that Picasso had seldom had face. Diaghilev warned him that a respectable Russian woman would not sacrifice her virginity unless assured of marriage. Olga was indeed more respectable than the bohemian models of his past; she was the daughter of Stepan Vasilyevich Khokhlo, who said she claimed was a general but who was in fact a colonel in the corps of engineers in charge of the railway system. Pointed to a post in the provinces in 1917, the colonel had taken his three sons and a second daughter with him, but had left Olga behind. Egged on by a friend’s sister, who had joined the Diaghilev ballet after graduating from the Imperial Ballet School, she decided to become a dancer.

Despite a late start at a St. Petersburg ballet school, Olga got an audition with Diaghilev. A daunting committee—besides Nijinsky, the star dancer, it included Enrico Cecchetti, the greatest of classical ballet masters—put her through her paces and accepted her. Nijinsky was sufficiently impressed to pick her out of the corps de ballet. Massine, who had taken Nijinsky’s place in Diaghilev’s company as well as in his heart, had chosen Olga to play a role in Les Femmes de Bonne Humeur, based on a comedy by the 18th-century Italian playwright Goldoni, with sets by Léon Bakst. At a rehearsal for this ballet, Picasso spotted Olga and set about courting her. To familiarize himself with the techniques of theatrical décor and observe his new love dance, he helped the scene painter execute Bakst’s designs. To watch Olga backstage, Picasso even helped the stagehands with the ballet’s premiere. Fifteen months later, Picasso would marry Olga.

Ten years younger than Picasso, Olga had fine features, dark-reddish hair, grey eyes, a lithe body, and a look of wistful melancholy. Photographs reveal her to be a beauty—an unsmiling one as a rule, although in early snapshots with Picasso and Cocteau in Rome she is actually grinning. The celebrated balletina Alexandra Danilova declared that Olga was “nothing—nice but nothing. We couldn’t discover what Picasso saw in her.” On the other hand, Lydia Lopokova—
A Portrait of Olga, charcoal and brush on paper, 50 in., in which Picasso depicts her as his young wife, Olga, the Picassos' poster featuring his designs for the Ballets Russes in London, 1919.
A DOUBLE LIFE

most intelligent of Diaghilev's ballerinas—was Olga's best friend in the company. Besides being challenged by Olga's virginal stance, Picasso sensed the victim within. Her vulnerability would have appealed to his possessiveness and protectiveness—especially when the Russian Revolution cut her off from her family—and also to his sadistic side. (Picasso expected the women in his life to read the works of the Marquis de Sade.) His desperation at being rejected by the two women he had hoped to marry should also be taken into account. He was 35 and wanted to settle down with a presentable wife and have a son.

The gala opening of the exceedingly avant-garde Parade took place in Paris on May 18, 1917, at the Théâtre du Châtelet. Due to the wartime blackout, the performance was scheduled for 3:30 in the afternoon. "The audience wanted to kill us, women rushed at us armed with hatpins," Cocteau claimed. "A bayonet charge in Flanders [was] nothing compared to what happened that night at the Châtelet. Parade was the greatest battle of the war." This was nonsense, and infuriated anyone who had suffered in the trenches. The women armed with hatpins had been invented by Cocteau to drum up publicity. In fact, there were just a few boos; applause prevailed.

When the company left to perform in Barcelona, Picasso went along with Olga and took his fiancée to meet his mother.

Spain and realized that he was far more of a celebrity than she could ever be. Her best hope of stardom was to sacrifice her career as a ballerina and become Madame Picasso. The only problem: Olga refused to sleep with her lover before they were married.

**PICASSO'S IMAGES OF MARIE-THÉRÈSE ARE SUFFUSED WITH RAMPANT SEXUALITY, WHEREAS THOSE OF OLGA REEK OF RAGE.**

As he later told Françoise Gilot, the painter and mother of his children Claude and Paloma, Doña María took a very dim view of Olga as a daughter-in-law. "You poor girl, you don't know what you're letting yourself in for," she supposedly told her. "If I were a friend, I would tell you not to do it under any conditions. I don't believe any woman would be happy with my son. He's available for himself but for no one else." Might the artist have been putting words into his mother's mouth? Doña María later became extremely fond of Olga.

Whether or not her future mother-in-law approved, Olga was dead set on marriage. The Russian Revolution's descent into a holocaust had left her with no alternative. Also, she would have seen how rapacious Picasso was received in France and Picasso enjoyed showing Olga off, and soon he set about painting a lifelike portrait of her, costumed à l'espagnole, complete with a spit curl and a mantilla, improvised out of a fringed lace tablecloth pinched from a hotel. These trappings are at odds with the sitter's melancholy gaze. This, his first portrait of her, is surprisingly unaffected. Olga's reproachful eyes and pursed lips look ahead to the cruel, exoticist portraits Picasso would paint 15 years later, when their marriage had soured.

At first, Olga would not allow Picasso to spend the night in her room at the pension. For a sex-obsessed Andalusian, the brothel would therefore have been a daily or nightly necessity. The stress generated by Olga's resistance might well explain the ambiguity and coollness of her expression in the portrait. However, the closeness that sitting for the portrait entailed seems to have melted Olga's resolve. She finally allowed Picasso to sleep in her room.

Sketchbook drawings reflect the couple's ever-increasing intimacy. We see Olga in a negligée with her mane of reddish hair looped around her shoulders or done up in a chignon. And yet, for all their affection, these drawings reveal no trace of Picasso's predatory physicality. One of the few evoke desire rather than pride of ownership—a study of a languorous-looking Olga on a chaise longue, clutching a teddy bear—Daddy's little girl, but very much a woman. In another, a Louise Gongrer sketching Picasso, he's holding a needling canvas, so could be the fatal.

On meeting Picasso's former associate, Olga made a major tactical error. She dropped a wedge between Picasso and his old French friend, Max Jacob, the great poet who had chosen the artist as his godfather when he converted to Catholicism. She could not stand his dirtiness, drunkenness and addiction to rough trade. Jacob had managed to stay close to the arts by insinuating himself into the affections of his women, but Olga refused to have him around. Knowing what she did about the homosexual ties that held Diaghilev's company together and sometimes blew it apart, she likely sensed the amorous nature of Jacob's feelings for his fiancée. As a result, the artist would have to sneak off and see him on the sly.

To commemorate his engagement, Picasso painted a very traditional portrait of Olga in all her glory. She wears the black dress he had bought for her in Barcelona, holds a fan, and is seated on a slipper chair. The painting is Ingresque in the pose but not in the handling. At the same time, it is one of the first examples of Picasso's use of a camera in preparation for a portrait. He had photographs taken of Olga and followed them closely on canvas. Even the color is virtually monochrome, delicate, tinted as if by a retoucher.
originally scheduled for May 1918, the marriage had to be postponed. The ballerina had woken up one morning with an agonizing pain in her foot. She could not move it or get out of bed. Dancers can be reticent about their injuries, so we have to guess at the cause of Olga’s. Presumably she had suffered an accident in the course of her daily workout at the barre; it could also have been the result of a previous injury. (An old photograph of Olga with a walking stick, taken before she met Picasso, hints at an earlier injury.) After a spell in a nearby clinic, she was obliged to undergo an operation, which left her entire right leg encased in plaster.

By the end of June, the leg had healed sufficiently for a date to be set for the wedding: July 9. Her plaster cast would be off then, and her papers would be in order. At the last moment there was a hitch—nearly occasioned by Olga’s injury—and the wedding had to be postponed a few more days. Even then the bride had to totter around with a cane—a galling experience for a ballerina. The marriage certificate lists the clinque as her address. “Wedding photographs” were taken much later.

He civil ceremony was held at the mairie, and the religious ceremony at the Russian church in Paris. The witnesses for Picasso were Apollinaire and Jacob; for Olga, Cocteau and a Russian ballet critic.

Following the wedding, there was a néecon; afterward, Olga returned to the clinic. A few days later, the Picassos left to send their honeymoon in Eugenia Errázuriz’s villa in Biarritz, where Picasso did great deal of work, including some light-hearted frescoes in one of the rooms. Since Olga was confined most of the time to an armchair or chaise longue, Picasso could crawl her all she wanted. She enjoyed this tuition, but she still comes across as a bit distant. Sometimes he depicts her as a noble, classical beauty; sometimes less formally, as a soulful young wife; sometimes as a Cubist construction. However, he always keeps his bidon buttoned, which was not necessary in a case when he drew the gorgeous South American girls Eugenia knew.

On August 20, Olga wrote Jacqueline apollinaire that she was still bedridden. Days later she was beginning to “walk a bit,” but it was not until late September that she finally appeared to be fully recovered. While being able to dance, she would have had to undergo months of agonizing rehabilitation. Whether or not she did so, Olga never danced again in public. The shadow of her injury would darken Picasso’s future relationships with women. “Women’s illnesses are always women’s fault,” he said to me many years later, as if to shift the guilt from his shoulders onto hers.

The honeymooners returned home at the beginning of October and set about searching for a suitable apartment in central Paris. Picasso’s dealer, Paul Rosenberg, saw to it that they did not have far to look. To keep his valuable new artist under surveillance, he arranged for him to rent an apartment at 23 Rue la Boétie, the building next to his. Rosenberg had a lease drawn up, and by mid-October they had moved from Montrouge to the Lutétia, the better to supervise the decoration.

Former friends denounced Picasso’s new address as too redolent of bourgeois influence and commerce. The Rue la Boétie had recently become the center of the Paris art trade. It was lined with galleries and expensive antiques shops. Why, in view of his denunciations of “dealers [as] the enemy,” did Picasso choose to live in their very midst?

Had he returned to the more bohemian Montparnasse, where he had previously resided, he would have encountered disgruntled Cubists and former girlfriends at every turn. Also, Olga was determined to woo him away from his formerly louche life.

The Picassos moved into their new apartment a week before Christmas 1918. It consisted of a single, spacious floor divided into his and her realms. Picasso and Lotti, his huge Pyrenean sheepdog, took over the rooms looking onto the street for his studios; the rooms at the back were his wife’s domain. To judge by an artist’s drawings of the salon and dining room, Olga did up the place in a stylish but relaxed way. Apart from the paintings on the walls, the only Picasso touches were the upholstery of the armchairs in the salon, each in a different bright color, and a screen he painted for Olga’s sitting room. Olga turned out to be an exemplary maîtresse de maison, according to the photographer Brassait, “not the slightest disorder, not a grain of dust.” Picasso, on the other hand, was a compulsive hoarder with an idiosyncratic relish of dust; it enabled him to tell whether anybody had disturbed his piles of old journals, letters, and smoker’s debris. The bedroom smelled of Olga: twin brass bedsteads, as in the Hôtel Lutétia.

To keep her domain just so, Olga assembled an impeccable staff: butler, cook, maid, and chauffeur. She took her role as mistress very seriously. With the guidance of Cocteau and that supreme social operator Misia Sert, she was soon giving suitable little dinners—lots of caviar—for the beau monde after first nights at the ballet or theater. By virtue of their celebrity, the Picassos starred at the fancy-dress balls organized by each scions of “le grattin” as Count and Countess Étienne de Beaumont and the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Noailles, who had one of the greatest collections of old and modern masters in France.

Of all Picasso’s Parisian friends, the one Olga was fondest of was that enormously gifted jack-of-all-trades (poet, novelist, playwright, cinéaste, painter) Cocteau. He was elegant, unadulterated, witty—a social Rigoletto. Also, he was always at pains to charm her. Hopelessly, masochistically in love with Picasso, Cocteau managed to make himself indispensable—a mercurial manipulator—at the cost of being mercilessly mocked and yet in the end always taken back into favor, for he was without question the most corrosivating wit of his time. Picasso doted on him and defended him against his enemies, the Surrealists.

The Bourgeois Life

On February 4, 1921, Olga gave birth to a son who would be christened Paul “Pablo” Joseph (after his father, Pablo, and grandfather Don José). The godparents were Misia Sert and Picasso’s rich Argentinean fan Georges Bemberg, who was supposed to bring a Spanish archbishop to preside over the ceremony. Gertrude Stein, whom Picasso used to call his “pard,” was not asked to be a godparent. They had quarreled: “They neither of them ever knew about what,” wrote Gertrude in her Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas.

At first Picasso was delighted to have a son, the only male heir to his branch of the family. Paintings and drawings of the baby in his mother’s arms testify to parental pride and love. Unfortunately, Olga became an obsessively overprotective parent and would behave as if the birth of a son and heir entitled her to a great deal of deference as the wife of the world’s foremost painter. From now on, she would play the part of Madame Picasso as if it conferred stardom. A bohemian at heart, Picasso would try to adjust to her notion of how a celebrated artist should live. He was proud of Olga and the ambience she provided, but this enjoyment would come under increasing attack from erstwhile friends. Seeing Man Ray’s photographs of Picasso dressed as a toreador at one of Étienne de Beaumont’s very grand balls, Braque said, “I ought to recognize that gentleman.” To counter criticism, Picasso blamed his wife. “You see, Olga likes tea, caviar, pastries, and so on,” he told one of his models. “Me, I like sausage and beans.” Around this time, a friend caught Picasso looking at himself in a mirror and murmuring, “Comedia.”

The birth of a son triggered a monumental change in Picasso’s work. During the
in R
This to only life—
or boulevards.
in the Paris Museum. Modernists criticized this return to representationalism, but two no less sizable Cubist paintings entitled Three Musicians, which he worked on simultaneously, reveal that he saw these totally dissimilar styles as two sides of the same coin.

The momentum generated in the course of the summer at Fontainebleau carried him through into the following year. Back in the Rue la Boétie apartment, he did his best to fill the role of a dutiful husband and father, but sometimes the tedium of these responsibilities and the Russian chitchat of Olga’s ballet associates became intolerable, and he would go off and cruise the boulevards. Then, in October, an attractive summer of 1921, which he spent in a rented house at Fontainebleau, he executed a number of huge, highly finished paintings of hefty nudes inspired by the classical sculptures he had admired in the Naples Museum. Modernists criticized this return to representationalism, but two no less sizable Cubist paintings entitled Three Musicians, which he worked on simultaneously, reveal that he saw these totally dissimilar styles as two sides of the same coin.

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American couple, Gerald and Sara Murphy, entered his life, and for the next three or four years they would enliven it.

In the summer of 1922, which the Picasso family spent in the northern resort town of Dinard, Olga fell seriously ill. The nature of her illness has never been divulged. Rather than having anything to do with her leg, it was seemingly the first manifestation of the gynecological problems that would cloud the rest of her life—“women’s troubles,” friends were told. In mid-September she had to be rushed to Paris for an emergency operation. Picasso had a difficult drive to the city, coping with Paulo’s car sickness while applying ice packs to Olga’s temples. A sanguine drawing of Olga, done around the middle of September, shows her looking haggard and sick. This drawing evidently had a malign significance for Picasso: 41 years later he gave it to his son Paulo for Christmas—seemingly the only work he ever inscribed to him. There would be many more representational portraits of Olga, but none of them manifests the anguish that makes this one so memorable. After Olga’s operation, Picasso went back to Dinard to collect the work he had done there. His return attracted attention: while in Paris he had bought a costly new car and hired a driver. The car was a fancy Panhard, impressive enough to be written up in the Dinard newspaper. From then on, everything Picasso did would be news.

Picasso’s acquisition of a chauffeur-driven automobile was attributed to Olga. Many of his fellow artists and writer friends had acquired expensive cars—roadsters or racing cars for the most part—but they always drove them themselves. Francis Picabia had some 15 of the finest makes; André Derain owned a Renault and a racing Bugatti; Braque had an Alfa Romeo. Unlike most of his artist friends, Picasso refused to learn to drive. He would later tell Françoise Gilot that he was frightened of spoiling the suppleness of his hands and wrists. If a painter could afford to buy a car, Picasso thought, he should be able to afford a chauffeur.

The change in Picasso’s attitude to Olga is reflected in his portraits of her after her recovery. There is a sadness to them, which bears out something Picasso told Gilot: that “he tried to placate his wife by having her sit for him.” Olga figures in her husband’s early portraits of her as a trophy wife, almost never as a sexually desirable woman. The three highly finished paintings of her in a fur-collared blue dress he did in 1923 are not so much likenesses as idealizations—pastiche of the great French 18th-century pastelists. She was still an object of admiration and pride to Picasso, but his desire for her was evidently cooling.

The numerous portraits Picasso did of his son are more alive than those he did of the boy’s mother. Paulo figures in many different costumes and poses: on a donkey, with a toy lamb or a horse or a motorcar. On one occasion Picasso took his sleeping son’s model car and repainted it in bright colors with trompe l’œil cushions and a checkered carpet on the floor. When Paulo awoke, he was furious. The father was not happy at the way Olga pampered and monitored the boy. His upbringing at the hands of
CT OF DESIRE

Loving depictions
of Marie-Thérèse: The
Ice, 1932 (oil on
canvas, 54 in. by 36 in.),
which she is bifurcated
strumental in defining
and the victim of a
ming accident; inset,
of a Woman,
issue-Thérèse, 1931,
graphed by Brassac.
THOSE BRIGHT YOUNG FACES

Ah, to be young, gorgeous, and coming of age on East 60th Street in Manhattan. Meet the young ladies of New York's private all-girls' schools—the real things, caricatured by Gossip Girl on the CW channel. But it's not all about $250 skinny jeans, luxury handbags, and dancing the night away at Bungalow 8. These young swans, who attend Spence, Chapin, Nightingale, or have just matriculated at one of the country's top colleges, have serious interests—in history, literature, journalism, science, and even math. When it comes to good works and galas, they are already walking the walk—at least, the catwalk—strutting for such charities as Teens Against Cancer, Fashion for Fistula, and Operation Smile. And they are not lacking in self-confidence. "We know so much more. We're..."
so much more cultured,” says one now in college, about growing up in their distinctive milieu. “In college you meet people who don’t even know how to pronounce ‘Prada.’

What would Edith Wharton have made of it all? No doubt, she would have found ample pretentiousness and silliness to skewer. But she might have found some merit, too. For instance, Stephanie Linko, a warm, slightly boaky senior at Brearley. Daughter of jazz guitarist Rudy Linko, she started an underground newspaper called The Tempest and spent her summer vacation working at The Prague Post. Or perhaps Wharton would have been inspired by Riverdale graduate Ashley Camerini, a former Ford model, now at Harvard, who’s deciding between economics and pre-med, while learning about the world beyond Park Avenue—thanks to friends from Nigeria, Norway, and Italy. Now, that’s culture.
When Denny Doherty died, in January, Michelle Phillips became the last of the Mamas and the Papas, the 60s foursome that made hippie sexy and topped the charts for almost two psychedelic years before breaking up. At 63, the muse of “California Dreamin’” gives SHEILA WELLES the real story of her stormy marriage to the group’s leader, John Phillips; her very brief marriage to Dennis Hopper; her liaisons with Jack Nicholson and Warren Beatty; and the tangled emotions that bound four musicians—Michelle, John, Denny, and Cass Elliot—for life.
“I'm not saying Michelle was Helen of Troy, leading men to war while she remained unscathed, but that's close.”
hen Michelle Phillips and Denny Doherty spoke on January 18, they did as they’d done for 40 years: We made it a point to keep things very professional and not ... slip back.” Michelle says in that arch, bemused way of hers. “Slip back” into talking like lovers, she means. Denny was about to undergo surgery for an abdominal aneurysm, and she’d called with moral support; her reliable compassion delivered with its usual frankness. “I was gung-ho and positive. ‘If it has to be one, just get it over with!’”

The Mamas and the Papas had always remained a family—a shadow of the old, amorous family, to be sure (“It was two or a half years of total melodrama,” Michelle fondly recalls), but touchingly lose, even through the decades of Sturm und Drang that postdated their breakup early on, their ranks had been thinned from four to three (in 1974, Cass Elliot died, at a tragically young 32, of a heart attack); then, much later, from three to two: in 2001, John Phillips, 65, finally succumbed, after decades of drinking and drugs, to heart failure. And so, by last January, only Denny, 66, and Michelle, then 62—like the little Indians in the children’s rhyme—remained standing, their old, red-hot affair, which had nearly torn the group apart, self-protectively excised from their frequent reminiscences.

That two people in the seventh decade of their lives would need to try to bury several months of ancient lust is a testament to the mystique that has long outlived the group’s thin songbook and brief domination of the pop charts. The Mamas and the Papas were cannon-shot onto the airwaves when the country was still shaking off its post-Camelot conventionality; girls were wearing go-go boots, and boys were growing out their early-Beatles haircuts. No group had ever looked like them—a magnetic fat girl, a pouty blonde beauty, two sexy Ichabod Cranes in funny hats—or sounded like them: Cass’s wry-beyond-her-years alto and Denny’s aching choirboy tenor lacing through that creamy, 1950s-prom-worth close harmony, kissed with all those ba da da das.

The Mamas and the Papas were the first rich hippies, stripping folk rock of its last vestiges of Pete Seeger earnestness and making it ironic and sensual. They made the rock elite part and parcel of Hollywood. (Michelle’s eventual serial conquest of its three top young lions—Dennis Hopper, Jack Nicholson, and Warren Beatty—nailed for her its femme fatale sweepstakes.) And then, just as fast as they’d streaked across the psychedelic sky, they burned out in some unseen solar system.

The day after her pep talk to Denny, Michelle got a phone call from Cass’s daughter, Owen Elliot-Kugell. Denny was dead. He didn’t survive the operation.

“I’ll bury you all!” Michelle had screamed at the other three one night in 1966, when they’d (temporarily) evicted her from the group for her romantic transgressions. Now that wounded taunt revealed itself as prophecy. Michelle flew to Toronto for Denny’s funeral and then to Halifax for his burial. No one loved the group more than she. For 25 years she had tried to bring a Mamas and the Papas movie to fruition. (The right script is in the process of being written.) She was the group’s impeccably preserved face on a PBS tribute. Now she was the last one standing.

Yet people who have seen Michelle mature into a consummate rescuer know she’s repaid
3. ROCKING HOME

4. THE MAMAS & THE PAPAS

7. The Mamas & The Papas Delight

The Mamas & The Papas Delight

Dedicated to the One I Love

Cicique Alley

8. Michelle and John at Cass's funeral, 1974

She was that rare thing on the early-70s entertainment scene: the female “catch.”
her luck. According to Cass's sister, Icah Dunkel (who started out "unsure Michelle had my sister's best interests at heart"), "Michelle has rescued a lot of people over the years. I've come to really respect her." Plastic surgeon Steven Zax. Michelle's beauty of eight years, says, "She is the most generous person I know. She drives hours to visit friends who are shut-ins. Every Saturday and Sunday she packs bags of fruit and sandwiches and money and takes them to the homeless, who know her by name." And those who watched her mint the shrewd-chick archetype in the midst of the reckless, sexist counterculture don't doubt her resilience. "I'm not saying Michelle was Helen of Troy, leading men to war while he remained unscathed, but that's close," says her onetime musical partner Marshall Brickman. "She was a very clever, enterred girl, to have kept afloat in that environment. There's steel under that angelic smile." According to Lou Adler, he Mamas and the Papas' producer and Michelle's lifelong friend and at one time romantic interest. "Michelle is the ultimate survivor—so loyal and 'street' that John and I called her Trixie. And, unlike John—who was swept away... who was a devil, on drugs—Michelle was more logical, more constant. She had an anchor, her dad."

My father was six foot three, dashing handsome, and so unflappable nothing could rattle him. Michelle is saying, sitting in her picture-windowed living room in L.A.'s leafy, off-the-status-track Cheviot Hills. In pride of place on the coffee table is a photo album of her three grandchildren from daughter Chynna, 39, and actor Billy Baldwin, yet she's sipping wine in the early afternoon like any self-respecting snob.

Gardner "Gil" Gilliam, a movie-production assistant and self-taught intellectual, was all Michelle and her older sister, known as Rusty, had after their mother, Joyce, a Baptist minister's daughter turned bohemian bookkeeper, dropped dead of a brain aneurysm when Michelle was five. Gil took the girls to Mexico for several years, then back to L.A. There, as a county probation officer who smoked pot and never made a secret of his love affairs (he would eventually marry five more times), he seemed to model the axiom "Hedonism requires discipline." "My father had very few rules, but with those he was steadfast. 'Clean up your messes. Be a good citizen.'" (The code stuck. "I have never been late for work a day in my life, I refused to ask John for alimony, I have never been in rehab," she enumerates proudly.) But young Michelle needed more than a male guide. "In retrospect, I see that I was looking for a girlfriend/mother figure." In 1958 she found, through her sister's boyfriend, a 23-year-old who had an unsurpassable store of harrowingly acquired female survival skills to impart.

The Black Dahlia Heritage

Tamara Hodel was one of six children—by three different women—of the most pathologically decadent man in Los Angeles: Dr. George Hodel, the city's venereal-disease czar and a fixture in its A-list demimonde. She'd grown up in her father's Hollywood house, which resembled a Mayan temple, was designed by Frank Lloyd Wright's son, and was the site of wild parties, in which Hodel was sometimes joined by director John Huston and photographer Man Ray.

George Hodel shared with Man Ray a love for the work of the Marquis de Sade and the belief that the pursuit of personal liberty was worth everything—possibly even, for Hodel, gratuitous murder. What has recently come to light, by way of two startling investigative books (2003's Black Dahlia Avenger, by Hodel's ex-L.A.P.D. homicide-detective son. Steve Hodel, and—building upon it—Exquisite Corpse, 2006, by art writers Mark Nelson and Sarah Hudson Bayliss), is that George Hodel was a prime suspect in the notorious Black Dahlia murder. (According to Black Dahlia Avenger, Hodel was the killer, and the Los Angeles District Attorney's office conducted extensive surveillance of him. There were nu-
merous arrests, but no one was ever charged with the murder.) A striking, graphic array of evidence in the two books strongly suggests that it was Hodel who, on January 15, 1947, killed actress Elizabeth Short, then surgically cut her in two and transported the halved, nude, exsanguinated corpse—the internal organs kept painstakingly intact—to a vacant lot, where he laid the pieces out as if in imitation of certain Surrealist artworks by Man Ray.

Without knowing any of this, 13-year-old Michelle Gilliam walked through Tamar Hodel's porch into a room decorated all in lavender and beheld a sultry Kim Novak look-alike. "Tamar was the epitome of glamour," Michelle recalls. "She was someone who never got out of bed until two P.M., and she looked it. It was late afternoon, and she was dressed in a beautiful lavender suit with her hair in a beehive. I took one look and said, New best friend?" With Tamar was her cocoa-skinned daughter, Debbie, five; folksinger Stan Wilson, an African-American, was Tamar's current husband. (She'd married her first—who was also black—at 16, in 1951.) "Tamar was so exotic! She was instantly my idol."

Tamar's sophistication had a grotesque basis. In her father's home—where she had often "uncomfortably" posed nude, she recalls, for "dirty-old-man" Man Ray and had once wriggled free from a predatory John Huston—George Hodel had committed incest with her. "When I was 11, my father taught me to perform oral sex on him. I was terrified, I was gagging, and I was embarrassed that I had 'failed' him," Tamar says, telling her version of her long-misreported adolescence. George plied her with erotic books, grooming her for what he touted as their transcendent union. (Tamar says that she told her mother what George had done, and that, when confronted, George denied it.) He had intercourse with Tamar when she was 14. To the girl's horror, she became pregnant; to her greater horror, she says, "my father wanted me to have his baby." After a friend took her to get an abortion, an angry George—jealous, Tamar says, of some boys who'd come to see her—struck her on the head with his pistol. Her stepmother, Dororo (who was John Huston's ex-wife), rushed her into hiding.

George Hodel was arrested, and the tabloid flashbulbs popped during the sensational 1949 inquest trial. Hodel's lawyers, Jerry Geisler and Robert Neeb, painted Tamar as a "troubled" girl who had "fantasies." Tamar's
“Michelle grew into her name,” says Cass Elliot’s daughter, Owen. “She became everyone’s Mama Michelle.”
When Michelle appeared on Tamar’s porch, Tamar saw in her “a gorgeous little Brigitte Bardot” and sensed that she could rewrite her own hideous youth by guiding a protegée through a better one. “Meeting Michelle felt destined, as if we’d known each other in another life,” says Tamar. “I wanted to champion her, because no one had championed me.” Michelle says, “I moved in with Tamar; she ‘adopted’ me right away. Then everything started.”

Tamar took the lower-middle-class bohemian’s daughter and polished her. She bought her the clothes Gil couldn’t afford, enrolled her in modeling school, taught her how to drive her lavender Nash Rambler, and provided her with a fake ID and amphetamines. Michelle says, “so I could make it through a day of eighth grade after staying up all night with her. Tamar introduced me to real music—Bessie Smith and Paul Robeson and Josh White and Leon Bibb. And I, who’d been listening to the Kingston Trio, was just entranced.”

To keep Gil from being bent out of shape by the fact that his daughter had been spirited away, Michelle says, “Tamar put on perfect airs around my dad, and when it became necessary she would sleep with him.” One day Tamar’s husband, Stan, made the mistake of crawling into Michelle’s bed. Michelle shoved him out, and Tamar ended the marriage, leaving the two young blonde beauties on their own, with sometimes a third one visiting them, Michelle’s fresh-faced teen-model friend Sue Lyon. “Sue was innocent and naïve, not like us,” Tamar says. Sue’s mother bawled Michelle out for sneaking her daughter a copy of Lolita. Tamar says she had to explain the famous masturbation scene to the sheltered ingénue. (A few years later, Sue was cast in the title role in the 1962 Stanley Kubrick film of the novel—a role Tamar insisted should have been played by Michelle.)

In early 1961, Tamar and her teenage sidekick moved to San Francisco. They painted their apartment lavender, and, like two Holly Golightlys on uppers, they did the town, winning Lenny Bruce and Mort Sahl spew their subversive humor at the hungry i and the Purple Onion. They got to know the cool guys on the scene; Michelle fell for singer Travis Edmonson of the folk duo Bud and Travis, and Tamar fell for activist comedian Dick Gregory.

Both girls thought that Scott McKenzie (original name: Phil Blondheim), the wavy-haired lead singer in a folk group called the Waverlymen, was, as Michelle puts it, "very, very cute." Tamar won his heart. She took Scott back to the apartment to listen to La Bohème, and, as Michelle remembers it, with a laugh, they never left the bed. The Waverlymen’s leader, whose name was John Phillips, appeared at the door every night, annoyed to have to yank his tenor out of Tamar’s arms to get him to the club by showtime. A native of Alexandria, Virginia, Phillips was tall and lean and exotically handsome: his mother was Cherokee; his secret actual father (whom he never knew) was Jewish, though he’d been raised thinking that the square-jawed Marine captain his mother had married was his father. From the moment Michelle saw him in the hungry i phone booth—long legs stretched out, ankles propped on his guitar case—he knew two things: one, he was married (“You could tell he was making The Call Home”), and, two, she had to have him. “I fell in love with his talent, his poise, his ability to be leader of the pack.”

Michelle “stepped out of a dream,” John Phillips would rhapsodize in his 1986 autobiography, Papa John. She was “the quintessential California girl. . . . She could look innocent, pouty, girlish, aloof, fiery.” Michelle says, “John was 25, married with two children, from an East Coast Catholic military family. He had gone to Annapolis, he performed in a suit and tie—he had never met anyone like me!” Her uniqueness in John’s eyes was no small thing, since he was a habitual trend surfer (“a charismatic snake-oil salesman” how Marshall Brickman puts it). He’d start a doo-wop group when doo-wop was in, then switched to ballads with his group the Sneakers—just in time for American Bandstand—body-grinding slow-dancers—then jumped to the folk bandwagon. To John, Tamar Hodi’s protegée was a fascinating hybrid just of the Zeitgeist’s horizon: a street girl, to be sure (“She would have fit into the Ronettes or the Shangri-Las perfectly,” he’d later say), seasoned in high culture and political ideology—and with that angelic face. John used to tell Michelle she was the first flower child had ever met.

**MARRIED TO A GENIUS**

Gil had recently married a 16-year-old heiress, so he couldn’t exactly be indignant about his 17-year-old daughter’s paramour. “She hasn’t finished high school, so if we cure her I would throw a book at her now and again” was his paternal blessing. John and Susan Adams, a ballerina from a society family, prepared to divorce in 1962. He had put up 18 years with his many affairs and never thought that the teenager who’d recently knocked over her Mill Valley door and brazenly announced, “I’m in love with your husband” would actually steal him. (With perfect manners, Susan had invited her little visitor in, made her a tuna sandwich—and herself a stiff drink—and then, with deft condescension, informed him that John had a girl like her in every city.)

John and Michelle moved to New York and married. He was so possessive the first time he left town on Tourney men tours he boarded her at a supervised dorm for teena professionals.

To keep her where he could see her (as because he knew her face on posters would wake in the crowds), he pulled her away from the teen-modeling contract she was about to sign—and—with help of voice lesson to shore up her thin soprano—made her singer alongside him. Jump-starting the New Journeymen, he tapped as its third member Marshall Brickman, of the disbanded gro
John lived on his own circadian rhythm—working 40 hours straight and sleeping 10; Brickman continues. “Everyone fell into his avitational pull, and it was very seductive and ultimately adolescent, but he emerged on the chaos with brilliant songs. In fact, John was one of the few folkisings in Greenwich Village writing his own songs in the very early 60s.” Another was born-and-bred Village John Sebastian. “One night I ran into John,” says Sebastian. “We puffed on a joint and talked to his apartment. I was stunned by Michelle’s beauty.” They settled in and started issuing a guitar around. Sebastian played the line “Do You Believe in Magic?,” which combined folk with jug-band music (pre-Depression-blues, hokeyed up for vaudeville), and which eventually launched his group, the Lovin’ Spoonful. After he left, Michelle told John, “That’s the direction we should go in.”

The path from straight folk to something else got an even bigger boost about a year later, when another Village folkie, Roger McGuinn, a friend of Sebastian’s and thehilltops’, inserted eight notes inspired by ach’s “Jesu, Joy of Man’s Desiring” into Bob Dylan’s “Mr. Tambourine Man” and played the song in the beat he says the Beatles had lifted from Phil Spector, the songwriter turned music producer. The result: McGuinn’s group the Byrds’ version of “Mr. Tambourine Man” helped give birth to the phenomenon known as folk rock.

Even before this signal moment, John Philipsguitar strapped to his chest, prowling the streets on amphetamines—was coming to the folk-plus-other mix a third way: by channeling the smooth balladeers of his early teen years. One day, late in their first autumn in New York, John set a verse—“All the leaves are brown / and the sky is grey / I’ve been for walk on a winter’s day”—to a moody, slightly somber melody. Later, in their room in the Hotel Earl, Michelle recalls, a speed-adding John “woke me and said, ‘Help me write this.’” She groggily muttered, “Tomorrow.” Voila, he said. “Help me now. You’ll thank me for this someday.”

Michelle sat up and summoned a recent visit to St. Patrick’s Cathedral (her years in Mexico had given her an affection for Catholic churches) and came up with: “Stopped into a church I passed along the way / Well, I got down on my knees and I pretend to pray.” John, who’d loathed parochial school, “hated the line.” Michelle says, but kept it in for lack of anything better. Lucky he did: the line gave the song its arc of desperation to epiphany. Thus was born one of the first clarion calls of a changing culture. “California Dreamin’.”

The more John tried to dominate his young wife, the more she rebelled. “One day when we were in Sausalito they had a fight, and Michelle just got in the car and drove to L.A.,” standing the other two, Brickman recalls. During another trip home to L.A., Michelle was even more rebellious. Her sister, Rusty, was dating a handsome 19-year-old fledgling songwriter and musician named Russ Titelman. Late one night Michelle was in Gil’s kitchen when Russ walked in—and here was the most beautiful girl I’d ever seen. We fell madly in love, standing there beside the refrigerator,” recalls Titelman, who later produced hits for Randy Newman, Chaka Khan, Eric Clapton, and Steve Winwood. In December 1963, Michelle moved back to New York, and Russ followed. “I was in love with Russ,” Michelle says. “We put a deposit down on an apartment in Brooklyn Heights.” But the in-over-his-head young man broke up—just in time—with his married girlfriend. John called, warning, “You know, a different kind of guy would be waiting outside your door with a shotgun.” Still, no amount of John’s anger could incite remorse or shame in Michelle, who’d grown up viewing free love as perfectly normal. In frustration, John wrote “Go Where You Wanna Go” about Michelle’s affair with Russ. The narrator’s incredulity at his girlfriend’s independence—“Three thousand miles, that’s how far you’ll go / And you said to me, ‘Please don’t follow.’”—captured not only his blithe, guilt-free bride but also the slew of other girls like her, who’d soon tumble into the cities.

Even before Brickman quit the group to become a writer (eventually he worked on screenplays for Annie Hall and other Woody Allen movies and co-wrote the book for the current Broadway-musical hit Jersey Boys), John started wooing Denny Doherty, who looked to him like some “fragile late player in Elizabethan England,” and whose poignant tenor was a legend on the folk circuit. Denny sang lead for the group John Sebastian briefly played harmonica with, the Mugwumps, whose improbable scene-stealer was the obese daughter of a Baltimore delicatessen owner; she had changed her name from Ellen Naomi Cohen to Cass Elliot. “Here was my big sister,” says Leah Cohen Kunkel, “a fat girl with a 190 IQ—so witty she never made the same stage quip twice—who’d come to New York to try to make it on Broadway, knowing no one, living in a cockroach-filled apartment, yet believing in herself. It was her hopefulness that people loved!” John Sebastian adds, “Cass was a star. Whatever room she was in became her salon. She had this wonderful charisma. She was aware of what this moment was going to be—she’d say, ‘Man, if we’re here now, just think where we’ll be in another five years.’ And she was incredibly funny about being madly in love with Denny. I can’t imagine how it took him so long to realize it.”

Making It

John, Michelle, and Denny took the vacation to the Virgin Islands that would become the basis of their autobiographical “Creeque Alley” (which starts, “John and Mitchie were gettin’ kind of itchy”). Every morning they drank rum from chopped-open coconuts, Michelle recalls, and then “we might do a little bit of acid and we might snort.” Cass flew down (“We knew she’d come e-very-ually,” the song goes) to wait in the dive where the three were singing—“she sang the fourth part from the back of the room.” Michelle says. In one recounting (“the Johnlist version”), says Leah, who thinks her sister’s overwhelming popularity made John a little jealous, Cass begged to be let into the group. “Not true! Cass did not have to beg!” insists Michelle. According to the account in Papa John, Cass was cattled “Fatty!” by the customers. Michelle says evenly, “If I had heard anyone say that to Cass, I would have lunged over the table and killed them. I adored Cass. She made our sound, while I could barely sing (although I use the only one of us who could read music), John, a genius at harmonizing, loved the four voices and that huge octave range.” Maxing out their credit cards, high on acid, they got themselves to L.A. They were invited to crash at a place where Cass was staying with her musician friends. One day Cass turned on the TV and saw a biker gang calling their molls their “mamas.” They had found their name: the Mamas and the Papas.

“I closed my eyes and listened to ‘California Dreamin’,’” Lou Adler is recalling, in his house atop a Malibu cliff, its wraparound windows serving up what seems like the entire Pacific Ocean. (In the next room, the most famous of his seven sons, starlet-romancing gossip-column staple Cisco Adler, is noisily recording an album.) “You never heard four-part harmony in rock ‘n roll in late 60s! They reminded me of groups I’d loved—the Hi-Lo’s, the Four Freshmen, the Four Lads. And the girls’ voices—you didn’t have mixed quartets then! John was the tallest rock ‘n roller I’d ever auditioned; Denny reminded me of Errol Flynn; Cass was in a muumuu; Michelle was this beautiful blonde. I felt like George Martin in the first time he met the Beatles.”

“California Dreamin’” became a huge hit, followed by “Monday, Monday” (a song Michelle and Cass thought so dumb that they snickered over their gin-rummy game when John excitedly previewed it for them). Tamar,
Michelle Phillips

in San Francisco. received a postcard: "Watch me on Ed Sullivan and meet me at the Fairmont before the concert." She took her father with her—"If you're abused, you stay emotionally a little girl until someone helps," she explains. "Michelle looked him in the eye and said, 'I've heard all about you.'" Tamar recalls. Michelle says, "He knew that I knew so much that he didn't want me to know about, yet he stared at me without a flicker of guilt. He looked like he wanted to kill me—I was also his type!" The evening featured "a hash pipe being passed around, mounds of pot on the table that the dogs were eating, and people knocking on the door every 10 minutes to hand us more dope," as Tamar sums it up.

"There were so many soap operas," says Lou Adler, "but it never stopped the artistry. John was the ultimate controller, but as much as he liked to build up, he also tore down. Including himself. He was so intelligent and yet so challenging. And Michelle—Mitch colloquial. Mitchie, Trixie: we had so many names for her—she could always push John's buttons."

Denny and Michelle's affair began just as was seethingly pragmatic. Michelle recalls, "He said, 'You know, Mitch, you can do a lot of things to me, but you don't fuck my tenor!' I'm thinking. Am I really hearing this? You can fuck the mailman, the milkman, but not my tenor?' As he had with her Russ Titelman affair, John used Michelle's infidelity as material, co-writing, with Denny, "I Saw Her Again." The group got a hit out of it, just as they had with "Go Where You Wanna Go."

By now John and Michelle were temporarily living apart, and John had a girlfriend, Ann Marshall, a witty, young L.A. socialite who was working as a model and salesgirl for the trendy boutique Paraphernalia, and who would become (and remains) one of Michelle's best friends. Michelle struck back with what she calls a "quiet affair" with Gene Clark, of the Byrds. It didn't stay quiet for long. At a Mamas and Papas concert, Clark arrived in a bright-red suit and sat smack in the middle of the front row, and Michelle (and partner in crime Cass) proceeded to sing "right" to his beaming-boyfriend face all night. That public cuckoldsm was too much; after the show, John stormed at Michelle, "I made you who you are, and I can take it away. You're fired!" The others joined in his decision: Michelle was replaced by Lou's girlfriend, Jill Gibson.

Michelle didn't take the expulsion lying down. She crashed the "new" Mamas and Papas' recording session—"They looked at me as if I'd walked in with an AK-47"—and when Denny refused to stick up for me, I took a swing at him." That's when she screamed that she'd "bury" them all. "I sat in my car, shaking and despondent and crying hysterically. I had just been fired by my husband and my best friends. I thought my life was over." In short order, Michelle was reinstated in the group. She retaliated against Jill the best way she knew how: she marched into Lou and Jill's hotel room just as they were celebrating with Dom Pérignon and brightly announced that she was in love with Lou. "Lou and Jill—there with their champagne flutes frozen mousse," Michelle recalls, laughing. "Then I walked over to the big silver ice bucket and stuck his head in it!" Adler says he doesn't member the head dousing but comments with a flattered smile, "Anything is possible when she's on a mission to get even."

Michelle did eventually seduce Lou, 1972. "I was in love with Lou," she says, "their "hush-hush" affair, conducted when was serious girlfriend, the actress Brit Ekland, was living in London. "For the first time I felt like a backstreet girl. Then one day Lou said, 'Bring back.' I said, 'I don't care.' He said, 'And she's five and a half months pregnant'"—with her first son, Nicholai. That ended the affair.

Monterey and a Brief Marriage

John and Michelle bought 30s actress singer Jeanette McDonald's grand Bel Aire mansion. Lou was already living in the Old Guard hilltop of estates, as was Beau Boy Brian Wilson, who'd painted his house to a point of purplish-pink. "John and Michelle kept pets," Lou says. "who make a sound like women being raped," and they would shoo the streets in their shimmery, sultan-world Profile du Monde caftans, intriguing the neighbors. They were always having big parties, for not only the Laurel Canyon rocks but also that hitherto separate species: movie stars. "Everyone came: Ryan O'Neal, Mark Brando, Mia Farrow, Peter Sellers, even Zsa Zsa Gabor," says Michelle. "One night I had to ask Warren Beatty to leave the house because he was screwing some girl in the nursery [that was being prepared for Chynna's imminent birth]."
"I didn't feel comfortable in that house; it was dark—and so was John's vibe," says Leah Dunkle. Tamar remembers "John not letting Michelle come out, once when I went to see her." There was only one incident of domestic violence. "It was serious," Michelle says. "I ended up in the hospital. That's all I'll say about it."

Still, "spring and summer 1967, that was the moment," Michelle recalls fondly. And brief, shining moment it was, when everything that immediately thereafter would be slit-priced as a silly cliche was suddenly rivetingly glamorous: beautiful sybarites wafting round in clothes from other centuries; life as sensual, acid-fueled private joke. At a meeting at the house with Lou, John and Michelle were asked by a music promoter to perform at a 12-hour music festival he was organizing. John and Lou, along with singer-songwriters Paul Simon and Johnny Rivers and producer Terry Melcher, bought the investor out, turned the festival into a charitable event, and expanded it to three days. They secured the Monterey Fairgrounds, which had jazz and folk festivals, as the venue in order to validate rock. Michelle manned the phones at the festival's office on Sunset Boulevard every day, calling record executives, culling sponsors. There was a problem when the San Francisco groups at the heart of the new sensibility balked. "John and I represented what they didn't like about the business. [We were] slick, we were successful," and, said Lou, relatively Establishment. Only the persuasiveness of beloved Bay Area music columnist Ralph Gleason enabled the world to view the Jefferson Airplane, the Grateful Dead, and Big Brother and the Holding Company. (Janis Joplin was so much still the striving Texas ma' that she performed in a ribbed-knit pantsuit.)

The Monterey Pop Festival also premiered the electrifying sight of Seattle urchin turned 101st Airborne paratrooper turned British sensation Jimi Hendrix (the first psychedelic black sex idol of young white women) making love to his guitar and then immolating it. Laura Nyro, whose amazing soul operatics and zazif, black-gowned appearance were decidedly non-psychadelic, knew that she had bombed and, worse, was sure she'd heard boos. She left the stage crying hysterically. ("Laura carried the baggage of that boooing all her life," Michelle says. In a tragic irony worthy of Maupassant, in the 1990s Lou and Michelle listened closely to the tapes of Laura's performance. "It wasn't boooing; it was someone whispering, 'I love you,'" says Lou. Nyro died of ovarian cancer before they could deliver the news to her.) Michelle, who was newly pregnant, "was at her most beautiful at Monterey," recalls Lou. John wrote "San Francisco (Be Sure to Wear Flowers in Your Hair)" and Scott McKenzie recorded it. It was the Summer of Love's anthem at the dawning of the Age of Aquarius. And it had all started when Tamar and Michelle had their excellent adventure with Scott and John in the lavender apartment.

Not long after Chynna was born, in 1968, John and Michelle divorced and the Mamas and the Papas disbanded. "I was John's muse, and now I was gone. I was the person John drew all his despair and joy from, and he didn't know where to go from here," says Michelle—self-serving, perhaps, but true. He fell in love with a blonde South African gamine. Genevieve Waite, the girl-of-the-hour actress (in the 1968 film Joanna, she daringly starred as a white girl romancing a black man during apartheid) who socialized with the British rock and film elite. John was "like Svengali to me—I fell in love with him immediately," Genevieve admits today. Despite a weathered face, she is still credulous, fragile, and baby-voiced, years after a bruising on-and-off two-decade relationship with John that included, by her admission, four years of being addicted to drugs with him—mostly Dilaad, a highly potent narcotic sometimes called "drugstore heroin." and, for a brief time, heroin itself. John's addiction was so out of control that once, when they were houseguesting with Keith Richards and Anita Pallenberg, and John was shooting cocaine, Genevieve says, "Keith said, 'This might sound strange coming from me, but you have to leave.'"

"Michelle didn't have those doormat tapes—the man comes first," says Genevieve with wistful admiration. Genevieve had loved the Mamas and the Papas since hearing them in South Africa ("They were bigger than the Beatles there! They played their songs in the mines!"). and practically from the moment she met John she thought of him as a genius. "Gen loved John to distraction—she was practically his slave," Michelle says, implying that he could lead her astray. Genevieve contends that she did not take drugs during her pregnancy, but that John did. In his autobiography John says that Genevieve "had been on a low dose of Dilaad" and went to London for an "emergency cleanout" two months before daughter Bijou was born. (They also had a son, Tamerlane, who was born in 1971.) Genevieve says, "I just wish I had lived in another time, when there were not so many drugs. The early 70s was really a bad time to be a mother. I've gone through so much misery over this." (Bijou Phillips eventually became a tempestuous teenage "it girl"; she had a long-term relationship with John Lennon's son Sean; she's now a steadily
Michelle Phillips

working actress.) "Gen wanted to fill the void that I'd left." Michelle continues. "And John made her pay for that." Genevieve agrees: "John slept with everyone, and he said it was because Michelle had made him feel so bad about himself."

While John, with Genevieve in tow, was starting his long skid into the dark side, Michelle was trying to make the transition from musical stardom to acting—a task that was harder than it looked. She started to date Jack Nicholson around the time she tested for the role of Susan in Mike Nichols's *Carnal Knowledge*, which she lost to Candice Bergen. When Jack went off to star in the film, she signed on as the female lead in Dennis Hopper's *The Last Movie*. She flew to Peru to work with Hollywood's *enfant terrible*, who was fresh from directing the counterculture epic *Easy Rider*. In a madness-creating time, Hopper was madder than most. According to his ex-wife Brooke Hayward's account in Peter Biskind's authoritative *Easy Riders, Raging Bulls*, Hopper not only struck her but also once jumped on the hood of the car she was sitting in, shattering the windshield. Hopper told Biskind that he doesn't recall the incident. (Contacted for this article, Brooke Hayward, who since 1985 has been married to the orchestra leader Peter Duchin, declined to discuss Hopper's behavior during their marriage because, she said, "we have a child together.")

Michelle fell in love with Dennis, drawn to him in part, she says, by "this Florence Nightingale instinct. (And, just for the record, girls, it doesn't work.) I was so overloaded emotionally by this point in my life, I didn't know what I was doing." They married in Taos in late 1970; Ann Marshall and her boyfriend, Don Evely, were visiting there, and Don bought the marriage license. (Marshall, the droll, Bel Air–raised sophisticate, had romances with both Evely brothers, the pompadoured Kentucky twangers who'd been worshipped by the Beatles. "Phil left me on my 20th birthday, and I left Don on my 30th birthday," she says. "I sent their mother a telegram: 'HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY, AND THANK YOU FOR NOT HAVING A THIRD SON.")

In the days after the wedding, Dennis behaved dangerously with Michelle. Whatever Hopper did was "excruciating" is all Michelle will say. She got herself and Chynna back to L.A., where "my father dragged me into his attorney's office and said, 'Men like that never change. File for divorce now. It'll be embarrassing for a few weeks, then it will be over.' It was embarrassing for more than a few weeks. Everybody had the same question: 'A divorce after eight days? What kind of tart are you?'" When she and Hopper (who married three more times) run into each other, "we are civil," Michelle says with a freighted crispness.

On the heels of her week-long marriage to Hopper, Michelle picked up with Jack Nicholson when he was casting *Drive, He Said*. She was now, along with Carly Simon, that rare thing on the early-70s entertainment scene: the female "catch." Nicholson, not yet having arrived at his Cheshire-cat-smiling Über-coolness, set out to win her. Around this same time, according to Genevieve, "Mick Jagger also had a big crush on Michelle. He was crazy about her. When she'd visit us in Bel Air, he'd come over." Genevieve pauses, squints, and waxed puzzled at a memory: "Mick and Bianca had the weirdest marriage. They were never together."

Jack, Warren, et Al.

Michelle and Jack became a couple, and she and Chynna rented a house adjacent to his, making it easy for him "to spy on me," says Michelle, adding, "I only meant that as a joke. Dear Jack. He was a lovely guy: charming, sweet, and fun to be with." The relationship went well for a year, she says, "and the one morning, Jack had a life-changing experience. I was having breakfast in bed with him when the phone rang. The caller, according to Michelle, was a man from Jack's New Jersey hometown. "I'm eating my toast and drinking my orange juice and Jack is saying, 'Mmm-mm, mmm-mm.' Then he hung up and dialed a number"—that of his sister, Lorraine, with whom he was very close. "He says, 'Lorraine! Are you my sister? Or my aunt?"' Nicholson had just been told that his and Lorraine's deceased older sister, June, was not his sister but his mother, and that the deceased woman he thought was his mother was his grandmother. Lorraine immediately confessed to the decades-long fiction. "Jack was incredulous," says Michelle.

The news, she continues, "was horrible to him. Over the weeks, the poor guy had a very tough time adjusting to it. He'd been raised in this loving relationship... surrounded by women... Now I think he felt women were liars." Even though, she says, "I'm not sure I was aware of it at the time," in retrospect she believes that the news about his family contributed to a changed atmosphere between them. The actual breakup with Jack, she says, was about "something so minor—some stupid thing like a comb or the car keys—but it was the straw that broke the camel's back." On the day soon after, Chynna recalls, her mother told Jack, "I'm done. She packed up our few things, we got in the car with my nanny, and we never went back." Lou Adler says, "At the
At T with was always. "She had didn't hooting flow "he asked er "Christie.

herness never Suppling Chynna alone. Michelle called screenwriter Robert Towne one day and asked him to let her be an extra in the party scene in Warren Beatty's new movie, Shampoo. After doing the scene, she says, "I went to the trailer, not to start up a romance, just to say hello." The party boy she'd evicted from Chynna's nursery now looked considerably more appealing. Beatty was still with Julie Christie. "She had Warren wrapped around her finger," says Michelle. "He adored her, because she didn't really go for the big-movie-star thing. Julie was so cool, so beyond the Hollywood scene. He took Julie and me to be Shampoo wrap party." Then Julie blithely powered on, and Michelle moved in with Beatty. The John-and-Denny friction was replaced by Warren-and-Jack friction. The two men were hooting The Fortune together. "Mike Nichols had to bar me from the set, because I would bow down and disappear into the bungalow with Warren, and it was terribly painful for Jack. Warren was The One. I was madly in love with him," Michelle admits. "She had diamonds in her eyes when she was with Warren: 'd never seen Michelle so happy," says Tamar.

Warren was a good stepfather figure to Chynna, Michelle says. "He helped her with her homework: he talked to her, and he is notorious for talking." But Michelle bumped up against his passive-aggressiveness. "I wanted to have another child, and we talked about marriage a lot, but he was very noncommittal." She pauses. "Warren is an old-fashioned man," she allows. Michelle believes Warren would have married her if she'd found herself pregnant. But whatever else Michelle had done, luring a man into marriage through an intentional "accidental" pregnancy was not her style. "I never pressured him to marry me. I waited for him to ask." He didn't. And despite his "cruel dangling" talk about their doing a movie together, she says, no movie materialized.

After a while, she says, "I couldn't live under the same roof with him; we were fighting all the time." (Michelle says she "fell off the couch laughing" years later when she watched Beatty tell Barbara Walters words to the effect of "They broke up with me!" "That," she says, "is what Warren makes his women do!") According to Michelle, Warren "didn't want me to act. He wanted me to be with him all the time. When I told him I was going to do Valentino [which would mean six months of filming], he said, 'Well, that's probably the end of our relationship.'" After she finished the movie, they broke up. On the rebound, Michelle married radio executive Bob Burch, in 1978. "I threw myself at him, as I tend to do," she says. (Michelle's last words on Beatty: "I love Annette [Bening] and I pray for her every day! She can manage the guy, and I never could. He drove me nuts!")

"My mom always seemed to have a relationship going on, but she was never a chameleon, never an extension of her boyfriends—she never compromised herself," says Chynna Phillips Baldwin, sitting at a cafe near the Westchester County, New York, home where she lived with Billy (whom she’s been with for 16 years), their daughters Brooke (known as Chay Chay) and Jameson, and their son, Vance, before they moved to California for his role in TV’s Dirty Sexy Money. "Growing up, I always saw her as Wonder Woman, as a tough cookie. I had respect for her—and fear! She was very passionate and emotional, and I didn’t want to rock the boat." Chynna’s early childhood was “hard,” she admits with a sigh, “because I didn’t have strong, positive connections with either of my parents.” Her absent father (whom she idealized) was largely on drugs and alcohol, and, though mother and daughter loved each other, Chynna feels she didn’t get all the one-on-one attention she wanted. As a result, she says, “being a mom is challenging for me—my perspective is warped. How much time is enough to spend with your kids? How much is too little? Do they feel intimate with me, and I with them? Are my feelings real?”

In the 90s, Chynna was the most glamorous member of Wilson Phillips, the second-generation-rock-royalty group (Brian Wilson’s daughters Carnie and Wendy were their groupmates); they had four hit songs. But she left the family business for a sensibility foreign to her parents: she’s a fervent born-again Christian. She was baptized in brother-in-law Stephen Baldwin’s bathtub, and she’d love to share “the power of God” with Michelle. “When Mom says she’s coming to town, I say, ‘I’m filling the bathtub.’ We have a good giggle over that.”

Michelle was with Bob Burch for two years. Then, 26 years ago, yearning for another child, she got her beau of six months, the handsome, easygoing actor Grainger

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Hines, “absolutely smashed on martinis,” she recalls, and proposed a deal: if he fathered a baby for her, she would take full responsibility for it. “The minute you tell a guy that he doesn’t have to parent, he becomes the best parent,” she says of the father of her son, Austin Hines, who is 25. “Grainer has been the greatest!” Michelle purchased her house in Cheviot Hills, and in 1986 she was cast as Nicolette Sheridan’s mother on Knot’s Landing, a role that put her back in the public eye through the beginning of the 90s. Sheridan says, of their “deep and caring” friendship, “I admire Michelle’s zest for life and fearless nature, and I feel blessed to be part of her intoxicating world.” During these years Michelle was involved in a serious relationship with singer-songwriter Geoff Tozer.

After the relationship ended, Michelle accepted, in 1999, a dinner date with Beverly Hills plastic surgeon Steven Zax. “The little hippie chick and the surgeon don’t seem like a real match, but we’ve been able to bring each other closer to the center,” she says. They spend weekends together, and they travel frequently. Lou, Ann, and Genevieve say it’s their best relationship ever. (“She’ll want to slug me for [saying this],” says Chynna. “but it’s her first truly mature, grown-up relationship.”)

First step: rescuing John and Genevieve’s son, Tamerlane. In March 1977, Chynna came home from a visit to her father and Genevieve (who lived on the East Coast) with some pretty heavy memories. “It was your typical heroin scene,” Chynna recalls. “A lot of needles and a lot of blood and very sick people. Genevieve asked me to please not tell my mom what I just saw.” Chynna recalls asking Michelle, “Mommy, can drugs kill people?” Alarmed, Michelle flew out to see John and Genevieve. “I told them, I’d like to take care of Tam. They put up a little bit of a fight, but not too great of a one.” (Genevieve concedes that what Chynna says she saw “was right,” and “I knew it would be better for Tam because John was pretty bad off.” However, in her mother’s heart, she says, she believes “Michelle stole Tam.”) A court granted legal custody to John’s sister, Rosie, with the understanding that Tam would remain in Michelle’s care. Tam moved in with Michelle, Chynna, and Bob Burch, and for two years he thrived. “I was in therapy with a really nice therapist in Beverly Hills,” says Tamerlane, a former mortgage broker and now a musician (his upcoming pop-rock album has three tracks produced by Sean Lennon). “His teachers were telling me how great he was doing.” Michelle says. She loved the little boy, and Chynna was happily bonded with her half-brother.

But, for Genevieve, losing her child was painful. “I spent hours and days talking John into kidnapping Tam,” she says. “I said, ‘John, if we do, people will think you have normal feelings.’” Genevieve (who was then pregnant with Bijou) flew out to L.A. and, on a ruse to take Tam to Disneyland, spirited him to Las Vegas, where they met up with John. Then they all drove across the country. Child-stealing charges were filed against John and Genevieve in California and an anguished Michelle flew east with Rosie to try to reclaim Tam. In the Connecticut courtroom, the tension between Michelle and Tam’s parents “was thick enough to cut,” Michelle recalls. “John and Genevieve convinced the judge that I was just a disgruntled ex-wife.” They won custody of Tam, “I left feeling Tam was in a lot of danger, cried on the plane the whole way home, and partly because Bob wanted me to get over and I couldn’t get over it, we divorced soon after.” (Genevieve says a psychiatrist told her that “kidnapping Tam was the best thing we could do, because otherwise he would have felt that we didn’t love him.”) About eight months after John regained custody, he was arrested by federal agents for narcotics trafficking. (He disclosed in his book that he had had an illegal deal with a pharmacy to buy drugs without prescriptions.) Using the promise of anti-drug media outreach, he regained his maximum-15-year sentence down to a mere 30 days.

Michelle’s next project was less fraught. Some point in the mid-80s, when OwenEllis was in her late teens, she called Michelle and said, “You have to help me find my father! Michelle spent a year running down leads through musician friends. Once she had pried loose the name Cass had kept so close to her vest, she placed an ad in a musician’s publication, urging the man to call an “accountant” (hers), implying a royalty windfall. Like clockwork, Cass’s long-ago secret love took the bait. When Michelle phoned him, he recalls, “he wasn’t all that shocked, and the next day, Owen says, “Michelle gave me a plane ticket and said, ‘Go meet him.’” Owen and Michelle will not reveal the name. Owen says only, “I had envisioned this Norwegian prince.” The meeting “answered...
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some have less cool jobs, some have longer legs, some are nicer people, but we're all the same. We're all orbiting the same sun.

V.F. Is there any prop or costume that you've kept that you treasure?

J.R. I've kept a lot of things. The one thing that I don't have that I sold at auction was the little $5 skimpy polyester dress that I wore in Pretty Woman that had the little rings on it.

V.F. How much did that fetch?

J.R. I think it was $8,000 or something. If I remember correctly, it got sold to some Japanese office building. That was a long, long time ago.

V.F. Well, the movie was released in 1990. Let's just run through some of the numbers on Pretty Woman. It was made for $14 million, and you got paid $300,000. In the time since then, it has grossed $463 million worldwide—$178 million in the U.S. alone. You were nominated for an Oscar for best actress.

J.R. And I'd only graduated high school in 1985. Isn't that funny? Going back to these girls and how they don't have a chance, that was, what, my fourth movie? And there was still a sense of, Who is this girl? And I'd been in movies that had done well. Mystic Pizza [1988] had done well, and I'd been nominated for an Oscar for Steel Magnolias [1989]. You were allowed to take steps and take strides.

V.F. What are your thoughts on Britney Spears, whose implosion seems to be playing out on TV every day?

J.R. I see and hear what's happening to Britney Spears and it's all I can do not to move her into my guesthouse and say, "O.K., this is how it's going to be." And just take care of her. I've stopped watching those shows, because Danny hates it and I feel that it creates a negative energy in our very peaceful home.

V.F. What would you do if your kids wanted to get into acting?

J.R. I would call Natalie Portman's mother. Natalie is such a good actress, but she

a lot of questions," says Owen, who is now married to record producer Jack Kugell and has two children. Since then, she says, "there have been times when I've been devastatingly upset about things in my personal life, and I've really leaned on Michelle. She's been a mother to me in a way that would make my mom definitely chuckle."

In the late 80s, Michelle took in a boy. Aron Wilson, and became his foster mother, thereby in effect giving Austin a "twin." From that day on, Michelle regarded both boys as her sons. There were hairy times ("When the cops come to your door and say, 'Hello, again, Mrs. Phillips'—after the boys skateboarded after 10 p.m. and put a firecracker in the neighbor's mailbox—you think you're all going to jail"), but mostly good ones. And there were many baseball, soccer, and football games that Michelle—who would rather have been shopping or lunching—rooted them through. Michelle adopted Aron when he was 24. Today he is a budding chef, and Austin is an actor and a college student.

Why do you do this every weekend?

Steven Zax asked Michelle as she made her sandwiches to take to the homeless. Her answer was immediate: "To be a good citizen." The man who had instilled that motto in her, her father, died 11 years ago. He was true to form until the end. "He was a dog," Michelle says, laughing. "I'd say, 'Dad, why are you going to A.A. meetings to pick up women? You drink!' He'd say, 'So!'"

Nevertheless, Gil had given her a great foundation—as, in a different way, had another man. And so, on the night of March 17, 2001, she entered the intensive-care unit of U.C.L.A. Medical Center. "There was a blue light on, and he was lying there with his eyes closed, breathing very heavily. I knew he was dying." But he couldn't die yet, not until he saw her again. So, just as he had roused her from sleep on that long-ago night in the Hotel Earl, she says, "I woke him up. I looked him in the eye and I said, 'You made me the woman I am today.'" It was not untrue, but if she gave him a little too much credit—well, she let that be her gift.

And John Phillips smiled and closed his eyes and the next day drifted off to his final California dream.
Julia Roberts

seems like such a sensible person. I asked her about it one day when we were doing *Closer*, and she said she only worked with people that her parents trusted, and she only worked when it didn't impact her school. So there were definitely guidelines. No one does it that way, but *they* did it, so it can be done. I hope I don't face that, though, because I think kids should be kids and childhood should be filled with...you know that smell, when your kids come in and they smell like dirt and sweat and sunshine? That's what I hope for my kids.

**V.F.** How do you explain to them what you do?

**J.R.** I don't. I haven't had to. I just say, "Mommy's going to work," and they know that my work somehow involves a trailer. But when I played Joanne Herring, we had done some portraits of me, copying pictures of Joanne, to use around her house. So I brought home this picture of me in this emerald-green gown, and I have these big diamonds on and the nails and the whole thing. The picture was sitting on the dining-room table, and Finn and Hazel came to dinner, and Hazel said, "Oh, look at that picture. Cuckoo Mommy," I couldn't believe she even knew it was me. So when they came to work, I didn't want them to be scared to see their mom looking like a completely different person, so I would say, "I'm going to look like Cuckoo Mommy when you come, so come on and see me." So they would just think it was funny.

**V.F.** Your husband has had a long career as a camera operator and a cinematographer. You met on the set of *The Meyerowitz Stories* in 2000, and you've since worked together on *Daredevil*, *Mona Lisa Smile*, and next year's *Fireflies in the Garden*. What is it like to work with him?

**J.R.** Nerve-racking to start with. You know, I'm always—I just want to look pretty for him! But he's so great and supportive. He's a real creative force I like to be next to. You can fall in love with someone and not necessarily have that appeal there, but his creativity, his vision of things—I love it. When I stay home all day and the most creative thing I do is dress my kids for school, you kind of get into that rhythm and that becomes O.K. But then he comes in with a book or a thought or a story about something, and it re-energizes me.

**V.F.** What is it about him that made you think, He's the one?

**J.R.** Sometimes intellectually you're on the same plane as a person, but you don't feel connected to them in your soul, or you don't like their politics or the way they tell jokes, but with Danny it's *all* there. It's still that way, when he comes home, I always do this [she pinches her cheeks] so I'll look pretty. It's the most correct decision I've ever made in my life—not that it was even a decision, because it just overrides you. My whole body knew: "Yes." He's just my favorite guy.

**V.F.** How did you end up here in Venice?

**J.R.** Well, we lived in an apartment on Sunset Boulevard for a long time and that building just got torn down. But it's nice out here. It seems less like you're in a showbiz town. There's more creativity. There are more artists here. Everybody kind of looks out for everybody around here.

**V.F.** Are you going to stay here long-term?

**J.R.** No, we're building this house in Malibu that was supposed to be done a few months ago. We even registered the kids in pre-school out there. I was nervous about moving, but when we took them to their first day of school out there everybody just looked like normal moms, and all the kids seemed really cool, and it wasn't intimidating. And Danny went to that same school. So there I am sweating and trying to nurse my kids. It was just like, "Hey!" He knows all these people. So it was a pretty cool vibe out there—a small-town feeling, which was really surprising to me.

The house in Malibu is one of the things that Danny has tried to create for me, to kind of join our dreams. He grew up in Southern California, and I respect his heritage, but he also knows I'm a small-town girl. [Roberts grew up in Smyrna, Georgia.] It was one thing to be a New Yorker. I wear that really proudly. I moved there when I was 17, and it's a city that means something to me. But Los Angeles has always intimidated me. So I think that him building this house is as much a marriage as our relationship is of the things that I love and that he loves. It's a place where I think we'll be really content.

**V.F.** Is it green?

**J.R.** It's totally green. The house is built with the remains of the house that was there and, like, an airplane hangar or something from Canada. It's all recycled wood and solar power. Someone said to me yesterday, "What percentage of power do you think is gleaned from wind in the state of California?" And I said, "Ten percent? It's 0.2 percent." It's insane.

**V.F.** You also have a ranch in Taos, New Mexico, and an apartment in Manhattan on Gramercy Park. So where do you keep your Oscar?

**J.R.** It's in my sister's apartment. And it's always been there, because after the Oscars I went straight from Los Angeles to Las Vegas.
room FAIR thought. have think then could use mean, think and think here hat:rowing lossible. ware larried.

and Ice still living J.R. have own Ocean's 11. So I had this thing in my ho-

room on the edge of the tub, in this very old bathroom. I thought, No one's going to notice it here. It blends in. My sister and her husband were in Las Vegas with me, and their apartment in New York is downstairs from my apartment, so I said, "Will you take it with you?" And she said, "O.K. Do you want me to check it, or is it carry-on?" So she took it home with her, and by the time I got home there had become this thing about living in her apartment. People who came over to see her would take their picture with it and she was making a photo album.

V.F. You've produced two American Girl movies, based on the popular line of dolls, and a third is due this year. Do you still enjoy doing that?

J.R. It's fun, and as Hazel gets older, it's nice to feel like I'm participating in something that little girls go to. And producing is a nice way to work and be creative and still dress like this. Because I just want to be home, but still want to be who I am—who my husband married.

V.F. Now that you're 40, is there anything else you're determined to accomplish?

J.R. Making less garbage in every way possible. My dream is to be a highly fulfilled productive stay-at-home mom and wife. The highest high would be growing our food that I then make, and then composting and rowing more—that kind of circle. But also to have my own creative outlet, even if it's silly needlework and stuff like that. To have that high-functioning fulfillment, and to have that radiate into my children so that I'm here with them. I'm connected with them, and I'm with Danny and we're all together, and yet my motor is revving.

V.F. Has being a mother made you more aware of your environmental impact?

J.R. You can't help but be aware, because now we are a home of five people. We make a lot of garbage. How can we make less garbage? This is our plight. I use Seventh Generation [chlorine-free, nontoxic] diapers for Finn and Hazel, and then I was turned on to the [plastic-free, flushable] gDiapers. Henry's got a gDiaper on.

V.F. How are they?

J.R. I would recommend them overall. It is flushable, but you've got to stir that thing! If you don't really break it all the way up, it doesn't go all the way down.

V.F. Do you want to have another child?

J.R. No. I don't think so, because at this point I'm having so much fun with them. You only have so much energy and you want to put so much energy into each child. I wouldn't know how to have five kids. And they're a really good trio, these three.

V.F. Is there any fear or weakness that you battle against as a mother?

J.R. Not consciously. I mean, if I sat here and thought about it long enough, I'm sure there are lots of things about being half of the team solely in charge of these three human beings that I could get pretty scared about, but then, that's fun. Danny's so good about helping them be brave and courageous and jump off things and everything else, and I'm always like, God, they're going to get hurt. But they will get hurt. That's the thing. And he's teaching me to show them that they can get up from that, or show them how to jump off of it.

V.F. You look amazing, by the way. Have you always worked out or do you just have good genes?

J.R. I have been working out, but listen, it is 97 percent genetics. Don't let anybody tell you any crap about anything else, because that's what it is: 97 percent genetics and 3 percent just get your ass moving. Because I've never met a cookie I didn't like.

V.F. With the 2008 presidential election looming, are you going to get behind any candidate publicly?

J.R. If I have the time to dedicate to it, I will. I mean I'll certainly make my position known, but to get out there and campaign and stuff, I don't know if I'll have a chance to do that. I'm really digging Obama. For anybody good to want this job, they must be so good. I think it just draws extremes now. It's either the so good or the so evil.

V.F. You've said that you were born with a "destiny of joy, and you can't fight destiny." Can you explain that?

J.R. Spiritually speaking, I think that we do have our Manifest Destiny. And I think you have to listen to it, and get in touch with it, and then cultivate it. I've known my fair share of deep sadness, when my father died when I was a young girl and things like that, and yet somehow I've always known that there's that joy. You just have to keep trying to believe that, even in the midst of something horrible, and keep coming back to that. That's how you prevail over and over again. I mean, look: I'm standing here in sweatpants and I'm going to be on the cover of Vanity Fair, and you guys came all the way here to talk to me, and I'm holding my baby, and somebody's cooking in the kitchen. You know, destiny is joy, to be able to appreciate all those things.

Music is playing and forts are being built when we poke our heads inside to say good-bye. Moder and the kids have waited until the interview is over to start eating. "I staved them off with applesauce," he explains. At that, Julia Roberts unleashes that supersize smile, and we depart. 

EC M B E R 2 0 0 7
Picasso

The Triangle

Until now, to their friends, the Picasso’s marital life began to fall apart in January 1927. One evening, while walking the streets in search of l’amour fou, the 45-year-old artist came upon the femme-enfant of his dreams, who was shopping in the Galeries Lafayette. She was an adolescent blonde with piercing, cobalt-blue eyes and a precociously voluptuous body—big breasts, sturdy thighs, well-cushioned knees, and buttocks like those of the Callipygian Venüs. Physically, the girl was the antithesis of skinny Olga, as well as of the boyish, flat-chested flappers whose look was de rigueur in the mid-1920s. Marie-Thérèse Léontine Walter was 17, and for the next nine years or so she would be Picasso’s greatest love.

In 1972, a year before Picasso’s death, Marie-Thérèse, who was unusually candid, allowed herself to be interviewed by Lydia Gasman, the only scholar to have successfully decoded Picasso’s imagery. Gasman was particularly successful in winning Marie-Thérèse’s confidence and persuading her to talk without constraint about her relationship with Picasso. Marie-Thérèse said Gasman how Picasso had accosted her on their first meeting. His broad smile, beautiful red-and-black tie, wide gold ring—off an expensive umbrella—and huge mesmeric eyes instantly disarmed her. She remembered him saying, “You have an interesting face. I would like to do a portrait of you. I feel we are going to do great things together.”

“I am Picasso,” he announced, but the name meant nothing to Marie-Thérèse, so he took her to a bookstore and showed her a book about him. The fact that he was a painter touched her, she said, “because my mother had had a great romance with a painter.” Picasso’s comment that she was beautiful gave Marie-Thérèse particular pleasure. Her family—three sisters who lived with their single mother in a riverside house on the outskirts of Paris—had always taught her for having an ugly “Greek” nose inste of a cute little Parisian retroussé one.

Picasso’s “lovelmaking [was] at times intimidating and terrible,” Marie-Thérèse confessed, “[but] in the end a complete fulfilling experience…. [He] was very ‘ile.’” What excited him was having to understand, and the egomanical behavior of the Murphys’ literary friends F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway. Sara Murphy is the model for some drawings and a couple of sand paintings, but there is no basis to the story that Picasso fell obsessively in love with her, which was thought up by a former director of New York’s Museum of Modern Art. Sara was famously virtuous, and Picasso was averse to affairs with women who had had children. In subsequent summers, he would rent his own villa and distance himself from Sara’s celebrity-filled fun house, the Villa America.

At the end of the summer of 1923, Picasso had taken possession of the floor above his apartment in Paris. This meant that he had his own realm and his own front door and was able to lead a more independent life. No maids were allowed up there, and even Olga had to ask permission if she wanted to visit him. The Ingresque classicism that matched her conservative nature would soon give way to a more revolutionary, more metamorphic style. Picasso’s way of life followed suit. He resumed his old habit of visiting brothels and cruising the grands boulevards.

MORPHOLUTION

ON THE ROAD AHEAD, A PATH TO BE AVOIDED
Like many another unfortunate, Picasso soon found himself leading two separate lives: as an overly conventional père de famille who would take his wife and child off to trendy Normandy resorts on weekends, and a secretive bohemian who hid his mistress away from his friends. This bifurcated pattern would be reflected in Picasso's bifurcated imagery. Marie-Thérèse's images would be suffused with rampant sexuality, whereas those of Olga—the subject of far more paintings than people realize—would reflect a reek of rage: the consequences of Picasso's shameful effort to exercise her troubles.

In the summer of 1928, Picasso forsook the Riviera for Dinard, where he kept Marie-Thérèse secreted in a pension de jeunes filles, well out of his wife's sight. Olga, Paolo, and his governness kept to the beach immediately below their villa; Picasso and Marie-Thérèse kept to the Plage de l'Ecluse, with its rows of tempting cabanas. To justify his daily absences from Olga, Picasso likely rented a studio for his work as well as for his trysts with Marie-Thérèse.

At Dinard, Picasso did several marvelous small paintings of her. At first he depicted her as an assemblage of sticks, beach balls, and boomerangs, and then gradually transformed her into a cutout, playing ball with identical cutouts of herself. In one of the paintings, Picasso portrays himself crouching inside a phallic-looking cabana, waiting to catch the ball she is about to throw him. And whereas the previous summer Picasso had pictured her volumetrically, not only as a male organ but also as a bionic gas pump extending a hosepipe arm to unlock her cabana, this summer he portrays her two-dimensionally as a cutout. This time the key in her hand is to his cabana.

Dinard—or was it Marie-Thérèse?—had an adverse effect on Olga, just as it had had in 1922. Her hemorrhages started up again, more seriously than ever. They became so grave that the family returned to Paris on September 5. The following day, Olga entered a clinic, where she would undergo an operation that necessitated a lengthy convalescence. Picasso wrote to thank Gertrude Stein for a recent letter: “Olga is getting better, but she must remain in the clinic for some time. I’ll keep you informed about her health, but what a summer we have had! In spite of everything, I’ve worked and I will show you what I’ve done when you return.” This letter was also signed by Olga, who would leave the clinic on October 10, only to return a month later for a second operation. In early December she returned home, but not for long; she was back in the clinic for Christmas.

Olga’s absence solved a major problem: Picasso and Marie-Thérèse could finally see each other as often as they liked without marital constraints. Buoyed by love and sex and freedom from stress, Picasso turned to sculpture. With the help of an old friend from Barcelona, the sculptor Julio González, he whittled his big, classical girls on the beach down to a cat’s cradle of metal rods, thereby advancing triumphantly into a new age of iron.

Soon Picasso envisaged another monumental beach sculpture, but, lacking the necessary facilities, he conceptualized it in paint. The uplifted arms of Nude Standing by the Sea represent Marie-Thérèse rather than Olga. Picasso evidently wanted to see how his beautiful, trim young mistress would be enhanced by being portrayed in the pose identified in earlier works with his ballerina wife. A decorative obelisk topped with a ball that was part of the furniture of their Left Bank hideaway inspired the tapered neck and tiny head, which enables Marie-Thérèse to tower up into the sky. Sculptural gitanasism had become a fixation.

Early in 1929, Olga finally emerged from the clinic, where she had spent most of the previous four or five months. Her reappearance triggered some of Picasso’s most harrowing images. Up to then, his passion for Marie-Thérèse had generated the psychic energy that fueled his work. But his ressentiment and superstitious fear of sickness in women—Olga, above all—proved to be an even more powerful source of inspiration. Olga’s hysterical scenes and threats to kill her husband saw to that. Had the distraught wife discovered that “the other woman” had become a fixture? She had only to look in her husband’s wallet to see that Marie-Thérèse’s photograph was always with him, or visit the studio to be confronted by loving images of her. “How awful,” Picasso once told me, “for a woman to realize from my work that she is being supplanted.” Not that there was much question of that happening to Olga. The status quo suited the artist. Marie-Thérèse would have been miscast as Madame Picasso. Olga may have sensed that her rival had no marital ambitions, and to that extent she accepted her existence. Acceptance did not preclude resentment, but it would have been easier for Olga to bear than the promiscuity of the past.

Taking Revenge

A loved one’s tears evoked a predatory tenderness in Picasso, but the tears of Olga evoked only guilt and rage—rage that could be assuaged in paint. Bust of a Woman with Self-Portrait (1929) depicts Olga as a scrawny succubus, with eyes scowling on her cheeks like buttons and a dagger-sharp tongue protruding from her gaping mouth. Perversely, Picasso has given his wife, who had begun to dye her hair, a chignon dyed the color of Marie-Thérèse’s. More hurtful, he has set this travesty of Olga off against a fine, cool profile of himself incised into a puddle of paint redder than blood.

In another, bifurcated head of Olga—goggled-eyed and manic on the left, depressed and tranquilized on the right—Picasso diagnoses her perturbed state, the better, perhaps, to exorcise it. Another, similar head, entitled The Kiss, is a hybrid: a demonic dark-haired profile.
of Olga on the left with a serene blond-haired Marie-Thérèse on the right. They sprout from the same neck. The ferocity in these images suggests that, for all his passion for women, Picasso may have suffered from the atavistic misogyny that supposedly lurks in the psyche of every full-blooded Andalusian male.

It is above all in the two masterpieces of this spring, Large Nude in a Red Armchair (May 5) and Large Bather (May 26), that Picasso pits his demons against Olga's demons. The shadows of two very different artists fall across Large Nude: Matisse and Goya. The positioning of Olga's right arm flapping bonelessly over the arm of the chair like a damaged leg is a cruel replay of the pose of Matisse's Odalisque with a Tambourine. The darkness of Goya—a shadow Picasso seldom provoked—falls no less strongly across this strikingly colored work. Large Nude bears a disturbing resemblance to that artist's misogynistic masterpiece, Time, or The Old One: a bedizened hang hanging into a mirror, its back emblazoned with the words Qu’el tail? (What's up?), which a no less hideous attendant holds up to her. The similarities—malevolent distortions, ominously flabby flesh—are self-evident. Primed with Goya's merciless Spanish irony, Picasso gets back at his wife of little more than 10 years by picturing her as old and decrepit.

In 1930, Picasso purchased a small, handsome, hidden-away château called Boisgeloup. An hour's drive northwest of Paris, it was the perfect place to work in peace, and the old stables provided him with a badly needed sculpture studio. During the week, Marie-Thérèse would materialize and fulfill her duties as mistress, model, and muse. Weekends, Olga would appear with Paulo and play the role of châtelaine. If Olga arrived unexpectedly, Marie-Thérèse would scoot off on her bicycle to an inn at Ginsors. Snapshots reveal that when Olga was around Picasso dressed up as an affable country gentleman in a smart three-piece suit, complete with watch chain and spats. Paulo would put on the costume of a toreador, jockey, harlequin, matelot de France, or 18th-century page. Home movies show the châtelaine emerging from the house, a wistful smile on her face as she pulls the petals off a daisy—he loves me; he loves me not—a heartbreaking image difficult to reconcile with Large Nude in a Red Armchair. For poor Olga, life had become a charade.

Supposedly, the scenes did not fall from Olga's eyes until Picasso's 60th major retrospective, at the Galeries Georges Petit in 1932. Painting after painting would have her in no doubt as to the appearance, the identity, of her rival. However, Bernard Picasso, Picasso's only legitimate grandson, questions this assumption. He believes that his grandmother knew about Marie-Thérèse. Olga was jealous and suspicious by nature, but she was no fool, and she is likely to have made inquiries of the concierge or people in the village. Had Picasso perhaps told her? How else to explain the rows? Boisgeloup has come to be associated with Marie-Thérèse's imagery, but it was Olga's. Insofar as Picasso and Marie-Thérèse had a place of their own, it was the hideaway on the Left Bank, and later an apartment a few houses down from his on the Rue la Boétie. It was not Boisgeloup. Ironically, after no more than five years the artist would lose possession of the château to Olga, as a condition of their separation. Their grandson, Bernard, has inherited the place and transformed it into an exceedingly attractive and comfortable house.

Like many another married man passionately in love with a mistress, Picasso repeatedly promised to marry Marie-Thérèse. These promises were not kept. As he told his later mistress Dora Maar and his second wife, Jacqueline Roque, he would never remarry until Olga was dead. Spaniards are averse to divorce, and although Picasso contemplated it, he changed his mind when he discovered that Olga would be entitled to half his property, including his paints and brushes and sketchbooks as well as his vast holdings of his own work. In the end, he settled for a separation.

Over Christmas of 1931, Picasso painted one of his most harrowing images of Olga: it is based on Jacques-Louis David's great painting of the murder of the ideologue Jean-Paul Marat at the hands of the royalist Charlotte Corday at the height of the French Revolution. Picasso's version, Woman with a Stiletto, is depressively sketchy. Besides being stabbed in the heart, the little figure of Marat (a surrogate for Picasso) is about to be snapped up in the toothy maw of Corday (a surrogate for Olga). Once again, Picasso takes preposterous liberties with scale. The disproportionately large leg and foot belong to the otherwise minuscule Marat.

Picasso envisions oozing gobs of vermilion gore, which end up as the red in a tricolor flag. This grotesquely farcical image implies that for Picasso demonic mockery was the most effective way to exorcise Olga's murderous threats. Better that he purge himself of his wrath on canvas than on her. When they were about to split up, in 1934, Picasso would do an even more fiendish drawing of the murder of Marat. This time round, a macabre Olga is cutting Marie-Thérèse's throat with a huge knife.

Picasso finished this horrendous Woman with a Stiletto on Christmas Day. While he was working on it, Olga was busy arranging a festive tea party for Paulo and his friends as well as the Picassos' inner circle in an effort, perhaps, to demonstrate what a united family they were. The party was to take place on December 30. Olga's memo has survived. Presents included 16 dolls, 17 toy cars, 8 ducks, 10 fountain pens, 14 necklaces, and candy. Her guest list was equally meticulous: 4 boys, 4 girls, and 18 adults, among them Gertrude Stein and Alice Toklas. The catharsis of Woman with a Stiletto left Picasso all the reader to adulterate Marie-Thérèse. Three days later, he did a languorous, loving painting of her asleep, like-skinned, her head cradled in flipper-like arms. The next day he painted Marie-Thérèse again, in the famous Dream, which in 2006 the Las Vegas casino owner Steve Wynn would put his elbow through as he was about to sell it for $139 million.

A mazingly, Olga continued living with Picasso. It was not until Marie-Thérèse became pregnant in the winter of 1934–35 that there was talk of divorce. On discovering that their marriage stipulated communauté des biens, Olga had her lawyer send an officer of the courts to make an inventory of her husband's property. Picasso would never forgive her. She moved out of the apartment and took Paulo to live with her at the nearby Hôtel California. Eugenia Errázuriz, Picasso's elderly mother figure, moved in with him to keep him company at what he later described as "the lowest moment in my life." In his despair, Picasso gave up painting for poetry: successive images of apocalyptic mayhem, obscene sexual fantasy, and the blackest comedy. It took the outbreak of civil war in Spain in 1936 to summon him back into the studio.

Olga went to pieces. For the next 20 years she would live partly at Boisgeloup, partly in Paris hotels, and partly in the Riviera resorts frequented by Picasso so that she could persecute him and his subsequent mistresses. I happened to visit Picasso when she was dying at a clinic in Cannes. Madame Ramírez (the wife of Picasso's potter) used to see Olga most days in order to keep Picasso posted. All Olga had kept was a steamer trunk chockablock with old costumes, empty perfume bottles, letters, and hundreds of photographs. She spent her last days frantically going through them, begging Madame Ramírez to persuade her husband to come and see her. Picasso adamantly refused. When she died, she was buried by mistake in an English, rather than a Russian, cemetery.

As for Marie-Thérèse, Picasso continued to see her and her daughter, Maya, regularly until the mid-1950s. She, too, moved to the Riviera, but Picasso's second wife, Jacqueline Roque, put an end to their meetings. Picasso's death, in 1973, was a terrible blow to Marie-Thérèse. She could not live without him and commemorated the 50th anniversary of their meeting by committing suicide.
Bush Consequences

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 335

instead of China; our deficit would remain unchanged. The resident claimed to believe in free trade but instituted measures aimed at protecting the American steel industry. The United States rushed hard for a series of bilateral trade agreements and bullied smaller countries into accepting all sorts of bitter conditions, such as extending patent protection on drugs that were desperately needed to fight AIDS. We pressed for open markets around the world but prevented China from buying Unocal, a small American oil company, most of whose assets lie outside the United States.

Not surprisingly, protests over U.S. trade practices erupted in places such as Thailand and Morocco. But America has refused to compromise—refused, for instance, to take any decisive action to do away with our huge agricultural subsidies, which distort international markets and hurt poor farmers in developing countries. This intransigence led to the collapse of talks designed to open up international markets. As in so many other areas, President Bush worked to undermine multilateralism—he notion that countries around the world need to cooperate—and to replace it with an America-dominated system. In the end, he failed to impose American dominance—but did succeed in weakening cooperation.

The administration’s basic contempt for global institutions was underscored in 2005 when it named Paul Wolfowitz, the former deputy secretary of defense and a chief architect of the Iraq war, as president of the World Bank. Widely distrusted from the outset, and soon caught up in personal controversy, Wolfowitz became an international embarrassment and was forced to resign his position after less than two years on the job.

Globalization means that America’s economy and the rest of the world have become increasingly intertwined. Consider those bad American mortgages. As families default, the owners of the mortgages find themselves holding worthless pieces of paper. The originators of these problem mortgages had already sold them to others, who packaged them, in a non-transparent way, with other assets, and passed them on once again to unidentified others. When the problems became apparent, global financial markets faced real tremors; it was discovered that billions in bad mortgages were hidden in portfolios in Europe, China, and Australia, and even in star American investment banks such as Goldman Sachs and Bear Stearns. Indonesia and other developing countries—innocent bystanders, really—suffered as global risk premiums soared, and investors pulled money out of these emerging markets, looking for safer havens. It will take years to sort out this mess.

Meanwhile, we have become dependent on other nations for the financing of our own debt. Today, China alone holds more than $1 trillion in public and private American IOUs. Cumulative borrowing from abroad during the six years of the Bush administration amounts to some $5 trillion. Most likely these creditors will not call in their loans—if they ever did, there would be a global financial crisis. But there is something bizarre and troubling about the richest country in the world not being able to live even remotely within its means. Just as Guantánamo and Abu Ghrub have eroded America’s moral authority, so the Bush administration’s fiscal housekeeping has eroded our economic authority.

The Way Forward

Whoever moves into the White House in January 2009 will face an unenviable set of economic circumstances. Extricating the country from Iraq will be the bloodier task, but putting America’s economic house in order will be wrenching and take years.

The most immediate challenge will be simply to get the economy’s metabolism back into the normal range. That will mean moving from a savings rate of zero (or less) to a more typical savings rate of, say, 4 percent. While such an increase would be good for the long-term health of America’s economy, the short-term consequences would be painful. Money saved is money not spent. If people don’t spend money, the economic engine stalls. If households curtail their spending quickly—as they may be forced to do as a

SKECHBOOK BY BRUCE MCCALL

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED COMMANDING GENERAL, MULTI-NATIONAL FORCE–IRAQ, IS WEARING

General Westmoreland Award for Best Op-ed Article by a Serving Military Officer, 2004.
Camp David Golf Tournament high-handicap runner-up, 2006.

Capitol Hill Cocktail-Reception Iron Man Campaign, summer 2007.


Basra Pacification Campaign, 2005.


President Medal of Optimism, 2005.

Honors graduate, U.S. Army War College Chart, Graph, & PowerPoint Presentation Skills Course, 2003.


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Bush Consequences
result of the meltdown in the mortgage market—this could mean a recession; if done in a more measured way, it would still mean a protracted slowdown. The problems of foreclosure and bankruptcy posed by excessive household debt are likely to get worse before they get better. And the federal government is in a bind; any quick restoration of fiscal sanity will only aggravate both problems.

And in any case there’s more to be done. What is required is in some ways simple to describe: it amounts to ceasing our current behavior and doing exactly the opposite. It means not spending money that we don’t have, increasing taxes on the rich, reducing corporate welfare, strengthening the safety net for the less well off, and making greater investment in education, technology, and infrastructure.

When it comes to taxes, we should be trying to shift the burden away from things we view as good, such as labor and savings, to things we view as bad, such as pollution. With respect to the safety net, we need to remember that the more the government does to help workers improve their skills and get affordable health care the more we free up American businesses to compete in the global economy. Finally, we’ll be a lot better off if we work with other countries to create fair and efficient global trade and financial systems.

We’ll have a better chance of getting others to open up their markets if we ourselves act less hypocratically—that is, if we open our own markets to their goods and stop subsidizing American agriculture.

Some portion of the damage done by the Bush administration could be rectified quickly. A large portion will take decades to fix—and that’s assuming the political will to do so exists both in the White House and in Congress. Think of the interest we are paying, year after year, on the almost $4 trillion of increased debt burden—even at 5 percent. That’s an annual payment of $200 billion, two Iraq wars a year forever. Think of the taxes that future governments will have to levy even a fraction of the debt we have accumulated. And think of the widening divide between rich and poor in America, a phenomenon that goes beyond economics and speaks to the very future of the American Dream.

In short, there’s a momentum here that will require a generation to reverse. Decades hence we should take stock, and revisit the conventional wisdom. Will Herbert Hoover still deserve his dubious mantle? I’m guessing that George W. Bush will have earned one more grime superlative.

Anya Schiffrin and Izzet Yildiz assisted with research for this article.
JASPER JOHNS

Having grown up in Allendale, South Carolina, a setting in which "there were no artists and there was no art," Jasper Johns came to New York in 1949 and changed the course of American painting with his imagery and iconography. Here, the artist reflects on remembrance, silver-skinned fish, and the afterlife.

What is your idea of perfect happiness? I am not strong on perfection.

What is your greatest extravagance? A frugality that seems to confuse people who work with me.

What is your current state of mind? Something like very slow panic.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself? Desire for approval.

What is the trait you most deplore in others? The tendency toward self-description.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue? Virtue itself.

What is your favorite occupation? Painting.

What is your most marked characteristic? Never knowing whether to expand or contract.

What do you most value in your friends? Tolerance, I suppose.

When and where were you happiest? Pearl Street in 1950s NYC, but memory distorts.

What do you dislike most about your appearance? What I imagine to be the general effect.

Which living person do you most despise? There is none.

On what occasion do you lie? When I think it is useful.

What or who is the greatest love of your life? No one, no thing.

Which talent would you most like to have? The ability to remember or forget at will.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be? My inability to sing or dance.

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be? No one thing would do the trick.

What is your most treasured possession? My refrigerator.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery? Intolerable pain of any sort.

Who are your favorite writers? Among them, Freud, Helen Keller, Edwin Arlington Robinson.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction? Jack (be nimble).

Who are your heroes in real life? Dead artists and, a few, alive.

What are your favorite names? William, Mary, Augusta.

What is it that you most dislike? Seeing fish with silver skin marinating in cream.

What do you consider your greatest achievement? Only my work suggests, perhaps wrongly, an effort in that direction.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be? Unlikely.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be? Must I decide before I die?

Where would you like to live? Not in the past.

How would you like to die? Effortlessly.

What is your greatest regret? An absence of clarity.

What is your motto? I have none.
hen you have nothing to hide behind, you tend not to hide anything.

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